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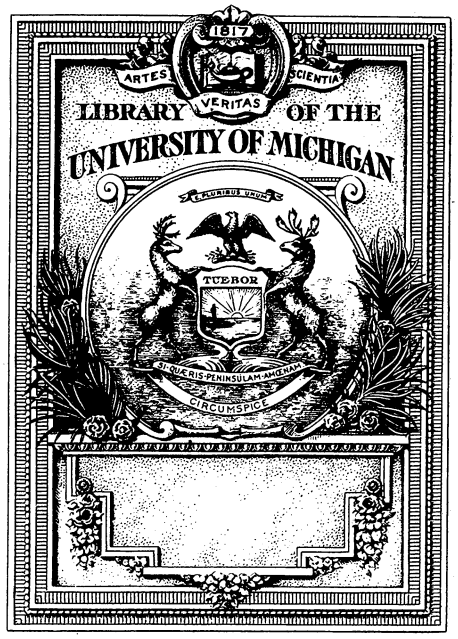

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THE DESERT—THE BEDOUIN AND HIS DYING STEED.

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BRITISH ROYALTY IN AMERICA.— H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.
SEE NEXT PAGE.

BRITISH ROYALTY IN AMERICA.

THE appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to the Governor-generalship of the Dominion of Canada, and the subsequent entrance into American history of that nobleman, and of his wife, the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, give suitable occasion for some account of the visits to America of members of the British Royal Family.

These visits have not been numerous, yet the perusal of details concerning the personages to be named in this connection, will be found not without interest to the general reader.

There have been, in fact, but four members of the Royal Family of Great Britain who have visited this Continent prior to the advent of the Princess Louise. These were Prince William Henry, afterward William IV., uncle to Queen Victoria; her father, Duke of Kent; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales; and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught.

On August 24th, 1781, at the period when the Revolutionary struggle of the American Colonies against Great Britain was nearing rapidly to its close, there appeared in the harbor of New York a British fleet, comprising the *Prince George* and three other ships-of-war, having on board the flag-ship, commanded by Admiral Digby, His Royal Highness Prince William Henry.

This Prince was the third son of George II., and was born in 1765. It having been determined that he should enter the navy, he was, in 1779, rated as a midshipman in the *Prince George*, carrying ninety-eight guns. Having made several cruises, his ship sailed for Gibraltar early in 1781, and thence for New York, where the young Prince made his appearance in midsummer, as already stated.

New York City had been in the possession of the British since September 15th, 1776, and was not evacuated by them until November 25th, 1783, so that, on his arrival, the boy-prince found himself at once in the midst of friends.

At this time Sir Henry Clinton occupied the house No. 1 Broadway, and Sir William Howe the dwelling adjoining it; Admiral Rodney was at 256 Pearl Street, and Lord Cornwallis lived three doors below this. The residence provided for Prince William Henry was the city mansion of Gerardus Beekman; though on his first evening in the city he occupied apartments temporarily provided for him in Wall Street.

On the day succeeding that of his arrival, the Prince reviewed the loyalist militia and independent companies, the ceremony being followed by a dinner given in his honor by Lieutenant-general Robertson. Shortly after his arrival, the Governor, in behalf of himself, His Majesty's Council, and the inhabitants, presented a highly flattering and loyal address—as in duty bound—of which a single paragraph must serve to indicate the general tone. Said His Excellency the Governor: "On report of your coming, we felt our obligation to our gracious King for this new and signal proof of his regard. Your Royal Highness's appearance augments our gratitude by improving our idea of the extent of his goodness. Your presence animates every loyal breast. The glow in our own persuades us you are formed to win every heart. A rebellion that grew upon prejudice should sink at the approach of so fair a representation of the royal virtues——" and so on, *ad nauseam*.

The reply of the young Prince was brief and explicit: "Gentlemen: I beg you will receive my best thanks for your attention to me, and congratulations on my arrival in this country, which I shall certainly take the first opportunity of making known to His Majesty. I desire you will accept of my best wishes for the prosperity of America in general, and this Province in particular."

So far as New York was concerned, His Royal Highness was certain of a warm reception, and loyal and hospitable entertainment. Elsewhere, however, and where the voice of the people and the press was not tuned to the keynote of British bayonets, there was quite another sort of commentary on the royal visitor.

The Pennsylvania *Packet* of October 6th, 1781, talked in this fashion: "The Governor of the garrison of the City of New York seems to think that we are prepared to return to our ancient idolatry, and that, above all things in the wide world, we are ready to worship the offspring of the Royal Brute of Britain. . . . . Let slaves adore tyrants and the sons of tyrants; Americans are free. The boy, William Henry Guelph, lately arrived at New York, will, perhaps, soon be in our power. In that event we shall not visit the sins of the father upon the child, but send him home to his mother. It would not be quite so safe for his father to come amongst us. The blood he has so wantonly spilt, and all the cruelties he has used toward the people of this country, would very justly be remembered against him."

But all this violence of language disturbed little the sailor-lad who was "having a good time," and being petted generally in the select loyalist circles of the metropolis. It is alleged that a plan was arranged by some of the Revolutionary spirits still remaining in the city by which the person of Prince William Henry was to have been seized. If such a plan there was, it was certainly never undertaken. It has been stated, also, that the boy was arrested while "skylarking" in the streets, and in ignorance of his rank. One of these stories is as good as the other, and it is quite probable there is nothing in either of them.

The young Prince remained in New York during the Winter of 1781–82, and until late in the following season; being, however, removed by the King's orders to the *Barfleur*, commanded by Sir Samuel Hood.

While on board this ship, an incident occurred, which is interesting and not generally known. Lord Nelson, at this time commanding the *Albemarle*, frigate, arrived at New York with his fleet, on November 13th, 1782. In a letter written a few days later, he says: "I am a candidate with Lord Hood for a line-of-battle ship; he has honored me highly by a letter, for wishing to go off this station to a station of service, and has promised me his friendship. *Prince William is with him.*"

In fact, the Prince soon made the acquaintance of the future hero of Trafalgar, and at a later period this ripened into warm friendship. Indeed the Prince, at a later period, put on record a description of Nelson as he first saw him, with which we will conclude our reminiscences of the visit of Prince William Henry to America. "I was then a midshipman on board the *Barfleur*, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, came in his barge alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank, unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail, of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice—for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on profes-

sional subjects, that showed he was no common being. Nelson after this went with us to the West Indies, and served under Lord Hood's flag during his indefatigable cruise off Cape François.

"Throughout the whole of the American War, the height of Nelson's ambition was to command a line-of-battle ship; as for prize-money, it never entered his thoughts. He had always in view the character of his maternal uncle (Horatio, Lord Walpole, after whom he was named), I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane. He had the honor of the King's service and the independence of the British Navy particularly at heart; and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply captain of the *Albemarle*, and had obtained none of the honors of his country, as when he was afterward decorated with so much well-earned distinction." All of which hearty and friendly commentary is exceedingly creditable to the young Prince, who was presently to find his way up to the rank and position of Lord High Admiral of England.

Prince William Henry (made Duke of Clarence and Earl of Munster in 1789) was found by the British officials to be somewhat difficult in the matter of discipline, preferring to follow the dictates of his own inclinations rather than the orders of his superior officers. So from 1789 forward his life presents only a series of promotions, without any corresponding service; it being deemed the more desirable that he should remain on home duty than in active service.

On June 26th, 1836, the death of George IV. raised the Duke of Clarence to the throne of England, which he retained until 1837, being popularly known as the "Sailor King," and generally liked by his subjects. On his death without living issue, he was succeeded by his niece, Queen Victoria.

The present Queen of England is the only child of Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., who married the widow of Prince Leiningen, youngest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The Duke of Kent entered the British army at an early age, and distinguished himself in the British attack on the French West India Islands, under Sir Charles Grey. He was made Governor of Nova Scotia, created Duke of Kent and Strathearne, and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America.

He was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1799; and, at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1861 there were still many living in that city who remembered his grandfather, and experienced a special pleasure in seeing his descendant, the heir-apparent to the crown.

Excepting the Duke of Kent, more than three-quarters of a century now elapsed before the appearance upon American shores of any member of the British Royal Family. Other visits of royalty there were—mostly royalty in distress—including the names of Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, the Prince de Joinville, and, not impossibly, the Dauphin (Louis XVII., of unhappy memory), Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and others.

It was not, however, until the beginning of what promised to be a second revolution that a British prince again set foot on American soil.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9th, 1841, was at this time in his nineteenth year. It is related of the Prince Consort that, shortly before his death, he became possessed of a beautiful marble statuette of the boy-king, Edward VI. This he had placed at the top of one of the grand staircases of the palace, designing to present it to the Prince of Wales on his coming of age, but died, December 14th, 1861, almost exactly a year before this event occurred.

The statuette in question represents the royal child holding in his hand a sceptre, with which he points to a sculptured representation of a Bible, and to the passage in II. Chron. xxxiv., verses 1 and 2: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David, his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left."

This incident is of interest in the present connection as signifying the intentions of the Queen and Prince Albert in regard to the rearing of their children. It is gratifying to note that the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers and sisters were all trained with the most careful regard to their self-respect as men and women, and to their duties in the high positions which they were destined to occupy. Particularly was this the case with regard to the Prince of Wales. His early education was gained under the direction of the Rev. Henry M. Birch, Rector of Prestwich, England, Mr. Gibbs, barrister-at-law, and other gentlemen distinguished alike for their learning and elevated character. He studied for a session at Edinburgh, then entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he attended public lectures for a year, and afterward resided for three or four terms at Cambridge for the same purpose.

In 1858 the Prince was gazetted to a colonelcy in the British Army. Under the exceptional tuition and discipline which marked his education, he became manly and proficient beyond his years. He displayed great aptitude in linguistics, and spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish with fluency, besides being a good Greek and Latin scholar.

A Cambridge paper referred to the Prince in these terms: "We declare, without fear of contradiction, that while the Prince of Wales was at the University, he proved himself to be a good and amiable young man, a true English gentleman, and a prince wholly free from everything approaching to a debasing tendency."

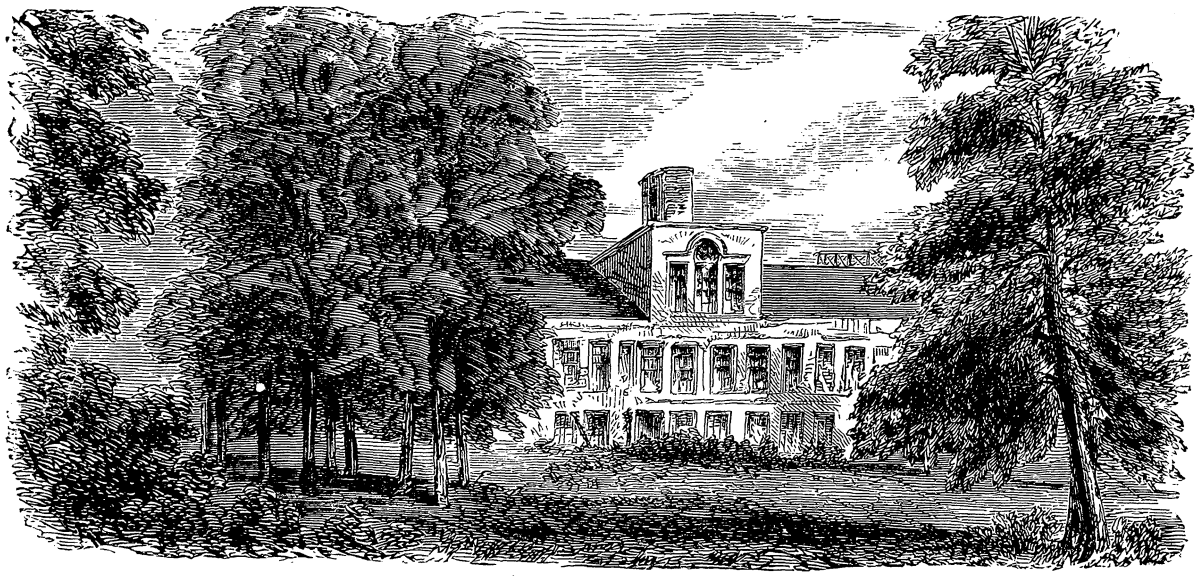
Meanwhile, the education of the Prince had not been neglected in the important matter of foreign travel. He had made several visits to the Continent in charge of his preceptors and governors, and had acquired from personal observation acting upon an acute mind a fair acquaintance with the forms and methods of monarchical governments, and the conditions of peoples.

It was now concluded that by a visit to Canada he should be enabled to inform himself as to the situation of one of Great Britain's leading colonial dependencies; and, incidentally, by a tour through the United States, gain his first impressions of a republican form of government in its relation to thirty-two millions of people.

On July 10th, 1860, the Prince of Wales set sail from Plymouth, England, on board H. M. S. *Hero* (91 guns), Captain Seymour, C. B., accompanied by the *Ariadne* frigate, and bound for St. John's, Newfoundland. The Channel fleet lay southwest of the Eddystone Lighthouse, and as the *Hero* approached, the ships-of-war separated into two lines, the *Hero* passed between them, and out on her way down the Channel with a fair wind.

The Prince was accompanied part of the way to Plymouth by Her Majesty the Queen; and the Prince Consort continued with the Prince until his final departure, when he returned to Osborne. The departure of the Prince from Plymouth was marked by the attendance of the civic functionaries on board the royal yacht, where loyal addresses were made and responded to, while salutes were fired from the citadel and from the men-of-war in port.

After a pleasant sail of fourteen days, the *Hero* and *Ariadne* arrived in the harbor of St. John's, where great



DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE, WINDSOR ROAD, HALIFAX.

preparations had been made for the reception of the royal visitor. On the 24th the Prince landed, accompanied by his suite, including the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies; the Earl of St. Germains, Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household; Major Teesdale and Captain Grey, equerries in waiting; and Dr. Acland, the Prince's physician.

St. John's was now in gala array, with bunting flying in all directions; arches of evergreens festooning the streets; the public buildings decorated, and bands playing, and the populace shouting in all directions. The wharves and even the roofs of surrounding buildings, and the rigging of vessels, were crowded with eager spectators. Companies of volunteer riflemen and policemen guarded the approaches to the Queen's Wharf; and here were gathered societies, officials, school-children, foreign consuls, and officers, all in full dress.

At noon the prince entered his barge, and was pulled rapidly to the shore. Here, along the wharf, a crimson cloth carpeted the way to his carriage, and, as the Prince passed rapidly through the throng of people, looking handsome and manly in the uniform of a colonel in the British army, the loyal outburst of enthusiasm was tremendous.

From the wharf the royal party proceeded to the Government House, where they received addresses from the various civic and colonial bodies and officials; this ceremony being followed by a levee and the introduction to the Prince of prominent citizens. During his stay at St. John's, the Prince of Wales was engaged in visiting the

RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF KENT, GRANDFATHER OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE, AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

public buildings, and in riding and driving. On the evening of his arrival, the city of St. John's was illuminated, and a state dinner was given at the Government House. On the following day, the prince was present at a regatta at Lake Quidi Vidi, half a mile from St. John's, and also inspected a fishing-station, and informed himself on the various processes connected with the catching and curing of cod-fish.

On this evening a grand reception ball was given at the Capitol, where the prince danced twelve times,

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

and gave the Newfoundlanders a most favorable opinion of his affability and grace of manners.

This ball was described by an eye-witness as the most comical gathering imaginable. It being a public affair, with tickets for sale at five dollars each, it resulted in bringing together a mixed community of souls, all one in their interest in the prince, but at odds as to everything else. But few of them understood dancing; little mites of midshipmen chose for partners the largest ladies in the room; the

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE PRAIRIES—A HUNTER'S MEAL.

figures of the dancers got badly into disorder, yet the Prince himself danced through the whole with evident delight, laughing heartily at the *contretemps*, and rectifying such errors as came under his personal view. Ladies were flung floundering at the Prince's feet by clumsy partners; others persisted in taking his arm, to the confusion of royal etiquette; but through it all, the Prince retained his serenity. He remained until very late at the ball, and retired, leaving the best of impressions, manifested by the ringing cheers from the assembled people which accompanied him on his departure.

An incident of the visit to St. John's was the presentation to the Prince of Wales, by the Chief Justice of the Colony, of a beautiful Newfoundland dog, which the pleased recipient immediately named "Cabot," after the discoverer of the island.

On the 26th the royal party left St. John's, and, after calling at Sidney, Cape Breton, for coal, proceeded to Halifax. At this port, the capital city of Nova Scotia, the Prince was received with the roar of cannon from the batteries on shore and from six men-of-war in harbor, while the citadel and the docks were crowded with people, who shouted and cheered enthusiastically. Twelve canoes, paddled by Indians, formed a part of the pageant. British infantry and Nova Scotia volunteers lined the streets through which the procession passed, and at the dock-yard the Admiral of the fleet, Lord Muglrave, Governor of the Province, the Mayor of Halifax, and other dignitaries, welcomed His Royal Highness to Nova Scotia.

In Halifax the festivities of reception and entertainment were of very much the same character as in St. John's. A dinner at the Government House, a grand review of the regular and volunteer troops on the following day, a ball in the Province Building, levees, a regatta; and so the days until August 2d were passed agreeably enough. The loyalty of the "Blue Noses" was manifested at every opportunity, while no pains were spared to give the Prince a favorable impression of this portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

From Halifax the royal party proceeded by special train to Windsor, near the Bay of Fundy, whence he sailed for St. John, New Brunswick, visiting also Fredericton; after which he returned to Windsor, and passed through Truro and Pictou, on his way to Prince Edward Island—thus named in honor of his grandfather, the Duke of Kent. From Prince Edward Island the Prince's party repaired to Quebec.

The appearance and manner of the Prince of Wales, during his tour, were, of course, freely commented upon by newspaper correspondents and others; and there seems to have been but one opinion as to his grace and general urbanity, and the constant courtesy which marked his conduct. In his features, Albert Edward presented the characteristics of his race, resembling greatly his mother, and showing rather his Guelph than his Coburg origin. He was genial and cheerful in disposition, had a quick appreciation of the ludicrous, and impressed those who saw much of him with his ready wit and his aptitude of understanding. No amount of prosy speech-making bored him, no presentation of local statistics or historical allusions bewildered him. He seemed to have thoroughly informed himself on the general data in connection with the scenes he visited, and to be willing, and even anxious, to obtain closer and more detailed information concerning such localities. Tireless and indefatigable in sight-seeing, and appreciating to the full the hospitality and loyalty everywhere displayed at his coming, the young Prince now gained new and pleasing impressions as to the extent and importance of the sovereignty of Queen Victoria; while he left behind him everywhere the most profound regard and respect for his personal character and bearing.

During the voyage from England the Prince is said to have been the most lively and social of all on board. He would sit cross-legged, with his telescope in his hand, signaling the other ships of the squadron; asking the most humorous questions, and returning replies framed in equally comical fashion. He had the entire use of the upper quarter-deck cabin, usually occupied by the captain; and into this none of the members of his suite ever entered, uuless to dine, or by special invitation. His cabin was furnished plainly, but substantially, in mahogany and leather, and contained for decoration an engraved portrait of Lord Nelson on one of the walls, and four silver candlesticks which had been the property of Lord Nelson when commanding the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar. In one part of the room was a library of works on the United States and Canada, which the Prince read very assiduously; thus informing himself quite fully concerning the countries he was about to visit.

Of the Prince's suite, the Duke of Newcastle was a little past forty years of age, about five feet eleven inches in height, wearing full beard, whiskers and mustache cut short, and presenting an erect and gentlemanly appearing figure. The Earl of St. Germains was much older than the Duke, and had gray hair; his step was firm, and his bearing dignified and distinguished. General Bruce, a Major-General in the British army, was the Prince's governor, a little younger than the Earl, but having also gray hair. The remaining members of the suite were young men.

On arriving at Quebec, the Prince and his suite were met by the Governor-general of Canada and the Ministry, the Commander of the Forces, Sir William Fenwick Williams, the "Hero of Kars," the British Minister at Washington, Lord Lyons, and two *attachés*, who had traveled from that city to pay their respects to their Prince, and by the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops and clergy in their robes, and, finally, the Mayor of the city, the Municipal Council, and many members of the Legislature. Suitable addresses were made and responded to, when a procession was formed to escort the Prince to the Governor-general's residence. The city of Quebec was magnificently decorated on this occasion, the whole route of nearly five miles between the wharf and the Government House being spanned by arches, each having its appropriate motto. In the evening the city was illuminated, with very impressive effect.

By this time it was late in August, and on the 21st an important ceremony took place at the Province Building, when the Speakers of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Colonial Parliament were knighted by the Prince of Wales, acting for the Sovereign. A visit to the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci, another to the Ursuline Convent, receptions, balls, dinners, and a grand display of fireworks, were among the incidents of the Prince's stay in Quebec.

On August 22d the Prince and party left Quebec for Montreal. On the 25th His Royal Highness landed from the steamer on which he had made the trip from Quebec, and was received by the principal dignitaries of the city, after which he was conducted to the pavilion where an industrial and horticultural exhibition was being held, and where a raised dais and throne had been placed for his reception. Here there were more addresses, a prayer from the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, and other ceremonies; after which the Prince was shown through the exhibition by the gentlemen in charge. This was followed by the inauguration of the great Victoria tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence, built by Robert Stephenson—a ceremony at

which it had been originally designed that the Prince should officiate. This bridge is two miles long, was commenced July 20th, 1854, and completed in 1859, and belongs to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, forming an unbroken line of communication with the United States.

The conventional festivities which had hitherto characterized the reception of the Prince at the various cities which he had visited were varied at Montreal by his being afforded an opportunity of witnessing a game of lacrosse, played by sixty Algonquin Indians and an equal number of Iroquois. This was followed by an Indian war-dance, conducted by twenty savages in full war-paint and armed with tomahawks, clubs and scalping-knives. The first day's proceedings closed with a *levee* and a grand citizens' ball, held in an enormous circular room three hundred and seventy-five feet in circumference. The next few days were occupied by the Prince in visiting points of interest in and about Montreal, after which the party proceeded to Ottawa, where His Royal Highness performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the public buildings, in the presence of the Governor-general, the Legislature, and the Mayor and Council of Ottawa.

The journey was now pursued up the Ottawa River to Almonte, and thence by Grand Trunk Railway to Brockville, where the party took steamer to make the trip through the Thousand Islands. All along the route the inhabitants of the small towns and villages through which the royal party passed displayed the greatest enthusiasm to catch a glimpse of the Prince, and evince their loyal sentiments toward his House by delighted recognition of its representative.

The journey through the Thousand Islands was completed satisfactorily, and the party proceeded to Kingston, where it was in contemplation to land. Here, however, the stupid faction quarrels of the Orangemen and Roman Catholics interfered to mar the serenity which had hitherto characterized this entire progress. The Orange party had determined to appear in full regalia in the reception procession, thus giving offense to the Roman Catholic population of the town; and as the Prince would not countenance any procedure of this character, the design to land was abandoned. At Belleville a similar difficulty kept the Prince and suite on board their steamer, and they accordingly proceeded to Cobourg, where the Prince attended a ball given in his honor. At Toronto a grand ovation met the party, interfered with to some extent, however, by the wanton incorporation of the stupid Orange element into the celebration.

From this point the journey was continued rapidly to Niagara Falls. Here the Prince viewed the great cataract from all points, and was also greatly entertained by witnessing the marvelous feats of M. Blondin, who crossed the river on his tight-rope, carrying a man on his back, turning somersaults, and performing various other dangerous and daring acts.

Leaving Niagara, the royal party proceeded to Queenstown, where the Prince inaugurated the new monument to General Brock. From Queenstown to Niagara, St. Catherine's and Hamilton, where he received the last ovation from the Canadian people, and then the Prince made his first appearance in the United States, entering Detroit at night and by torchlight, in most picturesque fashion.

He now traveled under the name of "Baron Renfrew"; but his *incognito* did not prevent his gaining the warmest reception on the part of the citizens of Detroit. Proceeding now to Chicago, where the party were met with equal show of curiosity and enthusiasm, they branched off eighty miles to enjoy a couple of days' prairie shooting, in which they met with excellent success. Returning to Chicago, the journey was continued to St. Louis and Cincinnati, in both of which cities the reception of the Prince was tumultuous; and this continued to be the case in every town and city where a stoppage took place—in Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore—particularly in the latter city, where he was received by the Mayor, the British Consul, and a committee of leading citizens. At the depot in Washington, the Prince of Wales was received by Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, who conducted him to the President's carriage, which was in waiting, when the entire party repaired to the White House. Here, on the threshold, the Prince was greeted by President Buchanan, who entertained him at dinner on the same day, in company with the Cabinet Ministers, the Prince's suite, and Lord Lyons, British Minister. On the following morning the President gave a public reception in honor of his guest, where the Prince had an opportunity of witnessing the democratic relations existing between the chief executive and the people of the United States.

It is interesting to note that the Prince of Wales visited, in company with President Buchanan, the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon. It afforded a happy commentary on the War of the American Revolution, that the descendant of George III. and heir to the crown of England should represent the British throne and people at the grave of their ancient foe.

From Washington the Prince and party proceeded to Richmond on a short visit, and, returning, passed through Washington and Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, where they visited Girard College, the Eastern Penitentiary and the Insane Asylum; passing the evening at the Academy of Music, where were performed acts of "Martha" and "Traviata" by Patti, Carl Formes, Pauline Colson and Ernani. On the following morning the Prince took the cars for New York.

At Amboy the Prince went on board the United States steamer *Harriet Lane*, dispached thither by the President for this purpose; and, on reaching New York, was received with discharges of artillery from Fort Hamilton and the other batteries, amidst the din of which the landing was made at Castle Garden. Here the party were met by Mayor Fernando Wood, and Major-General Sanford, commanding the First Division New York State Militia, by whom the Prince was asked to review the troops. To this he gracefully assented, and presently appeared in full uniform, and mounted a horse which had been provided for him, when the division, numbering about six thousand men, passed in review before him. The grand procession to the City Hall, where a halt was made, and thence to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was one of the most magnificent pageants which New York has ever witnessed, while the multitude assembled on Broadway was utterly innumerable. This was the 11th of October, and of the extraordinary scene presented on the occasion, a dispatch to London spoke as follows: "The most unbounded enthusiasm prevailed. Broadway was densely crowded with people of all classes; house-windows were packed to overflowing, house-tops completely covered, and every available square inch occupied. The demonstration here entirely eclipsed all others; the Atlantic Cable and Japanese celebrations cannot be compared with it. Half-a-million of people lined Broadway, and there was a splendid military display."

On the night of October 12th, a grand ball was given at the Academy of Music by a committee of four hundred citizens, at which the toilets of the ladies were magnificent, the decorations tasteful and attractive, the floral display being exquisite. This ball was on invitation only, and the gathering, though enormous in numbers, was remarkably select

The days of the Prince's stay in New York were occupied by visits to the Astor Library, to the University, one to the veteran General Scott at his residence, and one to Barnum's Museum. The entire party also visited Mr. Brady's photographic gallery, where their pictures were taken, and where they left their autograph signatures at the request of Mr. Brady. On the evening of the 13th the Prince witnessed a grand torchlight procession of firemen, who mustered five thousand strong. On the 15th (Sunday) the Prince attended divine service at Trinity Church, and on the following day he sailed up the Hudson to West Point on the *Harriet Lane*, and thence by steamer *Daniel Drew* to Albany, where he was entertained by Governor Morgan.

From Albany the party proceeded by rail to Boston, where a reception of the warmest character welcomed the Prince of Wales to the Old Bay State. Here a military review, a grand ball, and a musical festival at the Music Hall were the features of the Prince's visit; and, after two days' stay, the party left by rail for Portland, where a military reception awaited them. They were escorted to the wharf, whence they embarked on the *Hero*, which, with the rest of the fleet, sailed on October 20th for England.

The next visit to America on the part of a member of the British royal family was that of Prince Arthur, in 1869. Arthur William Patrick Albert, the third son of Queen Victoria, Duke of Connaught, was born May 1st, 1850. He entered the Military Academy at Woolwich in 1866, and became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868; being, however, transferred to the Rifle Brigade in 1869, and made a captain in 1871, when he obtained his majority, and had a grant of £15,000 per annum voted him by Parliament.

On August 1869, Prince Arthur left England for a visit to Canada and the United States, and arrived at Halifax on the 22d, where he was received with much enthusiasm, and in accordance with the courtesy due to his rank. He was at Quebec on September 15th, where his reception was similar in character to that already recounted in connection with the Prince of Wales. On the 9th of October, the Prince reached Montreal. But the greater part of Prince Arthur's visit to Canada was passed in its northern portion, where he amused himself by hunting and fishing.

At Mohawk, he was honored by being made a Chief of the Six Nations, with great glory of decoration and many

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, VICEROY OF CANADA.

MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

ceremonies. From Montreal the prince proceeded to New York in January, arriving in the latter city on the 21st, where he was met by Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister; and Mr. Archibald, the British Consul at New York. The Prince with his suite, comprising Colonel Elphinstone, and Lieutenants Pickard and Fitzroy, visited the Central Park, passed the evening at Wallack's Theatre, and then proceeded to Washington, where he was the guest of Minister Thornton.

In Washington, the young Prince received every attention, being received at the White House by President Grant with distinguished attentions, while Cabinet Officers, Senators and other high officials showed him every possible courtesy. He returned to New York on January 29th, passing the evening of that day at Niblo's Garden, in Mr. A. T. Stewart's private box, which was appropriately decorated with flags, and in company with Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton.

On the 31st, the Prince gave audience to the British residents of New York, by whom he was presented with an address of welcome. February 1st was passed in visiting the Astor Library and other public buildings, in having photographs taken at Gurney's, and in the evening, at a grand ball given at Delmonico's in honor of the Prince. On February 9th, Prince Arthur and suite were present at Peabody, Mass., at the funeral obsequies of George Peabody.

While the visit of Prince Arthur induced less enthusiasm in the United States than was the case with regard to the Prince of Wales, this very natural fact did not prevent him from having a most enjoyable tour, or from making friends of all who were privileged to form his acquaintance. The young prince proved himself to be an additional evidence of the admirable system of government and education which has ever been pursued in the rearing of the children of the reigning family of England.

The bearing of Prince Arthur was soldierly; he had a frank, open countenance, which invited confidence, and his manners were those of a highly cultured English gentleman.

The year 1878 will close with peculiar prestige in the minds of the Canadians, since it bestows upon the Dominion a Viceroy, or Governor-general, notable, not only for his own family and rank, but for his having been specially favored by being permitted to marry into the Royal Family—the first instance of the kind known to the history of England.

John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, called by courtesy the Marquis of Lorne, is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and was born in London in 1845. It is possible that the young representative of the Campbells would have remained in obscurity, had it not been for his marriage, in 1871, to Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. This event has resulted in bringing about the visit of the Princess to the United States, and thus renders appropriate the account already given of previous similar occurrences.

The Princess Louise, more than any other member of the Royal Family, has shown herself interested in what may be termed by courtesy, "Women's Work." She is the founder and patroness of the "Royal School of Art-Needlework," at South Kensington, which contributed specimens of work to the Women's Pavilion in the Centennial Exhibition. Some of these specimen pieces of art-needlework were quite exquisite in finish, one or two examples being after designs by the Princess Louise herself. Her Royal Highness is amiable and pleasing in manner, and is certain to fill, with dignity and grace, the position she will assume in the Dominion.

On Tuesday, March 21st, 1871, the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in the presence of the Royal Family and invited guests. The bridal procession included H.M. the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Teck, the Count de Flandres, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Maharaja Dhuleep Singh and the Maharanee, and the Duke of Argyll.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, the bride and groom repaired to Claremont, Surrey, the residence of the Marquis of Lorne, and in September visited the Castle of Inverary, the seat of the Duke of Argyll.

The domain of Argyll has been amongst the most important of any of the Scottish chiefs. The "Lord of Lorne" was originally the "Lord of the Isles," and held free sway over the whole tract of sea and land covered and included in Scott's poem of that name: "North to Skye, south to Loch Ranza"; and the Campbell, in his turn, has held the soil of many of the isles. As early as the twelfth century, the clans of the MacDougalls and the MacRonalds were united in the person of their common ancestor, the Shane of Argyll. To the present Duke of Argyll and Marquis of Lorne belong the barony of Mull, while the Duke is also proprietor of Iona—anciently esteemed the metropoliis of the northern isles.

The Duke of Argyll's seat—Inverary Castle—is situated about sixteen miles from Loch Awe, in the little county-town of Argyllshire, noted for its herring-fishery. In Scott's "Legends of Montrose" the castle is presented to the reader in a romantic though rather gloomy aspect, as it appeared during the bloody feuds of the seventeenth century.

The present mansion was built about 1750 by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll. It is a stately but heavy quadrangular structure, of dark, slaty stone, with round towers at the angles, and a pavilion above. In the great hall is kept a collection of Highland weapons, with the muskets used by the Clan Campbell at the Battle of Culloden. The surrounding domain comprises an extensive park, beautifully wooded, and includes an eminence, from which can be obtained a view of a broad and charming landscape.

The present is not the first visit of the Marquis of Lorne to America. In 1866 he made a voyage to the West India Islands, visiting Cuba, Hayti, and Jamaica, returning by way of the United States. He visited New York, Boston and Washington, and traveled through a portion of the South, afterward passing some time in Canada. The Marquis collected his notes into a volume called "A Trip Through the Tropics, and Home Through America," which presents a series of rather superficial impressions—all that could be reasonably expected in such a work. The writer tells his story, however, in a chatty, pleasant way which is attractive, and in some instances gives evidence of substantial consideration and the exercise of careful judgment in forming his opinions.

This marriage has possibly proven not to be as perfect a union as might have been desired. If current rumor be accurate—and there is in this instance every reason to trust it—the system of etiquette of the Court of St. James, and the rules of precedence, for which no one is a greater stickler than Queen Victoria, have served to greatly harass and embarrass the ambitious husband of a princess of the blood royal. As the Marquis of Lorne is a man of talents and a courteous and agreeable gentleman—and as the princess is an amiable and beneficent lady, it is gratifying to

those who are interested in both, that the present appointment will cause at least a temporary cessation of these annoying rumors, and of the incidents which gave rise to them.

Appointed Governor-general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne assumes the post under peculiar difficulties of another nature. He is, in fact, handicapped by the reputation and popularity of his predecessor, Earl Dufferin, than whom it is difficult to believe that any country has ever had a more entirely satisfactory viceroy. There is, however, every reason for believing that the new Governor-general, aided by the presence of the Princess, his wife, will establish for himself a favorable impression.

When the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Halifax, the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh added one more to our list of "British Royalty in America." Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, has been in the naval service since 1858, and has seen nearly every country in the world, including a previous visit to this Continent. In Australia, in 1868, he narrowly escaped assassination, but his assailant was captured, tried, condemned and executed for the offense.

On January 23d, 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Grand Duchess Marie, only daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. The Duke is now in his thirty-fifth year, having been born August 6th, 1844. In 1862, he declined the offer made to him of the throne of Greece, preferring the excitement and change of the naval service. The Duke of Edinburgh makes the sixth member of the reigning family of Great Britain who has visited the Continent of America.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise took their departure from London on the evening of November 13th, for Liverpool, traveling on the Midland Railway. At Liverpool a public reception awaited them, when they were escorted to the steamship *Sarmatian*, designated to convey the royal party to Halifax.

The suite of the Marquis and Princess comprised the following persons: Lady Sophia MacNamara, Major and Mrs. De Winton and two children, Miss De Winton, Hon. Mrs. Moreton and daughter, Colonel McNeill, Hon. C. Harbord, Captain Chater, Dr. Andrew Clark, and Mr. Sidney Hall. There were also twenty domestic servants, including that very necessary appendage to a Scottish traveling party, a Highland piper.

The *Sarmatian* was fitted for the special convenience of its important freightage, much floral and other decoration being prevalent. It will be interesting to the future reader of this magazine to have gained through the investigations of the reporter of the period the valuable information that "the canopy of the Princess's berth was of green silk, with silver ornaments, while that of Lady MacNamara was red.' Also that the entire expense of transportation was two thousand pounds.

With the hope of preserving the royal party from the ravages and discomforts of sea-sickness, the universal American had invented a "patent leveling berth," which was put to use in the cabins of the Princess and Lady MacNamara. It is painful to record that this invention failed dismally of warding off the dreaded foe. The two ladies were frightfully ill, and the "patent leveling berths" were discarded.

The *Sarmatian* sighted Sambro Light on the afternoon of November 23d, and at midnight of the same day she was brought to anchor, near the royal dockyard in Halifax Harbor.

By this time the Dominion was feverish with the excitement of promise, and the fulfillment brought brilliantly to light the thousand-and one preparations for the grand reception of royalty and vice-royalty. India might rejoice in the luxury of a distant empress; but to Canada, of all England's Colonial belongings, it was reserved to have her Governor-generalship burnished with the actual presence of a princess, and the gilded glory of a real court.

On the morning of the 24th, the Duke of Edinburgh left his ship, the *Black Prince*, and called on the Princess; the vice-admiral went out to the *Sarmatian* in his gig, and invited the royal party to the Admiralty House; the Lieutenant-governor went on board with the military secretary of Lord Dufferin—the latter being the gentleman from whom the Marquis was to obtain his "coaching" for the numerous official ceremonies.

The Marquis and Princess passed their first night after their arrival on board ship. On the afternoon of that day they went on shore informally and drove through the city, after a lunch with the Duke of Edinburgh on board the *Black Prince*. Halifax was now dressed in gay attire, making that sombre city for the nonce brilliant and attractive. Great triumphal arches spanned the streets; the houses were decorated profusely with evergreens and bunting; the reception rooms in the Province House were swept and adorned fitly; and, as the city was now thronged with strangers, it presented a most animated appearance.

On Monday, November 25th, the great public landing of the new Governor-General and his royal wife took place, with every possible surrounding of ceremony to give it distinction. The harbor of Halifax presented a most brilliant appearance, the *Sarmatian* sailing between two lines of men-of-war up to the dock-yard, where the vice-regal party were landed, amid salutes from one fortification after another; the guns from the bastions of the citadel completing the round. Each of the six men-of-war in harbor, led by the *Black Prince* and *Bellerophon*, was decked out with bunting, and every yard fully manned, the ships' crews cheering in turn as the *Sarmatian* steamed proudly past. The bands played "God save the Queen," and everybody mentally ejaculated "God bless the Princess Louise!"

At the Queen's Dockyard the scene was gorgeous in color and general effect. Redcoats from the fleet lined the outer wharves, while detachments from two British regiments stood in line in the rear. Behind these were the Mayor in scarlet robes, the Chancellor in a purple gown, bishops and judges, cabinet officers and members of the Provincial and Dominion Parliaments, guards of honor, and, behind all, a background of evergreens and flags; the whole suffusing the eye and making the air tremulous with color.

The vice-regal party came on shore in two boats, the first landing the Princess's ladies of honor, the other containing the Duke of Edinburgh, Lady MacNamara, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. On the landing of these latter, and the positive appearance on Canadian soil of a princess of the blood royal, the excited and loyal Canadians gave vent to their feelings in prolonged and hearty shouts and cheers. The Marquis and Princess were now received by the civic, military and naval dignitaries, and by a guard of honor from the 66th Regiment. A pleasant incident of this part of the ceremonial was the presentation to the Princess of a beautiful bouquet of flowers by Miss Mary Archibald, the youngest daughter of the Lieutenant-governor of the Province of Nova Scotia.

The procession now formed, including, with the Marquis and Princess, the Grand Marshal, a detachment of City Police, the Mayor, Corporation and General Reception Committee, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Duke of Edinburgh and the staff of the General Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop and the Dominion Cabinet, the Chief Judges of the Court of Law and Equity and Members of the Privy Council, with various societies.

CLAREMONT, THE HOME OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

The Princess was dressed richly, but simply, in black silk and velvet, with a sealskin sacque and plain black hat; her earrings were emeralds, and she wore on her neck some fine lace. The Marquis was dressed in an olive-green uniform. The streets through which the procession passed were lined by different societies, regulars and militia, the artillery of both branches of service and the Royal Engineers. The sidewalks were crowded with people, it being estimated that there were 20,000 persons in the streets.

The procession halted at the Provincial Building, and proceeded to the Assembly Chamber. Here the presiding judge before whom the oath was to be taken took his seat in his crimson robes at a table at the left of the throne. In front of the throne, at the right, sat Sir John A. MacDonald, premier, and Cabinet officers. The Princess Louise sat at the right of the Administrator of the Government, the Duke of Edinburgh sitting at his left, in the full uniform of a captain in the Royal Navy, his breast covered with orders and decorations.

THE MARQUIS AND THE PRINCESS ON THE WAY TO SCOTLAND.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE WELCOMED TO INVERARY.

Letters patent, and the Commission appointing the Marquis of Lorne Governor-general of the Dominion of Canada, were now read, when the oaths of office were administered by Judge Ritchie, as follows:

"I, Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspirators and attempts whatever which shall be made against her person, crown or dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and treacherous conspiracies which may be formed against her or them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support and defend to the utmost of my power the succession of the Crown, which succession, by an act entitled 'An Act for the further limitation of the Crown and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants, hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the Crown of this realm; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person or prelate, state or potentate hath, or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm; and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian, so help me God"

This oath was read and signed by the Governor-general. Three additional oaths were then administered by the Chief Justice:

"You shall well and truly execute the office and trust of Gover-

nor-general of Canada and the territories depending thereon, and duly and impartially administer justice therein, so help you God."

"You shall do your utmost endeavor that all the clauses, matters and things contained in the several Acts of Parliament heretofore passed and now in force relating to trade in Her Majesty's Colonies and plantations be punctually and *bona fide* preserved according to the true intent and meaning thereof, so help you God."

"You shall well and truly execute the office of Keeper of the Great Seal of Her Majesty's Dominion of Canada according to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God."

THE PRINCESS LOUISE CONFERRING DECORATIONS ON HEROIC SOLDIERS.

Immediately after the formality of taking the oaths, a salute of seven guns was fired from the citadel, the bells throughout the city were rung vociferously, and the Marquis of Lorne took the chair of state in the Province Building of Halifax, as Governor-general of the Dominion.

The popular reception of the Marquis and Princess was enthusiastic and hearty, as is natural to the Nova Scotians, than whom there are no more hospitable people the world over. A dinner and drawing-room at the Government House completed the ceremonies of the day. At these important social entertainments, the rigid etiquette of the Court of St. James was partially enforced. Gentlemen were only required to appear in full dress, but ladies were required to wear dresses cut low, and with short sleeves—an innovation on custom and climate at which the belles of Halifax were rather inclined to rebel. The Princess wore a rich black velvet dress, trimmed with *clair de lune* and jet; underneath was a satin and silk-ribbed petticoat; her headdress was a diamond tiara with feathers, and her vail ornaments were diamonds. The Princess also wore the order of Victoria, Albert and India. The Marquis wore the Windsor uniform, and carried his hat in his hand. Guests were presented having the right hand ungloved, and the Marquis and Princess shook hands with no one. There were three hundred and fifty guests presented at the drawing-room; at the dinner which preceded it, fifty guests sat at table. The festivities of the day closed when the Princess ordered her carriage, about midnight.

On the 26th, the new Governor-general held a public levee in the Legislative Hall of the Provincial Building. This took place in the afternoon, the Princess not being present, and the Marquis being permitted for the first time to taste the pleasures of official dignity and rank, unembarrassed by the shadow of royalty. During this day the Princess remained quietly at the Admiral's residence, where she staid as a guest during her visit in Halifax. She lunched with Sir John A. MacDonald and another member of the Cabinet, and passed the day with her brother.

At seven o'clock the royal party drove to the residence of General MacDougall, at Maplewood, to dine. Here the table was set for thirty; the house was decorated with trophies and decorations; the floor of the dining-room strewn with buffalo-robes, bearskins and other furs, and quaint ornaments and *curios* gave interest to the place, of a character widely different from what had been previously met in the experience of the royal and noble guests.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

In the evening the city was illuminated in all directions, every archway being resplendent with colored fires. The royal party were escorted to Maplewood by a torchlight procession of firemen, the fleet off the dockyard was brilliantly illuminated with blue lights and colored fire, and for three hours Halifax seemed changed by enchantment into a fairy scene, through which a weird and beautiful pageant passed onward into the shadows of night.

The royal party left Halifax on the morning of the 27th for Montreal, and were received with cordial demonstrations of welcome at Truro and other points along the route. The Marquis and Princess traveled

in the palace car of the Intercolonial Company, a sufficiently magnificent vehicle for even royalty.

The train reached Montreal, after the long ride of a thousand miles, on Friday, November 29th, where the party were received with demonstrations as enthusiastic, and display perhaps more brilliant, than had welcomed them to Halifax. At the depot, decorations of the flags of all nations were prominent, while gildings and hangings of silk and satin made the rusty old railroad station quite palatial in its appearance.

The reception was cordial and earnest, and the response of the Marquis to the address of welcome—well-chosen and unaffected—was a champion effort in its result of achieving for him the reputation of being a decided acquisition to the Dominion.

The procession to the Windsor Hotel was a spontaneous ovation from beginning to end. The city was magnificently dressed—the streets were thronged with vast crowds of delighted spectators, who cheered unceasingly, and such a gala occasion has certainly never before been witnessed within the boundaries of Canada.

In the evening, Montreal was illuminated, the arches being resplendent with Chinese lanterns and colored fires, and almost every house contributing to the general display of light and hue.

On the same night a grand ball was given at the Windsor Hotel, under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society—the Scotch element having led emphatically in the reception festivities. The ball took place in the dining-room of the hotel. The dances were quadrilles, waltzes, lanciers and Scottish reels, and for the latter a group of pipers appeared when called for. The attendance numbered about five hundred, and the dresses were very costly and in extremely good taste.

The Princess wore a white brocade silk and satin, trimmed with white bugles, and at the bottom of the dress satin folds nine inches deep. Her Royal Highness wore a headdress of diamonds and flowers—her ornaments being diamonds and pearls. She wore the decoration of the Order of Victoria and Albert. The Marquis wore a plain dress suit, without a single decoration.

One feature of the day and night was alone a little gloomy. The Roman Catholic element, which is large and powerful in Montreal, was not as prominently cordial as it might have been. The casual observer, remembering the Orange annoyance during the visit of the Prince of Wales, might, perchance, draw the inference that the prevalence of royalty during the new Governor-general's term would not, of necessity, prove auspicious.

On the day following the ball the Marquis received at the hotel in his Governor-general's uniform. After lunch the party visited the Convent of Ville Marie at Monklands, and the McGill University, and in the evening a grand drawing-room was held in the parlor of the Windsor Hotel. Here the same rules were enforced as at Halifax. The Marquis was dressed in a Windsor court suit, wearing the Order of the Thistle, and other decorations. The Princess wore a pale pink satin petticoat with black velvet overskirt and waist, covered with lace, the waist ornamented with three large clusters of diamonds down the front; on her head she wore a tiara of diamonds.

Sunday, December 1st, was passed by the royal party in attendance on two churches, and in resting after the fatigues of the week. On the 2d they left Montreal for Ottawa, the future home of the Governor-general and his wife. Here the new Government House, Rideau Hall, had been put in order and refurnished for the new occupants, while the city was suitably decorated for the great coming event.

The vice-regal train arrived at Ottawa on the afternoon of the day of its departure from Montreal, and found a large crowd assembled at the depot to bid them welcome. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the public reception was postponed until December 4th; and, accordingly, the only formality was an address by the Mayor and a response on the part of the Marquis, when the vice-regal pair walked to their carriage and were driven to Rideau Hall. The principal streets were profusely decorated, seven arches bearing mottoes being a prominent feature.

And here, at last, the new Governor-general and his royal wife found rest, and set forth upon their American career, aided, certainly, by the sympathies of the people whom the Scotch Marquis had been called upon to govern, strengthened by the loyalty which is so marked an element of British colonial life, and of the character of the subjects of the good Queen Victoria everywhere.

HISTORICAL WITTICISMS.

AMID her darker and sterner chronicles, history has preserved not a few jests likewise—more, perhaps, for the sake of those who uttered them than of the utterances themselves; but it is noteworthy how many of these mere verbal jingles have actually taken a permanent place in the world's annals, not unfrequently to the exclusion of the very term that produced them.

The now forgotten Ougours of Siberia (whose grim visages Ammianus Marcellinus, in his blunt, soldierly way, defined as "not a face, but a bun") live again in the *Ogres* whose child-devouring exploits are the terror of every nursery. The "*Non Angli sed Angeli*" of St. Augustine is imperishable as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. The great Athenian teacher's true name of Aristocles has lost itself altogether in his punning cognomen of Plato (the Broad).

St. Leo, watching the goblin rout of Attila's Huns sweeping over the plains of Lombardy, prayed, in a form of wit scarcely worthy of a Bishop of the Empire that "these *Tartarean* demons might be sent back to their native Tartarus"; and thus the word *Tartar* * sprang into being to be a symbol for evermore of cruelty and terror.

Early in the second half of the fifth century, a young Gothic warrior entered the cell of a Christian monk to beg his blessing, announcing himself as the Herulian chief Haud-y-Wacker (Hold-ye-Stout). The recluse laid his hand on the bowed head of the towering figure before him, and said:

"*Stout* shalt thou be to win, and firm shalt thou *hold* what thou winnest."

The listening Goths laughed grimly at the uncouth jest; but they had reason to recall it fourteen years later, when, amid the ruins of Imperial Rome, Haud-y-Wacker took his place in history as *Odoacer*.

The Middle Ages, however, were undoubtedly *the* era of punning *par excellence*. Grave divines, learned schoolmen, stately prelates, kings and princes—nay, the august wearer of the Triple Crown himself—indulged without stint in the form of wit stigmatized by Dr. Johnson as the lowest of the low. Even heraldry, in its own opinion the most exalted science on earth, tortured three languages to swell the number of the verbal juggles in which it delighted; writing on the Vernon crest "*Ver non* semper viret," and on that of the Custs, "Qui *Cust-odit*, metuat." Indeed, in an age when books existed only as scarce rolls of dusty parchment, transcribed by the life-long toil of some laborious monk, a caustic jest of this kind, leveled at some

* The real name is "Tatârin" in the singular, and "Tatâré" in the plural.

familiar abuse or some tyrant in high places, flew from mouth to mouth like a watchword, stirring the souls of men in a way which our older century can but faintly appreciate. More than one Pope directed all his spiritual thunders against the unknown authors of the biting epigrams placed in the outstretched hands of the statue of Pasquin at Rome—a circumstance which has given to this form of satire its modern name of "Pasquinade." The University Statutes of England teem with ordinances against "the drawing of caricatures or writing of scurril verses against the collegiate officers, to the bringing into contempt of their lawful authority." The caustic hits of those medieval Saturday Reviewers, the court fools, more than once changed the purpose of their despotic masters. Sir Walter Scott, and other writers of equal renown, have borne ample testimony to the effect of the old anti-Romish ballads in paving the way for the Reformation. Scandinavian chroniclers tell us that a Norwegian king, who had maltreated some Iceland traders, was informed by their indignant countrymen that they intended making as many lampoons upon him as there were promontories in his dominions—a threat which one glance at the jagged coast-line of Norway will show to be a very terrible one indeed!

It is easy to conceive what encouragement the hard-pressed followers of John Huss must have found in the dying prediction of their martyred leader, which, strongly as it savors of *ex post facto* invention, is attested by many competent witnesses: "Ye may burn the goose [Huss] if ye will, but not the swan [Luther] that shall come after me!" *

Even in an age of such universal pleasantry, however, it is somewhat strange to find the saturnine Charles V. uttering such a flagrant pun as that of "I could put Paris in my glove" (*gant*), with which he answered the vaunts of Francis I.—a rude play upon the name of Gand or Ghent, then the largest town in the Netherlands.

A much neater as well as more practical rebuke was given to the factious Duke of Orleans, in the preceding century, by his rival, Jean "Sans-Peur," of Burgundy, who, seeing on the Orleans banner the figure of a knotty club, significantly adorned his own with *a carpenter's plane*.

Amid the countless affectations of the sixteenth century stood pre-eminent the fashion of jesting by anagram—*i. e.*, by inverting or transposing the letters of a proper name. Every schoolboy (as Lord Macaulay would have said) is familiar with Henri of Navarre's appropriate anagram upon the beautiful Marie Touchet, "Je charme tout."

The Huguenots extracted "Vilain Herodés" from the name of their sworn enemy, Henri de Valois (Henry III. of France); and the Romish ecclesiastics, smarting under the sarcasms of Erasmus, satirized his humble origin with the taunt of "Eras mus" (Thou wert a mouse).

The courtly and artificial witticisms which the Louis Quatorze era prescribed to all Europe as an unalterable fashion are too well known to need repetition; but a few manly spirits were found to resist the intellectual as well as the physical tyranny of the Grand Monarque. Few rebukes have ever been better merited than that which William III.'s envoy administered to a French courtier who showed him the gallery of battle-pieces in the Louvre, boastfully asking whether the English king could display the like.

"*My* master's deeds, sir," said the ambassador, "are seen everywhere, *except* on his own palace-walls."

A similar check was once given to Louis himself by the famous Dunkirk privateer, Jean Bart, whom the king greeted, on his return from a successful cruise, with the flattering announcement:

"M. Jean Bart, I have made you admiral of my fleet."

The rough-hewn veteran, instead of being overpowered by the royal condescension, as the brilliant circle around him doubtless expected, answered, bluntly:

"Sire, vous avez bien fait."*

The quiet intensity of this rebuke can be paralleled only by the famous repartee of Prince Esterhazy in our own time, when, hearing a Spanish grandee boasting that he had "fifty thousand sheep" the great Hungarian remarked, quietly:

"Curious coincidence—that's just the number of my shepherds."

The historical pleasantries of the eighteenth century, like every other form of contemporary wit, followed the bias given to them by the formidable renown of a single name. Voltaire, though in reality the topmost bough rather than the root of that fatal "Enclycopedist" tree which was one day to overshadow all Europe, reigned as absolutely in life as after death, and extended through every land the use of those verbal stilettoes wherewith the wits of the day pointed friend and foe alike. All the best sayings of D'Alembert, Diderot, Pope, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole and Frederick the Great, bear the unmistakable stamp of the great master of mischief; Frederick's close intimacy with Voltaire himself rendering the likeness doubly conspicuous in his case. On one occasion, however, the "soldier-king" was fully matched at his own weapons. After his conquest of Saxony, in 1756, the indignant nation altered the inscription on the newly introduced Prussian coinage—*Ein Reichsthaler*—into *Ein Reich stahl er* (He stole a kingdom), a gibe keenly resented and terribly avenged.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the word "thaler," or dollar, is in itself a kind of historical pun. The silver yielded by the valley of Joachims-thal was formerly so much esteemed that the country-folk, in taking payment for their wares, were wont to say, "Give me a Joachim's Dale one" (Joachim's-thal-er); and this, shortened to "thaler," gave rise to a world-wide name.

The sanguinary pleasantries of the French Revolution have been immortalized by its greatest historian, Mr. Carlyle; but the most perfect sarcasm of that terrible period is now almost forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, almost the only remaining representative of the destroyed *noblesse*, seeing "Brotherhood or Death!" chalked on a wall, remarked that it should be translated, "Be my brother, or I kill you."

Of Napoleon I. (certainly the most unlikely source from which to expect a pun) one such utterance is recorded—perpetrated, too, in the very height of one of his most splendid campaigns—that of 1796-97—which ended in the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the Treaty of Campo Formio. Hearing an Italian lady observe that he seemed very young to have achieved such wonderful successes, he answered, sharply: "Demain j'aurai Milan" (mille ans).

As for the countless historical jests of the present century, our remaining space will only permit us to indicate one or two of the best.

The headlong frenzy of ambition has seldom been more keenly rebuked than in Talleyrand's criticism on the career of Napoleon:

"His watch was fast, while the rest of mankind had the right time."

* In Huss's native Bohemian dialect, this prophetic pun holds good as above.

* To the credit of Louis, he was sensible enough to take this reproof in good part, his only remark being, "Here, gentlemen, is a man who knows what he can do, and means to do it to the utmost."

Not less happy was the jest of a veteran Parisian wit on Louis Napoleon's gift of a hotel a-piece to two of his marshals:

"Ah, oui! ils défendront le trône et l'hôtel"—an admirable travesty of the oath of allegiance, "to defend the throne and the altar" (*l'autel*).

The remark attributed to the Emperor Nicholas on his visit to Sobieski's statue at Warsaw, although probably due in reality to his court jester, Prince Menschikoff, has a grim significance when viewed by the light of subsequent events:

"That man and I are the two greatest fools of history, for we both saved Vienna."

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE ON THEIR LANDING AT HALIFAX, NOV. 25TH, 1878.—SEE PAGE 2.

Prince Bismarck's prophecy that the war of 1870 would cost France "two Napoleons" is well known; and Tacitus himself might have envied the caustic terseness of the definition of Russia—a definition, happily, all but obsolete at the present day—as "a despotism *tempered* by assassination."

TEN YEARS THROWN AWAY.—"SHE GRASPED HIS ARM WITH ONE SLENDER, NERVOUS HAND, WHILE WITH THE OTHER SHE HELD THE MINIATURE TO HIS EYES. 'IS THAT YOUR WIFE?' SHE CRIED, FIERCELY. 'IS THAT BOY YOURS?'"

TEN YEARS THROWN AWAY.

THE large hotel was filled to the attic, not, however, with a gay, dancing, pleasure-seeking crowd, but with invalids who, afraid of the melancholy Springs of the North, hoped to find alleviation, if not cure, in the healing breath of the vast pine-forests of the Carolinas.

It was early in the evening when Mrs. Fane stepped from the long window of the drawing-room out on the piazza, accompanied by her friends and fellow-travelers, Dr. and Mrs. Allerton. Every one was waiting with impatience the arrival of the mail.

The day had been a sad one for Margaret Fane. The early train had brought a crowd of hopeless invalids, driven up from Florida by the excessive heat, and intending to remain at Aiken until tidings should arrive of settled weather at the North. Then, too, Margaret had been haunted with persistent memories of a bitter past. An item in the newspaper, a faint perfume shed by the rustling folds of a lady's dress, a name indifferently spoken by a careless stranger, had each and all recalled to her the great sorrow and crowning mistake of her life.

Imagination and memory were now busy at work, weaving futile pictures of possibilities she had so recklessly thrown away in her far-away youth.

Mrs. Fane was no longer young. A creole by birth, proud and passionate by nature, tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a complexion of creamy whiteness—a whiteness rarely marred by a tinge of color—she was very remarkable in appearance, and a stranger rarely met her without a passing wonder as to her history.

A singular reticence characterized her, and never, even to her best friends, had she been known to speak freely of herself, her hopes or of her past.

Dr. and Mrs. Allerton had known and loved her from her childhood. They knew that Margaret, on her wedding-day, had left her husband, and that she had never seen him since. They knew these facts, simply because they had been near at hand at the time, but no reference to them had ever passed Margaret's lips.

For many years her residence had been in Europe, under her father's protection, while her husband, Paul Grosvenor, lived in New York, where he labored successfully, and occupied a distinguished position at the bar.

All this the Allertons knew, and knew also that after her father's death, Margaret, at his express wish, was to reside in New York, which city was her birthplace and early home.

Dr. Allerton, who had been with Mr. Fane constantly in his last illness, knew that he died with the hope, and almost with the conviction, that the breach between his daughter and her husband would eventually be healed; but of the mystery attending this breach, Dr. Allerton was as ignorant as was his wife.

Together the three had come from Italy in the late Autumn, and when Dr. Allerton, startled by a slight cough of his wife, hastily decided to go to the sunny South for a time, Margaret Fane as hastily decided to go with them, only too glad to postpone the day and the hour when she must, in New York, be thrown in contact with her husband.

But to-day Dr. Allerton announced that in twenty-four hours they must turn their faces northward, and Margaret was troubled and sad. She now stood with her friends, idly watching the newcomers as they emerged from the omnibus that had just driven up from the station.

A youth's gay laugh thrilled to her very soul, and she leaned hastily over the rail to distinguish more clearly the handsome youth, who slightly touched his hat to the ladies as he passed them.

"How like!" Margaret said to herself, as she drew her light shawl more closely about her, and turned her steps to the western piazza.

A rosy tinge yet lingered in the sky, and the fair, full moon rode high in the heavens. The soft west wind, laden with the delicious aromatic odor of the pines, flew full in her face. Below, in the valley, twinkled the lights of a German festival, while strains of gay dance-music came to her in fitful gusts of melody.

She paced to and fro on the long piazza, still alone, and each time she passed she looked in at the lighted windows of the parlor. She caught sight of her friends—busy with each other and with their letters. She saw a mother watching her frail young daughters with eyes of anxious solicitude. And, as Mrs. Fane walked solitary in the pale moonlight, a feeling of utter loneliness, such as she had never before experienced, came upon her. The life she saw within seemed totally apart from herself, and she regarded it all with an unspeakable sense of strangeness.

No one could see her from within—and to look, even on the most familiar face, being one's self unseen, gives it an unfamiliar aspect. A feeling of isolation—isolation of spirit, as well as of body, overwhelmed her.

"What did her existence matter to any one?" she asked herself. Her father's death had left her alone, and the world itself was terrible to her.

"Alone," she murmured, half aloud; "and must I be alone for ever? Is there no place for me in this great world—no one who needs me?"

Sad at heart, Margaret finally turned to the quiet of her own apartment. There she found her maid on her knees before a huge trunk. Dismissing her, Mrs. Fane took a low chair to the window, and in silence, but not without tears, reviewed the past ten years.

She went back to the hour when she first met the man she married. She seemed to breathe again the very scent of the violets that purpled the broad Campagna; she remembered their daily rides, and the lingering tenderness with which he lifted her to her saddle—each hour of that Roman Winter was to her a very Paradise. For six months her lover had been constantly at her side. She knew him, or thought she did, most thoroughly—knew him to be a man of loyalty and honor—a man too, much older than herself, who had seen much of the world.

At the termination of these happy six months, Margaret's wedding-day arrived. The ceremony took place in Paris.

The bride had just returned to her father's apartments when, being for a moment alone, her maid brought her a package just arrived by mail, and marked with the word "Important."

Margaret broke the seal with girlish impatience, supposing that it was some wedding-gift thus tardily received.

A brief note—two miniatures, one of a lovely woman, the other of a beautiful boy, were the contents of the parcel. Beneath the picture of the child were the words, "Paul Grosvenor, aged eight years," and a date. The note was to this effect:

"I hope this will reach you in time to avert a great wrong. Show the miniature to Paul Grosvenor, and ask him what relations he sustains to the lady, and whose child is the boy."

Mr. Grosvenor at that moment entered the conservatory, where Margaret sat, pale and stunned.

For years she shuddered at the odor of heliotrope, and at the sight of a bit of stephanotis, she would turn deadly pale.

Margaret sprang to her feet at the sound of her husband's voice, with eyes aflame, and her scarlet lips apart. She grasped his arm with one slender, nervous hand, while with the other she held the miniatures to his eyes.

"Is that woman your wife?" she cried, fiercely, demons of jealousy and deception fighting within her. "Is that boy yours?"

"Poor Margaret!" answered Paul, gently. "I am sorry that this has come to you in this way. I ought to have told you——"

"Told me!" interrupted Margaret—"told me of your infamy and of my humiliation!"

Mr. Grosvenor's broad brow grew crimson as she repeated her question:

"Is that boy yours?"

"Yes," he answered at last, with stern coldness, "he is mine!"

"And the woman?"

"Is dead."

"Did she die before or after you knew me?"

"After I knew you."

Margaret dropped his arm, stood for a moment in silence, and then left the conservatory. On the threshold she turned, in her shining bridal raiment.

"Farewell—farewell for ever!" she said, in a low voice.

An hour elapsed, at the end of which time it was discovered that Margaret had left the house, and had taken refuge in a convent quite near.

She utterly refused to hold any intercourse with her husband, or to see her father until Mr. Grosvenor had left Paris.

Paul refused, in his turn, to make any explanations to Mr. Fane, saying simply that when Margaret would listen to him, he would speak and answer all her questions, fully and frankly. "Until then," he added, "my lips are sealed."

Finally, Margaret learned that her husband had not only left Paris, but was on his way to America.

Then her stoicism gave way; a brain-fever brought her very near death, and on her recovery her father, as proud and haughty as herself, took her to the South of France, where he watched over her with all the tenderness and care of a woman.

The only visible trace of the days that had been was to be found in Margaret's assumption of the title of Mrs. instead of Miss Fane.

It was very late when Margaret aroused herself from this dreary train of thought, and slowly made her preparation for the night. The moonlight kept her awake, and yet she could not endure to shut out its loveliness. Finally she fell asleep.

How long a time elapsed she never knew, when suddenly she was aroused by a cry for help, as it seemed to her. She started up, listened, but all was silent. She heard only the melancholy sighing of the wind through the pines, like the murmur of waves on the shore.

So vivid, however, was her impression, that she rose, opened her door, and looked up and down the corridor. All was silent, save a sharp cough, which she remembered to have heard at intervals before she fell asleep.

"I am sadly nervous," she said to herself, "but I really hate to go to sleep again."

She closed her eyes, but the beating of her heart seemed to choke her. Slumber at last stole over her senses.

Suddenly the cry for help came again—words, too, this time: "Come quick! For God's sake come!"

Mrs. Fane sprang from her bed and opened her door. Was it fire? No; the quiet moonlight lay in bars on the floor.

"Is anything the matter?" she called aloud.

All was silent. Half ashamed of herself and the strange trick played her by her dreams, she again locked the door and stood, uncertain and troubled.

Almost mechanically she put on her dressing-gown. At that moment came again the cry of "Help!" accompanied by coughing and a strange, gurgling, choking sound.

Thus guided, Margaret flew down the hall, and pushing open a door that stood ajar, beheld a sight, the memory of which haunted her for many a subsequent day. The gay youth whom she had seen a few hours previous, lay with the life-blood pouring from his lips.

Margaret delayed only to promise help and to enjoin quiet, and then hurried to Dr. Allerton's room, who, with her, was soon giving every possible aid to the sufferer.

The poor fellow was in a state of feverish excitement.

"You saved my life!" he said to Margaret, eagerly grasping her soft, cool hand with fingers hot as molten iron.

"You must not speak," she whispered. "Everything depends on your being perfectly quiet. Sleep if you can."

"Yes," he answered, "as soon as you have telegraphed to my friends. Tell them to come quickly, for I am dying." continued the boy—for boy he was, after all.

The pallor of exhaustion swept like a wave over his face, and each feature assumed a wan and pinched appearance.

He continued, hoarsely:

"On the table is a letter. Read it, and you will find the address."

Mrs. Fane obeyed these instructions, and found the letter. It was directed in her husband's clear, peculiar writing, to "Paul Grosvenor, Jr."

She read these words over and over again, her dulled brain and weary eyes—weary with tears and watching—refusing to grasp their meaning.

It was a kind and loving letter—just such as a proud father would write a son in regard to the health of whom he felt some slight solicitude.

"And now," murmured Margaret, "I am the Cassandra who bears tidings of woe to his house."

Selecting her words with care, and signing the name of the proprietor of the hotel, Margaret sent her telegram, and then stationed herself by the side of the invalid, who finally slept under the influence of the anodyne administered by the physician.

Margaret examined the pale face, seeking for the resemblance which had so startled her the previous evening on the piazza.

The long night was at an end. The dawn came, chill and sad, and on the arrival of the nurse—a stout colored woman—Margaret stole away, hoping to snatch an hour's repose.

At the breakfast-table she appeared serene and stately, ready to reply to the thousand questions that awaited her in regard to the occurrences of the night.

But later, when Mrs. Allerton made some allusion to their departure on the following day, her self-possession forsook her, and the hot tears fell fast as she announced to her friends her intention of remaining there until her husband came.

Mrs. Allerton quietly consented, and Dr. Allerton agreed to the wisdom and charity of Mrs. Fane's decision, and told her that he would await her movements at Charleston, where he must remain for some days on business.

The hot, sunny days grew hotter and sunnier. Young Grosvenor was no better, and Margaret rarely left him. Nearly a week elapsed. Mr. Grosvenor might be looked for the next day, and it was advisable that the invalid should be prepared, in some degree, for his coming.

Margaret, therefore, said, gently, as she bathed the boy's hot brow:

"You will not be much longer alone among strangers. Your father may be here to-morrow."

The young man opened wide a pair of large, blue eyes, glittering with fever.

"I have no father," he whispered. "Do you mean my uncle?"

Margaret's heart beat wildly.

"I mean Mr. Paul Grosvenor, of New York," she answered, quietly.

"Yes—my uncle—most people think him my father, and he has been a true father to me. But my real father died when I was very young, and my mother was Uncle Paul's only sister. Her miniature is in my writing-desk. Give it to me, please."

Mechanically, as if in a somnambulistic state, Margaret opened the desk; there lay a miniature in a dainty violet case; she recognized it at once as the one that had been sent to her on her marriage-day. At that moment a gentle tap summoned her to the door, and Margaret stood in silence before a tall, manly form.

"If that is my uncle," said a calm voice from the bed, "let him come in."

Margaret slipped aside, and then leaving the door slightly open, that she might hear any summons from the invalid, went into the hall and stood at the large window breathing the fresh air—fresh and dewy with the coming dawn. The moon was fast sinking, and in the east a faint flush; a twitter among the trees told that the birds were awake. The never-ceasing, the always-recurring wonder of the birth of a new day filled Margaret's soul with solemn awe.

Desolate and alone, feeling keenly that a crisis in her life was impending, Mrs. Fane waited—waited until she heard a step.

"Margaret!" said her husband.

She turned with outstretched arms—her whole heart in her face.

"Forgive me!" he whispered.

The proud woman sank on her knees.

"Ah, Paul!" she cried, "I was mad, but I loved you!"

He raised her and kissed her tenderly.

"This is no time for explanations. Go and rest. I will take your place in the sick-room."

Margaret was too weak and too worn to resist; besides, obedience just then was very sweet to her, after so many years of self-assertion.

It was not, therefore, until some days later, when the physicians had pronounced Paul out of immediate danger, that Margaret, in the course of a long drive with her husband, heard the explanation to which she had so haughtily refused to listen ten long years before.

Mr. Grosvenor's only sister, much younger than himself, had left her father's home in a tranquil English village with a miserable adventurer, who had deceived her by a false marriage.

The brother followed her to America, and there establishing himself, succeeded in finding his sister, and in inducing her to leave the man who had so cruelly deceived her. To this the half broken-hearted girl consented finally, making it a condition, however, that no one should ever know of her existence.

This secrecy on Mr. Grosvenor's part had exposed him more than once to evil suspicions and ungenerous surmises.

Who it was, however, who had so heartlessly sent the miniatures to Margaret, remained for ever unknown.

Paul's suspicions rested, nevertheless, on a *lady*, holding then, as now, a prominent position in New York society.

This lady, without being particularly ill-natured, was possessed by an insane desire to interfere in the private affairs of her friends. She was utterly miserable and restless until she had played some part, however small, in any matter that attracted the attention of the world in which she moved. Her task was sometimes to make, oftener to mar, and she felt that no one thing could be *au fait accompli* without her assistance.

Margaret had at last found her place. The only tears she could shed in the future would be caused by regret for the happiness she had so reckleessly, so passionately cast aside. The only heartaches in store for her were the pangs she would always feel as she thought of the shortness of life and the ten years she had wasted.

A VISIT TO WHITTIER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY SIR RANDALL ROBERTS.

I SHALL not easily forget the day when I first had the pleasure of making Mr. Whittier's acquaintance, or the impression that he left behind upon that occasion. When he entered the room, I was struck by a peculiar nervousness of motion, which was communicated to his voice as he asked if I had not a picture of the Merrimac to show him? I regretted that I had not, but asked him to inspect the humble contents of my portfolio.

There was no introduction; nor did I, for the two hours which he remained, even know to whom I was speaking. That he was a Quaker I at once surmised, from his use of the personal pronoun; and after the awkwardness of the first few moments had passed away, that he was a man of no ordinary culture and observation was easy to determine.

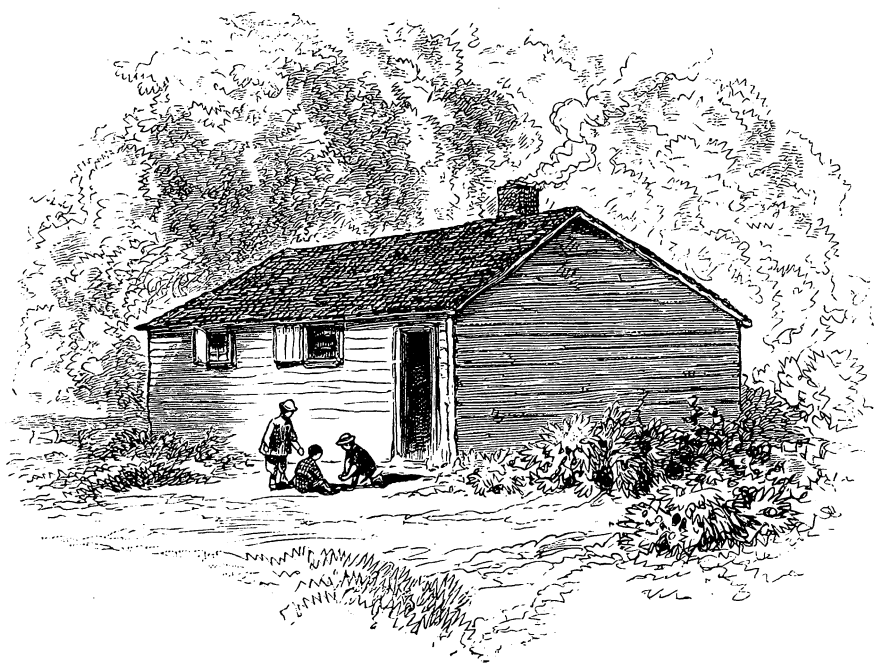
The conversation was principally upon art and the impossibility of the greatest artist to depict with truthfulness either the grandeur or beauty of the works of the Great Creator. The conversation then turned upon the works of foreign artists and the peculiarities of the various schools, during which the calm, almost austere-looking, face became animated, the deep-set eyes flashed with brilliant intelligence, the nervous motion of the hands ceased, and the whole man seemed transformed into another being.

THE WITCH WELL.

At the close of the visit I was made acquainted with my visitor, whose nervousness upon writing his name and address seemed to return as he traced with an unsteady hand, "John G. Whittier, Oak Knob, Danvers."

There was a good deal of old-fashioned, ceremonious courtesy as he bade me adieu until the time should arrive when he proposed to accompany me to the spot he loves most on earth, the banks of the Merrimac, where he was desirous that I should paint him a picture.

As is often the case, after having read Mr. Whittier's works I had drawn for myself a totally different picture of the author to that which this interview disclosed, and, as my acquaintance has increased, I have had more opportunity of studying a character in which simplicity, earnestness, love of nature and generosity form the component parts.



SCHOOL WHERE WHITTIER WAS EDUCATED.

A love of nature is, perhaps, the most ruling passion of Mr. Whittier's heart. This is easily seen from the grounds which surround the house at Oak Knob, where he now passes most of his time. Situated on rising ground, overlooking the pastoral landscape which surrounds the neighborhood of Salem and Beverly, removed from the road amidst masses of luxuriant foliage, the house, which can boast of no particular architecture, nestles under the protecting shadows of umbrageous foliage. Here nature is left supreme. No hand of man has laid out stereotyped paths, or planted trees in fanciful clumps. The oak, the ash—of which Mr. Whittier is particularly fond—and the maple in endless variety,

flourish in untrained simplicity. Bright glades of waving grass, bespangled with wild flowers of every hue, broken here and there with the tender or more pungent greens of the delicate fern, reflect the dark shadows of the branches which wave above them. Now and then, as you descend into some little natural valley, a glimpse is caught through the tree stems of the blue landscape beyond, breaking the monotony of the surrounding verdure, whilst some gray rock, with rugged sides, russet shadows and lichen apparel, starts up, as if in times gone by some mighty convulsion of nature had hurled it there.

It is amongst these shadows, amidst the rustling of leaves and the songs of birds, that Mr. Whittier loves to wander, except during those hours that are devoted to his work or to a somewhat voluminous correspondence. But if nature is left to herself, in undisturbed possession of the grounds surrounding the house, the residence itself speaks of something else.

The rooms are large, and furnished with that extreme Quaker-like simplicity which pervades the whole of the establishment. Mr. Whittier's own room, opening out from the drawing-room, is a model of neatness. The walls are lined with books, and a small table in one corner is where he works. It is in this room that, talking of men and things, Mr. Whittier once said to me: "I can forgive all that has been done to injure me; for, as I once told a man who had maligned me, 'Friend, thee knows I am not a good hater.'" Here, too, I have conversed with him upon the struggles of his early life, his love of honest labor, his thoughts upon religion. It is evident from his conversation that he admires Burns more than any of the modern poets, as a well worn copy of his works, lying on the table, sufficiently attested.

Mr. Whittier's habits are as simple as his daily life. He rises early, and retires to rest betimes. He is very sparing of the good things of this life for his own use, although his hospitality to strangers is lavish in the extreme. Amongst his friends and neighbors he is perfectly idolized; many a quaint saying being treasured up as emanating from his lips.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

I do not think it possible for a man occupying Mr. Whittier's position to have less ambition; in fact, he has none at all. His aim in life seems to be summed up in endeavoring, to the utmost of his ability, to be of service to his fellow-creatures.

On the 17th of December, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born upon his father's farm in East Haverhill. He was not a strong child, and, as he himself expresses it, "I believe I was born with a headache." These headaches have been a great source of annoyance to him all his life, and he believes he inherited them from his father, who suffered in a similar manner.

As he grew up and was able to commence his education, he was sent to the village school at East Haverhill, an illustration of which we furnish, and which has never before been published. Here he learned the rudiments of the English language, and was enabled to make himself acquainted with the great poets. Amongst these, it may be as well, perhaps, to state that from his earliest childhood up to the present day he has always regarded Burns as the *beau ideal* of a lyric poet.

This little school was only opened for ten or twelve weeks in the year, and then in the depth of Winter. It was the recollection of those days that inspired him to write that beautiful and touching little poem entitled "Schooldays," now familiar in the mouth of every child who can lisp the lines:

> "Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
> A ragged beggar sunning;
> Around it still the sumacs grow,
> And blackberry vines are running."

As he grew older and stronger, he went to work, like other laborers, upon his father's farm; and it was whilst thus employed that he wrote the greater part of the poem of "Mag Magone." The evenings, and all his spare time, were devoted to the improvement of his mind; eagerly seizing upon whatever books he could lay his hands on, his powerful mind grasping the authors' views with

wonderful intelligence. Upon one or two occasions he had supplied two or three papers to the *Hartford Review*, which had been published, and most favorably spoken of by the New York press. One warm day he was hoeing corn in a field upon the farm, when a letter was presented him from the proprietor of the Hartford *Review*, offering him the position of editor, in consequence of the illness of the gentleman who had occupied that position.

"I was never so surprised in my life," he says, "and I could not believe that it was really meant for me." However, after due consideration he accepted, and went to Hartford to take charge of the paper; knowing, as he himself expressed it, "nothing whatever about journalism."

His early work upon that paper was anything but agreeable, and he felt that many eyes were watching his career, expecting him to halt in his undertaking; but, as he says, "I took care that no one should find out how little I knew about it."

Here, however, was an atmosphere of literature in which a mind like his could revel, and his aptitude for his work soon developed itself in the increased popularity and circulation of the paper, which soon came to be known as one of the best sheets in New England. He remained with the Hartford *Review* for two years, when his father's death summoned him to his home.

During all this time Mr. Whittier had made his mark in connection with the Anti-Slavery question. He became the secretary of the society calling itself the "American Anti-Slavery," and he felt prouder of his name attached to a declaration which was issued in 1833 upon this question, than when it had appeared on the title-page of his most successful works.

In 1838 Mr. Whittier took up his residence in Philadelphia, and became editor of the Pennyslvania *Freeman*. On this position of his life Mr. Whittier dwells with enthusiasm. "Those were perilous times for Abolitionists," he said. They were assailed by all parties, both in church and State. He, as one of the champions of freedom, and particularly in his position as editor, stood the brunt of such attacks; so much so, that upon one occasion his office was ransacked and burnt to the ground by a mob. But he kept on, true to the great work he had undertaken, and, above all, true to himself.

During his stay in Philadelphia, he mentions the story of a Southern gentleman who, whilst discussing the subject with Mr. Whittier, expressed himself as follows: "I have no fear of the colored people, for they are essentially an imitative people. Their great desire is to ape the manners, customs, and dress of the white man; and they will succeed in bettering their condition by this very process. Those I most fear for, are the poorer classes of white men, who seem to have no ambition or energy to make themselves wiser or better."

In connection with the Slavery question, Mr. Whittier expresses himself clearly and distinctly; nor has his opinion changed one iota since the days when, through the columns of the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, through good report and through evil report, he fought the hard fight for the oppressed, and waged a just though severe war against the oppressor.

His object was not to touch slavery in the States otherwise than by moral suasion. He says he had no constitutional right to do so; but he strove to effect the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the Territories not formed into States. His aim also was to induce Congress to put an end to the Slave trade between the States, and prevent the admission into the Union of any new Slave States.

In 1846 Mr. Whittier became one of the editors of the *National Era*, at Washington, D. C., which was for many years the leading Emancipation paper of the United States. His health, however, gave way, and compelled him to retire to his residence at Amesbury with his mother and sister. There, in the refreshing solitude of his home, he rested, after his fervid labors; and there once more he breathed forth those lines which have made him the Burns of America.

Whilst residing on the banks of the Merrimac, Mr. Whittier's home was open to his many friends; and there, with that old-fashioned courtesy and politeness which marked the time of our ancestors, he entertained with hearty welcome all those who came to see him.

But that stern decree which limits human life to its circle of years was busy with his family. His mother first and then his beloved sister were taken to their rest, leaving him alone in the world, so to speak, with the exception of his niece, who kept house for him. It was but a short time and she, too, left him to be married.

Since then Mr. Whittier has resided much of the time with his cousins at Oak Knoll, Danvers, although he still keeps his home at Amesbury. He passes his simple, useful life in retirement, and in those occupations he loves so much; still thirsting for knowledge, still forming those beautiful, heartfelt, simple lines that, once read, seem to remain engraven on the heart, like the pleasant memory of some beautiful picture that has gone straight to the soul of those who look on it.

Perhaps much of the blamelessness and integrity of Mr. Whittier's life finds a solution in his faith. He is a Quaker. "We Quakers," he says, "find our amusements in our own domestic circle. I have never seen a theatrical play. As to Shakespeare's plays, I think I can imagine, as I read, all that the finest actor could suggest."

Neither has this "modern Burns" been a traveler. He knows nothing of other countries beyond what he has read, and seems to agree much with what Mr. Emerson said upon his return from Europe: "I have seen it all, but I cannot say I have seen anything more than what I might have found at home."

Perhaps the most beautiful feature in the character of Mr. Whittier is, the simplicity of his religion. "I dislike theological discussions," he says; "I am shocked alike by presumptuous dogmatism as by skeptical irreverence. I believe in God and the future life. I recognize the voice within me which calls upon me to live truly, to be just and merciful; and because God's voice demands of me nothing but the highest good, I know that God is good, and only good."

Mr. Whittier has taken an active part in public affairs, although he has declined many nominations to office, having little ambition in that direction. He has, however, been in the Legislature of his State, and has twice been chosen Presidential Elector. He has been an overseer of Harvard College, and is now one of the trustees of Brown University, of Rhode Island. Among his intimate friends and associates have been such men as Charles Sumner, Chief Justice Chase, Vice-President Wilson, Governor Andrew, Dr. Channing and Horace Greeley.

His home at Danvers, situated on an elevation overlooking an undulating and beautiful landscape, is a very charming one. Here he passes his days, engaged in answering a very large correspondence, and from time to time resorting to his favorite themes. He rises early, and takes a good deal of exercise in the grounds, but he suffers much from illness.

In the grounds surrounding "Oak Knob," the name of his place, trees of all kinds grow in wild luxuriance. Every species of ash, with its graceful foliage, is to be seen here;

the beech and oak spread their boughs over the verdure; whilst the pine, the fir, the maple and others too numerous for description, flourish side by side.

Nature has been left as much as possible to herself in the grounds which surround Oak Knoll, except, perhaps, in the quaint, old-fashioned flower-garden separated from the rest of the grounds by its neatly trimmed hedges. In the centre a fountain plays, whilst the beds are gay with the colors of old-fashioned flowers. In the grounds close to the road-side is a venerable elm, of which we give an illustration, with an ancient well beneath it.

Here the Rev. George Burroughs for a time resided, who was hanged for a wizard. Mr. Whittier's residence is in the region where the Witchcraft Delusion of 1692 prevailed, and the famous Witch Hill is almost within sight.

Here, then, in this retired spot, when in the flower of his old age, John Greenleaf Whittier is passing the remaining years of his life—a life that almost from its birth has been devoted to his fellow-creatures. If ever the Latin proverb—

"Alieni appetens, sui profusus,"

could find a truthful application, it is surely in his case. Although his labors and genius should have commanded wealth, the generosity of his nature and his desire to help art and literature forward have made inroads into a well-earned fortune. He is a great lover and keen appreciator of good pictures, in which he finds as much pleasure as in forming those lines which, when years have rolled by and generations have passed away, will remain fresh and green, as the proud monument of his genius, better than blocks of marble could ever bestow or monuments raised to his memory.

JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.

By Helen W. Pierson.

WHY the settlement was called Jerusalem Camp was a mystery. Not, certainly, from any likeness between that city of olden time and splendor and the scattered huts and the muddy roads, with a few boards nailed about to prevent pedestrians from hopelessly sinking.

Perhaps it was so named in the chance way prevailing in new regions. In fact, the pioneer of the place, a burly, rough-looking customer, with keen, steel-blue eyes, iron-gray hair and taciturn disposition, had been named after the settlement, or the settlement after him. He had a way of slowly exclaiming "Jerusalem!" and at last was known by no other title.

In fact, he had never disclosed his real name. Nothing was known of him, letters never came to him; but this awakened no curiosity among those early pioneers. Too many of them had cut themselves off from the past by some crime to be curious about any one's antecedents. The day and its luck, to-morrow and its prospects, were enough for them. They left gossip and suspicion to more civilized communities.

So even Jerusalem's partner, Gentleman Phil, as he was called, because he had some slight prejudice in favor of clean linen, and had been seen disguised in a white shirt—even he knew nothing of his companion, save that he was silent, industrious and successful, always washing out more gold-dust than others who seemed to have the same chances. He had saved Phil's life in a brawl once, and, as we always love those we serve, had taken to him accordingly. He had never shown the least social tendency before, and the fellows were surprised at it, for Phil was the opposite of our hero in every respect—big enough, but white and pink like a baby, with golden hair that would have curled over his head, had he not kept it cropped so closely that it looked like short yellow plush. "Baby" and "Beauty" were also nicknames for "Gentleman Phil."

One evening, as they sat smoking under a rude arbor by their hut, the elder broke the long silence by saying:

"I'm going to build, Phil. Now, you know something about houses, don't you?"

The young man opened his eyes. Long as they had been together—more than a year—there had been no confidences between them.

"Going to build!" he echoed. "But I must know what kind of a house before I could give a hint."

"A tip-top house—a reg'lar out-and-out palace," answered Jerusalem, placidly. "I've got money enough to do the thing handsomely. Bay-windows and balconies, and all. There must be a garden, too, with roses and spicy pinks."

"Ah!" exclaimed Phil, half wondering at his own daring; "then there's a woman in the case?"

A strange spasm seemed to convulse the generally impassive face of his companion; but he merely answered, after a moment's silence: "Right, my boy. There *is* a woman in the case!" But it was in a tone that precluded further questions.

"Well," said Phil, "I know something of building, to be sure, but I wouldn't venture in anything important. My advice is that you should take a run to 'Frisco, and find a regular architect, and have the thing done brown."

Jerusalem assented to the wisdom of this, and then both smoked on for a long time afterward.

Before many days the camp was startled by strange workmen coming into their midst, and by the grand dimensions and promise of the new building.

"Old fellow's gone loony," was often decided. "Wot does he want of verandys and bay-windys?" and they would watch him as he stood superintending the workmen and gazing with a rapt admiration at the really picturesque building which rose like a vision of beauty before him. A new expression had grown upon his face with the growth of that house—something more genial and human—and he would even stop to speak in a friendly tone to the others now and then.

As the work went on, and it was hurried to the utmost, a restrained excitement began to show itself in face and manner. At last, when the furniture came from San Francisco, and the dainty carpets were spread on the floors, and lace curtains hung at the windows, and the rough ground smoothed and sodded, and roses all in bloom planted, Jerusalem brought his friend Phil to see it all, and drew a long sigh of satisfaction as he beheld the fullness of completion.

"Looks as if a feller might find some happiness here, doesn't it?" he said, at last.

"You bet," answered Phil, half enviously, for he had a taste for all the refinements of life. "I only wish I had such a cage for my bird. It's fit for a princess."

"And you think any woman would be satisfied, eh?" Jerusalem asked, looking wistfully out of the lace-draped window at a damask rose-bush all in bloom.

"If she wasn't she ought to be condemned to an adobe hut for the rest of her life!" exclaimed Phil; but, though awakened to some curiosity about the said woman, he asked no questions.

And the next morning Jerusalem announced, in his usual

laconic way, "I'm off—will be gone for about a month—air the house for me, Phil."

"Going for her?" Phil asked.

And Jerusalem nodded, but his face did not wear the radiance or hope of a bridegroom.

On a certain June afternoon, a woman sat busily sewing at the window of a little cottage, in a prim New England town. It was a tiny little affair enough, seeming too small to be called a house; yet the woman owned it, and it fixed her to a place she longed to leave. For there was no one else in that well-to-do town who would not have scorned the little brown hut as a home.

Often and often the woman, who was young and very handsome, looked around rebelliously at the four white walls which seemed to close around her in a suffocating way, and crush down every plan that entered her busy brain for making her life richer and fuller. Must every day drone on like the last—must she for ever make handsome garments for the people who were better off, and put on shabby and faded clothes herself, when she knew the power of her own beauty, if suitably adorned? Oh, it was a face mutinous against fate—eyes weary, yet expectant of something—that looked out of the small window that June day.

A VISIT TO WHITTIER.—OAK KNOLL.—SEE PAGE 20.

An old man, toiling along that road, saw the face, and stopped a moment by the fence. His clothes were covered with dust, and he wore an old sombrero on his head. His hair was reddish of hue, but his eyes were keen and of a steel-blue. They looked younger than his face.

He gazed at the house in a strange way for a time. The young woman drew back from the window.

"He needn't come here, goodness knows!" she murmured. "I haven't a bite to give him."

And, as she heard the click of the gate, she shook her head energetically at the stranger.

But he did not see her—he was staring about him as one who suddenly awakens from a dream—and he made his way up to the door, and knocked somewhat feebly.

"I am looking for one Mrs.—Mrs. Lynn," he said, hoarsely.

"All right," answered the young woman, concluding he had been sent with some message; "that is my name."

"I've walked a goodish way," he began.

"Oh, you're tired! Well, come in. I can give a chair, if nothing else."

The old man stepped inside, and looked around in what Mrs. Lynn considered a very suspicious manner; but then, there was nothing worth stealing in the house. He sat down at last, and said:

"I come from California."

Mrs. Lynn did not look particularly interested in that, but nodded.

"You've got a husband in them parts."

Mrs. Lynn colored, with a vexed expression.

"Lor', don't say *got!* He's been gone half-a-dozen years, and never wrote me a line—and a worthless fellow too, he was."

The man winced a little.

"Then you're prepared for bad news?"

"Goodness gracious! I never expect nothin' else in this world; but I have had enough bad luck for it to take a turn some time. I s'pose he's comin' home crippled and sick, for me to take care on?" There was a strange tremble in the man's voice, as he said:

"No; he'll never come home no more. You'll never see him again—never no more."

He looked hard in the woman's face for some sign of emotion. Surely there must be some memory of the time when that husband had been a lover—some day not so far away in her life when his voice could bring the color to her cheek and light to her eye—some time in the early wedded day when she listened to his home-coming step, and met him with a kiss.

If such a time had ever existed, there was no trace of its memory in the hard, handsome face into which he looked. Indeed, it seemed to brighten considerably under his gaze; and, after a minute's silence, she seemed to feel that she was called upon to explain the want of feeling, for she said:

"We didn't get along well together."

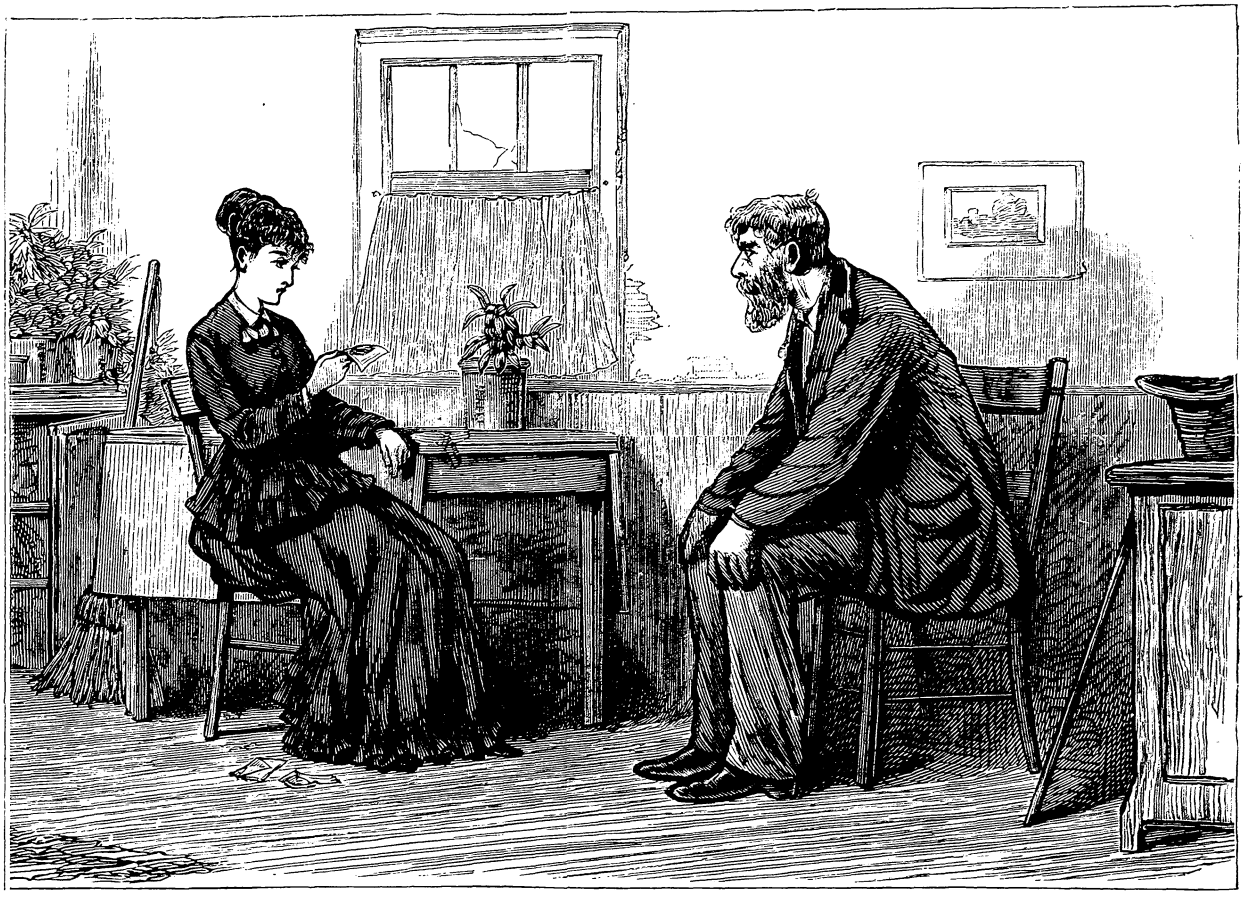
"Ah! was he a bad sort of feller?"

"Well, not exactly; but somehow we didn't agree—besides, I never cared for him."

"Not when you married him?"

There was an eager, pleading tone in the man's voice; but Mrs. Lynn, wrapped in her own thoughts, did not perceive it, the stranger having spoken very huskily all the time.

"Lor, no! We was dreadful poor, and ma would have the match—said Jem would keep me like a lady; but, bless you, Jem never prospered. Oh, did he leave anything to me?"



JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.—"SHE BROKE THE CORD AND LOOKED RATHER CONTEMPTUOUSLY AT THE CONTENTS."—SEE PAGE 23.

"Nothing," answered the stranger, brusquely.

"Jest like him. Never was forehanded, Jem wasn't. Now, he might have made up for old times if he'd got together some little property. There's somebody——"

Then she hesitated, as if she found herself growing too confidential to a stranger.

"Somebody!" echoed the stranger, with a sort of smile, which was, after all, but a painful contraction of the muscles.

"Oh, never mind! So you didn't bring anything—not even a bit of gold for a wedding-ring?"

"A wedding-ring, eh?" asked the old man, in a hoarser voice. "No; but here are some things poor Jem treasured."

He took out a little parcel, and handed it to her.

She broke the cord, and looked rather contemptuously at the contents—two or three letters, creased and soiled, a knot of ribbon once white, and a poor little tin-type representing the handsome face that regarded it so scornfully.

She pushed them away from her on the table, and drew a somewhat impatient sigh.

"So that's all?"

"Yes."

And there seemed really nothing else to do but for the visitor to take himself away—which he at once began to do. Then the young woman seemed to bethink herself.

"Oh, I'm obliged to you for taking the trouble; it takes a load off my mind—uncertainty's so very tryin', you know. And was he long sick?"

"No."

"Died easy?"

"No!" exclaimed the other, with more fire than one would expect from such an old man—"he died hard."

"Do tell! Well, that was like Jem—he always took things so hard. I never thought he'd live out half his days. So, good-by. Goin' back to them parts, I suppose?"

"Yes; good-by."

And, with one more look, in which the desolation and pathos of a blasted life seemed expressed, he turned away.

But this young woman was not accustomed to look beneath the surface of things; so she did not translate the stranger's gaze, and only voted him a "curious-lookin', unpleasant cretur."

The man walked straight to the little depot, and took ticket for the nearest city. He had left his baggage there. He looked no more with strange, unutterable longings at the streets where he had played as a boy; the hope which had led him on was shattered, the dream that deluded him had faded away. A strange black pall had been suddenly let down before him, and he saw no more.

In the wild California settlement there was quite a ripple of excitement. It had been generally surmised that Jerusalem had gone for a mistress for the new house. There was not a single woman in the settlement, and many were the conjectures about the coming one. The rough men paced about the house, and it seemed like a vision of beauty—a bit of poetry in their matter-of-fact lives.

During a dry week they helped Phil to water the newly planted flowers.

"Won't she look dainty, a-steppin' about here!" said Bingo, a strapping six-footer. "Perhaps she'll wear white—blamed if a pooty woman in white ain't next door to an angel."

But Jerusalem took them by surprise at last. The men had calculated on giving him a welcome in the shape of a

house-warming. He had not been particularly sociable with them, but they forgave that now, and a liberal order had been made out for 'Frisco for plum-cake and various other "fixin's." Several intended to disguise themselves in white shirts to honor the event.

But one evening, as Phil was taking his smoke alone, and thinking with envy of his old pal, and wondering when he might be lucky enough to go off on the same errand, he heard a dull, heavy step—a dragging step, as if some one was thoroughly done out and broken down. He stepped to the window, and saw that the man had opened his door—opened it as if it was his home.

Yes, it was Jerusalem! He came in with his hat crushed over his forehead; his face looked thin and ghastly; his eyes, always so clear and full of fire, were sunken, and encircled by purple lines; and *he came alone.*

Phil sprang forward to grasp his hand.

"Why, you're sick, old feller!" he said, with anxiety.

He did not dare to ask questions, looking at that face. He knew some strange storm had wrecked that man's hopes in port, and the tempest-tossed looks of his face touched his heart.

"Yes, I'm sick—just caved in, for the present; but I'll be all right to-morrow."

And then, like some wounded animal, he went off alone to bear his anguish as best he could.

Phil broke the tidings to the others as soon as possible, that his friend might not be tormented with questions. The camp seemed at first to resent the disappointment, and were inclined to think that if the chosen "had cut up rough and chucked him over, he ought to hev made up to another gal, ef he'd had sperrit," and brought home some occupant for the palatial house.

But the disappointment borne in such utter silence and isolation was too much at last, and Jerusalem bluntly broke it one evening by saying, in a jerky way:

"Phil, old boy, you thought I was goin' to bring a bride home, t'other day?"

"Yes, I thought so," answered Phil, quite startled.

"Well, I wasn't. I've been married this eight year."

"Ah!" exclaimed Phil, holding his breath.

"I must talk to some one. Jerusalem! I can't keep it bottled up for ever. Phil, you're a good feller. I think it will help me a little to open my heart to you—I must, or I shall go mad."

"Fire away, old feller!" exclaimed Phil.

"Yes, 'bout eight years ago I married the pootiest girl in our place. Dead in love I was, too—reg'lar spoons, as they say. Her eyes were black as sloes, her lips like cherries, her hair just black satin. Lor', Phil, what goneys we are in our youth! I never dreamed how them black eyes could snap fire, and them red lips, that seemed made only for kisses, could spit out venom. I learned it very soon. Still, I loved Nellie, for all——"

"Nellie!" exclaimed Phil, in a sort of startled tone.

"Yes, Nellie—pretty name, isn't it? I have said it to myself many a time in these long years, and it always brings up her fresh face, and its handsome color and sparkling eyes. Ah, she liked fine things to set off that same pretty face, and when she found out that I had only a workingman's wages to give her, she gibed and jeered me out of the house. I came off here in sheer desperation, Phil."

Phil nodded silently.

"But I soon took a plan in my head. I would make a pile and surprise her some day. All her scorn and ill-temper had not killed my love. I thought she would be pleasant and kind enough if I could satisfy every wish; and that was what I aimed for, Phil."

A moment's pause, and he went on, with a half-groan.

"You know how I succeeded. Luck went with me; and all the time I thought of Nellie, of the silk dresses, and the ribbons and feathers, and all that she delighted in. Oh, what a fool I was! And of course I built the house for her, and I pictured her delight when I showed her that beautiful home, and we both remembered the little hut where we began."

Jerusalem made so long a pause, he seemed to sink into such forgetful silence, that Phil was bold enough to say "Well?"

"Oh, yes. As I was saying, it was a sort of day-dream, but I'd hugged it so to my heart that it seemed reality. Only when I started on that 'ere journey I began to have misgivings, and I thought I'd try her—I thought I'd try her. I disguised myself, you see—put on an old red wig, and you wouldn't have known me, I looked such an infernal scamp. I was afraid of the voice, but I scarcely spoke loud. I went up to the house—same little brown hut. God! how my heart thumped! Sing'lar, isn't it? I could shoot down a man without feeling it beat quicker; but when I saw her face—Nellie's face—and the same dark eyes flashing at me, it nearly choked me. My voice was disguised enough when I asked for 'Mrs. Lynn.'"

"Mrs. Lynn!" cried Phil, and his face looked strangely agitated; but the other was too deeply absorbed to notice it. "Why did you want Mrs Lynn?"

"Why, she's Nellie; don't you understand? Oh, I suppose you never heard my real name? I sorter dropped it when I came to these parts. Didn't think I was baptized 'Jerusalem,' did you? No; my name is James Corbin Lynn."

Phil had clinched his hands together, and his lips seemed to echo the name; but there was no sound.

"Yes, I went in like some poor vagabond from California. I told her her husband was dead, and she took it as cool as a cucumber—rather relieved than otherwise—asked if he had left anything, and then told me in confidence she had *never loved the man.* That was something of a back-hander, wasn't it, now—a regular back-hander, old boy?"

Phil faltered something, but it was inaudible; and Jerusalem went on:

"It's sorter hard, after all these years. I'm kind o' lonelier, now I've got nothing to look forward to. Fact is, Phil, I've got nothing to do with my life or the money. As for the house, I hear the fellers call it 'Jerusalem's Folly' already, and they're pooty nigh the truth."

Phil stared silently before him in a gloomy way for a few moments, till his companion noticed his silence, and seemed to feel a want of sympathy; but, looking in his face, saw that he was strangely moved. He tried two or three times to speak, but his lips fell rigid. At last, however, he made out to say:

"I've got something to tell you in return, old boy, and maybe when you hear it you'll want to part company."

"Oh, I guess not," answered Jerusalem, cheerily, in an absent way.

"Well, only I have been loving the same woman—your Nellie."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Jerusalem, starting up, with a dangerous flame in his eye; but the next moment he sat down again with a shiver. "What is it to me—she is nothing to me."

"Of course I did not know who she was," Phil went on—"or, rather, who you was. I heard that her husband had left her years ago, and was thought dead; but we were waiting for confirmation."

"All right; you can go ahead now. He *is* dead, you know."

"It's all over now," Phil said, with set lips, "and we will not speak of it again."

"Now, look here," answered Jerusalem, decidedly; "I am dead to her, jest as much as if I was in my coffin. You can marry her with a clear conscience. It's a case of desertion, don't you see? I care enough for Nellie, spite of all, to want her to be happy, and I am sure you'll be good to her. Phil, my boy, I'll go off to parts unknown, and you can have the Folly to live in."

"Never!" answered Phil. "Do you think that I'm a rascal? Never!"

And there was no persuading him. So the two went on as before, only knit together by a closer bond than common friendship. The roses about the Folly bloomed and fell, and late Autumn flowers burned and glowed in its flower-beds.

Jerusalem walked by it often of an evening, and gazed at it with unutterable pathos in his eyes. It had gone up to the music of hope, and the glamour seemed to linger around it yet. He could almost see the face of Nellie at the windows.

"Pshaw! what a fool I am yet!" he muttered, impatiently. "She never was worth shucks."

And he turned away to walk home.

Going by "The Nugget," a drinking and gambling saloon, he heard high voices, and through the open door just saw Phil dash a glass of liquor in the face of a slim, copper-colored, wily-looking Mexican with whom he had been playing, while he hissed the word "Cheat!" between his teeth.

Quick as a flash, Mex, as he was called for short, drew a dirk-knife; but he was surrounded and pinioned by Phil's friends, and he broke away, grinding his teeth, and vowing unutterable things in Spanish.

"You'd better look out for him, Phil," Jerusalem said, as his friend joined him—"a nasty, slippery snake of a feller, who hides and strikes."

"Oh, he's a coward," Phil answered, carelessly.

"The more danger," answered his friend. "In an out-and-out, open fight, you know what you're about."

So something seemed to keep Jerusalem awake, that night; yet before he knew it, at the midnight hour, he saw, suddenly, a figure at his friend's bedside.

So wily and noiseless had been the movements of the Mexican that Jerusalem had just time to spring upon him, and try to wrench the dirk out of his hand. The man turned. He had counted on a sleeping victim, but now he was desperate, and one sharp plunge sent Jerusalem down like a log.

But Mex did not escape. Phil's hand was at his throat in a second, and the wretch grew purple, and tried to gurgle out a prayer for mercy.

Phil pitched him into an inner room for future punishment, for he saw that there was no time to lose with his friend, from whose side the blood was pouring like water.

No time to lose, indeed! Even as Phil raised him, the eyes were fast glazing. The strong man wept like a little child.

"You have saved my life, dear old fellow!" he cried. "Don't slip away from me now. Twice you've saved my life, and I've never done you a good turn!"

"You can do one for me," Jerusalem murmured, faintly. "You can marry Nellie now. I've left you—everything."

Phil pressed the fast stiffening hands. He could not speak.

"I'd like to think some one was happy out of my living in this world," he said. "I've missed it myself, somehow. But maybe God will make it up to me in the next. I've thought a lot about these things, lately; and, after all, Phil, what's the use of fixing your heart here, when it all passes away?"

And, as he spoke, all the vain shows of this world passed away for him for ever.

A year after, the infatuated Phil brought his bride to the home that was left to him. He had told her the story of the great love she had slighted, and even her shallow nature was impressed by it.

Let us hope prosperity improved her and made her worthy of Phil's honest affection, and that the little ones, who may be seen running through the gardens and plucking the roses, may elevate and ennoble the mother's heart.

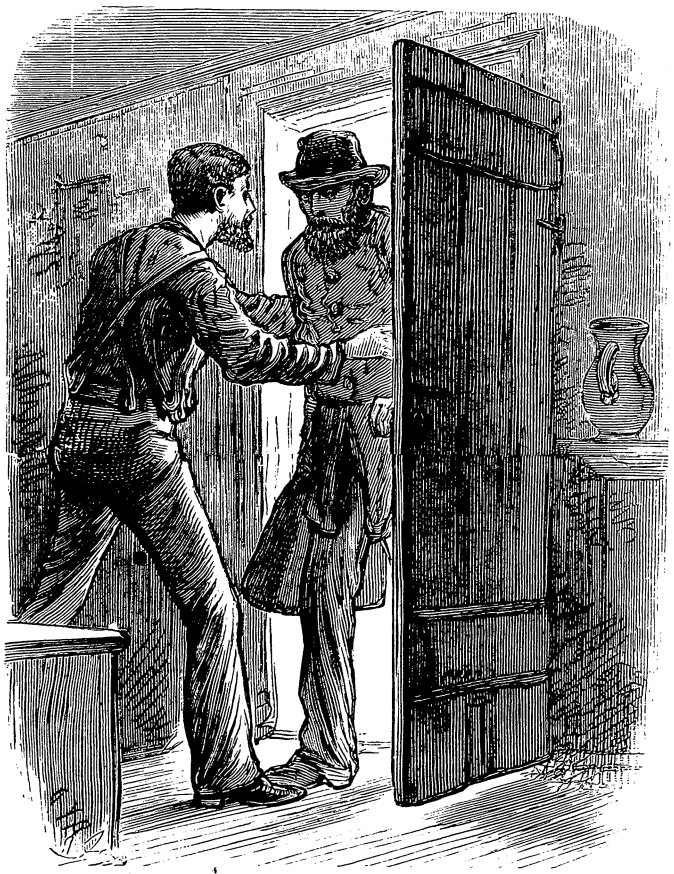
A TURKISH HOUSE.

SEEN from the outside, the house of a Turkish gentleman is not much to look at. Most of its windows face toward the garden; and from the street little may be seen to indicate whether the owner is a rich man or one in moderate circumstances. The street itself is unpaved, dusty, and infested by dogs as snappish as they are lean. No servants linger about the door; but suddenly, at a distant cry of "*Hal-vet-var*" (take care), which is repeated many times, like the howl of some breathless wight being cuffed, a little postern in the wall swings back, and a shiny black Nubian comes out to greet his master.

The master appears round the corner, escorted by a couple of servants who run by his side, while he canters on a seedy white horse which looks as if it had been fed on old newspapers. The Turk is careless about seeming rich, and differs in this from the Persian, who likes to ride abroad on a fine horse splendidly caparisoned, and followed by a numerous retinue. There is nothing to distinguish a pasha in the streets from an ordinary effendi; for he dresses with scrupulous plainness, and wastes little money on the liveries of his servants. He seems to think that outward show is mere vanity, and that a wise man had better reserve all his *hischmet* (comfort) for his *haremlik*, where, being hidden, it will excite no envy. That is why the *selamlik* of a Turkish house, where male visitors are received, offers no signs of luxury. There are a divan, soft carpets, and little tables on which coffee is served; but nothing in the way of ornamentation—no precious knick-knacks. Of old the Turk used to offer jeweled pipes to his guests along with their coffee or sherbet; he now gives cigars or cigarettes, and smokes these things himself, for the chibouk and narghilé have gone out of fashion.

A pleasant talker is the Turk, and exquisitely courteous; but it will be noticed in his conversation that he never makes the slightest allusion to the women of his own or of another's household. He is the last person to talk scandal with. If you make him a present with a view of its being given to his wife, custom requires that you should use a periphrasis to convey your meaning; and it will be better still if you leave him to guess your intention without hinting it.

When a Turk has disposed of his visitors, he goes into his *haremlik* to dine or breakfast, first removing his *babouches*. This custom of taking off one's shoes before entering a room is not a religious superstition, but comes of the necessity for keeping carpets clean, seeing that they fulfill the purposes of chairs, tables and sofas in other countries. The bedrooms of a harem may be furnished like Parisian boudoirs, but custom is stronger than fashion, and Turks of both sexes like to recline or sit cross-legged on the floor. Their carpets are curiously soft and thick, and the hangings over the doors shut out all drafts and noises. Through the open windows that look out on



JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.—"PHIL SPRANG FORWARD TO GRASP HIS HAND. 'WHY, YOU'RE SICK, OLD FELLER!' HE, SAID, WITH ANXIETY."

to the garden come a scent of roses and the hum of bees, mingled with the laughter of children who are playing on a well-trimmed lawn, under the eyes of dark-eyed Circassian nurses. The mistress of the harem—the *buiuk-hanum* (great lady), to give her full title—dresses much like an English lady nowadays, reads French novels and plays the piano, though she has some gorgeous Turkish costumes which she dons upon state occasions, such as the *chalvas*, when she entertains other ladies. *Chalva* means a cake, but it has come to designate a party at which that dainty is eaten, just as we say tea for tea-party in English.

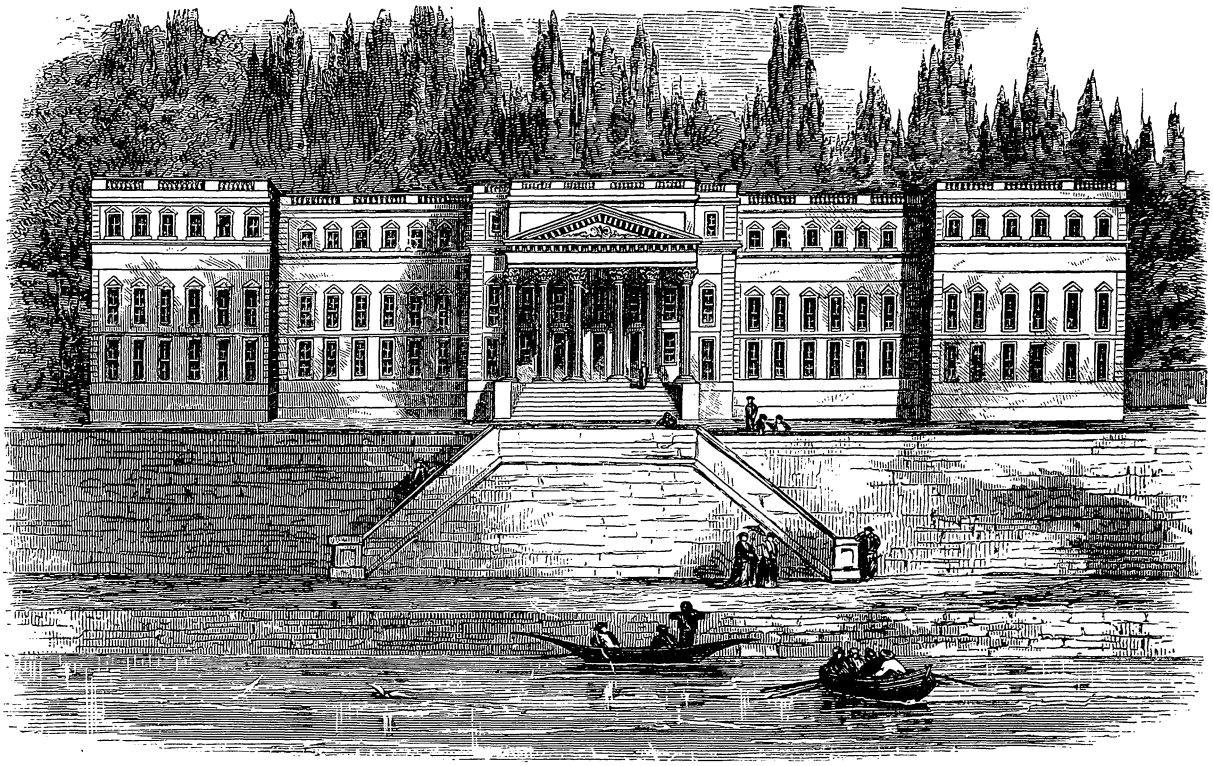
When a Turkish lady gives a *chalva*, her husband is, perforce, excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive toward six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and *babouches* in an anteroom, and put on delicate satin slippers which they have brought with them in bags. The reception-rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles, and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests; but each lady as she comes in lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth and mind." This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty.

The greetings being ended, the company seat themselves on chairs, if there be any Frank ladies present; if not, they betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together to be regaled and to romp in some other room. Cigarettes, coffee and sweetmeats are handed round, and while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and, indeed, are sometimes worth a fortune. The right costume of a Turkish woman consists of a long tunic, with open sleeves, and of a wide pair of trousers; and when these articles are of costly stuffs, embroidered, laced and covered with jewels, they produce a rare effect.

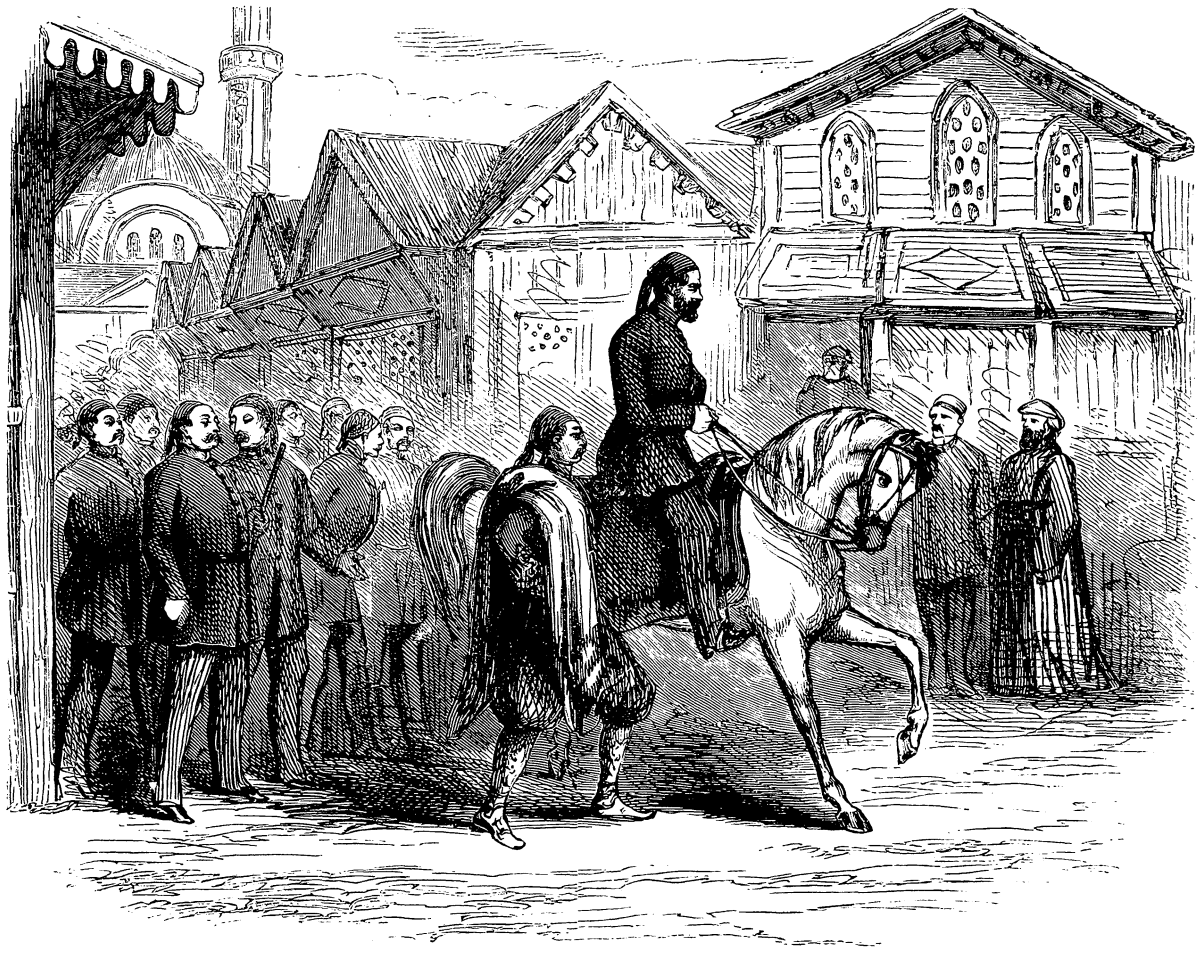
After the coffee, dancing girls are introduced; and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon, neither more nor less than in Western countries. In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, a lady pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music to amuse the company; but this does not exclude the performances of the native dancing girls, whose gyrations and fantastic music with tambourines and castanets are much appreciated. These almées are seldom older than fourteen, and in any case no married woman ever joins in a dance.

When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for the guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, "*Chalvayel*"—*i.e.*, "Bring in the cake." At once the maidservants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy and spongy pudding is produced—the which having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash

JERUSALEM'S FOLLY.—"EVEN AS PHIL RAISED HIM, THE EYES WERE FAST GLAZING."—SEE PAGE 23.



A TURKISH HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 27.



A TURKISH GENTLEMAN WITH ATTENDANTS.

their hands withal; and then the party is at an end. A very quaint form of salutation speeds the parting guest. As each lady comes up to express her thanks for the hospitality she has enjoyed, the hostess answers, sweetly:

"How happy I am that it is all over!" which ambiguous utterance only means, "How happy I am that no accident has befallen any of us during this delightful evening."

It is said, however, that accidents sometimes befall on the morrow to the younger guests, for that *chalva* is very indigestible.

KISSING THROUGH THE BARS.

When I was but a boy in years,
Near seventy years ago,
I met a romping, laughing girl,
Pure as the driven snow;
From spelling or from singing school,
Beneath the glittering stars,
I saw her home, but at the gate
I kissed her through the bars.

And often, then, when going by
Her house at eventide,
I'd whistle that familiar strain,
"Oh, Come, my Bonny Bride!"
When to the road she'd blushing come,
Bright as the evening stars,
And clasp my hand so lovingly,
Then kiss me through the bars.

Now old and gray, and bent with years,
While in my easy-chair
I sit and dream of youthful days,
And hopes once bright and fair;
And fancy I am young again,
And gazing on the stars,
While waiting for my love to come
And kiss me through the bars.

While by my side sits my old wife,
With furrows on her brow;
But to me there's been no change
From blushing youth till now;
But fairer grown with lapse of years,
Her love, like twinkling stars,
Has never changed since first she met
And kissed me through the bars.

Heaven bless this old, gray wife of mine,
For what she's ever been,
Since first we met at spelling school,
And all the years since then;
And often now in walking out
Beneath the same bright stars,
She slyly asks me how I'd like
To kiss her through the bars.

Though seventy years have bleached our hair,
White as the mountain snow,
Yet still to me she looks as fair
As fifty years ago—
When roses bloomed upon her cheeks,
With eyes that shamed the stars—
As when a boy I saw her home,
And kissed her through the bars.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog; it is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

The fool has one advantage over an educated man—he is always contented with himself.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

It is now evening, and the day's business is over, and John Monkhouse marches home to his dinner. And now he has arrived at his own door. Up the marble steps he walks, and lets himself in with a latch-key, and goes straight to his library, where he finds his wife.

Mr. Monkhouse steps across the carpet with a grave smile and kisses her, and then, seating himself by her side, takes her hand, and a very pretty, lover-like picture they make as they sit thus, and he says: "Another very dull day it has been for my Zulietta, I'm afraid, and for the last hour I have been considering where we can spend the evening. What do you say to the opera? I think they do your old favorite, 'Il Traviata'."

"'Traviata'?" she says, with a quick, girlish smile, showing an even row of exquisite little teeth. "Then we must go. I have heard it so often, and that is one of the peculiarities of music—we must know it pretty well to enjoy it. Don't you think so?"

Two or three words are accented a little, and this pretty tessellation gives a peculiar charm to her speech—a charm that instantly has its effect upon Mr. Monkhouse, for he bends over and kisses those beautiful red lips.

"Yes, darling, I agree with you perfectly," he answers, more like a lover than a husband, for he is a little old-fashioned in his courtesy. And he adds, "Piati sings—you remember him and his formidable *basso profundo*—and the handsome *tenor* from Paris, Margency, and the *prima-donna* is Mademoiselle de Schomberg, from Berlin; so we shall have the music of all nations."

"How nice! And when we come home, after the performance, we must run over all the pretty passages at the piano without the notes, to see how much we can recollect. But, dear, how stupid I am!" she cries, suddenly. "I have forgotten your letter!"

Quickly she runs to her little escritoire, and brings him a letter in a thick yellow envelope, addressed in a small and rather feminine hand—the hand, one would say, of a woman endeavoring, with very moderate success, to imitate masculine chirography.

Mr. Monkhouse eyes this missive rather sternly. Is he not also a little paler than before? He bites his lips and is vexed. But in a moment he smiles as before, and proceeds to read. And now he has finished, and folds up the letter and places it in the breast-pocket of his coat.

All this time his wife has been quietly watching him. She has seen the curiosity as he read the sentences; has noted, also, his unmistakable emotion—not quite trepidation, but surprise and annoyance. And patiently she waits for him to explain, which, in a moment, with a short laugh and a little shrug, he does:

"So ends the 'Traviata' scheme? What man of business can call any hour in the twenty-four his own? I am growing tired of the slavery, and must give it up. You will scarcely credit it, Zulietta, but in an hour I must leave you to go to Dallington, to meet my brother James. He has just returned from Europe."

"Business with your brother!" she exclaims, really astonished. I thought you were not on good terms—that you had not spoken for years?"

"Quite true; but here is a case of, I may say, extreme necessity. I have been trying to borrow some money from him—a large sum, and at Dallington I am to receive his answer."

"It is a little odd, isn't it, that this letter should have come to the house instead of going to the office?"

"Well, my brother never acts in any case as other people would, and he desires me to meet him at Dallington, and I suppose I must go. I had counted all the afternoon upon going to some pleasant place with you to-night, and now here, you see, fate ordains that I shall pass my night in a railway-train."

For a while longer they chatted, and then dinner was announced, which, as time now pressed, was eaten hurriedly. Mr. Monkhouse's trap was brought round, and with kisses and farewells to his handsome wife, he ran down the steps and got in.

A moment after he rolled away, and, leaning back in his seat, his arms folded and his teeth set, a dismal fatigue and terror upon his white face, he whispered to himself more than once:

"My God! it has come at last!"

CHAPTER II.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Mr. Monkhouse reached Dallington only a few hours before daylight. He had a little sleep and then descended to his breakfast, and when all was done, in came a servant to announce that a gentleman wished to see him. Another short interval and the door reopened and the two brothers were face to face.

John Monkhouse advanced, his hand extended. His brother refused this amicable overture by cold and placid unconsciousness.

"Very well," said John, with a short laugh, in which there was just an inflection of uneasiness. "You wished to see me, and I am at your service. If we are to meet as enemies, so be it. But permit me to suggest that this is not precisely the sort of place to discuss the subject before us."

He marched to the mantelpiece and stood leaning upon it—tall, pale, smiling and troubled. What was about to occur? Was he prepared?

"Please to follow me," said James Monkhouse.

They went out together, walking slowly side-by-side, and presently they turned behind a hill and disappeared.

"Then you intend to denounce me?" John Monkhouse was saying, paler than ever, his fingers clinched in an agony of apprehension.

"I have told you already," muttered the other.

John Monkhouse was stunned. He *had* a secret, and that secret was discovered. So terrible was its nature, so peculiar also, that his own brother must be the first to expose him. On he went, like a man in a frightful dream, and presently they descended a gentle hill, and stood amid thick undergrowth and gigantic trees, by a stream of dark water.

Sombre and still was everything here

"I can plead with you here, James," said John Monkhouse, "and none but you can hear me. You have grown cold and hard; but your heart is not utterly dead. Have mercy. Further secrecy is useless, and I acknowledge everything; but the temptation was terrible—you cannot conceive! Remember that I am your brother——"

"You are no brother of mine!" retorted the other. "I don't know why I have come here with you, or why I listen to this," he added, impatiently, with a stamp of his foot. "I shall go back."

"Spare me Jim, for the sake of the old days when we were boys together. Give me one chance of escape—give me a single day, and I promise to go and hide myself where you shall never hear of me again."

"You gave *her* no chance, you villain. She went down into that awful sea without a moment's warning. My God, when I think of it I feel that I could strike you dead at my feet!"

"I had no idea that she was on board, Jim—I swear it! The case was one of terrible fatality, and Heaven knows I am guilty enough without——"

"Guilty! Ay," cried James Monkhouse, in bitter passion—"guilty, indeed, and you shall suffer!"

He wheeled round and walked slowly up the hill to the meadow again. John Monkhouse did not follow; but placing his hand over his eyes, this hardened man of the world gave way to a gush of tears. Is it, indeed, too late to appeal? That brother who has sworn to denounce him was nursed at the same breast where his own head had so often lain, and the same blood warmed both their hearts. One word will call him back; one more appeal will perhaps move him and change his terrible determination. In an instant John Monkhouse has sprung up the slight acclivity and is beckoning and calling to the man who has just left him.

An hour afterward Mr. John Monkhouse returns to Dallington alone. He is in much better spirits, smiling, even radiant, and he orders luncheon, and while it is getting ready, he has some brandy and water.

"My brother will not return. He is a famous pedestrian and has walked on to the next station—what do you call it?—Luxborough—and I am to settle his bill. Now *I* never walk anywhere—never take any exercise—and the consequence, you see, is that I have no appetite. Odd fellow, my brother, Mr. Pym—eccentric, crabbed, a little queer in the head sometimes, I fancy, but a good heart. You would be surprised if I told you how much money he loaned me this morning—money to keep my new cotton mills going, and without any security but my word. And I say, Pym, you need not mention that that was our business together, though," says Mr. Monkhouse, with a sudden and dark caution.

It is, of course, quite impossible that Mr. Monkhouse should suspect that in an hour his secret will be all over Dallington. Nevertheless, Mr. Pym, in an ecstasy of delight at this flattering confidence, vows the secrecy of the sepulchre

CHAPTER III.

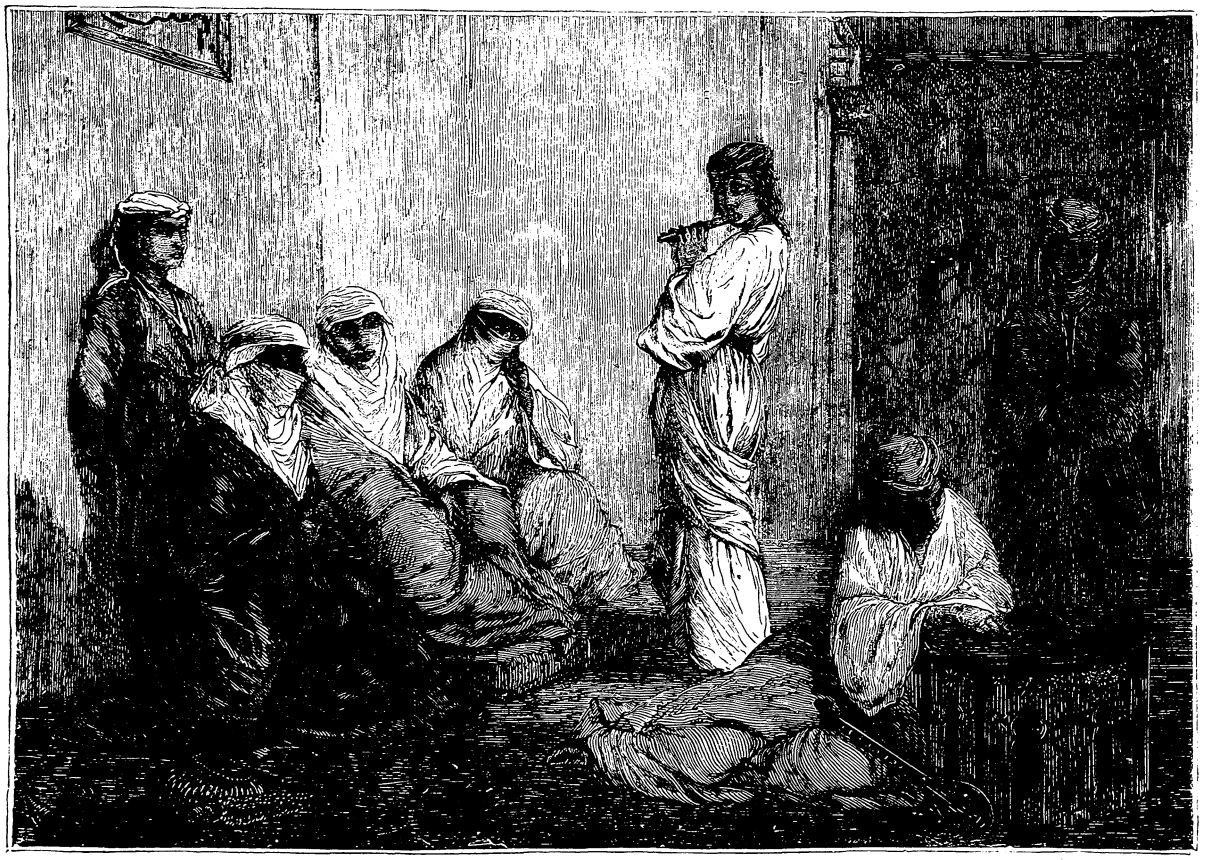
AT DARK COTTAGE.

About a week after this the people who lived in the quiet town of Trevorleigh were somewhat surprised to learn that their old neighbor, Mr. James Monkhouse, had arrived and taken up his quarters at his snug place, Dark Cottage. He had brought no servants with him, except an old woman—a lean and witch-like dame—who was as deaf as a post, and an old man who spoke nothing but French.

Late in the afternoon he took his walk, trudging, gloomy and alone, over the hills and in the most unfrequented by-paths. The villagers thought his appearance but little changed from what it had been three years before—the stoop in his shoulders more marked, perhaps, and his hair a little grayer; but the same fierce, cavernous eyes and pursed lips.

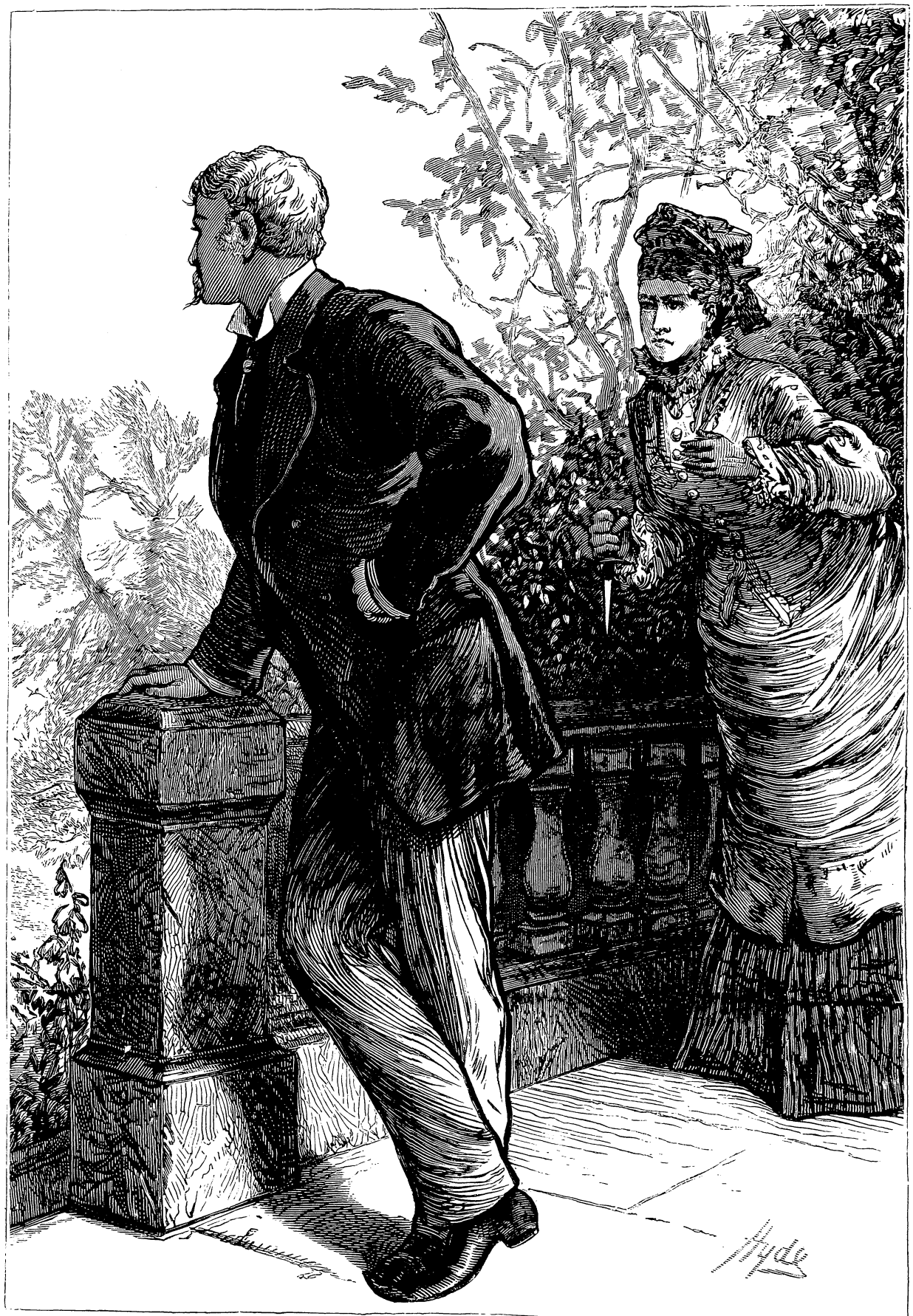
Reserved and inhospitable he continued, neither visiting nor receiving visits—often not showing himself for weeks together.

Once the new clergyman, the Rev. Charles Eden, a



TURKISH HOUSE.— GUESTS IN A HAREM.— SEE PAGE 27.

TURKISH LADIES SEATED AT A TANDOUR.



BROUGHT TO LIGHT.—"SHE DID NOT GO OF HER OWN VOLITION—SOME FRIGHTFUL IMPULSE SEEMED TO LIFT HER BODILY FROM THE GROUND TOWARD THAT DREAMING MAN, WHO, WRAPPED IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS, SAW AND HEARD NOTHING."— SEE PAGE 30.

little curious, as gentlemen residing in quiet rural places are apt to be, presented himself at Dark Cottage; but Mr. James Monkhouse asked him what his business was, so sternly, and adopted such a menacing and aggressive manner altogether, that the ecclesiastic was glad to retreat.

Very often, when he was supposed to be in one of his periodical retreats, there were some who were quite certain he was not in the village at all. He made his departures and arrivals late at night—generally after twelve.

So matters had gone for fully six months, when suddenly this strange personage took a new whim. He one evening actually stopped at Dr. Jorum's gate, just as that worthy physician was returning, cold and hungry, from a long drive up the country. And for a few minutes Mr. Monkhouse chatted there with the doctor, and, when they parted, invited him pressingly to pay a visit to Dark Cottage.

Dr. Jorum of course went, a few nights afterward, and found Mr. Monkhouse in his pretty study, smoking a long Turkish pipe and almost in the dark. But after a time this tenebrous condition of things did not matter, for Mr. Monkhouse presently had in some whisky of such quality that though the doctor was a connoisseur on the subject, he had never tasted anything "so superb"—so "perfectly excellent."

Next day he dimly remembered that his hospitable entertainer had asked him a great many questions about a certain very beautiful young lady who was Dr. Jorum's immediate neighbor—a Miss Violet Fane.

A short time after this Miss Fane came in to tea at Mrs. Jorum's one evening, and, to the general surprise and even consternation, Mr. James Monkhouse made his appearance a quarter of an hour later. He apologized—had no idea there was company—had looked in for a moment upon his friend the doctor—and was about to retire, but Dr. Jorum insisted upon his distinguished visitor remaining. And so it fell out that he passed the evening there, and when the awe which his apparition created had worn off, the time was passed most agreeably.

Never had the ladies met a more agreeable man than this much-misunderstood recluse. And beautiful Violet Fane was also quite charmed with him. They had talked a little together during the evening, and he had spoken so beautifully, so touchingly of his lonely life, that she quite pitied him. She had sung several pretty songs for him, and he had said, after complimenting her:

"I am going to ask a very impertinent favor, Miss Fane; but you will excuse an old fellow who has been too long out of society to strictly regard its usages. I am going to ask you to permit me to drop in upon you some evening when I feel unusually melancholy, and hear you sing."

She readily gave him the desired permission, and the hermit's fits of melancholy must have been numerous indeed, for, in a few weeks he was a constant visitor at Miss Fane's cottage, and there was speculation and gossip, and in due time all surmise was set at rest by the announcement that Mr. Monkhouse and that very handsome young lady were engaged to be married.

I think you never saw a prettier bride than Violet Fane made the following month. Mr. Monkhouse took her away on their wedding-day, and they were absent a fortnight; but when they returned—what a change! There was something mysterious and almost awful in the alteration which had taken place in this hitherto bright, lively girl. She acted like a person who had been badly frightened.

Mr. Monkhouse resumed his former icy reserve and periodical disappearances; but these latter he accounted for. He simply went to visit the cotton mills conducted by himself and brother, although he alone supplied the means and had the authoritative voice.

James Monkhouse had made one bitter enemy—his wife's mother. One day Mrs. Fane said to her daughter:

"You will not confide in me, Violet; but I believe I have penetrated your husband's mystery. He is in some way in his brother's power."

Violet sat still, her face pale, her beautiful eyes dilated, and the conversation expired.

"My daughter will not speak," Mrs. Fane thought, "but he shall."

And up she rose, and rustled out of the room on her way to the study.

She tapped at the door; but there was no answer, and she entered.

James Monkhouse was seated at his desk, leaning upon his hand, asleep.

Before him lay a small photograph; slumber had apparently stolen upon him while he studied the picture—the picture of whom? Of a woman—of a beautiful, smiling, dark-eyed woman. Mrs. Fane smiled luridly.

"The brother of this man knows his secret, and it concerns a woman. I see all." She turned noiselessly to the door, and looking toward the sleeper, said: "You, James Monkhouse, will to-morrow visit your cotton mills in the North. An excellent opportunity will it be for me to visit your brother John in New York."

CHAPTER IV.

SHE SEES THE LETTER.

MEANWHILE Mr. John Monkhouse returned from Dallington in excellent spirits.

"A little cranky I found Jim," he said to Zulietta, the beautiful; "but he has the kindest heart! I never could understand this sham ill-humor. Well, he loaned me the money, and the mills are to go on, and all's well again; and in a week I shall go to Wrexham, where the mills are, to meet him."

Never had Zulietta seen her husband so radiant. But she was not satisfied. That letter and that sudden journey still haunted her. Her husband's good spirits—were they real or assumed?

At times Mr. Monkhouse was a little flushed, and his eyes exhibited a strange glitter; and once, when she had found the closet of his study open, various drugs were ranged there—vials of prepared opium, curiously wrought cut-glass bottles of French brandy, suspiciously "medicated," and a little chloral, and other sinister preparations, the nature of which she could only conjecture.

One day she found an old, faded note, much discolored; she recognized the mysterious letter which had, months before, called her husband so suddenly away to Dallington. It ran as follows:

"JOHN MONKHOUSE: I have returned from Europe, and the hour of your doom is at hand. Two years I have spent in seeking evidence that you had scuttled the ship *Arcturus*. After a long search, I found the mate, Edward Hampsdell, who was dying of drink in a small French town; but who had time enough to confess all. I have his depositions. The whole miserable plot is clear—not a link missing. You obtained your insurance; but on that ship, when she went down, was my affianced wife, Mildred Rayne, the only woman I ever loved—destroyed by my brother's hand! You are brother of mine no more! At Dallington you will meet me on the day after you get this, and there I will show you the damning proof of your villainy. After that I shall denounce you and spare not. JAMES MONKHOUSE."

Zulietta read with a blanched cheek and a heart freezing with terror. All was clear. Her husband had often confessed that his riches had come by sudden strokes of good luck—and now she saw the meaning of that frightful jest: Conspiracies to wreck ships at sea for the insurance; more terrible crimes, no doubt, on land.

Her instant impulse was to go to her husband and tell him that she had discovered his hideous secret; and that impulse she obeyed.

CHAPTER V.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

MRS. FANE having arrived in New York, it was not difficult to find the famous establishment conducted by John Monkhouse & Co. She first encountered Mr. Blotter, the venerable manager, pink-faced and white-haired.

"Is Mr. John Monkhouse in?"

"He is, madame, in his private office."

Mrs. Fane plucked a tinted parallelogram from her handsome card-case and sent it in. In a moment the messenger returned with the information that Mr. Monkhouse was deeply engaged, and declined to see any one.

Mrs. Fane begged the favor of three minutes; but back came the ambassador with the information that Mr. Monkhouse declined to see the lady, peremptorily.

So, very much huffed, Mrs. Fane took her stately leave. Quivering with indignation, this lady closed the door behind her and stepped upon the pavement, and at that moment a carriage drove up.

Mrs. Fane stood still. A richly dressed and beautiful woman descended and entered the establishment of Monkhouse & Co. With a sudden throb Mrs. Fane recognized the other's countenance—the face of the photograph!

What to do next? Here was more mystery, and Mrs. Fane's curiosity was now roused to its highest pitch. "I will not be baffled," she thought, and re-entered the famous commercial house.

Mr. Blotter again confronted her.

"A lady has just this moment been admitted to an audience with Mr. John Monkhouse," said she, sharply.

Mr. Blotter bowed and smiled.

"That lady is privileged. She is Mr. Monkhouse's wife."

"We both come upon the same business," retorted Mrs. Fane, with ready invention.

To the manager's consternation she swept by him. No one opposed her, and she reached the rear corridor, turned to the right with a certain instinct, and in a moment stood before the door of Mr. Monkhouse's private room. This door had a small glass window; with her hand on the knob Mrs. Fane looked through into the room.

The scene taking place there was a strange one. Mr. Monkhouse sat at his desk, shading his eyes with his hand, while at his feet knelt his wife, sobbing bitterly. Without hesitation Mrs. Fane entered.

"You will pardon me," she began, "but my business is possibly important. My name is Mrs. Fane."

Mr. Monkhouse had risen to his feet, and white with passion, his fists clinched, his eyes gleaming hell-fire, glared down upon her.

"How dare you intrude here?" he roared.

His rage and ferocity were terrible, and they must have frightened Mrs. Fane greatly, for, with a low cry, she threw up her arms, reeled and fainted.

"Who is this person?" asked Zulietta, rising.

Mr. Monkhouse recovered his calmness instantly and smiled—the pale smile of despair:

"A member of my brother's agreeable family. I don't think I told you that he had married since his return from Europe? Well, this woman is his wife's mother. A pretty scandal! I shall have to call assistance, and what will my clerks think?"

"What can have brought her here?"

Something has occurred—I know not what; but am prepared for the worst," he replied, in a low, intense whisper. "And now you must go, darling, just to please me, and it is best, and I shall be with you as soon as I can. Fear nothing; although my secret may have been discovered, there is still plenty of time."

Mr. Monkhouse induced his wife to return to her carriage. Then with the single restorative of cold water, he revived Mrs. Fane, and assisted her to her feet. His manner had changed entirely, and now he was perfectly cool.

CHAPTER VI.

CATASTROPHE.

ZULIETTA returned home much disquieted. She knew now that her husband was a villain and a murderer. He had betrayed others, but to her he had been always true. How gentle, how generous, how affectionate he had been, always standing in her presence in the melancholy attitude of a lover! His wealth he had lavished upon her; and with strange impetuous inconsistency she almost began to look upon him as a kind of hero.

The day was a long one. Mr. Monkhouse did not appear—sent no message. The suspense was agony. The hour of dinner struck; but his punctual footstep was not as usual audible in the hall. Fifteen minutes past—thirty—forty—and still he came not. Zulietta walked the floor nearly distracted.

The torture became unendurable, and she dispatched a messenger to the office with a bribe to make haste, which he certainly earned; but the period of his absence seemed an age. When he came back it was with an appalling report—the office was closed and no one there but the porter. Mr. Monkhouse had taken a cab at noon and had not been seen since.

Had he fled?

Suddenly a thought darted through Zulietta's mind with the vividness of lightning.

"I shall go to Trevorleigh myself," she said.

Hasty were her preparations, for she had no time to spare, and she was just about to leave her chamber when something caught her eye—a curious little stiletto her husband had given her—a toy which some one had brought her from Spain.

Long and dreary was the night ride, and dawn was breaking when she reached the station at Trevorleigh. She met a farmer, and asked to be shown Dark Cottage, which she had learned from her husband was the name of the brother's residence. The man stared, as well he might, to see this strange and splendidly dressed lady so early and alone; but he civilly directed her.

At the garden-gate of Dark Cottage she halted and scrutinized that dismal residence. Smoke was rising from the chimney and there were signs of life.

She entered and went quietly up the gravel-walk and then round to the other side of the house. Suddenly she stopped. A man was before her, leaning against the little porch of the cottage, buried in deep thought. His back was to her; but she could see that he had gray hair and was bent by time and care. James Monkhouse—it could be no one else.

She did not go of her own volition—some frightful impulse seemed to lift her bodily from the ground and bear her toward that dreaming old man, who, wrapt in his own thoughts, saw and heard nothing about him.

She never knew how it was done; but the next instant she saw the flash of the stiletto, saw him stagger and wheel round with a mournful cry, his hands spread out imploringly; saw him fall, pale, ghastly and terrible, on his face.

In the same mist people gathered around them both—

people that looked like phantoms—a beautiful pale girl, wringing her hands; an old woman, dark, stern, and the living symbol of fatality!—these were there, and a group of terrified servants, a withered dame, her arms raised aghast, and a man chattering volubly in French among the rest.

And now the French servant knelt and turned the body of his fallen master. A wig of gray hair had been twisted awry, disclosing black hair underneath, and a gray beard, which had covered the chin, now hung loosely below.

The face was of a yellowish whiteness, like wax; the under-jaw had already fallen, and in the eyes was fast settling a fixed, deepening look.

The truth was plain at last—John Monkhouse and James Monkhouse were one and the same.

* * * * * * *

John Monkhouse must have anticipated some such terrible catastrophe as this—a sudden death—for among his papers was found a confession. He had killed his brother that morning at Dallington, and thrown his body in the culvert, with great stones tied to his feet.

How he acted we already know. No one suspected him at Trevorleigh until his marriage with Violet Fane, who, of course, detected that he was in disguise on the honeymoon tour, and to whom he revealed everything.

FEROCITY OF A HAWK.

Necessity sealed her lips even from her mother; but that inquisitive lady recognized her supposed son-in-law on the day before his death at the commercial house, when, as the reader is aware, the real wife was also present.

Now, why had Monkhouse taken that perilous step of marrying Violet? He does not explain his motives in the confession; but I suspect he had grown a little tired of Zulietta, and, moreover, Violet was so extremely beautiful, that no man could see without desiring to possess her. With a man like Monkhouse, already so deep in sin, one crime more or less signifies but little.

Was he not in reality mad? There are those who have read the confession and thoroughly studied the case who think so. My friend Dr. Jorum is one, and the Rev. Charles Eden is another. The latter frequently says: "Dr. Jorum will bear witness that I pronounced Mr. Monkhouse insane from the first time I saw him," and the worthy physician gives his testimony to this effect very willingly.

Zulietta's lawyers at her trial set up that she was temporarily insane. It is very certain that a gallant and presumably intelligent jury—what jury is not intelligent?—acquitted her.

She secured her husband's fortune, which, after all, was not so large, and disappeared. Violet Fane has never married, but still lives at Trevorleigh, and is the Lady Bountiful of that quiet village.

FEROCITY OF A MICHIGAN HAWK.

We have often heard of hawks pouncing upon stray chickens and carrying them off, thus evincing their propensities as birds of prey; but, recently, an example of unusual ferocity toward the human species has come to light.

In North Star, Michigan, one of the birds flew into the pantry of a gentleman's house and began an attack upon the owner.

The sharp bill pierced the poor man's flesh in many places. As fast as he drove the bird off from one side it began attacking another. The fight lasted quite a while, until the man, weak from the loss of blood, yielded and cried for help.

When the hawk had been driven off, a physician had to be summoned to prevent the suffering man from bleeding to death.

SNAKES TRACKING THEIR PREY.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Field* says that a snake can follow its prey by scent. He saw a mouse running for dear life down the railroad track, over the ties, under the rails, dodging here and there, and finally disappearing under a log; and immediately after a blue racer glided along on its trail. It kept its head flat to the ground while in motion, occasionally stopped, raised its head a foot or more from the ground, looked about, and then glided along the trail again. It followed every crook and turn the mouse had made, and followed it under the log out of sight. The snake was about five feet long, and traveled as fast as one could walk.

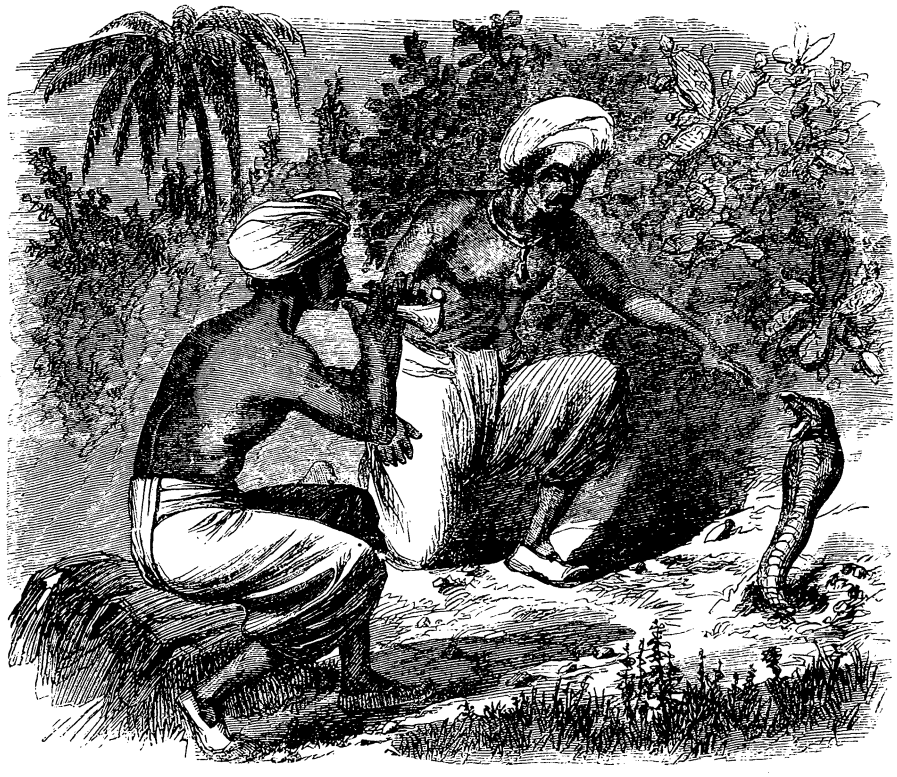
INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.— A CATAMARAN.

INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.

By Lieut. J. A. Challice.

July, 1864. Her Majesty's ship *Summer*, of which I was Lieutenant, anchored at Madras, where we were gratified to meet with a cordial reception from the Europeans there residing.

That which amused us principally was a sight of the "Commodore of the Catamaran Fleet," and the performance of a party of native jugglers on board our vessel. A catamaran is a craft formed of three, sometimes of four, rough logs, simply lashed together. The native occupant sits therein quite naked, and paddles himself through a surf in which no boat could live, emerging therefrom none the worse for a ducking enough to drown an unseasoned European. A story is extant that some years back the present "Commodore" saved the life of the naval commander-in-chief, and that that officer, in token of his gratitude, gave him a commission as "Commodore of the Catamaran Fleet." It is certain that this fellow possesses two or three faded commissions, but they have very much the appearance of lieutenants' commissions, with the names scratched out, and the dates altered to suit the occasion.



INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.— SNAKE-CHARMING.

A large catamaran, paddled by two men, and steered by a third, rapidly approaches the ship. At one end are seated a dark, sensual-looking individual, and a boy, naked to his waist, and carrying a large tin box; the man, however, wears a cocked hat, and a fanciful resemblance can be

traced in his coat to that of a post-captain in the navy, while at his side dangles a side-arm, the use of which appears rather ambiguous. Strutting proudly across our quarter-deck, he takes his stand by the wheel, evidently gratified by the attentions we have humored him with—piping the side, touching our caps, etc., as if to a *bona fide* post-captain.

He accepts our invitation to go down below with eagerness, and, followed by his "secretary," enters the wardroom, where he soon covers the table with his numerous certificates, a great many of which are from the Mercantile Marine. Here is a specimen:

[*Such a date.*]

"This day we have been highly honored by a visit from His Highness, the Chief of the Catamarans, who drank a glass or two of wine, and departed, taking with him the following small donations, to aid to keep up his fleet: Master, 5r.; mate, 2r.; ch. carpenter, 2r.; crew, 4½r. Total, 13½r."

We made up a subscription, to which I contributed a trifle, though I really believe, since he is Commander-in-Chief and Treasurer at the same time, that a great portion goes toward maintaining the rotundity of person which he possesses.

Among the various donations he has received from the crews of many vessels of war and mercantile marine, not a few have been owing to his secretary's nakedness. Our doctor gave him an old frock coat, but I would lay my head on it that the very next ship he enters will find his secretary's back as bare as when he entered ours.

Shortly after receiving our contributions, amounting in all to 21s., he took his departure, evidently in a high state of enjoyment from the enormous amount of beer he had placed under his seedy uniform.

Some Hindoo jugglers now came aft, and requested permission from the captain to exhibit some of their really wonderful feats. Having obtained it, they sat down, four in number, and commenced by causing a black boy on board to sit down on the deck. One of their number then taking a piece of chalk, drew a white line right down his forehead, all the time reciting a chant, in which the other three joined, the burden of it being chick-war, ar-ar-chick-chick, etc., repeated very quickly; he then, without removing his hand, drew a purple, then a blue, then a red, and, lastly, a black line, and finally showed us the original piece of white chalk in his hand, reduced in size, certainly, but uncontaminated by the numerous colors that adorned the boy's face.

They next did the ball trick. Four little balls are produced, and three bell-shaped cups of metal, the size of a small coffee-cup. These three cups they deposit on the deck, mouth downward, and then lift them all up, showing there is nothing underneath. Tapping the tops of the cups with his wand, the performer tosses the four balls about from hand to hand, then suddenly exposes his palms; lo, the balls are gone! He again lifts the cups. Two are empty, one has all four balls underneath. Replacing the cups, the four balls still remaining under the same cup, he twists his wand about, touches their tops, lifts them, and two of them have one ball each under them, and the remaining one has two. It is impossible to detect the secret of this trick, which is varied in innumerable ways.

The jugglers then did the sword trick. A sword, about two feet long in the blade, was thrust down the open throat of one of them, and must have reached to his navel. He stood for some minutes with the blade down his stomach, and the thick hilt sticking out from his mouth; he then slowly withdrew it, and, having wiped the blade, performed several sleight-of-hand tricks with the weapon. The same man then took an iron rod, bent like an S, with one end fashioned into the likeness of a snake's head. Opening his mouth, he put this up one of his nostrils, so that we saw the iron head at the back of his throat; it was twisted about several times before it was withdrawn.

The fire-eater then started up. He put a piece of light-colored stone between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon smoke and flames presently darted from his mouth and nostrils. This also lasted upward of a minute, after which he took a piece of wadding and set it afire with the flame coming out of his mouth.

After this, one of their number procured a bit of thread, and allowed us to cut it up into small pieces. He then swallowed it in a minute, and drew it out again perfect as before it was cut. The same man drew out after the thread an immense long worm about six feet in length.

Another of their number amused us with playing with six balls, spinning at the same time a top, and balancing it perfectly with its apex revolving round the extremity of a long rod resting on his forehead.

The heavy weight trick was next performed. It is scarcely fair to call this a trick, since the dull thud an iron ball of twenty pounds makes on the back of the performer is not to be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm and on the small of his back.

The two tricks of the day were yet to come. Neither of them, I think, has been satisfactorily explained. The first performed was the snake trick. The man shows you an empty basket, and then the dried skins of two cobra capellas stuck together, and lets you examine closely both them and the basket. Placing the skins in the basket, he plays plaintively for about five minutes on a sort of flute called the Charmer. The lid is then lifted, and the two skins are seen filled out, the heads darting hither and thither, and the bodies still writhing in each other's embrace. The circle around the basket is immediately enlarged. The snake-charmer squeezes some of the poison out of the mouth of one on to his arm, and shows it to us. The flute is again played, and the snakes, obedient to his voice, returned into the basket. When the lid is once more taken off, nothing is to be seen but the two dried skins. The snakes could not, however well educated, have disappeared without our seeing them depart, and none of us can explain the trick without attributing supernatural powers to the Hindoos.

The last trick, which was just as wonderful, was now performed. Asking us for some water and sand, the performer, when he has received them, arranges the latter into a mold, and places in it the common bulb of a mangrove. This he covers with a cloth, and continues to sprinkle water over the covering. At last he asks one of our officers how high he would like the plant to grow. He says about two feet six inches. One of the jugglers then plays the flute, and we see the plant visibly raising the cloth. Five minutes elapse; the cloth is removed, and lo! there is a vigorous young mangrove, with bright green leaves, that still retain some of the water so liberally sprinkled over it! Comment is scarcely necessary. They could not have carried this bulky plant aft without its being noticed, much less have introduced it under the cloth. Moreover, the cloth was slightly raised to let us have a view of it at different stages of its growth, so that to explain the phenomena by common rule of thumb, the jugglers must have brought on board several plants of all sizes. I suppose I must not believe the assertion of a blue-jacket who had been standing behind the performer, and who swore that he actually saw the mangrove growing.

After making up a contribution for these truly clever jugglers, or "snake-charmers," we parted with them, mutually gratified. They are all in league with each

other, and such is their *esprit de corps* that I believe they would not sell their tricks, especially the last two, for 1000 rupees ($500).

MARGARET ARNOLD'S CHRISTMAS.

By Mary D. Brine.

MARGARET ARNOLD laid a letter on the table in the hall, where were other letters awaiting the hour of mailing, and tripped up-stairs cheerily, with a smile on her lips and in her dark eyes.

She even hummed a little song softly, as she passed through the nursery and entered the schoolroom; and the children ceased their noisy play to run after their governess and climb into her lap.

"What makes you sing, Miss Arnold?" questioned the little Elsie. "You haven't sung for so long, and you look so tired always. You don't look sorry to-night, though. What is making you glad?"

The child laid her head against Margaret's shoulder caressingly as she spoke, and patted her governess's cheek with a soft, tiny hand.

"Why do I sing?" replied Margaret. "Oh, Elsie, don't you know Christmas is coming, and we ought to be glad—oughtn't we, dear?"

"Our house is jolly at Christmas time, I tell you!" interrupted Harry, a boy of seven Winters, who had himself been a Christmas gift to his mother, and who, as a consequence, enjoyed an unusual share of presents at each return of his birthday. "It's awfully jolly, and we have lots of company. Do you have nice times at your house, Miss Arnold?"

"We used to, when I was a little girl, Harry, but there are only two of us now—mother and I—and our Christmas days are quiet, although very happy, when we are together."

"Won't you be glad to get home again, Miss Arnold? *I'd* be awfully homesick away from mamma so long!"

And Margaret replied, gently:

"Glad to get home? Oh, Harry, if you only knew how glad!"

The opening of the schoolroom door interrupted the conversation, and Mrs. Granger entered.

"Oh, here you are, children! Papa was asking for you. Run down-stairs."

Then, as the little feet were pattering merrily through the hall, the lady turned to her governess.

"I came to say, Miss Arnold, that it will be impossible for you to go home this year for Christmas. My daughter Isabel expects company to remain with us during the holidays, and you can understand how troublesome the children will be without your care. I am sorry; but, after all, it can't make much difference to you, I presume, and really, your presence will be absolutely necessary to *me*."

She withdrew herself and her trailing robes from the schoolroom, as Margaret bowed a silent reply to the command which had instantly driven the gladness of only a few moments previous from her heart.

What did *she* know of the glad plans and hopes which the children's governess had ventured to form in honor of the coming season of joy and peace? Or, if she had known, this woman of fashion and ease, would she have cared?

But the twilight shadows came on and filled the schoolroom with gloom as dark as the gloom which crowded the sunshine from out Margaret's heart, and presently the girl went wearily out of the room and down the stairs.

Thomas, the footman, was just gathering the letters from the table for the purpose of mailing them; but Margaret's voice arrested him.

"Thomas, there is a letter to my mother amongst those; will you kindly hand it to me?"

"An' doan't ye want it sint, miss?" he asked, wonderingly.

He noticed that the governess's face was white and drawn, as she stood in the full glare of the hall-light; but her voice was steady and quiet, and she smiled a "Thank you" as the man returned the letter which had been written so gladly but an hour previous.

This time she went slowly up the stairs, and, in place of the glad light which before had filled her eyes, there were tears; and, instead of the song so softly hummed, there was only a low, half-restrained sob, as back into the schoolroom, lighted only by the dull grate-fire, Margaret Arnold walked, with flushed cheeks and aching heart.

The letter, with all its words of loving cheer and glad anticipations for the lonely, widowed mother far away, was laid quietly upon the coals and burned before Margaret's eyes ere she lighted the gas and penned, with trembling hand, another which must go in its place.

The tears were dry, and the patient heart had grown yet more patient, after the following lines were written and addressed to "Mrs. M. Arnold, ———, Conn.":

"My Darling Mother: I had thought to spend this Christmas with you, but Mrs. Granger has decided that my services are needed here. I am paid for those services—what right have we to grumble? In fact, what rights have the poor at any time, mother? Does this read bitterly? Well, my heart has ventured to rebel against fate a little to-night, for, one hour ago, I was so happy I fairly sang, and my heart was so full of plans for you and myself that I even regretted the few days intervening between now and the time of my expected homeward start. Oh, mamma, dear, help me to be patient, and, above all, help me to look on the bright side, if there be such a side, to our lives.

"Yours, Margaret."

This letter was sent at last, and Margaret now awaited Christmas as though it were only the usual Sunday, which would give her one day's rest from study. She turned the light down low, replenished the fire, and drew her chair close beside the glowing coals. Down-stairs the children were romping with their father, Isabel was singing at the piano, and Mrs. Granger, in her boudoir, was reading the last novel. Dinner would not be ready for an hour longer, and Margaret could have that hour all to herself, if she chose.

So her thoughts went back to the past, and though, in doing so, they opened a wound which time had not quite healed—a wound which caused her to shiver and moan—yet there were threads of joy and happiness which she could gather up and weave backward and forward, until the old days, when she lived in sunshine and clover, were made whole again; and she lived them over in her memory till she grew calm and quiet, and the old pain deadened somewhat.

There had been such happy Christmas-times for her long ago, when she was the idolized daughter of her wealthy parents! And there had been true and noble hearts laid at her feet ere she had seen her twenty-first birthday; but her woman's heart had chosen only to yield itself and its love to Howard Winthrop, a young bookkeeper in her father's firm. Without means sufficient to marry, he yet dared to fall in love with his employer's daughter, and,

despite the amazement of friends and relatives, Mr. Arnold had chosen to sanction the engagement, and ask only that Howard would wait a few years ere he claimed Margaret as his bride.

"A fine young fellow," he said privately to his wife; "and if the child chooses to marry him, when she might have her choice of a dozen rich fellows, why, *I* shan't hinder, so long as he is a *good* fellow and honorable."

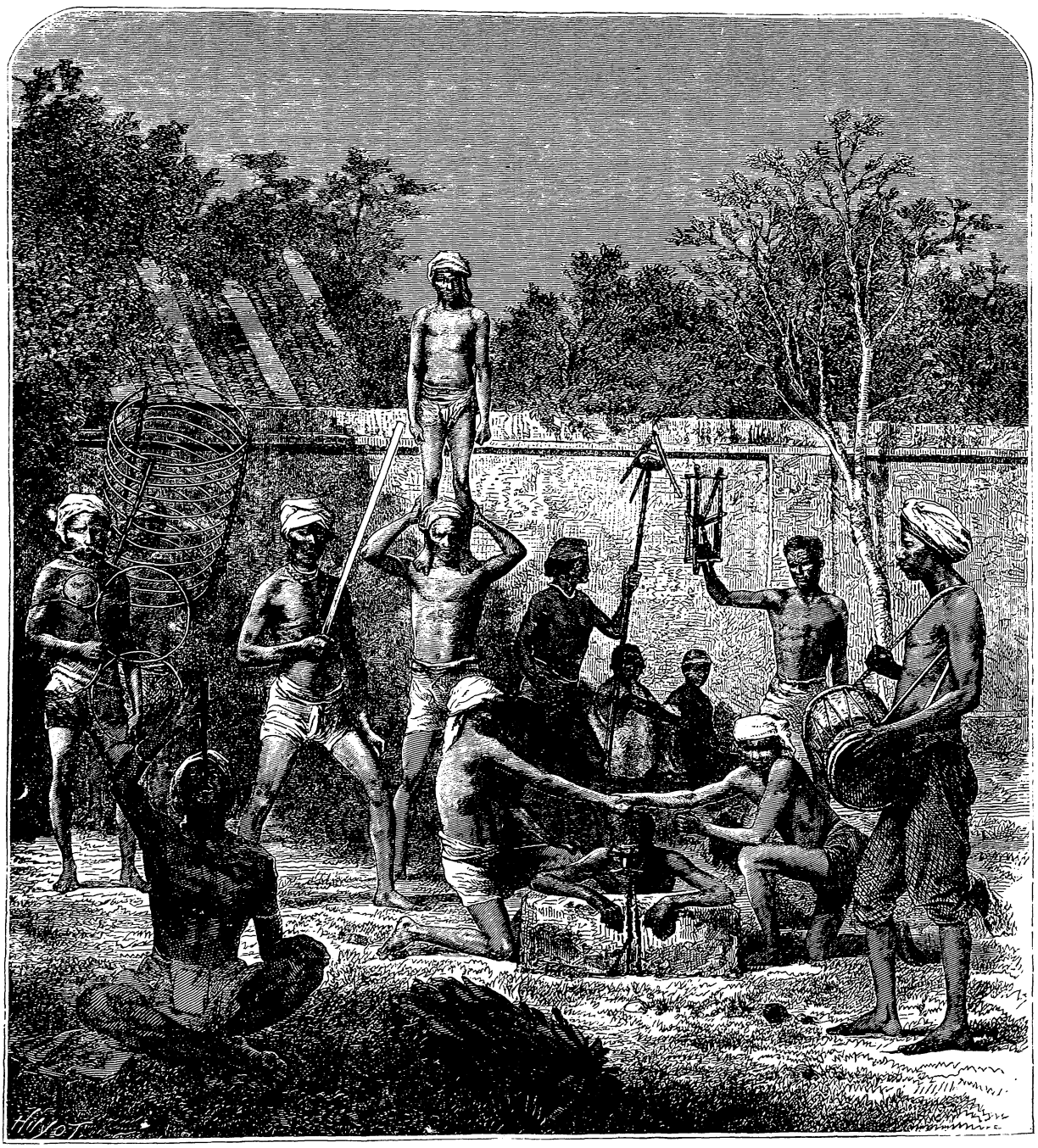
So they were engaged, and everything was going on well, until one morning a letter addressed to Margaret in the well-known handwriting of Winthrop was found to contain the following lines, evidently inclosed by mistake in the wrong envelope:

"Wait a while, Jack, my boy: the money will be mine in good time, and then you will see how much *love* counts for in *my* opinion. A fellow can't live without money, and if a pretty girl must be thrown in to boot, why, so much the better, *maybe!* I can steer my boat as well as the next one, you know. Keep dark about this. Don't keep this letter a minute; *burn* it, and wait patiently. I'll pay all I owe in good time.

"Yours, WINTHROP."

Margaret had loved well and truly; but, high-spirited as she was by nature, and scorning deceit and unworthiness from the bottom of her soul, her pride could not brook the insult of this letter. She well understood how easily the mistake had happened. Doubtless the letter which had been intended for *her* had been inclosed in an envelope to this "Jack," whoever he might be; and in the hurry of sending the letters, Howard Winthrop had not discovered his error.

For one moment the girl stood like stone, with dry eyes



INCIDENTS AT MADRAS.—HINDOO JUGGLERS.—SEE PAGE 37.

and pale, set face; then straight to her father she went, and laid the letter before him.

In less than an hour Howard Winthrop received a letter from Mr. Arnold, inclosing one from Margaret, in which he received his dismissal, both from his situation in the firm and from Margaret's presence.

There were no words of explanation sought by Margaret and her family. Impulse had ruled things with a high hand, and pride kept the girl from a broken heart, although she quivered and moaned with pain and grief for months after.

Several letters from young Winthrop, received at the time of the affair, were promptly returned unopened, and soon he left the city, and was seen no more by his former friends.

Since then, Mr. Arnold's failure and death had left his wife and daughter in circumstances so different from former days, that they withdrew from society. Mrs. Arnold settled herself in one of Connecticut's small villages, and Margaret had drifted, after many weary days, into Mrs. Granger's family as governess. With the children she was peacefully happy; with Mr. and Mrs. Granger on terms of simple good-feeling. With Isabel she was a stranger, save for the formal morning and evening salutation.

MARGARET ARNOLD'S CHRISTMAS.—"'OUR PATHS LIE FAR APART NOW, AND I CAN SINCERELY WISH YOU A HAPPY FUTURE.' SHE HELD OUT HER HAND AS SHE SPOKE."—SEE PAGE 39.

The young lady, who possessed only the riches which her father's daily toil for years had accumulated for her, as her sole attraction, could not well conceal her envy of her little brother and sister's governess, since the latter was beautiful in face and figure, and attractive, even in her poverty and dependence, for the refinement and delicacy of her nature.

Whatever Margaret Arnold wore—whether a simple flower in her hair, brought her from the conservatory by the loving hands of her little pupils, or the plain white collar round her perfect throat, or though she threw carelessly about her shoulders the worsted shawl which Isabel had cast aside as unfit for wear and unfashionable—still the contrast between the governess and the young lady of the house was by heavy odds in favor of the former, and Isabel grew sick at heart with envy. Nothing that young damsel might don, whether jewelry rich and rare, or robes of silk and velvet, could cause or help her outshine the perfect loveliness of quiet, gentle Margaret, who daily clothed herself in black, and wore no jewels save the pearl pin which inclosed her father's hair.

If it had not been for fear of annoyance from the children, Isabel would gladly have sent Margaret home at the time when she expected so much company, lest by chance some admiring eye should discover her.

"Miss Arnold, can you put the children to bed to-night? I have sent nurse on an errand, and she is detained; and I thought you wouldn't mind taking charge of them to-night, you know. And afterward, would you mind coming down to help Isabel and her friend dress for the party at Miss Howe's? Your taste is so good, you see, and really I'll be very much obliged. It isn't in the line of your duties here, I know, but maybe——"

"I'll oblige you, certainly, madame, if you think me competent to suggest in the matter of dress," replied Margaret.

And she put the little ones to bed, rewarded for her care by hearing Harry's loud whisper to Elsie, that "he thought Miss Arnold the prettiest lady in the world, and he wished she was his own sister, 'stead of Isabel," and went down to the dressing-rooms to help Isabel and her friend.

There she learned more of their private affairs than interested her; but they talked to each other of this and that, quite ignoring Margaret's presence, and she knew ere long that "Mr. Harold Weston was dead in love with Miss Berkly"—Isabel's friend and guest—"and would no doubt propose soon." Also, that "he was to call for them that evening to attend the party; that he was handsome and rich and splendid," etc.

"When we're married, I mean to travel all over Europe," said Miss Berkly, while Margaret knelt beside her and looped her rich overskirt of lace a trifle higher.

"But," interrupted Isabel, "you aren't engaged yet, and *I* may win him away from you, you know."

"There, Miss Arnold, you may go now. Thank you. You have very good taste."

And Margaret gladly returned to her schoolroom and books.

"Well, Isabel Granger!" exclaimed her guest, jestingly, "you may just thank your stars that your governess will not be on exhibition to-morrow when Harold Weston comes to dine. I tell you, neither you nor I would contrast favorably with her. I never saw such a perfect face; and those eyes!"

"That girl puts on airs enough to make one sick of her," was Isabel's amiable reply. "One would think her a born duchess, to see her manners at times! I do wish that mamma would send her away!"

The door-bell put a stop to further discussion of poor Margaret, and Mr. Weston was presently announced.

It was late that night ere the party-goers returned, and Margaret was dreaming of her mother, and the old days of happiness before she learned that a man may *seem* to be all that is noble, and yet be a villain.

She was dreaming of Howard Winthrop, and that his arms were about her, when the sound of voices in the lower hall aroused her. She heard Mr. Weston's "Good-night!" as Isabel and her friend parted from him at the door; and something in his voice mingled with the dream she had awakened from, and thrilled her long after the wheels of the carriage had died away.

"I hope Miss Berkly's experience with love and trust may differ from mine, heaven knows!" she thought, and turned to her slumber again.

But this time she dreamed only of the cruel letter, and when morning dawned she awoke with tears in her eyes.

* * * * * * *

The grand Christmas dinner was over at last. Isabel had enjoyed it because Margaret, shy of meeting so many strangers, had declined to dine down-stairs, and she, with Harry and Elsie, had eaten their own good dinner in the nursery; all the pleasanter because minus the wearisome etiquette of the large table. Harold Weston had enjoyed it, because the two young ladies made the fuss over him which it is perfectly natural any man should like.

But, truth to tell, his *heart* was in no danger, neither of the ladies, notwithstanding Miss Berkly's confidential confession to Isabel, reaching his private standard as to true womanhood, and because long ago he had decided *all* women unworthy a man's trust and love. But he talked and laughed and played the agreeable, and at the proper time the ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars.

And presently little Harry ran from the conservatory, with a beautiful white rose in his hand.

"It is for Miss Arnold," he explained, when Harold playfully caught the little hand and asked for the rose.

"And who is Miss Arnold?" asked Harold, more seriously.

"Oh, she's a beautiful lady who teaches us lessons, and is awfully sweet!"

"Only the children's governess," explained Mr. Granger, and the conversation turned on other subjects.

But a little later, as Margaret, who had gone down to the dining-room for something, paused a moment before the fire and listened to the sound of music from the parlors, Harold Weston entered, and, without seeing Margaret, advanced to the seat he had occupied at dinner, and looked for something beneath the table.

"Are you in search of something, sir?" asked Margaret, who had not seen the gentleman's face.

At the sound of her voice he started and turned around.

"I dropped a small seal from my chain at dinner-time, I think, and have just missed it. I didn't wish to disturb the family, thinking I could easily find it here."

Then, as Margaret raised the light, he stood transfixed, and she, with sudden weakness, sat down in the nearest chair.

"Pardon me, I did not know you were——"

"Oh, Margaret, is it really you whom I see at last—at last!" Harold interrupted.

"I do not understand," she replied, confusedly, passing her hand across her eyes, and then looking up at him timidly. "Are you not Mr. Weston? I thought at first, so wonderful is the resemblance, that you were an—an—old friend of mine, whom I had not seen for—for—many long months and years."

"For three years, Margaret Arnold," he replied. "It is three years since you—since—oh, Margaret!—since you sent me a cruel and unjust note, and now I find you *here!*—*you* a dependent in a stranger's house!"

"Sir, *what* is your name? May I ask if *this*, or the one by which I used to know you, is the fictitious one, and is it your habit to change your name when making new acquaintances?"

Her calmness had quite returned; her cold *hauteur* cut him deeply, and his pride helped him to speak steadily.

"This is no time or place to explain matters. I will only say that you have done me grievous wrong all these years, and that I never wrote the note you returned to me. Moreover, the name I now bear is settled upon me by my uncle's will, and with its adoption I was made his heir. This is all, Miss Arnold. I will not detain you longer. The seal I am in search of can be found to-morrow. I value it highly, and would not lose it. If possible, I shall keep it by me my life through. If you will honor me with an interview to-morrow, I will be grateful, and hope to appear a little less sinful in your eyes ere long."

"I scarcely think an interview necessary, sir," answered Margaret. "Our paths lie far apart now, and I can sincerely wish you a happy future, either married or unmarried."

She held out her hand as she spoke, with a sad smile; and his own shook visibly as he took, after long years, once more the little palm within his strong clasp.

"I shall never marry, Miss Arnold. A man can love as I have loved but once in his lifetime. God bless you! Good-by."

Then he went out of the room, and, pleading some excuse, left the house at an early hour.

And yet, before the door had been five minutes closed upon him, Margaret found the missing seal, and wept there on her knees as she recognized a little gift she herself had long ago given him and forgotten. He had carefully preserved it in a rich setting after the form of a seal, and all these years had carried it about him.

The old love, long banished, was not slow to well up in Margaret's heart again, and chance favored an explanation between the two ere many days—an explanation which made the two hearts happy beyond measure.

They never knew, but we can point out the rejected lover of that "long ago" who concocted, out of his foolish envy and jealousy, the note which so cleverly imitated Howard's penmanship as to bring misery upon the two who were all in all to each other.

But Margaret had faith to believe her lover's word, and the glad Christmas-time was true to the motto of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," and the first day of New Year saw an engagement-ring upon our Margaret's finger, which drove Isabel nearly wild with envy.

Miss Berkly's visit was suddenly ended. Nobody dared hint why, but Isabel knew it was pique that filled her

friend, and the contagion did not escape herself. Margaret and her husband went to Europe on a wedding-tour, and Mrs. Granger is looking for a governess.

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.

(From the Swedish.)

SPRING, my swift reindeer, over field, over hill;
At my maiden's tent you can have your fill
Of the rich young moss, so tender and sweet,
That will start to the touch of your eager feet.

The day is short and the way is long;
The wilder dart thou, the brisker my song.
We cannot rest here, let us bravely go;
The dread home is this of the wolf, our foe.

See that eagle fly! How happy are they!
Who have wings to sweep away, far away!
Behold that cloud! Oh, would it were mine,
To bear me in haste to the maiden divine!

Thou hast my heart, oh maiden, ensnared!
As a wild reindeer with a tame one is paired.
So am I bound, oh maiden, to thee;
With a cataract's strength thou conquerest me.

Since thee first I saw, by day and by night,
A thousand thoughts are my pang, my delight.
And yet but one thought is my rapture, my moan,
The thought, deep and warm, to call thee my own.

Thou mayest hide in the huge rock's shade,
Or where the pines are grand arrayed;
From my love so true thou canst not fly;
My love is my soul, and it cannot die.

AT FLENSBERG.

CHAPTER I.

SUDDENLY I started when Cora's hand fell upon my shoulder, for there she was, standing beside me, and I had not even heard her enter the room.

"Good Heaven!" I cried, inexpressibly shocked at her appearance, "what is the matter?"

For my sister's beautiful face was frightfully pale, her blue eyes were heavy, and her hair, that glorious yellow hair, looked more than ever like a golden crown upon the sculptured image of a queen.

"What is the matter, Cora?" I demanded again.

"Nothing," she answered, tranquilly: "I have merely come to tell you that the count and I are friends—and—no more!"

"Cora!"

"There, be quiet, please."

"But I cannot be quiet. Have you quarreled?"

"No—yes—that is, he is jealous."

"And of whom?"

"Of Prince Carl."

"But it is nothing serious."

"You err. It is very serious to be doubted and insulted!"

"Insulted!" I exclaimed, my face aflame.

"Yes, doubts insult, do they not? Ah, child! child!" catching me in her arms, and kissing me almost fiercely. "See, now, you love me far more than he does; you would not pain or wound me, but he——"

"Cora, tell me!"

"He has done both!" she continued, her arms dropping wearily away from me—"he has done both, and all is at an end between us."

"Ah, Cora, is that right?"

"Right!" echoed my sister, bitterly. "Indeed I do not know; but I am sure that it was wise. Now, not another word about it, Lucie—not another word. What were you doing? Preparing for our trip to Flensberg? Ah, that is it; I will help you."

"And we will need Bertha."

But she drew me back.

"We will not need Bertha—at least, not yet. Wait, I have something to tell you; it is this: the count returns to Flensberg."

"Then we will not go," I promptly decided.

"But we will go, dear—nay more, we will meet him pleasantly, as though nothing had happened, in fact."

"But, how dare he go to our guardian's after this?"

"After our quarrel, do you mean? Why should he not? Our guardian is his uncle; besides, you forget that Flensberg was once his home. Do not be silly, Lucie. Come now, will you promise to obey me?"

"Yes, of course. After all, you are right. We will go, and all will be right again. Is not that so, darling?"

"It is probable, at all events. Ring for Bertha now. Not that there will be much for her to do," she continued, laughingly. "Why, you careful little fairy, your task is almost finished!"

"Of course; it behooves me to be industrious, you see, for I have chosen a lowly lot in life."

"Don't that frighten you sometimes, Lucie?"

"What?"

"Why, the idea of marrying a poor man."

"Not at all, for I happen to love that poor man; besides, he is not so very poverty-stricken, after all."

"Oh, yes, he is, indeed. Why, he has not enough to keep the most reasonable woman in trifles. Beyond his good name and his talent, he has nothing, absolutely nothing! And you have so little! I tremble for your future welfare."

"Let no thought of my future welfare trouble you," I answered, somewhat indignantly. "Adolf Arndt and I love each other; we marry for each other; we will live for each other; and, be sure that if there is perfect happiness on earth, it shall be ours, for hand-in-hand will we seek it."

"And God grant that you may find it!" said my sister.

Thoroughly ashamed of my momentary vexation, I went to her and kissed her, as I loved her most tenderly. No word did we speak, but just sat there quietly, her dear head upon my breast, and my arms about her. Presently she whispered, sighing softly:

"It is the old, happy time come again, Lucie. Sitting so, we are children once more—poor, sad little orphans once more!"

"Nay," I answered, "we are women, my sister; women, but loving each other with the pure love of little children, and letting no one come between us."

She was silent, and so we sat, locked in that fond embrace, until Bertha came to us, unbidden.

CHAPTER II.

TWO DAYS later we were at Flensberg. Now, as all the world knows, Flensberg is full fifty miles north of Vienna. A quaint old castle, built centuries ago, and half hidden

THE STARLING.— SEE PAGE 50.

among the mountains—the home, in fact, of our guardian, the old State Councilor, Baron Nicholas von Achen.

And a heavenly home it seemed to me, for, unlike Cora, I could not love a city life. Heavenly, indeed! the balmy air teeming with sweet scents and sounds, for the tender leaves were glistening yet with the heavy drops of a Summer shower, the twittering swallows were circling around and above us, and in the ravines sober little quails were skimming across newly turned furrows, whilst over all fell a calmness so solemn, so penetrating, that I could no more have prevented the tears springing to my eyes than I could have prevented my heart from beating.

But as for my sister, the eyes of her soul were closed to all these beauties. During the entire journey she had been leaning back in the carriage, reading a French novel, and smiling good-naturedly at my rapturous outbursts. Such composure, after all that had just transpired, troubled me greatly; it troubled me still more when I found that even our meeting with the councilor and his wife could not disturb it. And we might have been daughters of the house, such a joyous welcome did we receive.

The good councilor! He was one of the few who are wise in their day and generation; he could enjoy life as it came to him. A tall man, with blue eyes, a big nose, a round chin, a large, well-formed mouth, and a general air of good-humored content, he could yet, when occasion arose, be grave and dignified and stern. As for his wife, she was as fresh and bright-colored as a rose; the sound of her cheery voice would send a new life coursing through your veins were you faint unto death, whilst the mere touch of her soft, white hands was a comfort and a blessing.

"Are you here, my little ones?" cried our guardian. "Heaven bless you, Cora, but you grow more beautiful with every hour of your life! And you too, Lucie! Little witch, Adolf will have no need to blush for you. Lord save us! what a woman you are, to be sure! Too much of one to give me a kiss, I suppose."

A kiss! I gave him a dozen; and then, as soon as I had removed my traveling wraps, I was obliged to take his arm and be conducted to the garden, to see the wonderful improvements which had been effected under the supervision of the new gardener.

"Ah, let the child rest!" called the baroness after us, as we started across the lawn.

"Not at all," retorted her husband, merrily; "she deserves no rest, nor shall she have it."

But if you fancy that this merriment lasted when we were out of hearing of the others, you are mistaken; for we had no sooner quitted the house than my companion's face grew very sober, and his voice was almost stern as he said: "Child, tell me of this trouble between Cora and the count."

"The trouble ?" I commenced, falteringly.

"Do not hesitate," he continued. "Tell me."

"But how did you know anything about it ?"

"I heard something of it from Von Fallersleben himself. He is here now ; he came two days ago. But even if he had heard nothing, I would have suspected a great deal after his behavior to-day."

"What did he do ?"

"He started out hunting when he learned who was expected."

"Indeed ! Well, my dear Baron, I can tell you nothing, for I know no more than you do. Cora merely said to me that they had quarreled, and bade me never mention his name to her again."

"Humph ! Cora is a simpleton !"

"And so is he !" I retorted.

"Ay, and so much the worse ; neither will see the folly of the whole affair until too late."

"But they cannot remain long at enmity ; they will soon be friends again."

The councilor smiled, and shook his head.

"You are thinking of Adolf now," he said, "and so, from the depths of your great wisdom in the ways of lovers, you speak. But yours is a false prophecy, little one ; for your Adolf and the count are two, just as Cora and you are two. Ah, Heaven help us ! the haughtiest are not always the happiest ! My poor little Cora !"

"See !" I cried. "Who is that ?"

"Where ?"

"There—down by the arbor. That girl in a gray dress ?"

"Oh, that is Theckla, old Wilhelm's niece. Surely you remember her."

"That Wilhelm's niece ! That Theckla, my old playmate ?"

"Ay, even so ; and a dear, good creature is she. Her uncle died two years ago, you remember, and as the poor child has not another relation in the world, we keep her with us. We are very fond of her, I assure you. As for the baroness, she swears by her."

"Oh, what a shame !"

"Theckla ! Theckla Dahl !" he cried.

"I come !" blithely answered a fresh, sweet voice.

Then a little, gray-robed form came swiftly down the walk, and Theckla Dahl stood before us, smiling, blushing, half eager, half afraid.

I could not repress an exclamation of wonder, which my guardian understood, for he nodded and said :

"Time has changed her, eh ?"

"It has not changed her," I answered, quite seriously ; "it has only made her more beautiful."

And thereupon I took Theckla's hand, and looking straight into her eyes, read there such purity and truth that I kissed her, and we were friends for ever.

So for a little while we three sauntered through the garden paths, my admiration for Theckla increasing with each moment—not merely an admiration for her exquisite loveliness, but for the manifold graces of her sweet nature, for her modesty, her simple pride, and, above all, for the reverential affection she evinced for my guardian and his wife. When, at last, she quitted us, my enthusiastic praise burst forth :

"My dear baron, that girl is a lovely creature ! Why, her eyes are like pansies, her hair is like sunlight, her——"

I paused abruptly, for my guardian was regarding me

AT FLENSBERG.—"'ALL THINGS ARE CRUEL,' AND SHE SIGHED, AND THEN HER HEAD FELL HEAVILY UPON MY SHOULDER, AND BUT FOR MY EMBRACE SHE WOULD HAVE SANK UPON THE FLOOR."—SEE PAGE 43.

with a twinkle of a smile curling the corners of his pleasant mouth.

"Continue," said he, dryly—"do continue. Upon my word, Lucie, to hear you is like reading a novel. Come now, what next?"

"Nothing," I answered, laughing, and clasping my hands about his arm. "Tell me, has she a lover?"

"I do not know—I do not think so. Why do you ask?"

"Through a pardonable curiosity, merely. But, really, it would not be strange if she had a dozen."

"That is so," assented the good man, reflectively. "As you say, she is pretty. She certainly has very nice hair, and I know that she is clever, for she makes excellent cake!"

I confess that at this concise enumeration of Theckla's qualifications I laughed outright; but my companion continued, quite earnestly:

"Yes, my wife and I have no doubt that the little one can do well, and that we will certainly find a good husband for her in time. Just now, however, we must only think of your sister. We must save her. Talk to her, Lucie—reason with her——"

"Reason with her!" I interrupted. "Surely you must know that Cora is not one to listen to advice, even from me. Advice, indeed! Why, she never confides in any one. She quarreled with the count more than three months ago, and yet I knew nothing of it until they parted for ever. Nay, it was not until last night that I learned the cause of all this trouble."

"And what was that cause?"

"The count's senseless jealousy of Prince Carl."

"Prince Carl von Lichtenstein?"

"Yes; he has been devoted to Cora."

"Humph! Well, does she appear to care for him?"

"Not the least in the world. She is barely civil to him. I wonder at his perseverance."

"I am glad that she does not encourage him. But, Lucie, you must talk to her about the count."

"She will not permit me to speak of him."

"Ask no permission; do it boldly. Tell her that she should be less obstinate. Nay, more, say this—say that if she really loves my nephew—and I believe on my soul that she does—such behavior may be suicidal to both. Lucie, child, do you not know that he has been here very often lately?"

"Well, what of that? This has been his home."

"Ach, Gott! never mind; tell that to Cora, and hear what she says about it."

I told it to Cora as soon as we were alone together; but she said nothing, absolutely nothing; vouchsafing no answer either by word or look or gesture.

Chapter III.

That afternoon we were in the drawing-room, the baroness, Cora and I. Madame von Achen was sitting near the window, knitting, whilst my sister, standing beside her, worked patiently at a tangled skein of silk. As for me, I was doing nothing but lounging in an easy-chair, and indolently watching my busy companions. They were speaking of Vienna, and Cora was giving a glowing account of our life at the capital.

"We drive, we dine, we chat, we dance; indeed, my dear madame, it would be impossible to live happier than Lucie and I do."

"Yet you used to be contented with our quiet life here," said the baroness, half reproachfully.

"That was because we loved you," came the prompt answer.

"And you seemed happy."

"Yes, but one needs a change," quoth Cora, gravely; "and the change comes."

"Is Madame von Vesin a companionable person, my dear?"

"Quite so. My Aunt von Vesin, as you have doubtless understood, is not one to interfere with us in any way; at least, not while we give her no trouble. As it is, we cost her nothing, and we keep her house filled with guests; and as all that pleases her, she is amiability itself. She vows that she can never be brought to part with us."

"I wish that you had never seen her!" sighed the baroness.

"Why?"

"I cannot tell; I wish it, that is all. It could not have been avoided, though. It was only right that you should see something of the world—that world of which I know so little—and there was no one so well qualified to protect you as your aunt."

"Oh, as to that, certainly I am quite——"

My sister started, paused suddenly, then bent lower over the tangled skein. I divined the cause of this agitation even before I had turned my head—the Count George von Fallersleben had entered the room.

Ay, even so; there he was in the doorway—dark, frowning, scornful; and the baroness saw him as soon as I did, and called to him:

"Ah, truant! Come, we are waiting for you."

"I have been detained," he answered, carelessly; "besides, it is a long ride to Dürsel and back."

"To Dürsel! Why, I thought you had gone hunting!"

"So I did; but a business matter called me further than the forest. Fraulein von Ehrenberg," he continued, advancing to my sister, and taking her hand, which he raised respectfully to his lips, "may I venture to hope that you will forgive my tardiness?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Cora, with charming unconcern. "That is, if there be aught to forgive."

He bowed low; then turned to me, and greeted me, as he always did, very kindly; and with Madame von Achen he was cheerful and witty, and Cora and the baroness were amiable and gracious; but, somehow, to me at least, the sense of constraint was painfully embarrassing. In fact, I felt that we were all only heavy-hearted comedians acting parts in a horrible farce, and that, laugh as we might, our voices were faint with the tremor of tears, and our hearts were sick with sorrow.

In a few moments the baroness quitted the room; I followed her, and we went together to the conservatory; but no sooner had we reached that bower of bloom than she sent me back with a message to Cora.

I ran across the garden and up the walk, intending to enter the drawing-room by one of the low windows that gave upon the terrace; but when I reached it, I paused abruptly. There stood my sister by the marble table in the centre of the apartment, and before her was the count, and he was speaking low and eagerly.

Cora's rapid glance must have betrayed my presence, for her companion turned and called to me:

"Come here, Lucie."

I obeyed.

"Your sister consents to marry me to-morrow," he continued, laughing nervously.

"Is it true, Cora?"

Cora smiled, coldly.

"It is not true," she answered. "I shall never marry the Count von Fallersleben."

"Ah, Lucie, speak to her, plead with her, convince her that upon her answer hangs the making or marring of my

life! My God, Cora! I know that I was cruelly unkind and unjust, but tell me that you forgive me!"

"I forgive you."

"And you will marry me?"

"No!"

I threw my arms about my sister.

"Ah, hear him!" I pleaded. "You love him, Cora; surely you cannot be cruel to him!"

"What! Do you befriend him?"

"Indeed, yes, for I like him. See now, darling, why can you not try to forget and forgive? It would be wiser and kinder and better."

"You are a foolish child!" she answered, calmly, unloosing my clasped hands. "Go; this is no place for you!"

"Stay!" commanded Von Fallersleben, harshly—"stay and hear her final decision. Now, Fraulein, do you really mean what you say?"

"Before Heaven, I mean it!"

"That is all, then. It is I who will go. Lucie, little friend, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you would have done. Fraulein, I wish you all happiness!" And, turning sharply upon his heel, the count quitted us.

As the door closed upon him, my sister uttered a faint moan, and tottered back.

I sprang to her.

"Cora!"

"It is nothing," she murmured, a wan smile parting her bloodless lips—"it is nothing. My head aches, and—go away now, dear, and let me be here alone for a few moments. Don't speak to me, please; not yet. I want to be alone, Lucie."

"But what shall I say to the baroness?"

"Tell her that I will be with her presently. Go, dear."

She kept her word; she came to us presently, her own sweet self again.

THAT afternoon I was made supremely happy by a letter from Adolf. It was this happiness, perhaps, which made me so hopeful for my beautiful sister. As for the count, I confess that his manner astonished me. Never had he appeared more affable and courteous. He chatted with our hosts, laughed with me, and was pleasantly attentive to Cora—so attentive, in fact, that the councilor more than once gave me a covert nod and smile, as much as to say:

"I told you so; only a lovers' quarrel, you see; but the sky is clearing off now."

Soon, however, something transpired that served to recall all our former discomfort. Madame von Achen had sent Theckla for another ball of that inexhaustible white worsted, and the girl had just brought it in, and was turning away, when there came a crash, followed by a scream. A rusted helmet had become loosed from its fastenings on the wall, and fallen at the count's feet, and Theckla had uttered the cry.

"Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed the councilor, "are you hurt?"

"No; but that ugly spike might have done serious mischief," answered the other, nonchalantly.

"*Might* have? You are mad! Why, it *has* wounded you!"

"A scratch," said Von Fallersleben, wiping the blood from his face; "it is nothing."

"Are you sure, count?" asked the baroness, anxiously.

"Very sure, madame; I——"

"Come with me," interrupted the councilor. "I am quite a physician. No, stay where you are, my dear"—this to his wife, who was following them—"stay where you are; I can do all that is necessary."

So they went, and we women were left alone. For a few moments there was a sullen silence, Madame von Achen's knitting-needles clicking very nervously, and with ominous rapidity. The good soul always worked fastest when most excited. Presently she spoke:

"Go to your room, Theckla!"

The tone could not be mistaken. It was one of stern reproof, and the little maid's cheeks grew crimson; her eyes filled with tears. But her obedience was not prompt enough to please my sister, who turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Do you not hear, girl? Your mistress orders you to leave us!"

"Cora!" I exclaimed, unutterably shocked at this most singular exhibition of temper.

"Go!" still more imperatively.

"Leave us, Theckla," said the baroness again, and this time her mandate was unresistingly obeyed.

Then the sullen silence fell once more, for, without a single word regarding the strange scene which had just been enacted, Madame von Achen resumed her knitting, Cora her reading, and I my dreaming by the window.

AT dinner that day, the councilor announced the expected arrival of another guest, even Prince Carl von Lichtenstein. The good old man's manner at the time was singularly embarrassed, although he evidently intended it to be utterly unconcerned.

"Ah, I had almost forgotten," said he, suddenly. "The Prince Carl will be with us to-night."

But two persons appeared to hear this for the first time. One was the count; I was the other, and I detected the count's surprise by the vivid flush in his swarthy cheeks. He said nothing, however; neither did I. As for the baroness and Cora, it was easy to see that they were fully prepared for this announcement.

So, very little indeed was said about Prince Carl, and a few hours later he arrived. A man of forty-eight, fair, tall, vigorous, tolerably good-looking, of easy, agreeable manners, yet somewhat deficient in dignity, an excellent companion, benevolent and gay in disposition, always satisfied with everybody and everything—such was Prince Carl von Lichtenstein. He was very wealthy too; yet, although by no means a genius, he had had practical wisdom enough to elude the plans of ambitious mothers and cunning daughters, preferring to use the little wit that Heaven had given him, and choose a wife for himself.

The councilor and the baroness received him with open arms; for, let me say here, that he was a universal favorite. I almost embraced him through sheer gratitude at his coming, while Cora—well, Cora gave him her hand to kiss, and said many gracious, flattering things.

And Von Fallersleben witnessed it all, yet there seemed to be no heart-burnings, no constraint, no jealousy. Only once during the whole evening was there anything like a scene. That was when the prince asked for some music. Complying with this request, my sister and I went together to the parlor, leaving the others on the balcony. But we had barely entered the room when the count followed.

"Cora," he called, softly and entreatingly.

She did not speak; she did not look at him, even, but turned resolutely and went to the piano.

"Cora!"—still in the same low tone—"for the last time I entreat you, in God's name, bid me come to you!"

"Go!" she answered, coldly.

"It is for *his* sake, then—for that man's sake?"

"It is for his sake."

He heard her even tones, but he did not read the utter

hopelessness in her poor eyes; he did not see the deep lines about her rigid mouth; no, he was blind and cruel; this quiet resistance maddened him, and I, who knew him so well, trembled for what might be.

"There, he is gone," I whispered. "Oh, Cora, you are wrong—you are very wrong!"

"Find the music," said my sister, sweetly—"do, my dear child, find the music of that tiresome duet, and let us be done with it as quickly as possible."

When Cora came to my room to kiss me good-night, she said:

"Lucie, why were you so glad to see the prince?"

And I answered, boldly:

"Because I hope that he may ask you to marry him."

"But, unfortunately, the prince is not a marrying man!"

"No matter; one can never tell what may happen. I want you to be brought to reason, and to feel how cruelly you are treating the count, than whom—except Adolf, of course — there is no better person in the world. I want you to see these two men together and compare them; then, if you dare, persist in your sinful obstinacy. The prince! The idea of mentioning him in the same breath with Von Fallersleben! It is ridiculous!"

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 45.

"You little schemer!" laughed Cora. "Good-night, darling. Go, now, and dream of Adolf."

Chapter IV.

The following day passed off drearily enough. Cora had one of her bad headaches, and remained in her chamber. The councilor and the prince strolled away together at an early hour with fowling-pieces and game-bags. The count rode over to Dürsel soon after breakfast, and was absent until afternoon; and even Theckla had obtained permission to visit a young friend upon an adjoining estate. So I was with our hostess during the greater part of the day; but in the evening we were all together in the dining-room.

Ah, how can I write of that evening—that time of pain and horror and piteous despair! It came to us bearing the prophecy of an impending woe—dark and strong and heavy with dire disaster.

As soon as he possibly could, the councilor drew me aside and asked, in a hurried whisper:

"Have you spoken to Cora to-day about the count? Will they become reconciled?"

"She will not hear his name mentioned," I answered, in the same tone.

"Ach, Gott! how will it all end? I wish from my soul that Von Lichtenstein would go. He is a fine fellow; but then, my nephew is——"

"Hush!" I interrupted; "the count is speaking to you!"

"Well?" cried the councilor, turning to his nephew, who had quitted his chair beside the baroness, and was now standing opposite my sister and the prince.

"I wish you to come here. Come, Fraulein Lucie, I have a surprise for you."

We drew nigh.

"A surprise! Let it be an agreeable one, I entreat," laughed the good man.

Yet, despite this little outburst of merriment, his round face seemed woefully troubled, and his manner nervously abrupt.

"I so intend it," was the answer.

Then opening the door behind him, he called to some one without:

"Come!"

And a woman crossed the threshold and laid her hand in his—a woman in a gray gown, fair as an angel, blushing, and altogether lovely. A woman? Nay, a girl—even Theckla, the little maid!

"My wife," said the count, curtly. "We were married to-day at Dürsel!"

A death-like silence followed this announcement. My first thought was for Cora; but she sat apparently quite unmoved, her great blue eyes fixed steadfastly upon the man who had been her lover.

I have seen women suffer since then—I have read of their bitter agonies, but, God help us all! imagination cannot picture nor pen paint the utterly hopeless anguish told in that yearning gaze. I stole to her side; I took her hand; it was like ice.

"Darling!" I whispered, softly.

She glanced at me and smiled; just so the dying might smile; then she turned slowly to the councilor, who had aroused himself from his speechless surprise, and was now crying angrily:

"I do not believe it! It is false! I do not believe it!"

"It is true," answered the count, very calmly.

"Then it is infamous! How dared you offer us this shameful insult? You—one of my blood, to take to wife this servant! Gott in Himmel! but I could find it in my heart to kill you both!"

"Theckla, is it so?" asked the baroness.

"It is so, madame."

"Then you are a cunning jade!" roared my guardian. "And as for you, Herr Count, be off with your minion as

quickly as you can! Never, while Heaven gives me life, do I wish to see or hear of you again—never!"

"Nor shall you, my worthy uncle; be sure of that. Come, dear countess."

"Dear countess, indeed!" continued the infuriated man. "Let me tell you, Theckla Dahl, that, cunning as you are, you have never deceived me; I suspected something like this; I knew there was treachery afloat; I——"

"Cease!" cried Cora, rising slowly, and speaking with strange calmness—"cease, I pray you, dear friend. They must not say that they were driven hence without one word of cheer and comfort. There are, at least, two persons here who will congratulate you, Herr Count, and you, Madame von Fallersleben."

Prince Carl had approached her as she spoke, and now he took her extended hand.

"There are two who will congratulate you," said he; "my wife and I. My friends, permit me to present to you the Princess von Lichtenstein. *We* were married the day before madame and her sister left Vienna for this place!"

What did we say? What could we say? Looking back at that time, it appears to me now that we moved and spoke like people in a dream. The very world seemed not the same world then as before; it was only a horrible void of suffering and despair and delirious sobbing.

"I suppose that it is all as it should be," came the councilor's voice, at last, but it sounded husky and constrained—"all as it should be; still, I cannot understand it."

"I can," laughed Von Fallersleben. "There is nothing in it so difficult to understand. Madame was selfish with her great happiness, that is all. We receive her congratulations, however, and offer ours in return. Come, my dear wife, we really must break from this charmed circle. Adieu, my friends—again adieu."

"In Madame von Lichtenstein's name, I thank you, count."

The prince said this, but I did not hear the answer; for Cora, slipping her hand from her husband's arm, came toward me.

"How could you have deceived me?" I whispered, holding her to my heart and raining kisses upon her. "How could you? Oh, it was cruel!"

"All things are cruel," she sighed, and then her head fell heavily upon my shoulder, and, but for my embrace, she would have sunk upon the floor.

"Help!" I shrieked—"help! She has fainted!"

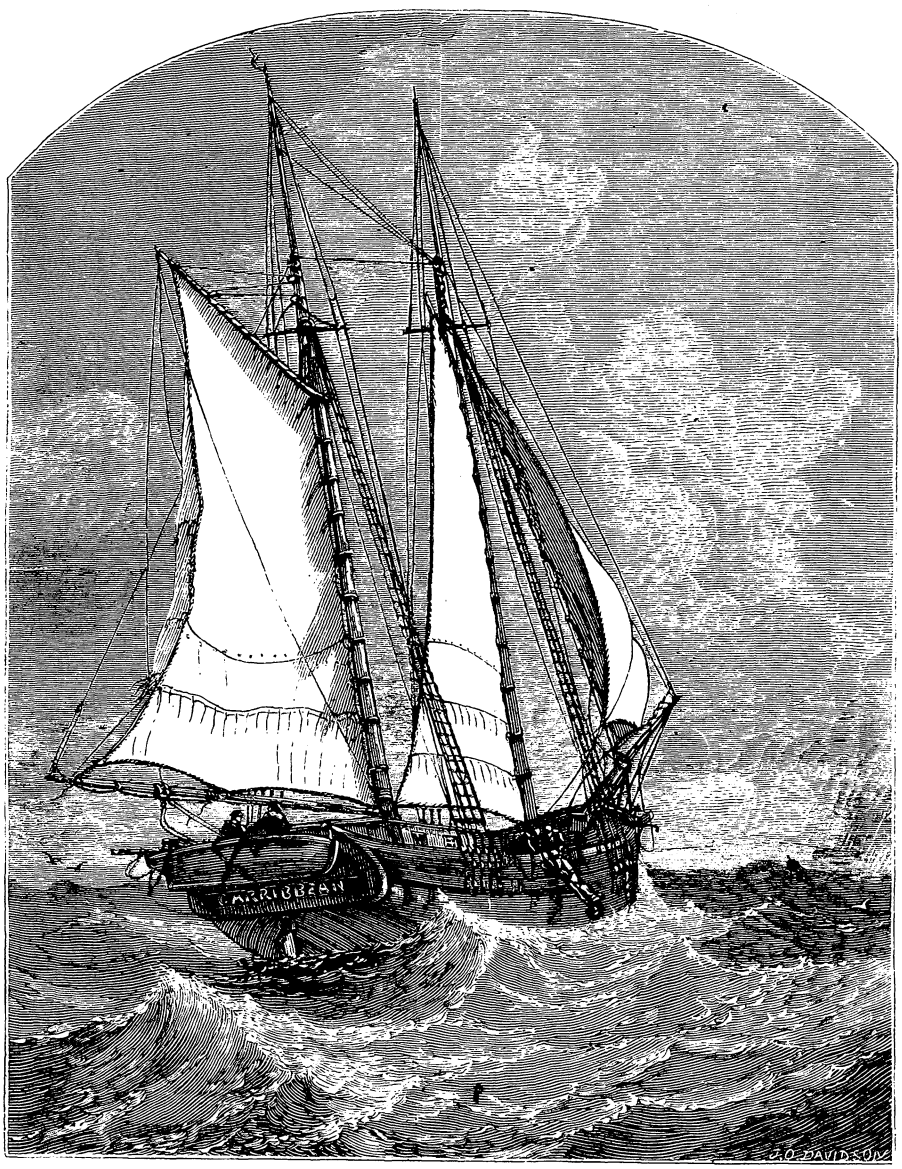
Some one sprang forward and caught her from me. It was the prince; he bore her to a lounge.

"Cora!" he called, excitedly. "Cora! wife!"

"Cora! Cora! Cora!"

I heard the voices; I knew that all were crowding around us; but I did not call—I did not call. I knelt beside her; I held her dear hand in mine; I kissed her poor, cold lips, and even with that surge of bitter agony sweeping my soul, I thought, "Ah, God is kinder than man! He has sent death and peace together to my darling!"

For my sister was dead!



WAS HE DEAD?—"THE BODY OF ABRAHAM SHERRIE, WITH FIFTY POUNDS OF CORRAL ROCK ATTACHED TO EACH ANKLE, WAS LAUNCHED OVERBOARD FROM THE GANGWAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Long years have lapsed since that weary time at Flensberg. The good councilor and his wife are living yet. I am Adolf's wife, and we are happy; for we love and believe, and he forgets the scorn with which my darling once regarded him, and is very tender with me when I weep for her. The prince lives the life of a recluse. That man's love was a tragedy; his suffering is something horrible.

"I knew all that had passed between her and Von Fallersleben," he said to me when we stood alone beside her coffin. "I knew all, and from her, for she was the purest and most honorable of women, and I loved her with all my soul. Ah, little one!" and his hand slipped down caressingly upon the waxen cheek—"ah, precious one, those clever doctors may tell us of that treacherous heart-disease, but we know better, thou and I! Thine was a broken heart—a poor, suffering, broken heart. God pity and pardon us all, dear wife!"

As for Von Fallersleben, he is a man of the world—proud, violent and reckless; not a bad husband, perhaps, but not a devoted one, surely. And yet he loves Theckla as much as he is capable of loving any woman now.

And she? Ah, with the story of her daily life, its wants, its hopes, its bitter, bitter disappointments, we have nothing to do. She is a good woman; even the old councilor and the baroness have been brought to acknowledge that, and to receive her again. Certainly her life is as pure as holy charity can make it; but, is she happy? Nay, that only can God know.

THE STARLING.

THE common starling is a handsome bird, with bright, purple-green plumage, tipped with buff, and reddish-brown quill feathers. It has great vivacity in its movements, and elegant form.

They assemble in vast flocks, choosing in preference some fenny district, where they perch at night on the osiers and other plants that grow in moist grounds. In their flight they show a strange organization; each flock, no matter how large, seeming to be under the command of a single bird, and to obey his voice instantly. A whole flock is sometimes seen darkening the air, when, at a single call, they disappear, each bird turning so that only the blade of his wing is visible.

They migrate in July, flocks after flocks being seen on their southerly flight. Its nest is very rude and careless, not only in its make, but in its position, little attempt being made at concealment; and it is so talkative that it is sure to tell bird-nesting boys where to look. It feeds on insects, eating great quantities; in fact, the number devoured by flocks of starlings must be utterly beyond human calculation.

The starling is easily tamed, and is a most amusing, as well as graceful, pet. It is an admirable talker, and can be taught to repeat words and phrases nearly as well as a parrot.

We have no starlings in this country; the meadow-larks and grakles being the nearest approach.

WAS HE DEAD?

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF ABRAHAM SHERRIE.

ON the afternooon of March 20th, 1876, as Captain Wroughton, of the schooner *Caribbean*, a San Blas trader, homeward bound to New York, was passing from the Howard House, in Aspinwall, to the office of the British consul at the railroad depot, he was accosted by a man, evidently a sailor, who begged for a chance to work his passage to Jamaica, where the schooner was advertised to stop on her voyage northward. Being a likely fellow, and telling a reasonably plausible story, his request was granted, and he was taken before the British consul—for the *Caribbean* sailed under the flag of that nation—and shipped.

He signed the articles as Abraham Sherrie, inditing his name in a bold but very peculiar hand, and with the initial letter of both given and surname in printed capitals. He wrote with his left hand, having lost the thumb and first two fingers of his right, as he stated, from frost.

The man had evidently been for some time on one of the debauches with which the average sailor signalizes his terms ashore, and Captain Wroughton judged it expedient to send him on board the schooner at once. There, during the remaining couple of days that preceded her departure, he became a decided favorite with the crew, and proved himself an able seaman.

In person, he was a man of less than the medium height, stoutly built, and with arms of disproportionate length and remarkable muscular development. His head was large, and endowed with a shaggy growth of black hair, which thatched a beardless face, strongly pitted by small-pox, and scarred from a knife-wound which had laid open the left cheek from the outer line of the eye to the upper lip. This wound, in cicatrizing, had so contracted the muscles of the face that the corner of the mouth was drawn up, and the position of the nose slightly shifted, lending to the entire visage the resemblance of a constant and most unnatural grin. A remarkable physical peculiarity was that his chest was covered with a dense mat of hair, while the limbs, like the face, were absolutely and naturally as free from any capillary growth as a child's.

Circumstantial as this description already is, it will, with the reader's permission, be even slightly added to. The physical peculiarities of Abraham Sherrie were balanced by more than one mental attribute worthy of note. He claimed to be a native of Newfoundland, but his English was strongly marked by the broad accent peculiar to Somersetshire. His education had evidently been above the common standard of his class, and he spoke French, Spanish and German with remarkable, though not absolute, correctness and fluency, even for a seaman, whose profession usually renders him more or less familiar with strange tongues. A notable personal characteristic was that, although habitually profane in speech, he never swore in English.

On March 24th, the *Caribbean* sailed for Kingston. In making the casting necessary for the dead beat to windward from the Colombian and lower Central American ports to Jamaica, she was caught in a furious norther and blown so far inshore as to sight the palm-trees on Fuerte Islands, off the harbor of Cartagena. The gale, which had continued for over twenty-four hours, fortunately moderated, and allowed her to crawl off shore again, and on the 27th she resumed her interrupted course. During this gale, which was accompanied by constant and heavy squalls of rain, the crew were compelled to remain on deck, and suffered severely from exposure. The only one seriously affected, however, was Abraham Sherrie, who, still unrecovered from the effects of his debauch in Aspinwall, was additionally weakened by the extreme strain, and fell into a low fever, which, in the course of a day, totally incapacitated him for duty.

On the morning of April 1st, while weathering the dangerous Baxo Nuevo reef, one of the seamen who was tending the jib-sheet looked down the forecastle hatch and saw Sherrie on the floor at the foot of the ladder. He was lying on his face, with one arm doubled beneath his chest, and the other wound about the bottom of the ladder. Supposing that he had attempted to get up and had fallen, the sailor, as soon as the schooner went in stays and released him from duty, went below to his assistance, and found him dead,

Death, or—to use a phrase more appropriate, perhaps, in view of the character of the subject—suspension of animation, must have occurred some hours before. The

limbs were rigi and the flesh quite cold. The skin, naturally, and even during illness, florid, was faded to the dry texture of parchment; and the eyes existed merely as yellow balls, the pupils having been rolled up under the eyelids until quite hidden. The most terrible feature of the entire figure, however, was the face, on which the hand of death had fastened an awful exaggeration of the remarkable sardonic expression peculiar to it in life, and which in every distorted line seemed to grin into space with a frightful, sightless leer.

At four bells (two o'clock) in the afternoon the *Caribbean* was laid to, and the body of Abraham Sherrie, attired in the scanty suit it had worn in life, and with fifty pounds of coral rock from the schooner's ballast attached to each ankle, was launched overboard from the lee gangway. The body had been laid out on a common light pine plank, and, through the clumsiness of the seamen intrusted with the duty of committing it to the deep, this plank was sent over the side along with its ghastly burden, and they sank together.

As the schooner gathered headway and resumed her course, one of the seamen, who had been watching the descent of the corpse through the clear water, declared that it had slipped its ballast and was rising again. Before this assertion could be verified, the *Caribbean* had gained way before a ten-knot quarter-breeze, and left the scene of the burial a mile behind. All that remained to the San Blas trader of Abraham Sherrie was an appropriate entry of his death and burial in the log-book, and the recollection of it in the minds of his late messmates.

The matter had quite faded from Captain Wroughton's memory, when, in September last, business called him to the British Consulate at St. Thomas. The consul was momentarily absent, and the captain sat down to wait his appearance. On the table at his elbow was a heap of newspapers and documents. One of the former he picked up, when the current of air created by the movement fluttered a couple of the lighter memoranda to the floor. As he stooped to pick them up, his eye caught the signature of one, and some suggestion of familiarity in the calligraphy caused him to examine it more closely. It was affixed to the printed form of a consular instrument noting the committal to the public hospital of a passenger by the bark *Soldene*, from Belize, and was signed by the subject of it himself, Abraham Sherrie. The signature was written firmly and in very curious angular characters, with the inclination backward in the letters common to the writing of left-handed people. The initial letters of given and surnames were in printed capitals.

Again and again the captain studied the document. There, beyond the possibility of a doubt, affixed to an instrument bearing date July 11th, 1876, was the signature of the man whom he had buried, within sight of the white water of the Baxo Nuevo, at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 1st, and after he had been dead at least ten hours.

There was something so unaccountable about the thing that the captain felt a chill creeping through his veins, and the characters on the paper in his hand faded into a picture of the funeral and its attendant circumstances. The man had certainly been dead. The burial was no hasty affair, undertaken without proper examination. He had inspected every circumstance attendant on Sherrie's demise himself, and could have sworn to the fact of his death at the Judgment-seat itself. Besides, if his own powers of discernment needed confirmation, it existed in the fact that decomposition, always rapid in the tropics, had certainly set in before the final ceremony at the gangway.

And yet, here was the name. He might, perhaps, be mistaken in the minor details; but the substitution of printed capitals for the ordinary written characters was a peculiarity scarcely likely to be repeated by two distinct men.

As he turned this over in his mind, he recollected suddenly the remark made by the sailor after the burial—that the corpse had slipped its ballast and was coming to the surface again; and the blood rushed to his head in a fierce flood that set it whirling at an idea—an idea that the entrance of the consul, in company with another gentleman, for a moment put to flight.

After the first greetings, the representative of Her Britannic Majesty presented his companion.

"Colonel Abraham Sherrie!"

"You will excuse my left hand, captain," said the colonel, extending that member; and, with a stare of stupid amazement, the worthy skipper saw that the speaker's right sleeve was empty. "An overdose of your Yankee lead at Fredericksburg ended the usefulness of the other. Why, what's the matter—are you ill?"

* * * * * * *

When the captain had regained sufficient of his normal composure to speak, he extended the mysterious paper which he still retained in his trembling hand.

"Is that your signature, colonel?" he asked, huskily.

"Yes, of course. I landed here with such a bad fever that I preferred the regular attendance of a hospital to the chance treatment of a hotel. I only weathered the sickness finally two weeks ago."

"Do you know any one who writes like that?"

"No—yes, by Jove! I knew one man who wrote by £5,000 too much like that, and practiced at the bottom of my checks. He was superintendent of my logwood cuttings in Honduras. A queer, ugly fellow, smart as a steel-trap, who had been a little of everything in his time, and whose acquaintance I made while in the Confederate army. He cleaned out my bank-account in Belize while I was in England last year, and cleared out on a coaster for somewhere. I came on his track in Aspinwall last Spring, but haven't heard of him since."

The riddle was solved. Casting about for any name but his own, the mysterious seaman had taken one which he knew, and in writing it had, probably involuntarily, imitated the signature from the consequences of a previous imitation of which he fled.

"It's a queer story, as you say," the speaker went on, after the slight pause which succeeded the conclusion of his yarn, "but a true one—at least, as true as sailors' yarns usually are; for Captain Wroughton spun it to me himself, three months ago, in this very galley."

GAMES.—Dice were known to the Lydians 1500 years B.C. Perseus is credited with the invention of quoits, and the Hindoo Tessa with that of chess. Ardschio, King of Persia, invented backgammon; Palamedes draughts; Pyrrhus tennis, and the Greeks the noble game of goose. Loto is a comparatively recent discovery, due to an Italian, Celestino Galiani, in 1753. Dominoes owe their name to the piety of a monk who originated them, and who was happy to pronounce a holy word while taking his amusement; and it is a nun who is believed to have invented both the game of battledore and shuttlecock and the catgut racket used in playing tennis. Excavations at Hissarlik, the presumed site of Troy, have brought earthenware "marbles" to light; and those at Pompeii have yielded a number of jointed dolls in ivory, which prove that the custom of giving costly toys to children is not one of modern development.

THE COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF MADAME MACMAHON.

THE world never grows tired of singing the praises of heroic women; but it, perhaps unwittingly, does much injustice to many stirling representatives of the sex. Stories of deeds that have been characterized by extraordinary bravery, although so ancient that intervening time has absorbed the outlines that gave authenticity to them, and required of the imagination an entirely new setting, more or less improbable, are narrated and heard as if they were messages from wonderland. And the good, brave, hardy and virtuous, looking upon the seething of elements destructive to harmonious society of the present time, fold their arms, and join an innumerable host in sighing for the grand old days.

Such narratives, like fair wine, undoubtedly increase in attractiveness with age; but when they seize and hold the thought to the exclusion of later revelations of equal courage, they may do considerable violence to our sense of gratitude and honor.

True merit is generally modest; therefore many circumstances, in which woman has proved herself a heroine as grand as any in the centuries that have passed, must remain unsung during the life of the actor.

THE COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF MADAME MACMAHON.—"THE DELIRIOUS CROWD FELL UPON THEIR KNEES IN THE ILLUMINED SNOW AS HELOISE DE MORIN EMERGED SWIFTLY FROM THE BUILDING, BEARING THE TERRIFIED CHILD IN HER ARMS."

It has been said that no one is competent to judge a busy life under a hundred years from its close. Certain it is that, to impartially criticise a fully rounded career—to study both the influences it derived from, and those it exerted upon, contemporary matters, the reviewer must await the lapse of many years to enable systems and principles to become either established as practical and true, or dissolved as erroneous and unwise.

But there are heroines living in our own times—women who have created practical and sadly needed reforms; women whose souls have been sorely tried by circumstances surrounding them: women who, had they lived in the "good old days," would have been voted the laurel wreath, the triumphal entry, the towering and eulogistic monument. They embody moral as well as physical courage. The story of their lives proves fully as attractive now as those of the olden time, because their hands may still be grasped and their encouraging voices still be heard.

The career of Madame le Marechal de MacMahon, wife of the President of the French Republic, besides being illuminated by an act of the most remarkable courage, is full of instances of the conduct of a brave and determined woman.

In the year 1838, she was a student in the famous female seminary at Limoges, France, one of a large number of edifices there devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church. At about midnight on the 1st of December, the building was discovered to be in flames. A vast quantity of light and wooden materials contributed to the greed of the fiery tongues, and the destruction was, accordingly, so rapid, that the priests and nuns, aided by the villagers, had scarcely sufficient time to take from the building the sleeping inmates.

The firemen police, and many officers and men attached to the garrison, hastened to the spot, and found the rescued inmates, attired only in their night-dresses, grouped in the snow in front of the burning building. While the children were bewailing the loss of their little trinkets, the priests and sisters endeavoring to pacify the frightened ones, and the crowd of men working to save neighboring structures, the cry was suddenly raised: "Save her! Save her! Oh, save her!"

"Who? Where? They're all out, ain't they?" were excitedly asked.

"No! No! Oh, Holy Mother! Little Louise de Bailly is still in the house. Save her! Save her!"

For a moment all the spectators appeared paralyzed. Then the men drew nearer, as if about to attempt a rescue, when the heat of the fire drove them back.

A second cry arose:

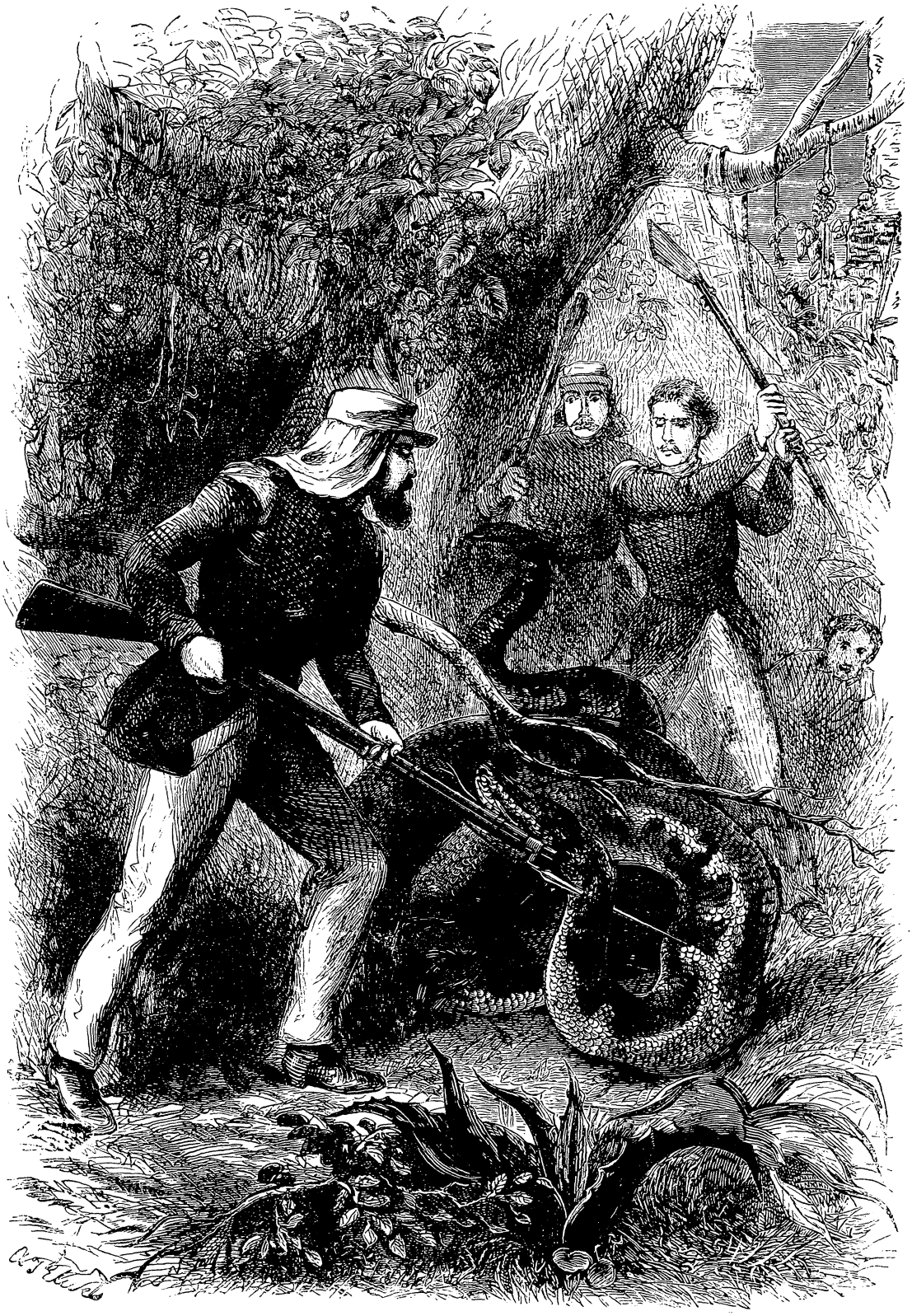
"Will no one even try?"

And as a frail girl, with flowing blonde hair and fluttering nightdress, pushed her way through the frenzied crowd toward the broad steps of the seminary, an hundred voices shouted:

"Don't risk your life! It is sheer foolishness! You can't get in!"

"But I'll try," she replied; and, making the sign of the cross as she flew from the group of children, dashed through the doorway.

prayed with thrilling earnestness for two souls. Several soldiers essayed to ascend the steps, but their courage failed before that roaring furnace.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR. —SEE PAGE 54.

Many moments of excruciating suspense ensued. The spectators knelt, and, with closed eyes, lest they should witness the fall of the devoted girl into the chasm of fire,

As suddenly as the first cry of alarm had been sounded, a loud hurrah that was prolonged to the echo, only to be repeated again and again, rose loud and strong above the

crackling of the flames. "See—she comes! She has saved her! Glory, glory! Make way there! Stand back! Off with your hats! Down on your knees!"

And, heeding the last injunction, the delirious crowd fell upon their knees in the illumined snow as Heloise de Morin, bearing the terrified child in her arms, emerged swiftly from the building.

Shout after shout rent the air. Every one, from priest to peasant, was anxious to at least touch the scorched garment of the heroic girl.

In vain did she endeavor to escape the plaudits and homage. It was only with great difficulty that she succeeded in gaining the home of a poor woman she had frequently befriended.

A temporary structure was immediately prepared for the inmates of the burned seminary, and matters soon settled down to their usual routine.

About two months after the fire, an officer reached Limoges from the King, Louis Philippe, bearing a gold medal, which the monarch desired to have hung about the neck of the heroic girl as a reward for having saved a human life.

One of the most absorbed witnesses of the simple ceremony performed by M. Sarreguin, in the presence of the royal messenger, was Captain Maurice MacMahon, who had recently received the Cross of Honor for bravery at the taking of Algiers. He begged an introduction, and then made a formal request to Heloise's father to pay her the attentions of a lover.

M. de Morin was one of the wealthiest and proudest noblemen of the country. Directly his daughter added her supplications to the request of her lover, then thirty years old, her father haughtily informed her that he had already chosen a husband for her. This roused the girl's independent spirit. She declared she would marry no one but the captain.

Her father then made inquiries about the habits and family of the officer, and it cannot be true, as some narratives assert, that his continued opposition was due to the comparative poverty of the suitor.

MacMahon, as early as 1832, was in possession of a fortune yielding him from 30,000 to 50,000 francs per year. He was living in a degree of luxury that excited the jealousy of his comrades, especially when he used to display his splendid thoroughbred horses on the parade-ground while his general rode a very ordinary steed.

Perceiving the envy and discontent of his brother officers, the captain determined, through an act of munificence, to put an end to the misunderstanding. Accordingly, on New Year's Day, 1832, his twelve English horses stood in the stables of twelve captains of the Twenty-third Regiment of Infantry, then at Dijon, and in the saddle Captain MacMahon's request for the acceptance of the horse. This gift cost him 50,000 francs.

His intentions, however, were misinterpreted; jealousies increased, and the Minister of War ordered a report upon the affair, particularly bearing upon the source of the captain's wealth. The matter was allowed to rest three years, when MacMahon was suddenly ordered to Africa. For his courage in the storming of Constantine he was created an officer of the Legion of Honor, a grade that had never before been granted to so young a soldier.

Through the influence of M. de Morin, MacMahon was, shortly after the fire, again ordered into Africa. The lovers were secretly betrothed, and, in spite of the efforts of Heloise's father to intercept letters, they corresponded quite regularly during the three years' separation.

In 1842, MacMahon, who had, as usual, greatly distinguished himself in the campaign, fell heir to another handsome fortune, upon receiving intelligence of which, Monsieur de Morin's heart underwent the softening process, and he gave his consent to the execution of the betrothal.

In 1844, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Maurice MacMahon was married to Heloise de Morin, and with his bride returned to his African service. He was rapidly promoted in the army by the late Emperor Napoleon, and was created a Senator of France and Duke of Magenta.

On the 24th of May, 1873, he was elected President of the French Republic, succeeding Monsieur Adolph Thiers, and, through the efforts of Madame MacMahon, over $20,000,000 were collected in various countries for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous floods of the Gironde.

THE SABBATH BELL.

By Eliza Cook.

Peal on, peal on—I love to hear
The old church ding-dong, soft and clear!
The welcome sounds are doubly blest
With future hope and earthly rest.
Yet, were no calling changes found
To spread their cheering echoes round,
There's not a place where man may dwell
But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when Winter's song
Howls like a famish'd wolf along;
Or when the south winds scarcely turn
The light leaves of the trembling fern—
Although no cloister chimes ring there,
The heart is called to faith and prayer;
For all Creation's voices tell
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour
In gentle, calm or headlong roar.
Let the vast ocean be thy home,
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam;
In rippling swell or stormy roll,
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul;
And thou shalt feel the hallow'd spell
Of the wide water's Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedge-row spray,
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom,
The owl amid the cypress gloom—
All sing in every varied tone
A vesper to the Great Unknown;
Above—below—one chorus swells
Of God's unnumber'd Sabbath bells

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR

"Ay, ay, sir; I've had a taste o' things in my time, too, and they ain't none so pleasant, neither, not till you gets used to 'em—are they, now? But the queerest scrape o' that sort as ever I got into was just after we fust went out, and this was the way it happened:

"D'rectly we got into Bombay we was packed off up country, part by rail and part on foot, till we got to our new quarters—a little bit of an outlyin' station on the upper Ganges, with a crackjaw name as I can't recollect, and couldn't pronounce if I did. And a sweet place it was, by jingo!—all mud barrin' the trees, all trees barrin' the mud; and all musquitoes together. Then, by way of makin' things nice and comf'able, we got there just in the height of the hot season; and, as if that warn't enough, we'd just had new shoes sarved out to us, and mine was so jolly tight that I felt just like standin' on tiptoes in a teacup.

"Oh, didn't I just wish myself back in old England agin, nineteen times a day! But, d'ye see, if a man wants to have everything cut out soft and smooth for him, he's no call to give the sarvice at all; and if he does, his best game's just to grin and bear it—and so did we.

"But there was one man among us didn't seem to mind it a bit, and that was our commanding officer, Major the Honorable Edward M——, as maybe you've heered on. He got his step in time o' the Sikh war, at Sabraon, where all the senior officers o' the regiment was bowled over all at once; but he didn't get nothin' more nor what he deserved —no, nor half as much, neither. He was a man, if ever there was one, and as good an officer, and as kind-hearted a one, too, as ever stepped in shoe-leather. Why, bless you, it 'ud ha' done your heart good to see him, in the middle of a thunderin' hard day's work, when everything was a-goin' wrong, and we was all gruntin' and growlin' under our breath, turn round to us with as jolly a face as if he'd been a-eatin' of his dinner, and say: 'My lads,' he'd say, 'this'll be somethin' to laugh over by-and-by, when it's all done!' And when we'd see him so jolly over it, and pickin' out the very worst o' the work for hisself, 'stead o' shovin' it all upon us, like some as I've seen—him as had been reared, so to speak, on the fat o' the land, and fed with a silver spoon, like—we couldn't, for very shame, hang back and make faces over it. My chum, Tom Jackson, used to say as the major freshened us up more than a double ration o' liquor all round—and he did, too, and no mistake. For, mark ye, we privates ain't such precious fools as some folks make us out. We can tell what sort o' man we're under, as well as any 'oss with his rider; and when we feels as there's a man over us as can remember that we're flesh and blood like hisself, and treat us like men, and not like dogs, we'll go anywhere and do anything for him—blowed if we won't!

"Now I should tell you, sir, as one o' the major's ways was gettin' up as early as early could be, and goin' all over the place afore sun-up; and no matter how late he might ha' been the night afore—when there was a jollification at mess, or anything o' that sort—as sure as mornin' came, there he was, as fresh as a cricket, and never missin' a bit of his round. For, d'ye see, he was that sort o' a chap that he'd never be satisfied without he'd seen, with his very own two eyes, as how everything was a-goin' as it should be; and I wish there was more of his sort about, I do.

"Well, one mornin', when the sun was just a-peepin' over the tree-tops, and everything still cool and pleasant, I sees the major a-comin' back from his walk; but, 'stead o' goin' at a good, steady pace, like he gen'lly did, he was a-spankin' along like any postman. And in he comes among us, hot foot, and sings out:

"'My lads, I've got a job for you. Six of you take your arms and come with me.'

"We all on us came for'ard at once, for we knowed as he wouldn't send us nowhere where he didn't mean to go himself; and when men once know that, you can lead 'em anywhere.

"He picks out me and Tom Jackson, and four more, and away we goes with sloped arms, like on parade, and him a-leadin' on us.

"As he hadn't said nothin' 'bout what work he wanted us for, I warn't quite sure if it 'ud be right to ax him; but he'd spoken to me several times already, off and on, and I knowed him for one as 'ud always give a civil answer to a civil question; so, when we'd tramped a spell without a word spoken anywhere, I says:

"'Axin' your honor's pardon,' says I to him, 'what is this here job as we're bound on, if I may make so bold?' says I.

"'Well, my man,' says he, 'it's nothing very glorious,' he says, 'but there'll be some fighting in it, for all that. The fact is, I've spotted a big snake close by here, and I don't choose to have him loafing about the place, and perhaps snapping some of you up when you're not thinking of it; so I just mean to settle him at once. He was asleep when I saw him, so if we can finish him before he gets his nap out, so much the better.'

"At that we all grinned like anything, thinking it no end of a spree; for you see, after stickin' in this out-o'-the-way hole so long without a bit of fun, anything in the way of a lark was reg'lar nuts to us.

"So for'ard we went, briskly enough, all round the cantonments, because the scrub had been cleared away, and we had plain ground to walk on. But when we got to the edge of the jungle, where there was a path cut, as it might be, 'bout the breadth o' that 'ere little table by the window yonder, the major pulls up for a minute, and says to us, says he:

"'Now, my men, you must be as quiet as you can; for if we can pin this beggar before he wakes up, we shall have an easier bargain of him.'

"Well, of course, when the major give the word we all closed our talking-traps, and began to force our way through the bush. If you've ever been out there, you don't need me to tell you what an Indian jungle is. We were all pretty well used to the work, and made our way through with no more noise than we could help.

"The major, as he always did when there was any danger afoot, went on first. We had advanced several yards, and was beginning to think there wasn't any snake there, when all of a sudden we heard a sharp hiss, and the next moment an immense boa-constrictor made a spring for the major. The major was too quick for him, however, and jumped aside, giving the serpent a blow with the butt-end of his rifle. I've seen some pretty large specimens of the serpent tribe in the course of my travels, but I can tell you that one beat them all. He must have been over fourteen or fifteen feet long, and his shining, speckled body was thicker than a man's thigh.

"We were all pretty well scared, I must say; but of course we weren't going to go back on the major.

"After the serpent got that blow on his head, his eyes seemed to light up as if they'd borrowed some of Old Nick's fire. Coiling himself up like a wheel, and hissing in a way that showed he meant business, Mr. Boa-constrictor made ready for another spring.

"The major knew his tactics too well to wait for the second attack. Grasping his rifle, with nerves as strong as the steel of a bayonet, he made one jump forward, run his bayonet through the serpent's neck, and pinned him to the ground.

"Perhaps there wasn't any hissing and squirming—oh, no! But it wasn't any use, for the major held him there, and before he could squirm himself loose we were atop of him, clubbing him right and left. We had a pretty hard job of it, but we fixed him at last, and you may be sure we weren't sorry when we saw him give his last squirm.

"After we had got through the morning's work, we carried the body to the camp, and you ought to have seen the men open their eyes when they saw it! The doctor took his hide off and stuffed it, and the major hung him up in his quarters, where he didn't make such a very bad ornament, especially to them as had anything to do with the killing."

LOVE awakens love; and a cold and heartless education usually produces a pupil of the same character.

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES IN ETHEL CLINTON'S LIFE.—"'ETHEL!' HE CRIED, PUTTING OUT HIS HAND AND STOPPING HER IN HER WALK, 'WHAT IS THIS I HEAR? ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY MR. LIVINGSTONE?'"

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES IN ETHEL CLINTON'S LIFE.

By Lillie Devereux Blake.

Christmas Eve and yet how bitterly cold; a clear sun shining redly in the west, the ground hard and black, with no snow to be seen. The bare trees outlining their shadowy forms against the ruddy sky.

In a quiet lane strolled a young couple, youth and maiden, walking slowly and lingeringly, almost as if it had been a Summer evening. The young man—a tall, dark-haired fellow, with a pleasant, good-natured face—looked down at his companion, jealously.

"Ethel," he said, "I don't half like the idea of this Mr. Livingston coming to board with you."

"Why not?" she asked, quickly.

She was a pretty girl—a very pretty girl indeed—despite her shabby dress.

"Why not, Jack?" she repeated, as he hesitated.

"Because I'm afraid he'll fall in love with you."

"With me!" Ethel said, with a laugh. "You are borrowing trouble, Jack; he won't be here for two months; besides, the idea is absurd. I look like it, don't I?" pointing contemptuously to her plain dress. "Why, he is a rich and fashionable gentleman, and I am only a poor, shabby girl; he will see me only as a miserable drudge which I am at home, you know."

"I don't care for that," Jack replied. "You are ever so much the prettiest girl in the village, and he will be with you all the time."

"Be with me!" Ethel repeated, with a sharp laugh. "Why, he will probably take no more notice of me than if I were a bootblack, and for that matter I dare say I shall have to black his boots; ma makes me do all the dirty work."

"Oh, Ethel!" cried the young man, passionately, "if I only had my situation, how quickly I would take you away from all this, and you would come, darling, would you not?"

He seized her hands, and compelled her to look at him. For one moment their eyes met, and hers softened and fell under his ardent glance, then she drew her hands away.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack," she said, but her voice trembled a little. "No use of thinking of the improbable, and I must go home; I am sure it must be five o'clock, and I've supper to get, and ever so much to do for to-morrow."

He tried to detain her, but she hurried away from him, only looking back over her shoulder to cry:

"Don't come any further, Jack. Ma must not see you. Good-by."

He watched, till it disappeared, the slight, graceful figure, then turned away with a long sigh.

Meantime Ethel had hurried to her home, a substantial house just outside the village, where she knew that the weary routine of work awaited her.

Far back in her childhood she remembered her fair young mother, who had died when she was but a tiny girl; but for many years past the place of that gentle creature had been taken by a stepmother, whose rule over poor Ethel had been a hard one from the first.

So long as her father lived, Ethel had some comfort in

her life. He was a gentle and scholarly man, the principal of the village school, and had instructed her in branches of learning beyond what the school routine gave, and in his study she could always find rest and refreshment, comfort and sympathy.

Three years ago he, too, had died, and as with him the chief means of support had vanished, Mrs. Clinton had been forced to take boarders as a means of subsistence for the family, and Ethel had found herself just as she was entering womanhood condemned to a life of perpetual drudgery.

Of course there was Jack Browning. Ethel knew that he loved her; but then he was only a student himself, and now that he had acquired his education as a civil engineer, had been waiting weary months for a situation.

As she drew near the house now, she was confronted by the tall and angular form of her stepmother, who angrily ordered her to her work.

A year passed away, and all this was changed. For, during this year the fairy prince had come—the fairy prince that could take Ethel from all this drudgery to a life of ease and luxury.

It had all turned out as poor Jack had foretold. Mr. Livingston had come to the cottage to board, and had spent months there in the elaborate preparation of some laborious book he was about to publish, and in these months, Ethel, whose appointed duty it was to wait upon the wealthy boarder, had been thrown into such daily intercourse with him as had strangely fascinated this cold and somewhat reserved man.

THE SABBATH BELL.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 54.

He had soon discovered that Ethel had a bright and well-cultivated intellect, and in her companionship he had found a charm unknown to this moment.

His attention had speedily become the theme of village gossip, and matters stood thus between them when one mild Autumn evening, as she was walking out with Mr. Livingston, they met Jack Browning.

As he saw the two approaching, a sudden pallor over-

spread the young man's face, and Ethel, too, grew white as she returned his formal salutation. The conversation she had been maintaining so glibly died on her lips, and she was glad with a great sense of relief when they reached her home.

A terrible restlessness pervaded her; she would not linger on the piazza with Mr. Livingston, but turning away from the house again, strolled down the road. Only a few steps and then Jack was beside her, coming upon her swiftly out of the twilight, with a pale, troubled face.

"Ethel!" he cried, putting out his hand, and stopping her in her walk, "what is this I hear? Are you going to marry Mr. Livingston?"

"What right have you to ask?" Ethel demanded, drawing back a pace, but trembling as she faced him.

"The right of my love!" he cried, passionately; "the right of my own long hope that you would be my wife! Ethel, answer me. Are you going to marry this man?"

"If he asks me, yes," she replied, with a sudden effort.

"Oh, Ethel!" Jack groaned, "and do you love him?"

She shrank away again, and then burst out impetuously:

"Jack, you torture me with such questions! No, I do not love him, but I think he will ask me to be his wife, and I shall marry him. I know you think me a heartless wretch, and I am; but, Jack, I have been so horribly poor! And I hate poverty so! Then despise me if you will?"

"Despise you?" Jack repeated, mournfully. "Ah, Ethel, I love you too much for that."

"And now go," she said, almost fiercely. "I must not see you any more. I—I—cannot bear it!"

A few days after this Jack had gone away to seek for work, his mother said; and the days had gone on and on, until Mr. Livingston, at last, had offered his hand and his fortune to the village girl.

Ethel had accepted them, as she had said she would, and her life from that moment had been changed.

Her lover had lavished upon her beautiful gifts, had insisted that a stout Irish girl should be hired to do the work that had been so hard for her; and Mrs. Clinton, foreseeing the double advantage of being rid of her stepdaughter's support and of winning a wealthy son-in-law, had acquiesced in everything.

And then, as the Winter days came, Mr. Livingston had gone away to New York to prepare a home for his bride, the wedding being fixed to take place on Christmas Day.

Weeks of leisure had followed—long, dull weeks—which, it seemed to Ethel, were the dreariest she had ever known, and now Christmas Eve had come again, and her lover was to arrive that evening.

A terrible restlessness had possessed her all day; she had wandered about the house until her stepmother had cried out in vexation:

"You are as troublesome as a ghost, Ethel, and you look as white as one. What is the matter with you?"

She turned away at this and went up to her own room, and sat down in a big chair before the fire, trying to think.

On her finger glittered the splendid engagement-ring; on the table lay the books and the jewels the man she was to marry had given to her; on the bed lay the soft silk that was to be her wedding-dress.

She took up the sparkling trinkets, and tossed them in a shining heap into her lap, holding them so as to catch the ruddy glow of the firelight.

"Do they make me happy?" she asked herself. "Will ever so many more of them make me happy?"

And then, as if the question tortured her, she flung them down passionately, and, seizing her shawl and hood, wrapped herself in them and went out of the house.

A light snow was falling, and the country all about was wrapped in a great, peaceful stillness.

The gray sky arched down, and the earth seemed hushed to sleep.

Ethel hurried on, walking rapidly; she heard the whistle of the train which was to bring Mr. Livingston, but she would not turn back.

It seemed to her as if she could not meet him, and for one wild moment there crossed her mind a plan of getting on the up-train that would pass soon, and going away somewhere—anywhere—to escape her fate.

Tired out, she turned at last to retrace her steps, and was drawing near her home, walking slowly, as a prisoner might who was going to his doom, when she saw a figure coming toward her through the sand, and stopped short with a sudden catching of the breath.

It was Jack Browning.

He hurried swiftly toward her, his face looking strangely pale and troubled.

"Ethel," he said, very gently, "are you going home?"

"Yes," she replied, looking at him with wide, unhappy eyes.

"I have been sent to look for you," he explained.

"You?" in sharp surprise.

"Yes; I came up on the train just now, and—and there has been an accident!"

"You were not hurt?" she cried, with a sudden anguish in her tone. "You are not hurt, are you, Jack?"

"No, no," he said, soothingly. "But there was some one on the train who was coming here."

"Mr. Livingston!"

She uttered the name in a gasp, stopping short.

"Yes, Ethel," said Jack, putting his arm around the now trembling girl. "As your old friend, Ethel, let me help you, if I can, in this trouble. Try to be brave, dear. It will be hard to bear, I am afraid."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with dry lips that scarcely framed the words.

Jack bowed his head.

"He tried to cross from one car to another, and he fell. As I knew him, they asked me to see about it, and to carry the sad news to you. Ethel, try to be brave, my poor girl."

She was sobbing convulsively now, and yet clinging to him as if her one hope in life was to be sustained by his strength.

He held her and soothed her tenderly for a few moments, and then, with a great effort, she drew away from him, and controlled herself sufficiently to speak.

"Don't pity me!" she said. "Jack, Jack, don't pity me! I am not mourning, as you think, for the wealth I have lost. I am glad, oh, so glad, to be free! I would far rather slave and drudge as I used than marry this poor gentleman whom I have never loved! It was, possibly, wicked of me even to have said I would be his wife. I have repented my sin again and again, for I saw no way by which I might escape. Now—now he has gone, and I am saved from the worse crime of marrying him! Yet I feel as if I were his murderess. Poor gentleman!—so kind and tender as he was! Oh, I am very miserable!" and she burst into another passion of weeping.

Jack was very gentle with her as he led her toward the house. Over there he must leave her, of course. And so, in sorrow and mourning, and in despair, Ethel passed this Christmas Eve.

Another twelve months went by, and the great church festival had come again. Ethel had recovered her health

and somewhat of her spirits, though her manners were more subdued in tone than they had once been, and the old defiant air had disappeared entirely.

For some months past she had held the position of teacher in the village school, earning her own living and helping somewhat to the family support.

She was coming toward her home, and attended by a little group of school-children, all laden with evergreens with which they were going to dress the teacher's house. Ethel led the way into the cheerful parlor, and they were soon all busily employed in decorating the room.

There was much noisy laughter as the task proceeded that converted the pretty apartment into a bower of greenness.

"Now, we must put some sprays about this picture," said Ethel, mounting into a chair to dress the portrait of her father that hung over the mantel.

With loving hands she arranged the branches on the sides, but when she strove to reach the top, her utmost efforts failed.

"Oh dear! If some of you boys were only bigger!" she said, looking down at the little group below.

"Won't I do, Miss Ethel?" asked a manly voice, and Jack Browning's tall figure stood beside her.

Ethel jumped down with a bright blush, as she shook hands with the newcomer, and accepted his services.

The task was soon completed, with his active aid; and the children, after a satisfied survey of the work, bade the teacher good-night and merry Christmas.

"And have you no merry Christmas for me, Ethel?" asked Jack, as the two were left alone together.

"I am very glad to see you," stammered the young teacher.

"But I want something more than that, Ethel. I want a Christmas present. Can you guess what it is?"

He was holding her hands now, and looking down eagerly into her blushing face. "My darling, my darling, I want you!'

ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

For some time past this famous peal of bells, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the City of London, has been undergoing examination in the public interest, and before long the familiar chimes which captivated or consoled a Whittington, and have since charmed many more from time immemorial, will ring out as before.

The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, which, if not originally a Roman temple, as generally believed, was one of the earliest churches built by the Norman conquerors, has been destroyed more than once by storm and fire. It was at one time garrisoned and besieged, and was afterward the scene of an assassination. It was first mentioned as a Christian church in the reign of William the Conqueror. Stow says it was the first in the city built on arches of stone, and that it was, therefore, called St. Mary de Arcubus, or the Bow; although he elsewhere says, but with less apparent probability, that it took its name from certain stone arches supporting a lantern on the top of the tower. By-the-way, the Court of Arches was formerly held in this church, and derived its name from that circumstance.

During the reign of William Rufus the roof of the church was blown off by the wind, and four of the rafters were driven into the ground with such violence that, although they were each twenty-six feet long, little more than four feet of their length was visible—the ground in the neighborhood being then a mere fen. About one hundred years after this event a tumult of a serious nature occurred in the city, which led to the assault upon the church before alluded to. The ringleader was William Fitz Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, who was almost worshiped by the lower orders on account of his exertions as a professed advocate of the poor against the oppressions of the rich. An attempt being made to seize him, he took refuge in Bow steeple, together with various followers; and, being well provided with ammunition and provisions, was able for a long time to defy the authorities. In order to drive him out, the steeple was fired. This had the desired effect; the rioters were made prisoners, and, after a hasty trial, were hanged at the Elms in Smithfield, at that time the usual place of execution. It appeared that Fitz Osbert did not lose his reputation among the people with his life; for it is said that after his death vast numbers of persons resorted to Smithfield, expecting that miracles would be performed, and that they carried away as holy relics pieces of the earth on which his blood had fallen.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The gas shareholders have anticipated mischief for years from the electric light, but hitherto they have always been reassured, partly by the known cost of producing the light, and partly by quasi-scientific statements that it was impossible to divide the electric fluid sufficiently, and that the light, even if produced, would be "disagreeable." They bore, therefore, with serenity tidings of the Jablochkoff "candle," and the Gaiety illuminator, and the Rapieff light, and continued buying gas shares; but recently their confidence has received a very rough shake. The attempts of Russian and French inventors have not moved them much, even though they allowed to their inventions some merit for the illumination of great squares or streets, in which cost did not particularly signify; but a different kind of inventor has stepped into the field, with a quiet announcement of complete success.

Any American who announces a discovery, attracts attention in England, where Yankee babies are believed to pass their time mainly in inventing new rockers; and this was not only an American, but *the* American inventor. The British public is not interested in Mr. Edison as the American public is, does not demand accounts of his pedigree, or histories of his school performances, or details of his habits of life, or sketches of his workroom, but it has about him, nevertheless, one definite and enduring impression: He did invent the phonograph, the little instrument in which human speech, so to speak, may be bottled up for years, and then let loose, although the speaker has been buried and forgotten; and that is, to the British mind, the nearest thing to a miracle any man of science has ever yet accomplished. No invention, we believe, not even Montgolfier's, ever stirred so deeply the popular imagination, or so enlarged the popular faith in the marvels which science might yet perform, and no inventor ever excited a sensation so nearly akin to awe.

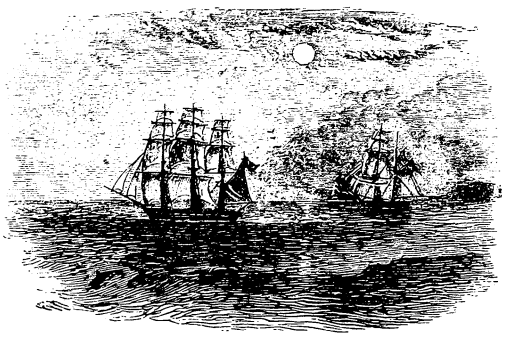
When, therefore, Mr. Edison announced in a letter to his agent that he had solved the problem of the electric light, and could divide it indefinitely, the public believed him, and believed also, which is more curious, a statement attributed to him, but not, so far as we see, authenticated by his signature, that he could produce his light at 15 cents per $3 of gas—that is to say, at one-twentieth the cost of the light now used. Naturally the gas shares in many companies fell from £3 to £17 a share; the only wonder being, considering what Mr. Edison has done, that they did not fall fifty per cent.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you are at home.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Of all the many pleasant resorts familiar to the individual in search of that necessary boon of life, health, Madeira is undoubtedly one of the most pleasant, and at the same time the most beneficial.

This beautiful island is situated on the west coast of



THE HARBOR OF FUNCHAL.

Africa, and, owing to its agreeable climate, it has long been a favorite resort for invalids. The coast line is remarkably regular, there being not a single indentation that can be called a bay. The mountain slopes rise directly from the sea, and are furrowed by deep and fertile valleys. These valleys are watered by limpid streams, and covered with vineyards and gardens, the former being formed on the rocky declivities to the height of more than 2,000 feet.

The water around the island is very deep, soundings being difficult to find, close in shore, under fifty fathoms; but in the roadstead of Funchal the depth varies from thirty to forty fathoms.

A road encircles the island, leading now between tall cliffs, now along bold precipices overhanging the sea.

The expenditure of the visitors forms the only means of subsistence of many of the inhabitants of Funchal.

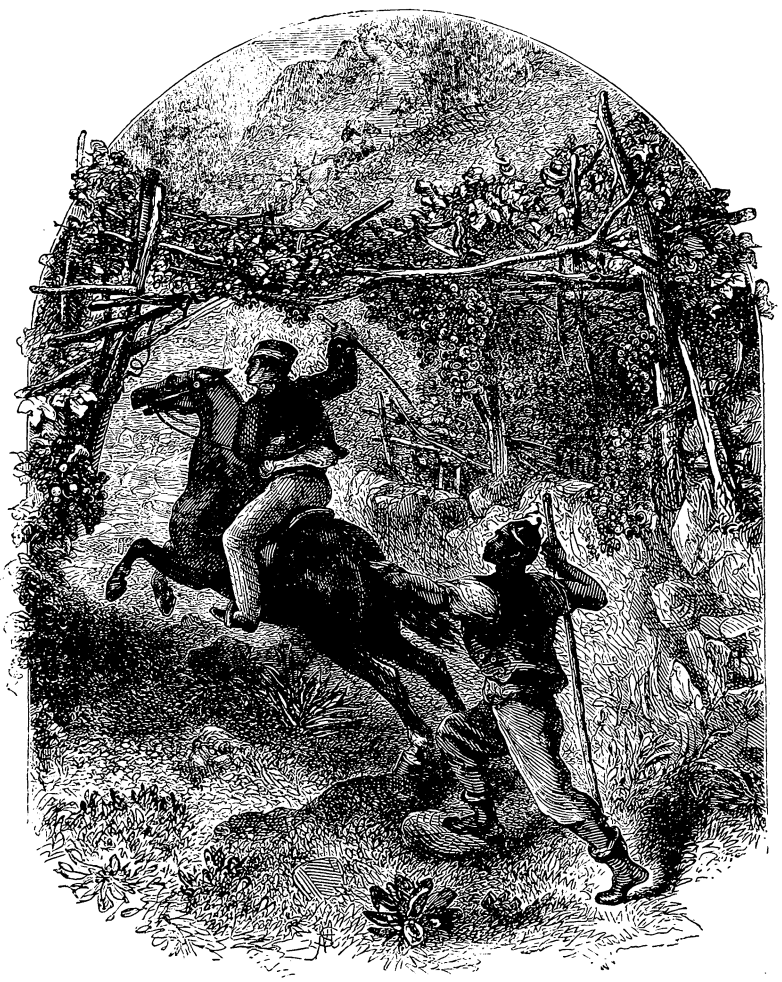
The agriculture is conducted in the primitive Portuguese manner, and with the rudest implements. Vines were first introduced into the island in 1421, and wine was, until the middle of the present century, the staple production of the island. Most of the wine-growers are English, and the chief commerce is with England, whose products are received into the island at one-half of the usual duties.

The people of Madeira are of mixed Portuguese, Moorish and negro descent. The men are well-formed and strong, and the women are not bad-looking.

The seaport town of Funchal—indeed, the only real town on the island—is defended by four forts; and the curious contrast of its beautifully white houses against the never-failing green foliage of the trees gives Funchal such a quiet, beautiful look that the visitor is immediately captivated with it. The streets are narrow, and paved with small stones; and, curious to remark, there is not a single vehicle on wheels in the island. The transport of merchandise or passengers is accomplished by means of sleds drawn by oxen; but invalid ladies and gentlemen are always carried in palanquins carried by two stalwart islanders.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may here state that these last-named conveyances are simply covered hammocks slung on a long pole and carried by two men. One end of the pole rests on one man's right shoulder, while the other end is supported by his companion's left shoulder. The make and decoration of the hammocks vary in the extreme, ladies vieing with each other as to who shall have the prettiest and most fanciful hammock. Some are decorated with lace, others with silk ribbons of divers colors, others still with colored cord. Some have pretty lace curtains, charmingly held back with a piece of blue silk, and others are gracefully adorned with heavy silken curtains; but, as a rule, the bearers have all the same dress—spotless white shirt and pantaloons, straw hats, and no shoes. Of course they have to keep step as they walk, and the movement occasioned by this peculiar mode of conveyance is at once soothing and refreshing.

There are no buildings of great importance on the island, though a large cathedral faces the principal square, and a curious old convent adorns the hills. Of this same convent two words must be said. Ten months out of the year it is surrounded by clouds, for it is so high on the hills that the clouds generally encircle it; indeed, it is known by the name of the Convent of the Clouds. The nuns pass their spare moments in making the most beautiful artificial flowers that it is possible to describe. They are made entirely



GOING UP THE CORRAL.

COSTUMES OF MADEIRA—THE VINE-DRESSERS.

of sea-gulls' feathers, but so beautifully are they dyed and arranged that they vie in beauty with the most delicate productions of an aristocratic hothouse. Beautifully inlaid boxes, paper-knives, etc., are also made out of camphor-wood, and are highly prized by visitors as souvenirs of their sojourn on this delightful island.

Among the pleasures of Madeira are the long rides; and very few officers from the many vessels that call at the island refrain from indulging in a sharp climb up to the convent.

Another remarkable feature of Funchal is the town jail, or "criminal's paradise," as the American and English visitors term it. At a distance it has the appearance of a large hotel—and so it is, but not in the sense that I mean. It stands at the entrance of the Piazza, and is honored by a small guard of soldiers. It has four floors. The first, situated on the ground, is devoted to refractory guests and workshops, and is in a pretty dirty state, but still tolerably comfortable. On the second are located the murderers, and other high criminals; the punishment of death being unknown except for political offenses. On the third floor are the boarders who are in for the term of several years; while on the fourth, in the haven of bliss, or light-term prison, are those happy mortals who have only a year, or less, to serve. This prison, if it may be termed a prison at all, is as comfortable as a hotel. The roof is frescoed, and decorated with united arms of Brazil and Portugal. The room is ventilated by eight large windows, and an iron balcony surrounds the whole length of the room, beautifully freshened by the presence of climbing plants. About forty camp-beds, decorated with snow-white sheets, are ranged in order on one side of the room. Tables spread with eatables and drinkables adorn the opposite wall.

Curious, but true, any prisoner entering this establishment is forced to pay an entrance fee of seven English shillings, and pay for his own board and food during his sojourn in this abode of bliss; if not, his friends have to supply him with food, but then he is allowed to receive anything he likes—wine, books, tobacco, etc., etc. If he is sentenced to hard labor, early in the morning he is marched down to the workshop, and passes the day in smoking, drinking, playing cards and begging.

Yes, begging; for the windows of the workshop open on the street, and during the whole day, one of the gang is employed in soliciting alms for the inhabitants of this model prison. If a man has any money and is imprisoned in this abode, he can have a separate room and enjoy the society of his wife and children, and be as happy as the day is long. The hard labor consists in making baskets, which they are allowed to sell as they like. One old man is the solitary jailer, and he gives the entire charge to his son, a boy twelve years old, who opens all the cells, and has control of the prisoners.

The band plays in the large piazza every Sunday, and the beauty and fashion of the island is to be found promenading under the trees, and enjoying the cool breezes up to a late hour.

The hotels are reasonable in their charges, and without exception the people are hospitable and polite. Taking Madeira altogether, there is no place in the world more inviting to a lover of quiet and enjoyment. Nice, Pau, Baden-Baden, Paris, etc., have all their several advantages, but the rush and tear of the too numerous visitors rob these resorts of the pleasure of a foreign sojourn.

Our illustration represents one of the usual amusements of new arrivals. While waiting to land, they are

COSTUMES OF MADEIRA—A WOMAN AND CHILD.

assailed by a crowd of peddlers of all descriptions, who have put off from the shore in boats, and who board her like a swarm of pirates the moment the anchor is let go. Among these interesting individuals a crowd of small boys make themselves remarkably conspicuous by their clamoring. These young urchins are not to be pacified unless you continue to shower "pennies" into the roadstead. Immediately the coin touches the water, they spring overboard, and simultaneously dive for the coveted coin. Needless to say that an endless fund of amusement is to be found in the never-ceasing quarrels of the aspirants for aquatic gain.

"FRED."

A TALE FROM JAPAN.

FRED was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveler. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed everywhere.

This master, Mr. Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was bound. The captain of the *Georgina* had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young—or Sandy, as he was commonly called—spoke very little, but drank a good deal.

The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or so. In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy blue eyes there was a tender expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening. "Why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered: "Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but, as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided.

From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr. Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered, authoritatively:

"Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa."

Fred was a thoroughbred bull-terrier, snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's. His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head—Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though a dangerous, was not a savage beast.

Fred could smile in his own grim way if his master showed him a bone and said, "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to consume in private an incredible amount of spirits; but in public, his behavior was unexceptionable, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated.

A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of those rough, ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy, half-closed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs.

Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the *bund*—the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbor.

On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it.

If Young staid too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the Japan *Times* to the effect that he had set up in business as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants.

In his way he became acquainted with Mr. James Webster, the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant bookkeeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks.

'I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not like to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visitor. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm, and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a cheroot."

"No, thank you. I leave early to-morrow morning, and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued Webster, who felt a curious interest in the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said, gently:

"No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small—always the same blue sea, the same white Fusy-yama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. You must admit, Mr. Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones:

"I think there must be a typhoon in the air—I feel so weary. I do not think, Mr. Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. Well, good-night. I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-by, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with his eye.

"I thank you again, Mr. Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a *very* good-night." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama; but it came too late to revive poor, weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words, written in a bold hand: "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855 and 1856, and merely signed "Louisa." They were examined carefully, in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-letters—mere love-letters—and contained nothing that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had not been favorable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November and December, 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr. Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr. Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M." and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Meachan Park in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital riding-lessons as from him. He understood horses better than anybody, and that ill-tempered "Blackbird," that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports got up by the officers of the 19th, Fred had thrown the hammer further than anybody, and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well;—Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor, daring Fred" had fallen with "Blackbird" at the last steeplechase, and had broken his collar-bone. Yet he did not give up the race, and came in third! "Mother has insisted on his remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able."

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British Consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr. Alexander Young and a Mr. Frederick Millner had been known there in 1855 and 1856. In due course of time the reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man called Frederick Millner had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honored family, he had left the town in secret, and had never been heard of since.

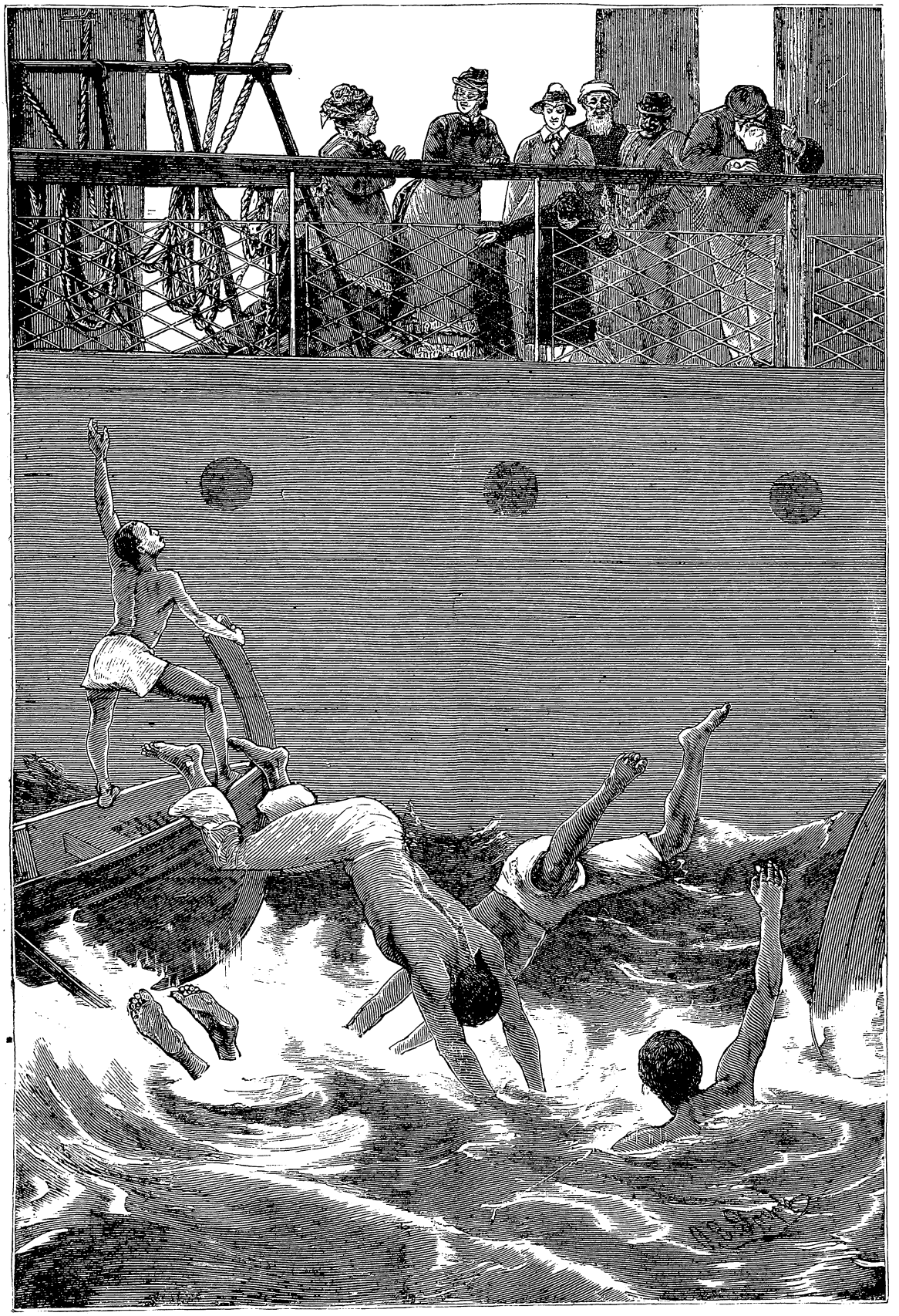
As Alexander Young left no property of any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English Consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings, and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavors, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama."

Sandy's last wish, "Please take care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was *his* dog. His favorite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends.

A year had thus gone by, when the *Georgina* once more arrived in Yokohama harbor. The captain, walking on the *buna* one day, recognized his former passenger, Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared for a few moments to meditate profoundly; but suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain, and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher; he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively.

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunken Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants, and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound, and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama, where a stone with the inscription "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies.



THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.—DIVERS OFF FUNCHAL.—SEE PAGE 60.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"WHEN WATERS ENTERED THE ROOM, HIS MASTER WAS STOOPING OVER THE INSENSIBLE GIRL, TRYING TO LIFT HER HEAD UPON HIS ARM."

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Gilbert Harrington was seated in his library in the twilight of the evening succeeding that which had witnessed Mabel Jordan's departure from her home—her flight would seem the more appropriate expression, so hurried and secret had been her going.

Worn and feeble as Mr. Harrington looked, the face was full of firmness and determination still. Perhaps so miserable an old man did not live, but even in his dying moments he would not admit to his soul that he had erred in asserting that the crime and loss of his adopted son left no void in his life—they should leave none! The criminal should be as dead; nay, more, his very memory blotted out so entirely that no trace of his existence remained.

Suspicious as he was, nothing but proofs as positive as those which he had received could have convinced Mr. Harrington of Ralph Desborough's guilt; yet once forced to admit these, it was natural, with a character like his, that he should believe even his affection for the youth killed at a single blow.

Gilbert Harrington's past had been, in certain respects, singularly unfortunate. As a boy, he grew up under the darkest cloud which can shut a young heart out from the sunshine—the consciousness that in his own father's house he was an unwelcome inmate, an alien from his own father's heart. It ought to sound an impossible thing to assert that a man can hate his own flesh and blood—the child of his own loins; but unfortunately the experiences of life afford us too many examples of such enmity for any person to doubt that it is frequently harbored in human breasts.

There had been bitter trouble and feud between the father and mother, almost from their wedding-day. Their marriage, an affair of interest on both sides, arranged between their respective families, and consented to by the pair because they were too wild against destiny to care what became of them or their future. The girl had loved a man from whom her relatives separated her; Harrington had quarreled with the woman he worshiped, and she had married another out of pique—so in the profundity of their worldly wisdom, their relations devised a match which should unite the fortunes of the young couple, counting wounded, bleeding hearts of too little consequence to suppose that they could interfere to prevent happiness in a union which, so far as worldly advantages were concerned, was most desirable.

The consequences were what might have been expected. The husband and wife, girded against the yoke which bound them, the wife's old lover came back from his Indian exile and brought an element of jealousy into the already wretched home; and that no cause for misery might be wanting, Mr. Harrington learned when too late that the girl he had loved had only wedded another because she

had been made to believe herself scorned and jilted by himself.

In less than two years Gilbert was born, and the young mother died in giving him birth—at least she was allowed to go away from her troubles; but they remained behind to blacken the infancy and boyhood of her son.

When Gilbert was ten years of age, his father married his old love, set free by her husband's death, and a son was born of this union, so welcome, so idolized, that he formed a new bar between the oldest boy and his parent.

It was a wonder Gilbert did not begin by detesting this favored younger brother; but he did not. He loved him devotedly, loved him to the end, though as handsome Danforth grew up, the elder suffered in every possible way at his hands.

Danforth lived to be two-and-thirty, then died, eighteen years before the date at which this narrative began. He had managed to crowd a vast amount of wrong and sin into his life, but Gilbert clung to him always, lavished money and affection upon him, to receive careless ingratitude in return. Before Danforth came to the close of his misspent existence, Gilbert had been jilted by the girl he loved, deceived by his dearest friend, Norman Desborough; in almost every other instance where he had given confidence, had been repaid by treachery, or forced to perceive that he was fawned upon for his wealth.

Positively, as he looked back across the years, he could scarcely count more than two persons who had come intimately into his life without proving themselves either mercenary or false; those two were his cousin Charles Reeves and his servant Waters.

It was slight wonder that, if not an actual misanthrope, he should have long since become suspicious and hard. And now, in his old age, this last blow had fallen—Norman's son, whose childhood he had rescued from penury, whose boyhood he had made bright and beautiful, whose early youth he had filled with benefits and affection—Norman's son had betrayed the viper's blood that filled his veins—had turned and stung the hand which nurtured him.

I have given these brief details of Gilbert Harrington's past as a reason, if not an excuse, for the stern unrelentingness with which he had cast Ralph Desborough off and left him to suffer the consequences of his crime.

When, months before, he had had cause to think that Ralph had deceived him in regard to his debts, he then solemnly warned the young man what would ensue if he was ever found guilty of deliberate, treacherous meanness. That cloud cleared up; he became convinced that Ralph had been animated by a spirit of manliness in keeping silence as to his pecuniary troubles; and perhaps the season which followed, up to the time when Ralph started on his trip to the Adirondacks, might have counted as among the happiest portions of Gilbert Harrington's existence, in spite of the physical malady which had stricken him.

When Norman Desborough forged his name, Harrington had vowed that never again would he pardon a similar crime, no matter who the offender might be; yet I think that had he learned Ralph's fault at the time when the misunderstanding in regard to the young man's debts arose, he would have forgotten his pledge and overlooked the wrong—at least have given him another trial before banishing the offender from his heart and home. But Ralph had had his trial. When Harrington allowed himself to be convinced, and paid the debts, he had said:

"Now, Ralph, I believe you when you say that you did not intend to do wrong in keeping silence; but you did wrong. Perfect sincerity is what I must have. I warn you, if you have kept back anything, if you have not given me every detail of your embarrassments, do it now. See, no matter what you had to reveal, I would forgive it; but if you deceive me in the least thing in this matter, and I ever learn that you have, from that hour I will see your face no more."

And Ralph, usually so impetuous, so imperious, had shown a humility strangely at variance with his ordinary character—had voluntarily taken an oath that he had told the whole truth.

And all the while the first crime lay on his soul, and he had followed it up by a second of precisely the same nature, months afterward—months during which Harrington had been even more tender and expansive than ever before with the boy, because he wished to atone for having doubted him.

In fact, it was the discovery of the alteration of the second check which ruined Ralph. Had there been only one, Reeves would have kept the matter a secret from his cousin; he told the simple truth when he assured Harrington that he should have done so. During all these past months Reeves had felt guilty where Ralph was concerned—had reproached himself with having always been ready to think evil of Norman's son, and had determined never again to be culpable in the same direction. Even when this dishonesty in regard to the first check came to his knowledge, he would have tried to hope that the culprit might reform, he was so young. He would have essayed to render him penitent, and would have accepted his promises for amendment.

But he dared not keep silence when a further investigation brought the second misdeed to light; it became a proof that the youth was utterly hardened and without principle. Emboldened by the success of his earliest essay in crime, he rushed into another; and there was no chance that he would stop there.

Reeves learned through Robert Sloane that Ralph gambled—another vice inherited from his worthless father. Yet, so determined was Reeves not to leave a point personally uninvestigated before making any revelation to his cousin, that he told Sloane he did not consider the fact of his having seen Ralph come out of a gambling-house a proof that he was in the habit of frequenting such places. But Nesbitt had also seen him there; had followed on two occasions and expostulated with him.

Now George Nesbitt's word was equal in the eyes of all who knew him to the oath of most men; but he did not content himself with simple assertion.

"Come with me," he said to Reeves, and together they sought an interview with a person who was the head of the establishment—an establishment perfectly well known to the police, but protected by influence so powerful that the wise city fathers winked at its existence.

The interview was brief, but the elegant faro table keeper fully corroborated George Nesbitt's words.

"You know me," he said to the man.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Nesbitt; I know you very well, by sight. Mr. Reeves, too."

"Your acquaintance with me goes beyond that," said Nesbitt. "I have been twice at your house within the last six months—both times in search of the same unfortunate. On the last occasion I warned you that if you ever allowed him to enter your doors again, I would at least expose you. I might not be able to secure your punishment, protected as you are; but I would expose you at any risk to myself from the influential people who abet you. Is this the exact truth?"

"Yes, it is," the man answered. "I have kept my word—he's never been since."

"You promised me then that if it ever became necessary for me to reveal these facts to the friends of the wretched

young fellow, you would not attempt to deny them," continued Mr. Nesbitt.

"I did."

"Then tell his name now. The time has come when such action is necessary," Nesbitt said, sternly.

"Ralph Desborough," was the reply.

So the links in the chain of evidence were all complete, and Charles Reeves went to his cousin. Nesbitt had offered many counsels; had sent messages by him to Harrington, recommending leniency; but Reeves had not considered it necessary to irritate Gilbert by repeating any of George Nesbitt's pious speeches.

Still, Nesbitt did not content himself with this: he wrote a long, eloquent letter to Harrington, beseeching him to be lenient; warning him solemnly that all men were equal sinners in the sight of Heaven, and that in order to receive mercy one must show mercy; "That whatsoever measure ye mete shall be meted unto you again," and the like.

The letter had arrived this very day. Gilbert Harrington had torn it up without taking the trouble to do more than glance at its contents.

"George Nesbitt assures me I shall have the benefit of his prayers," he said, bitterly, to old Waters, who was standing near him as he read. "One would suppose George thought he had special telegraphic wires established between his office and Heaven. Pottering old philandering philanthropist! let him attend to his charities and his societies, and let me alone! I don't want his prayers; I'll not see him either—and if he comes to the house within the next six months, you may tell him I said so."

Waters could not trust himself to speak: he was too furious toward everybody who had any part in the exposure which had overtaken Ralph. Indisputable as the proofs of his guilt were, Waters would not let himself be convinced.

"I suppose it is true, but I won't believe it," he said, over and over again in his thoughts. "Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Poor Waters suffered more than his master. He had neither stubbornness nor the sense of ill-usage to uphold him; his whole heart had been centred on the youth, and he only wished that he could have died before the awful revelations came. He went about doing his duty; his lips closed upon any reference to what had happened, knowing his master too well to infringe now or later upon his command of silence; but he looked already so aged and worn, that as Harrington watched him he thought:

"It will not be long before he will be taken from me too—not long! Ah well, better to see them go by death than to go as most have gone—rotten limbs that had to be hewed off—eating my heart out with their gangrene!"

Not long after the reception of Mr. Nesbitt's letter, Waters appeared with a telegram from Charles Reeves, to inform his cousin that he should arrive early that evening, accompanied by the young lady and her housekeeper.

Mr. Harrington read the sentence, and handed the page to Waters without a word. The old servant fumbled for his spectacles, scarcely able, even with their assistance, to decipher the message, so blind were his dim eyes from two nights of weeping and pain.

When he had finished reading, he laid the paper on the table by Mr. Harrington's side, took off his glasses, and stood absently polishing them with the sleeve of his coat, with a sort of dreary expectation in his face—a wonder as to what his master would say—how to bear the thought of this meeting.

Mr. Harrington sat quiet; his hands resting on the arms of his chair, his head drooped a little forward, in an attitude very usual with him. Presently he spoke. Waters quite started as he saw the firm lips open; but this was all he said:

"Of course there are plenty of rooms in readiness? Choose those in the left wing; they are the most cheerful."

Waters had known him all his life, but, familiar as he was with Mr. Harrington's marvelous self-control, he could not help regarding him with a certain surprise.

"He might be made of granite," thought the old man; "and because he shows nothing they think he don't feel—he tries to believe he don't; but I know—I know!"

"The rooms in the left wing, Waters," continued his master, glancing toward him, as if thinking his first words had escaped the servant's ear.

"They are all ready, sir," he answered; "I thought they would be the brightest. I've had them airing and fires kindled, for fear they should be chill-like from not being used."

"Of course you have thought of everything," Mr. Harrington said, extending one hand and just touching Waters's sleeve for a second. "Later, M—— later, the young lady can make her own choice, if she finds other apartments in this rambling den which suit her better."

"Yes, Master Gilbert," said Waters; then the two old men—for even at sixty, and numbering ten years less than his servant, Gilbert Harrington's appearance gave an effect of age which would have made any stranger regard the pair as contemporaries—the two old men remained silent for a little. Suddenly Waters said:

"It seems strange—strange!"

"You are threescore, and yet anything in the world can seem strange to you," returned Mr. Harrington, looking at him with a faint, half smile on his lips. "I exhausted the faculty of surprise twice a decade since."

"And I," cried Waters, with a sudden excitement in his face and voice apparent for an instant, like an expiring gleam in spent ashes; "I wonder more and more at life each year I live. It seems stranger and more strange!"

"You ought to be a happy man," said Mr. Harrington. "The ability to have sensations is said to be the height of happiness."

Waters let his hand fall heavily on the table. The gleam on his pallid countenance and the light in his sorrowful eyes brightened.

"Don't mock at me to-day, Master Gilbert," he said; "not to-day. I can't stand it—I can't!"

"I'm not mocking you, Waters," returned Mr. Harrington, and a shade of softness was audible in his tone; "I was only wondering at you—God knows, maybe I was envying you! Well, well, old man, before long you and I will both be gone where they tell us we shall find the key to all these mysteries."

"I hope so—Heaven knows I hope so!" Waters exclaimed. "I'm tired enough of staying here, and so are you!"

"Oh, I? I don't mind, Waters; I'm used to it—used to it."

"There are things I never get used to, or reconciled to; and I won't try—I won't try!" cried Waters, with increasing vehemence.

He was usually the very incarnation of quiet; perhaps not three times in his remembrance had Mr. Harrington ever witnessed in him anything so nearly approaching an outbreak.

"But the things happen, and the world goes on—goes on, Waters," he answered. "You gain nothing by not being reconciled. The end comes at last—no good to fret—the end comes. Let us hope the grave brings peace."

"Then it must bring forgetfulness," said Waters; "there could be no peace without that—no, not in Heaven!"

"It is lucky the long-coated, high-church young curate that the rector has taken to himself does not hear you! What a state of mind the youthful saint would be in!" returned his master, that faint shadow of a smile again flitting across his lips. "He would set you down for a materialist at once."

"Let him wait till he knows what life is, before he tries to judge them old enough to be his grandfathers!" cried Waters. "It is easy to have faith while one is young. Let him wait. When he lives to threescore, he may be ready to say, too, that the greatest good of all would be to fall like the dead tree, and go back to dust, and that the end."

"Sometimes, no doubt, he will feel so; for instance, when he is very tired, as you are to-day, Waters," said Mr. Harrington, with a certain inflection in his voice which was meant as a warning to the old man not to let this unusual ebullition betray him on to forbidden ground.

"I understand," said Waters, with a sort of desperation and defiance in manner and face, replying to his master's tone, not his words. "I understand. I'm not likely to begin crossing you, after these many years, master Gilbert. But after all, after all, if you turned me out, why, it would only be for you to die alone and me to die alone, and we'd both die the quicker for it; that would be all."

"And I at least *should* die the quicker," Gilbert Harrington said; and again he stretched out his hand, took Waters's in his, and then the two old men remained silent anew.

This time Waters spoke first.

"The sun is gone. The room seems chilly," he said. "I mustn't let the fire out. It's easy to catch cold this changeable weather."

He moved on a few steps to the hearth, arranged the fire, dusted the rug, then he said, abruptly:

"To think of her being within reach so long! And we tried so hard to find her, and never could get the least trace!"

"Going back to life's mysteries, eh?" his master replied. "But we soon ceased all inquiries, convinced that mother and child both died. Perhaps it was just as well we thought the daughter dead too—just as well."

"Perhaps it was; I'm not saying it wasn't," said Waters. "Well, she is alive—found! She is coming now; and for the life of me I can't say whether it's a pleasure or a pain—can you, master Gilbert?"

In his turn Gilbert Harrington struck the table with clenched hand, and something of his old energy rang through his tones as he answered:

"It is neither, Waters. It is a duty."

"A duty! a duty!" echoed Waters, in a dull, choked voice; and he straightened himself, leaning against the mantel for support.

"She will come. She will have a home here, if she chooses," continued Mr. Harrington, with restored composure. "Remember, we know nothing yet."

"Ay, she's been all her short life so near us, and we know nothing," murmured Waters, slowly. Then, after an instant's hesitation, he added: "Have you thought, master Gilbert? There's always notice taken of every change. There's always talk—ay, from the servants up to your narrow-shouldered young curate down yonder. They're all alive with curiosity about whatever happens."

"Yes, I have thought," Mr. Harrington replied, sharply. "This young lady, Miss Mabel Jordan, is a connection. She comes to live in my house, to be treated as a member of my family by all who are here; also to serve as my amanuensis——"

"To serve as——" Waters broke down in his interruption.

"Does that seem strange, too?"

Waters hesitated; then burst out, stubbornly.

"Yes, it does! Your—Mabel Jordan's daughter coming to this house to earn her bread! Yes; it does seem strange!"

"Listen," said Mr. Harrington, in a voice of rigidly self-enforced patience. "You will admit that I need such assistance; you have often urged me to employ a secretary. Well, here is one to my hand. Occupation is good for the young, and—and——"

"Yes, yes; you are right—I made a stupid speech," Waters said, as his master paused.

"No—natural. But see here, Waters. The probabilities are she knows nothing. Why let her—why let her even suspect? She is happier as she is—much happier."

"Much!" Waters said, in a tone of such meaning that Gilbert Harrington turned away his head. Presently he looked back.

"That is decision enough to come to for the present," he observed, coldly.

"And you are not vexed with me for asking it, Master Gilbert?"

"Vexed? Am I ever vexed with you, faithfulest of all old simpletons? Except because you will do a great deal more than you ought; feel more than you ought! Haven't you worn your life out in my service—almost the only creature who has kept me from loathing my kind! There—there; what ails us both to behave like two idiots—wasting what little strength we have in useless emotion."

"It was my fault—my fault," said Waters, contritely.

"The fault of your silly heart, you mean, that won't grow ossified as a properly conducted heart would have done forty years ago," retorted his master, with a cynical little laugh.

"I suppose so; I always was a fool!" observed Waters, with an earnest simplicity that was at once amusing and pathetic. "Well, it's not likely I'll begin to change now; anyhow, I don't know that I want to."

"And I am very sure that I don't want you to," said Mr. Harrington.

"Thank you, Master Gilbert!" Waters exclaimed.

"Come!" cried his master. "We have done sentiment enough for once. It is as much out of place at our age as it would be for us to try to play leap-frog. Get along with you, and don't make me as great a simpleton as yourself."

"It is growing dark," said Waters; "I'll tell them to fetch the lights."

He went out and presently returned accompanied by a younger servant bearing two old-fashioned astral-lamps which shed a soft, subdued radiance through the room.

After the footman had retired, Waters stood for a few instants waiting to see if his master would speak, but Mr. Harrington's head had sunk upon his breast, and he appeared unaware of the old man's presence; so Waters stole softly away, and left him to his meditations.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEIR MEETING.

PRESENTLY Gilbert Harrington roused himself from his dreary reverie, in which he was conscious always of his pain, as one is conscious of physical suffering when one has been lulled by narcotics. He took up a book and began to read; he would not yield to the inclination to sit idle and brooding, which, at his age, would so soon grow into a fixed habit too strong to break.

He had always been a great reader, and he had that peculiar cast of mind which makes the student—an ability to concentrate his mind upon his books, even in the midst of care or trouble; at least he had all his life possessed this solace. But he found now, after reading and re-reading a

page, it had been done so mechanically that he retained only a vague impression of its meaning.

"This will not do—will not do!" he said, half aloud. "While I live I mean to be master—first of all, most of all, master of myself!"

Then he went on thinking audibly, with a sort of pity for that self, as if it had been another.

"Well, well, I must not be too hard on the old man—a little time—give him a little time! He is behaving very well; he is decrepid and ailing, but his mind has not gone yet."

Between his attempts to read and that effort to keep from aimless, profitless meditation, nearly an hour passed. There came a soft tap at the door, and in obedience to Mr. Harrington's summons, Waters entered, saying, in an agitated voice:

"They have come, sir! Oh, she is so like——"

"Show them in here," interrupted Mr. Harrington, not wishing to risk having his elaborately studied composure disturbed by any show of emotion on Waters's part, though he did not speak sharply, as another person in similar mood would have done—his voice was cold, not irritated.

"Mr. Reeves would like to speak to you first alone," said Waters.

"Then ask Mr. Reeves to come in."

That gentleman had evidently been standing within earshot, for, as Waters turned and went out, he appeared in the doorway.

"We have got here all safe, Gilbert," he said, trying to speak cheerfully as he advanced and took his cousin's hand. "And how are you?—tolerably well, I hope."

"I am just as I have been for nearly eighteen months," Mr. Harrington answered. "There is never any change nowadays in me."

Old Waters waited to catch the reply; then closed the door and passed down the corridor, muttering:

"Will of iron—will of iron! He'd like to have a heart as hard, but he can't—he can't!"

"I am glad to see you, Charles," Mr. Harrington continued, in the same slow, grave voice. "I don't try to express my gratitude for the great favor you have done me."

"There can be no talk of favors between you and me, Gilbert," returned Reeves, anxiously studying his face to see that Waters's hurried report in regard to his appearance had been correct, for during this absence Reeves had suffered constantly from a terrible dread that before his return the sudden and dreadful blow his cousin had suffered might produce some sinister effect; but apparently there was no change whatever.

"He looks the same, behaves the same," Waters had said, and he did.

"It struck me that, before you saw the young lady, I ought to give you a few details and explanations of what has happened," Reeves continued.

"You are always thoughtful, Charles. Only make them brief! She—Miss Jordan must not feel that I am dilatory in offering her a welcome! But it is well that I should understand from the first moment the whole ground—we can make no mistakes then."

Mr. Reeves gave, in a few concise sentences, such general outlines of Mabel's orphanage and life as he had learned from Samantha Dawson.

"Well, well," Mr. Harrington said, as he paused; "these matters will gradually come out as we make acquaintance. What arguments were necessary to bring her away?"

"None—she was eager to come! I arrived at some crisis in her life which must have been very terrible," Reeves replied.

"Connected with the person against whom I wished to protect her?" his cousin asked.

"Yes; she only desired to get away—anywhere! Samantha Dawson told me all I learned; the subject was not mentioned between Miss Jordan and myself. I know she had an interview with that person while I waited—the last she should ever have, she told the woman."

"So? And he?"

"I had no meeting with him; I found none would be necessary when Miss Dawson had told me the state of mind she was in."

"Better—better!" Mr. Harrington murmured.

Reeves finished his account, adding:

"I am sure she is suffering greatly, both mentally and bodily. She has scarcely spoken during the journey, except when one of us addressed her; but, even preoccupied and evidently unlike herself as she has been, there is a singular charm about manner and voice, independent of her extreme loveliness, which is inexpressibly attractive."

A few more questions and answers; then Mr. Harrington said:

"Now will you bring her to me, please."

Reeves went out of the library and passed along the principal corridor toward the drawing-rooms. Waters had ushered Mabel and her companion into an apartment at the front of the house. Double doors showed a suite of *salons* beyond, lights burning in two or three of them, and displaying a richness of furniture and decorations which would have delighted the most cultivated and artistic taste, and whose appearance struck Samantha Dawson dumb, causing her, for the moment, even to forget her anxiety in regard to her charge.

Mabel sank into the first chair which offered, and sat leaning back with closed eyes; now that the journey had ended and no further need of exertion remained, she felt utterly prostrated.

When Waters came to ask Mr. Reeves to go to the library, and Samantha found herself alone with Mabel, she suddenly recovered her voice.

"Did a body ever see the like!" she exclaimed, in a subdued tone of solemnity, as if speaking in a church. "I feel as if I was asleep—only I couldn't dream anything so miraculous! I swan to goodness, if I don't think we've got into fairy-land, like the stories you used to be so took up with reading when you was little, Mabel," she added, suddenly developing a nearer approach to a poetical fancy than her very unimaginative nature had ever before reached.

She walked about on tiptoe, as if half afraid to move, touched the velvet coverings of the chairs, examined the ornaments on the mantel, keeping up a running fire of remarks the while, in that unearthly whisper which she usually reserved for a sick-chamber.

"Ef the very carpet ain't like a flower-bed! It seems a sin to step on it. Law me, Mabel! jest see them picters—ef they don't look as smooth as sating! Them tables are all marble, where they ain't gold—I've ben enough in Vermont to know marble, though I never see none like that. Why, there's a yaller one! and there's one all covered with birds! Wal, if this don't beat conjuring! And no end to the rooms! There's a lot ain't lighted—I should think not. Oil must cost something in this house."

She passed on to the folding-doors, and peeped into the second *salon;* then, with a little cry, started back to her friend's side.

"Mabel!" she gasped; "there's a woman standin' in there, half ondressed! Oh, dear me, what'll we do? I'm afeared we've got into some awful place, after all. But don't you feel sceered—Samantha Dawson's here! Ef that female belongs to the family, she'll either put her clothes

on or keep out of these rooms when you're in 'em—and I hope she hears what I say, for then she'll know what to depend upon."

Mabel did not hear. Samantha grasped her shoulder, and panted :

"I tell you there's something wrong! I see her—a woman with no clothes, except a black thing that's falling off."

"Hush !" Mabel said, wearily, rousing herself with a great effort to listen and understand. "It is a statue. I have read to you of them—shown you photographs—you must remember."

"What a fool I be !" ejaculated Samantha, sufficiently restored to her senses to feel excessive mortification at her own blunder."

At this instant she heard a step in the corridor. She dropped into a chair, sat erect as a grenadier, holding her umbrella in one hand and her traveling-bag in the other, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the toes of her boots, which stuck straight up in the air ; and Samantha's face was as void of admiration or wonder as a red Indian's could have been.

"Miss Dawson may be green," she muttered, "but she ain't meadow-grass yet, and none of these folks shall find out that I hain't lived among statoos and gold fixin's ever since I could creep !"

Waters appeared again with a tray, on which sat a decanter and glasses.

"I made bold to bring you a glass of wine, Miss," he said to Mabel ; "you look so tired, I am sure you need it."

"We're temperance folks, except it's sickness," said Samantha, rather loftily, before Mabel could speak, looking sternly at Waters, beset by an uneasy suspicion that he might have been in sight before she assumed her dignified attitude.

"I am sure the young lady needs it," Waters said, filling a couple of glasses, "and you too, Miss Dawson."

Waters accompanied the words by a bow which quite subdued Samantha.

"You're very polite. I thank you," said she, and added her persuasions to those of the old man ; and between them they induced Mabel to swallow a glass of sherry.

Samantha even so far violated her principles as to taste the contents of her own glass, and said, condescendingly :

"Sherry wine like that won't hurt anybody "—adding, in her thoughts : "I'll let that old chap see I know what's what as well as another. But I never drunk nothin' like that, not even in Boston. It slips down your throat like melted butter."

When Mr. Reeves came back to conduct Mabel to the library, Waters said to Samantha :

"Perhaps while Miss Jordan is with master, you would like to see your rooms ? They have taken the luggage up-stairs."

Had Samantha heard aright ? was it possible that her ears had not deceived her ?

"Master ?" she repeated.

"Master Gilbert—I always call Mr. Harrington so. I have lived with him since he was a boy," observed Waters. "I'm an Englishman, you see."

"Oh," said Samantha ; but the ejaculation spoke volumes. With a presence of mind upon which she felt she could never cease to congratulate herself, she settled her own status at once. She looked at Waters with a very grand air, and said : "Mabel—Miss Jordan—is a connection of mine."

"Oh, yes, Miss Dawson—I know," Waters said. "Mr. Reeves has told me."

Greatly relieved in her feelings, Samantha graciously consented to be conducted up-stairs, speaking no further word, for fear of committing herself, and so injuring the dignity of her position. But once alone in the rooms assigned to Mabel—a pretty suite, all the prettier that the chintz hangings and the furniture were antiquated in pattern—with a bedchamber for Samantha next to Mabel's, the spinster could no longer contain her bewildered delight.

In her efforts to look at all the marvels at the same time, she turned about so rapidly that had any person entered suddenly he might have supposed her performing some eccentric sort of dance—say of a devotional character, like the weird march peculiar to the religious exercises of the Shakers ; and all the while she grasped her traveling-bag in one hand and with the other waved the umbrella in the air, as a magician does his wand.

It was fortunate that she found such absorbing occupation, otherwise before many moments it might have occurred that neither the owner of the house nor Mabel were sufficiently mindful of her claims to attention, concerning which Samantha had exalted ideas ; but as it was, a long time might have elapsed without her susceptible dignity remembering to take offense.

"Ef this ain't fallin' on a body's feet, I'm a Dutchman !" thought Samantha, as for at least the sixth time she circled about from bedrooms to dressing-room and boudoir, and back again. "I feel as if I was lookin' into a colored eye-scope, or whatever the thing was Mabel bought for the children to shake !"—and it was no wonder she did, considering the way she dodged about. "That blessed dear ! And I always did say it was better to be born lucky than rich. Ef all this don't make her forget that young scapegrace, I shall wonder. Wal, we're rid of him, anyway. Don't let him ever come across my tracks, I can tell him that !"

But before she could get further in her meditations, a loud, quick knock sounded on the door of the outer room. A woman looked in, crying in a frightened voice :

"Oh, ma'am, quick—come down—come down ! She's fainted dead away, and they can't bring her to !"

Samantha's wits returned. She did not wait to ask a question—it was Mabel the woman meant—she knew that. Even while flying down the stairs at a perilous pace, she found time to reproach herself for having forgotten the fears which had beset her during the journey in regard to the poor girl's fate.

When Mr. Reeves led Mabel into the library, he said :

"I have brought you Miss Jordan, you see, Gilbert. We have had a fatiguing journey, and she is quite worn out."

Gilbert Harrington turned slowly in his chair—slowly raised his eyes, and held out his hand.

"I thank you, Charles," he said, in a low, cold voice, so passionless that one could not even call it stern. "Mabel Jordan, I thank you for coming. You will excuse an old, lame man's not rising. Come and shake hands with me, if you please."

Reeves led the pale, trembling girl forward, and himself placed Mabel's fingers in the invalid's palm.

"Thanks, again, Charles," Mr. Harrington said. "Will you go and tell them we shall be ready for dinner in a few moments ? This young lady needs food and then bed. We won't stop to think about the nonsense of dressing."

As the door closed behind Charles Reeves, Mr. Harrington looked up searchingly into the white face bent toward him. His fingers had not closed over the hand laid in his. Mabel withdrew it now and leaned against a chair.

"Sit down," said Mr. Harrington ; and she obeyed.

For a few seconds he continued his penetrating study of her countenance ; she did not perceive it—was not even

looking at him. She felt only an exquisite bodily pain and fatigue; her mind seemed incapable of any sensation whatever.

At length Mr. Harrington spoke again.

"A few words will put us at ease with one another as well as a torrent of talk would," he said; "and I hate explanations, I tell you plainly. Only a few days since, and by accident, I learned that you were living. Was my letter clear?"

"I understood—your letter was perfectly clear," she answered, and her voice sounded emotionless as his own.

"Good!" returned he. "Will you consent to one thing?"

"Whatever you may ask," she replied.

"It is that for the present we should confine our explanations to the matters absolutely necessary to have understood. Anything else, if there be anything that needs to be said, can wait—you consent?"

"Yes," she said; "it is better so."

It was a relief to think of escaping subjects which must be like pressing red hot irons on a wound; she could not realize much—but she did that.

"You are a sensible girl!" Mr. Harrington answered. "Now while you are deciding whether you will consider my house your home, you will be glad, I am sure, to feel yourself perfectly independent and that you are able to be of assistance to me."

"I shall be glad," she said, in the same chill, monotonous way.

He looked a little curiously at her, but her face was turned so that the light did not strike it, and he could not see how each instant it was growing more ashen and contracted.

"I will give you six hundred dollars a year to act as my reader and amanuensis," he went on. "I warn you it is no easy post, but I will try to be as patient as my nature will let me; you will try to bear with me."

"Yes," she said again.

"My housekeeper married a short time ago; I offer the vacant place to your connection, Miss Dawson. Salary, three hundred dollars."

"I accept for her and for myself," replied Mabel.

"Then that is all—except one thing," Mr. Harrington said, after a big pause. "The young man—Ralph Desborough——"

"No!" she interrupted, in a whisper fuller of anguish than the sharpest cry would have been. "I can't listen—I can't! I could not have come except that Mr. Reeves told me I should never see him here!"

"Never!" echoed Gilbert Harrington. "He is dead to me—no matter why! He is dead to you, I think—no matter why."

"Dead!" she whispered.

"So we have finished," pursued he. "We do not make a beginning—we go on as if we had lived our lives together for years. I think you will try to do your duty. I know I shall try to do mine."

"I will try," she answered.

Before Mr. Harrington could speak again, she slipped from her chair, and lay full length upon the floor. An instant of horrified stillness on his part, then he rang the bell on the table by his side—rang a peal so loud that old Waters obeyed its summons in great alarm.

When he entered the room, his master was stooping over the insensible girl, trying to lift her head upon his arm. Waters hurried forward and attempted to take Mabel and place her in a chair; but Mr. Harrington held her fast, saying:

"Is she dead?"

"No, sir—no; only a faint! I must lay her down and call for help."

"Wait!" Mr. Harrington whispered. He raised himself with difficulty, and sat down again. "Turn her face this way, Waters—I want to kiss her; I wanted to when she came in, but I would not."

Waters obeyed; Mr. Harrington pressed his lips to the icy forehead, and gazed pityingly down upon the beautiful countenance—an awe-inspiring beauty now, such as a corpse might wear.

"I think there is death in that face, Waters," he said, after a little. "I need not be afraid to love her! She will not have time to deceive me as all the others have done—she will not have time!"

CHAPTER XV.

AS SHE RECOVERED.

WHEN consciousness and memory returned to Mabel Jordan, she had lain six weeks upon her bed—had been away down so near the gates of death that, in her fever-visions, she used to see the faces of the loved ones gone before into the world beyond this, and hear voices call from across the portals of the grave, bidding her come to them, and leave all care and sorrow behind.

But the force and vitality of youth held the soul fast in the clay fetters from which it strove so wildly and so long to free itself. Reason returned—strength returned; in contradiction to the verdict of skilled physicians, in defiance of the ordinary rules which govern disease, she lived—why?

She asked herself this question. There was no answer save that God willed it, as He wills that so many other wretched lives shall grope on after all which renders life endurable is gone.

Sometimes, even in this world, there comes a response to such despairing inquiries as Mabel Jordan put—a cause is shown; sometimes the burdened soul must wait for a reply until it passes beyond these mists, up into the eternal sunshine which only casts reflections enough upon this earth to make the Cross on Calvary visible through the shadows of eighteen hundred years.

Samantha took her station by the sick girl's bed, and scarcely left it; she was never tired, never unequal to the emergencies of the moment, and would not hear of any hired nurse being summoned; seeming, indeed, actually superior to the ordinary human needs of sleep or rest.

From the first, Samantha conceived a great and wholesome dread of Mr. Harrington, although his solicitude about Mabel completely won her heart, and he became, in her opinion, "a pictur"—the highest praise which Miss Dawson could bestow upon mortal creature; and vague and comparatively unmeaning as the phrase appears, set down in black and white, it possessed a deep, mysterious significance when she uttered it, with an energy peculiarly her own.

No circumstance, however slight, ever escaped Gilbert Harrington's keen eyes. Even in the excitement and fright of those first moments when, on the evening of her arrival, Mabel sank down at his feet in that death-like swoon, Harrington did not fail to notice the presence of mind and common-sense behavior exhibited by Samantha, terrifide as she was, and he conceived a corresponding respect for her, a respect which could not fail daily to increase during the long days and nights of anxiety which succeeded.

There was no one in the house, down to the lowest scullion, who could fail to understand the anxiety Gilbert Harrington felt—a step he took before the opening week of Mabel's illness came to a close was sufficient to make that clear. He had not been able to mount stairs since the slight paralytic attack he had suffered, though, as his private apartments had been on the ground floor for several years, this inability produced no change in his daily habits when he was able to get about again.

During the first two days of Mabel's illness he contented himself with hourly bulletins of her state, having his cousin for companion. Mr. Reeves had not been willing to leave the house until he could be certain that all the excitement Gilbert had undergone would not produce disastrous consequences. He knew, too, that his presence was a pleasure and comfort to Mr. Harrington, though the relatives were not in the habit of indulging in demonstrative speeches.

When they met on the morning after Mabel's seizure, Harrington said:

"Well, Charles, I suppose as usual you are in a great hurry, and want to fly off somewhere."

"Not I," returned Reeves. "It is too early to stop in town, and I am too lazy to think of a journey."

"Humph!" said Mr. Harrington. "That is a new state of mind for you."

"Oh, well, I'm not above having caprices——"

"I never said you were!"

"And a new state of mind makes a new sensation——"

"Now stop, else you'll be getting metaphysical or transcendental, and I really cannot stand it!"

"I thought it was I who had to endure such persecution from you now and then."

"That only shows how incapable you are of seeing things in a correct light!" retorted Harrington.

Then they both began to laugh, trying, as people will and ought, to put by their anxiety.

"At all events," added Gilbert, "you don't intend to spread your wings just yet—that's a bargain?"

"Of course it is," Mr. Reeves answered. "I shall stop with you for a while, unless you turn me out in a sudden access of disgust"

"I've three minds, just to punish your impertinence, to make you promise to stay until I am reduced to such desperate measures," said Gilbert Harrington.

"At all events, I'll halt for a season, and be glad to," replied Reeves. "I always like to have somebody near that I can contradict—it keeps my blood stirring; and you are such a positive fellow that I am seldom at a loss for an opportunity."

Not a word more was added on either side, but the two men understood each other. As they rose from the breakfast-table, Reeves said:

"By-the-way, if I mean to bore you and irritate myself by stopping, I must send a telegram to town. I want my man and a supply of fresh clothing. I've a horrible suspicion that the shirt I put on this morning is the last fresh one I possess."

"Send—send for as many changes of raiment as Joseph presented to his brethren combined," replied Harrington; "perhaps then you will be easy in your mind! You would be a dainty, dandyish, decorative, decorous bachelor, if you had been married sixteen times."

"A pity you omitted to fling the worst d. of all at my head," said Reeves.

"Go off and write your dispatch, and let me read my newspapers in peace," retorted Harrington.

"I'll come and read them to you; if I don't, you'll give me all the news before I have a chance to see the papers, and nothing exasperates me so much," said Reeves.

So Mr. Reeves remained, and, indifferent as he appeared, studied his cousin closely; and he and old Waters exchanged numerous confidences.

"He's determined to think he does not care much, just as long as he can," said Waters; "but if anything should happen to her, on top of all he has gone through, why—why——"

"The young lady will get well—don't be alarmed, old man," replied Reeves. "The doctor says it will be a slow affair, but he has no fears."

"I hope he's right," said Waters. "Yet—I'm a fool to say so—the best thing about this world must be the going out of it."

"Hum!" said Charles Reeves.

But before much time elapsed there came a sudden change in the sick girl, which startled the physician, and shook Gilbert Harrington out of any possibility of deception to himself or others in regard to his actual state of mind.

The fever abated without warning, and Mabel sank rapidly. For a time those who watched believed her dying. Nobody, not even Charles Reeves, could venture to keep the exact truth from Mr. Harrington. He had himself carried up-stairs in his chair; and, as evening came on, he said to Waters:

"I shall stop on this floor for the present. Have my old rooms made ready. I shall be near Mr. Reeves, and he will not be obliged to wear his legs out running up and down to bring me news."

But Reeves and Waters knew what the command implied as to his feelings, and the whole household comprehended that the sick lady—this newly arrived connection of the master's—was a person to be regarded with as much veneration as if a fairy princess had suddenly appeared.

Mabel Jordan recovered, and life went on in the old mansion as quietly and evenly as if neither jar nor break had troubled the course of events. The young girl slipped so easily into her place that it seemed almost strange to master and servants to recollect that there had been a time when she did not occupy it. Everybody had grown very tender and loving. After being for so many weeks the all-absorbing theme of thought and care, it was natural that she should remain the prominent and central figure of the household.

"It's like a new lease of life to Mr. Gilbert to have her with him," Waters used to say, over and over, to Charles Reeves. "What a mercy he found her just when he did! I don't see how he could have borne up if he had had to live here alone after what's happened."

"Fortunately for us poor mortals, some sort of help comes when the burden seems too heavy to carry," Mr. Reeves once answered. "Destiny does so much for us, at least—or Providence, I mean; though one generally speaks as if one were a heathen."

"It couldn't do less!" retorted Waters, rather savagely; for the poor old man found it difficult to be satisfied with many matters which a higher power had arranged.

The November days had come before Mabel could get down-stairs—Indian Summer days, thoroughly to appreciate whose loveliness one must have been years away from our native land, and known the dreariness of that season in all lands save in our favored New World.

During her illness Charles Reeves had been almost constantly at the house; but as she grew stronger, able to leave her room, to keep Gilbert Harrington company, he made longer absences, in order to attend to the numerous business appeals which, although he considered himself to have retired from active participation therein, frequently and imperiously demanded his attention. His cares were

increased from the fact that, since the death of Gilbert's agent, Reeves had taken the weight of his cousin's affairs upon his shoulders in addition to his own, and as they were both very wealthy men, the united charge was by no means a light one.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

So Mr. Harrington and Mabel drove out through the heavenly sunshine, or sat on the broad terrace during the soft, hazy days, read books, talked, argued (for, unlike most dictatorial people, Harrington could respect the opinions of others), and glided insensibly into close companionship—close and intimate, although in some ways the phrase might appear a misnomer.

Close, because the old man as well as the young girl talked freely of his views of life, ay, of this world and the next, as we foolish mortals will—must, for that matter; learned to understand each other's moods, and to comprehend each other's thoughts with half a word. Yet there were certain subjects never even approached. Desborough's name was never mentioned—not an allusion the most distant ever made thereto by either; or to the secret which

hung over Mabel's birth; or her real connection with the old man who had so explicitly received her into his house as his amanuensis, and, from the hour her illness had begun, treated her as he might have done his own daughter.

To people who have not suffered deeply, it might seem strange to write this; but any human being who has borne a great grief—and, God knows, the creatures who have not are so few that my parenthesis is scarcely worth a place—will say at once that nothing could be more natural.

Positively, for the world, neither would have discovered how much the other knew concerning several tacitly forbidden topics. Harrington was not sure if the girl had ever heard her father's name; Mabel uncertain whether he was aware of her intimate acquaintance with Ralph Desborough, and, in her own turn, entirely ignorant of the reasons which had separated the adopted father and son.

But Mr. Harrington had a settled opinion in regard to her intimacy with Desborough—an opinion which, if such result had been possible, would have increased his condemnation and loathing of the young man; or, to speak correctly, that lost, degraded Ralph who had in his thoughts usurped the place of the boy he had so dearly loved.

Mr. Harrington believed that the unprincipled son of a dissolute parent had put the crowning sin to the crimes of his youth by betraying his vile nature to the girl who had given him her heart; trusting that her innocence, her ignorance of the world, would render her an easy prey to his designs.

Samantha Dawson had evolved this theory—it seems harsh to say out of her inner consciousness, yet that was the truth; nor will you wonder at her having done so, if you will recollect who, among the whole circle of your acquaintance, as a rule, frame the harshest judgments, announce the most dreadful opinions, and put the worst construction upon the actions of their neighbors.

Who? Why, innocent girls, and old maids whose lives have been irreproachable in act and deed. They are the sternest censors—they are the most suspicious watchers. Sinners who have tasted the sweet and bitter, who know how often life thrusts the innocent into the place of the guilty; who know what temptation is, what human nature is, are chary of condemning anybody. Perhaps this reserve (if you like to be ultra-virtuous) is from laxity of principle; perhaps (as I firmly believe) because experience has taught the lesson which the great Apostle called the highest lesson of all—Charity!

Samantha Dawson evolved this theory, founded on her original jealous dislike of Desborough, strengthened through the doubts and fears roused by Mabel's trouble on the day of their departure from their old home, and growing into positive conviction, based upon the girl's wandering talk during her illness. This conviction Samantha had, without meaning to do so, confided to Mr. Harrington, in talk scarcely less wild and broken than Mabel's delirious utterances, on one of those dreadful days when they sat alone together by the girl's bed, fearing that each hour might be the last of her life.

Grief—horror, at discovering the real character of the man she had believed noble and good, had broken her heart; she was dying from the effects of that discovery; dying of a broken heart, let the physicians give her malady as many learned names as they might.

Mabel did not die, but her recovery caused no change in Gilbert Harrington's belief—one cannot die easily, life had taught him that. We are always saying how hard it is to live; but it is harder to die—the physical frame will not wear out—suffering will not kill! That was what Gilbert Harrington thought, adding in his reflections: "Why, it won't even kill an old, disabled creature like me—how could it a being full of youth and vitality!"

But her heart might have broken in the struggle all the same—Gilbert Harrington knew that. The heart may break, and the poor wretch live on and on. Men take small note of broken hearts—God grant us faith! sometimes (I know how wicked it sounds, but I shall write it)—sometimes Heaven itself seems to take as little!

Well, put the doubts by! Doubts, whether of man or Heaven, never helped anybody's miseries, and the most blessed gift of all to pray for, is faith. Mind you, not only faith in Heaven, but your kind—and the latter, merely regarding the matter from a selfish point of view, is the most important! You may thrust the thought of Paradise aside as a mere fancy, but you cannot push humanity off so—you are a part of it; therefore learn to be lenient, even of its crimes, else you condemn yourself. God help you and me, my brother!

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE THE PORTRAIT.

MR. HARRINGTON and Mabel were seated in the library, one bright afternoon, when an unexpected visitor appeared in the person of Charles Reeves, who had not been at the house for some ten days.

"A clear example of the old proverb," Mr. Harrington said; "we were just speaking of you, Charles."

The cousins shook hands, and Mr. Reeves turned to greet Mabel. He found her looking so much better that he could scarcely express his gratification, and was conscious of a thrill of positive wonder at her loveliness.

"I need not ask after the health of either," he said; "I find you both greatly improved."

"Mabel has been down-stairs every day since you deserted us," Mr. Harrington said, "and has already discovered what a selfish tyrant I am, in making her read and write for me."

"I have only found the employment a pleasure so far," she answered.

They sat there for a while, conversing; Charles Reeves did his part well enough, giving scraps of news (clearly his duty as a fresh arrival from the great, busy city), but all the while conscious of a certain confusion in his usually orderly, rule-regulated faculties. He was asking himself, for the first time, why this beautiful girl's image had dwelt so persistently in his memory; whence came the odd thrill of delight the sight of her caused, and a suspicion which had not before disturbed him crossed his mind, though, for the moment, he tried to reject it, so out of keeping did it appear with his years and character.

Some trifling alteration that Mr. Harrington had been making in the library led to talk about the old mansion, and in answer to a question of Reeves's, Mabel said:

"I have not really seen the house yet; I have just peeped into the drawing-rooms, but either Samantha or Waters is sure to follow and insist that I am tiring myself—that I must sit down at once and have something to eat or drink—usually both! It seems to me I am always eating!"

"Take Mabel through the *salons* now, Charles," said Mr. Harrington; "they are always warmed and well aired. I never will have a lot of shut-up rooms in the house—the

bare thought would make me feel as if I were living in a prison."

"Oh, I know that!" returned Reeves, with his grave smile; "the place always looks as if you were just on the eve of giving some grand entertainment—even to the flowers which Waters scatters about every day."

"You begin to discover what a cracked-brained old fellow I am, Mabel," said Mr. Harrington.

"I think it such a pretty idea to keep every room cheerful," Mabel answered; "it sounds like a story—and you know I like stories."

"So do I," said he, "though that sober, elderly Charles pretends to despise my novel-reading proclivities. All the same, he gets interested in the romances, even if he does profess to read them merely for my amusement."

"My evil-minded cousin wants to make you believe me a terribly dry stick, Miss Jordan! Don't listen to him—take my arm, and let us go on a tour of inspection," said Reeves. "I shall have my revenge, as well as the pleasure of being your cicerone—he will have to sit there alone while we are gone."

"Ah," said Mabel, with a faint approach to her old playfulness, "I don't believe in revenge, so I can't aid in your designs."

"It is just Waters's time to come and march me up and down in the sun," observed Mr. Harrington; "so go along, Mabel. You will find me on the terrace afterward, and you shall tell me what impression my Claudes make on you. Be sure you look at the Gainsborough portrait, too, Charles—I've an idea it resembles Mabel."

Waters appeared at the moment, punctual always as taxes or death, to remind Mr. Gilbert that it was the hour for his promenade. Reeves gave his arm to Mabel Jordan and led her through the corridor toward the great suite of drawing-rooms.

They were very beautiful apartments; containing, besides a large collection of choice curiosities and articles of *vertu* which Mr. Harrington had picked up in his numerous voyages to Europe, numerous valuable pictures by the most celebrated modern artists, and several gems of bygone masters, which he had been fortunate enough to secure from the sale of French and Italian galleries.

In these days, when so many admirable works are within everybody's reach upon all subjects connected with art or decoration, from the history of painting and sculpture down to that of precious stones, china and lace, it is possible for a person who has led as retired a life as Mabel's to come to the examination of such objects with a knowledge and appreciation which, in the era before ours, could only have been acquired by years of travel and patient personal research.

In his young days, Mabel's stepfather had wandered a good deal about the world. His love of art, of beauty in every shape, was one of the prominent features of his mind, and in his course of education for the girl had held an important place. It had always been easy for him, through the few friends with whom he kept up an intercourse after his marriage, to procure books and photographs; and as Mabel's bent was toward whatever appealed to the imagination, in all matters connected with art she became an apt student. She was as familiar therewith as if she had lived all her life in Italy—more so than many girls I can recall who have done so; notably one example which remains in my mind, of a famous belle I once knew, who quite prided herself on the fact that she had remained eighteen months in Florence without ever setting foot in the gallery of the Pitti!—a proof that she must have been a commonplace young simpleton, would be the verdict of a hasty critic; but it was not so—only a proof of the straits to which vain people are driven in our day to find something in the matter of originality whereby they can render themselves conspicuous.

So, thanks to the multiplicity of books, and her own mental organization, Mabel was able to appreciate and talk understandingly of all that she found "of rich and rare" in the rooms, from the Claude Lorraines down to the Satsuma ware. She caused Charles Reeves, who belonged to the generation that had been forced to acquire such knowledge by travel and through an experience which held many mortifying blunders, to regard her as a prodigy. He unreasonably set her cultivation down to her own credit whereas she deserved none whatever, unless it can be considered a merit to read and remember what other people have labored patiently for years to be able to write clearly and understandingly for humanity's benefit.

They stopped before the Gainsborough—of course the typical girl with the half-sad, half-laughing face, shadowed by the broad-brimmed hat and drooping feather.

"I must not forget to compare you," said Mr. Reeves, playfully, "else I shall receive severe vituperation from Gilbert."

The occasion was too favorable to study the beautiful face beside him for any man to neglect taking advantage of it; and though Mabel's color deepened under his gaze, it was evident from her manner and her jesting answer that she attached no importance to the survey. But in that instant Charles Reeves became conscious that he had been for weeks living in a dream—a dream which would have been befitting for a youth of four-and-twenty, but was misplaced and out of season in the heart of a man well on toward fifty.

The consciousness, and the stern reproval of his common sense, struck him simultaneously, and the mingled sweetness and pain—the charm of the vision, and the bitterness of his reflection—so disturbed his ordinarily emotion-proof self-possession that he realized he must be a picture of confusion which would have been graceful enough in the portrait of a boy, but became a caricature when showing through the wrinkles of seven-and-forty.

In his desire to escape from his own troubled bewilderment, he began to speak so hastily that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

"Yes, there is a resemblance," he said, turning toward the painting from sheer terror, lest Mabel should read all that he felt his eyes must be revealing. "She looks too sad, though—she has no business to look like that! One reads the whole story at a glance. Her lover has gone—they have quarreled—he will not come back."

As soon as the remark escaped his lips, he had the sensation which comes to any of us when we have been guilty of a breach of the tact which experience of the world teaches us to rank next to religious faith—whose commandments, too, even the best-trained occasionally transgress, as we do the decalogue. He felt as if he had been guilty of a positive crime. But it was too late to repent. The words were uttered, and each syllable stung him like the prick of a tiny poniard.

Then, through the fever-like rush of blood to his head, he heard Mabel's voice saying, slowly and quietly:

"He will not come back! Well, she will live to know that, for some inscrutable reason, it is best. She cannot think so yet; but she will live to learn it, if only she is patient."

He stole a furtive glance at her. She was regarding the portrait, unconscious of his scrutiny; a little pale, but with a smile of such heavenly resignation and faith upon her lips that he was ready to fall at her feet, and, while he craved pardon, tell the story of his own dreaming madness

—the story which his soul had just recognized as its own. Then he got his composure back—where he found it was afterward a marvel to him—but it came, as luckily it does to all of us now and then in some sudden emergency, else we should do madder things than the many mad ones which stand to our account, and are so often exhibited to us by Reason with a show of mocking pity!

"Here are two Pillemonts," he said, suddenly; "among the master's most charming efforts. This, you see, is the lading of the bark; further on hangs the companion bit—the unloading. They have an odd little history; they were lost for years. Once, when Gilbert was in Portugal, he discovered them in a bric-à-brac shop, black and dirty. He felt certain they were worth having. When he got them home and had them cleaned, he found Pillemont's name, and recognized them as the missing pictures whose loss had been so deeply regretted by connoisseurs."

They talked about the pictures until Reeves had time to appear his ordinary self again. They passed on through the rooms and entered a little boudoir at the end. The heavy, blue silk curtains had partially fallen over the bow window and wrapped the pretty nest in shadow. There was a quaint Florentine cabinet which Reeves wanted Mabel to look at, for it also had a history. It had been a gift from Lorenzo di Medici to a princess of the House of Parma, and in 1848 had been sold, along with certain other treasures, and purchased by Gilbert Harrington.

As Mr. Reeves drew back the draperies, the glowing afternoon light fell full upon a painting which hung just above the cabinet—the portrait of a young man whose beauty was heightened and rendered picturesque by the rich cavalier's dress he wore.

As Mr. Reeves turned toward Mabel, she was standing with her back to him, regarding the picture.

"That," said Mr. Reeves, "is the likeness of a man who used to be considered the handsomest young fellow of his day—dead, years ago! Well, charming, fascinating as he was, better dead than alive, both for his own sake and that of everybody connected with him! One of those creatures so full of splendid possibilities, yet whose life was so complete a failure through his weakness and faults, that one wonders why he was born."

"Who—who was he?" Mabel asked, without stirring.

"It is Danforth Harrington, my cousin's half-brother," returned Mr. Reeves, still so occupied with the portrait and the memories which the sight of it always called up, that he did not observe Mabel. "The dress was one he had worn at a fancy ball," continued Reeves; "it was a caprice of Gilbert's to have him painted in it—indeed, it suits the face wonderfully well, does it not?"

Mabel Jordan stepped slowly back—she glanced about as if searching for a seat. She had grown suddenly white, and Reeves saw that she was trembling from head to foot. He hastily drew an easy-chair forward, saying:

"Sit down—sit down! You have been doing too much—you are tired."

"A little," she answered, trying to smile.

She seated herself, and leaning back till her head rested on the cushions, her eyes closed for an instant, then opened, and again fastened upon the picture as if it possessed some unconquerable fascination for her.

"Are you faint?" Reeves asked, in alarm.

"Only tired," she replied, glancing toward him once more, trying to smile anew. "If you will let me rest for a little—just a little."

A quick suspicion—nay more, a certainty flashed across her companion. He stepped back a little, so that he could see both the girl's face and the portrait reflected in a mirror that hung opposite. Charles Reeves comprehended that Mabel was looking at her father's picture, and that she knew it!

It seemed wrong to stand there and watch her.

"I will go find you a glass of wine," he said; "I can do it without bringing Waters or Miss Dawson. Rest a while; nobody shall disturb you—only rest."

He went quickly away, wondering that, at first, the conviction in regard to her parentage had not dawned upon his mind. In truth, Mr. Harrington had never confided the history to him. Reeves had been in Europe at the time of Danforth's death, and the sorrowful revelations of that sick-bed remained a secret between Gilbert and his faithful servant.

When Reeves was dispatched in search of the girl whose name he had never before heard mentioned, he contented himself with thinking that she must have been in some way connected with the woman Gilbert had loved—with Ralph Desborough's mother. Since then he had scarcely given the matter a thought, having perceived that Gilbert had, in the beginning, told all he intended to do concerning her.

Now Reeves wondered at his own blindness in not having at once remarked the great resemblance between her and Danforth. He recollected that he had often been struck by a likeness to some one he had formerly known, and could not recall who the person was—had chanced to say so to Waters, and the old man had answered, dryly:

"That comes of wandering about all over the world. I suppose there are only so many kinds of faces, so of course now and then you must meet a person that reminds you of somebody you have met."

Mr. Reeves had been more struck by Waters's developing a theory than anything else, and had dismissed the subject from his mind.

Danforth's daughter—there could be no doubt of it! He understood now Gilbert's great tenderness toward her; an inherited affection for the child of the reckless brother whom he had so dearly loved.

The discovery which Charles Reeves had made would remain locked in his own breast; no hint would ever be given, even to Waters. It might be a mistaken fancy—though in his heart he knew it was not—but, in any case, silence was the only kindness he could show her or Gilbert, for if she were Danforth's daughter, she must also be the child of some wronged, forsaken woman—the handsome fellow's dissolute career was too well known to Mr. Reeves for him to doubt that.

He staid out of the room for some time; when at length he returned, bringing the wine, he entered softly, prepared to retreat again unobserved if the poor girl had not yet sufficiently recovered her composure to bear his presence.

Mabel Jordan was kneeling before the portrait, her eyes lifted, her lips moving slowly in prayer.

"Mother! mother!" he heard her murmur in appealing tones.

She was beseeching pardon—pardon for her father; Reeves comprehended that. Once more he stole away and left her alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

"HE—GUILTY!"

DURING Mabel's illness, Samantha Dawson found too constant and engrossing employment in the sick-room to give heed to any matters outside; but when Mabel could go down-stairs, and was at once taken possession of by Mr. Harrington, Samantha found herself in the position of Othello, however different the cause—her occupation was gone.

Occupation Samantha must have, and she entered upon

her duties as housekeeper with as much energy as if she had come fresh from several weeks of repose, instead of long days and nights of incessant anxiety and watchfulness. She could not be said to step into her place ; she took possession—not noisily, but with a grim determination which struck dismay to the boldest who fell within her sway.

Samantha rushed into work as eagerly as people aver that a war-horse does into battle, and harassed the souls of maids and men, accustomed to a more indolent *régime*, until they wished her dead, or, better still, that she had never been born. But, autocratic as she was, Samantha had too much wisdom to interfere with Waters's province ; so he supported her in the numerous reforms which she instituted, thereby drawing on his venerable head a share of the vituperation which the domestics so liberally bestowed upon the uncompromising Miss Dawson.

Any one acquainted with her peculiarities might have expected that the comparative separation from Mabel which their new mode of life involved would have roused jealous wrath and pain in the spinster's breast ; but Samantha was too clear-headed not to submit to the inevitable.

"If Mr. Harrington pays for her time, he has a right to it," was the way she put the matter in her own thoughts ; and her great pride in the young girl was gratified, also, by seeing her transferred to surroundings so different from those in the old home.

Samantha reveled in the store-room and linen-closet ; held orgies of cleaning and re-cleaning in the numerous suites of unused chambers ; and had her meals in solitary state in the housekeeper's parlor, waited on by the little maid appropriated to her special service. In her heart, the old maid would have preferred to snatch her repasts surreptitiously, in secret corners ; but the necessity for preserving her dignity rendered such indulgence out of the question, and she refrained from laments over so trifling a shadow upon the sunshine of her contentment.

Mabel was careful to make her feel that no change existed in their relations, where affection was concerned ; never failed to pay her a visit during the hour in the afternoon when Mr. Harrington lay down to rest ; and kept up her invalid habit of being waited on night and morning, merely because she knew it afforded Samantha pleasure.

If chance or necessity brought her into Mr. Harrington's presence, the old maid found herself treated with a dignified courtesy which at once gratified her vanity and fluttered her sorely, though the tortures of the rack would not have induced her to admit, even in the privacy of her own reflections, that she could stand in awe of any human being.

She and Waters warmed friends. She made the acquaintance of a few ancient spinsters down in the village ; became a member of the dissenting chapel ; and, altogether, felt that she had reached a position where fate itself could have little higher good to offer.

Early in the Winter she undertook a journey to Hillside to attend to the letting of the house, and enjoyed immensely her few days' sojourn among her former neighbors ; displaying a photograph of her present home, expatiating upon its grandeurs ; wearing with awful majesty the silk gowns which had been a present from Mr. Harrington when he learned of her proposed visit ; and triumphant in the possession of a gold watch and chain such as the village could not boast—a gift from Charles Reeves on her birthday.

The Winter passed very quietly in that great house. Mr. Harrington had for some years lived a retired life—a retirement which had increased since his illness ; still, now and then a friend came up from town for a brief sojourn, and among the families in the neighborhood there were a few with whom he kept up an interchange of civilities ; and never more than a week elapsed without a visit from Charles Reeves.

But the daily and hourly dependence upon each other for society was probably the greatest possible blessing, considering the state of mind both were in, which could have befallen Mabel and her host. In spite of his suspicious, almost misanthropic, habit of thought, in spite of the sternness and hardness which the experiences of life had brought to Gilbert Harrington, some object to care for, to be interested in, was a positive necessity. He did not recognize the fact, but it existed. This he found in Mabel ; and besides the circumstances of her birth, which he believed a secret now known only to himself and Waters—circumstances which would, of themselves, have given the girl paramount importance in his eyes—this new infusion of a feminine element into his bachelor home was a more constantly active pleasure than he had received in a long, long period of time. Her beauty, her grace, her conversation, her mental gifts, so assiduously cultivated under the guidance of her stepfather—all combined to render her society an incessant satisfaction.

Then, too, in spite of all the wrong Danforth Harrington had wrought in the course of his brief, ill-spent existence, Gilbert had never been able to condemn him as he had done other culprits, including the woman who had deceived him. He had lived to forgive Miriam ; but in the case of Danforth he had never for an instant ceased loving him too fondly for any feeling that there was a necessity for forgiveness. His trampled boyish heart had fastened upon Danforth an infant, and no after events could ever forfeit him his place.

Always, dearly as he loved Ralph Desborough, the recollection of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of both the father and mother of the boy had been always present ; he had constantly reminded himself thereof. His reason kept warning his heart that he was an idiot to place his affections upon the son of two such unprincipled people. But Mabel—Mabel took the place of Danforth. Then, too, Mabel had suffered as deeply as himself, and Norman Desborough's son had been the cause. He could neither reason nor fear where she was concerned. Danforth's daughter went straight into the recesses of his bruised, sore heart, and held Danforth's place ; the memory of her dead father, the while, adding to her claim.

As for Mabel herself, the ever-increasing necessity, with her restoration to health, of devoting herself to Gilbert Harrington, was a positive blessing. She had to read to him, write his letters, talk to him, soothe him in hours of pain. He positively filled up so many of her waking hours that she had no time to dwell upon her sorrow. It lay there always, under a dreary ache, but it found no opportunity to rouse itself into active life, and become the tyrant it must have done had any occupation less absorbing engrossed her.

Gilbert Harrington's state of health, his loneliness, all made from the first a powerful appeal upon her womanly sympathies, and, besides that, she even learned to love him very dearly.

Suffer ? Ah, yes ! I could fill pages with the details of that which each suffered—but of what avail ? I would rather show you how both were able to find means of combating and controlling their anguish, so that it did not render their lives useless—therefore a mere wreck. Only when a human being is utterly useless can his life become a wreck, and but one cause can bring that consummation about—intense egotism and introspection, which concentrates every thought and feeling upon self, until the sufferer has no leisure for another's comfort or good in the narrow round of his wishes or reflections.

So the Winter passed—Mabel had been six months in her new home. Then accident—or what we call such, regardless of the fact that, since there is a God, Chance cannot exist—made known to the girl the real cause which had compelled Mr. Harrington to banish the youth he had loved from his home.

Charles Reeves was spending a few days at the house, according to his frequent habit, and, while there, George Nesbitt came up to consult him concerning a matter connected with some charity in which they were both interested.

Mabel was lying on a sofa in a *salon* next the ordinary reception-room. She had gone in there, tired by a long walk, and lain down; was dozing, she discovered, when the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment roused her—those of Nesbitt and Mr. Reeves.

"Nonsense!" Charles Reeves was saying.

"Not nonsense—the truth! Don't try to spare my feelings," returned Nesbitt's slow, elaborately mellifluous accents. "It is good discipline for a man to have his feelings hurt now and then—it keeps one from growing conceited! No, no; I tell you, down in his heart Gilbert Harrington cannot forgive me because it was my misfortune to discover that that wretched boy, Ralph Desborough, was a forger; or, as bad, had altered the checks he paid my clerk."

"I think you are mistaken about Gilbert's feelings. He scarcely sees any one this Spring," Reeves replied.

The two men passed out of hearing. Mabel lay, fairly stunned. She understood everything now! Even Ralph's words during their parting interview took a new meaning. He believed that Mr. Reeves had told her the story of his disgrace—believed, too, that she gave it credence; every incoherent speech that she had uttered must have confirmed this idea!

The result of a long hour's meditation was a resolve to keep her own counsel; not to any human being would she give a hint of the dreadful knowledge which had been thrust upon her.

"I wondered why my life was spared," she thought; "I see now! My very coming here may have been God's plan for the fulfillment of my work! I will devote my life thereto. With His help, I will yet aid Ralph Desborough! He—guilty of such a crime? No; if an angel from Heaven brought me the proof, I would not believe it!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REVELATION.

A YEAR went by; its close found Ralph Desborough in a bustling, populous town in one of the Southwestern States.

During a Summer trip among the mountains of that region, he formed the acquaintance of a wealthy resident of the place, who had a desire to possess a likeness of himself and the portraits of the various members of his family. He took a great fancy to Desborough, and made him an offer which was not be rejected, for Ralph was a man of sense—not a weak, visionary enthusiast, unable to turn his talents to use from lack of the practical element so necessary in human character.

It might be less poetical to paint the likenesses of four snub-nosed girls and two squint-eyed boys than to make sketches and dream over some wonderful picture which was some time to be accomplished and take the world by storm; but he had the discernment to perceive that the man who wants to find happiness in the indulgence of his imagination, must first secure money enough to rise above the constant, wearing troubles which a lack of it brings.

Where the noses were concerned, it was, after all, just as good practice to depict a snub as a Grecian, and there might be a certain interest in trying to render eyes which squinted presentable on canvas, yet produce a resemblance which should strike the most casual observer. To describe what he suffered would require more space than I can give, but it is not difficult to imagine.

Pride supported him to a certain extent—the knowledge that he was enduring as deep and undeserved wrong as ever befell man; yet naturally this very consciousness inclined him to indulge suspicious, misanthropic reflections toward his kind. He had been believed guilty by the benefactor and guardian from whom he had a right to expect confidence; worse, the woman to whom he had given his heart, had proved herself utterly unworthy of his affection. She had, without question, accepted the verdict of a stranger against him; believed her lover a criminal, and shrunk away from his side without so much as waiting to hear if he had any plea to offer in his defense—and, crowning sin, allowed herself to become an instrument of vengeance in the hands of the stern old man who chose such terrible modes of retribution against the supposed culprit.

The twelvemonth passed—a year, to the very day, since he had received Gilbert Harrington's sentence—since Mabel Jordan had deserted him at the first rumor of the thunderbolt which had so unexpectedly fallen into the Summer sky of his existence, to scathe and blacken the brightness of youth beneath its remorseless stroke.

It was growing too dark to work, but he still remained seated in his studio. He had scarcely left his easel since early morning, until the gathering shadows rendered further work impossible; and between physical weariness and the memories which this anniversary had roused—the bitter pain, the fiery wrath—he was completely worn out.

Somebody knocked at the door. Desborough paid no attention. The human being did not exist whose presence would be less than torture just then.

But the rap was repeated, and a boyish voice called:

"It's only me, sir. I've got a letter for you. I told father I thought I had better bring it up."

"Only me," (perhaps, in deference to my critics, I ought to state that the grammar is that of the boy and common sense, not mine) was the janitor's lame son. In obedience to Ralph's response, he came limping into the room.

"I would not have been so long about answering, if I had known it was you, Peterkin," he said, rousing himself to speak kindly to the little cripple.

"I knew you had not gone out. I meant to make you hear," the lame boy replied, trying to laugh, though his merriment was a good deal hindered by the loss of the breath expended in mounting the long, steep flights of stairs.

"My persistent Peterkin!" said Ralph, laughing too, feeling at the same time a kind of self-reproach that it was so difficult, when this patient sufferer—bodily and mental ills both, since he had the misfortune to be considered a useless incumbrance by his father's busy, avaricious second wife—could manage always to appear cheerful, without any apparent effort. "Sit down and rest yourself."

"Here is the letter," said Peter, laying it on the table beside Desborough, then seating himself in a chair near.

"It could have waited till I came down," said Ralph. "I never have any letters important enough to make you climb up to my eyrie." Then, with his usual thoughtfulness for others, he added, lest the boy's feelings might be hurt: "On purpose to bring them, I mean—you know you are always a welcome visitor. I don't know anybody else to whom I could make such a sweeping assertion."

"You're as good as a fairy prince," cried Peter, regarding

ing him with admiring eyes; "but then, you are like one in every way."

"Except the riches! And you are a little romantic goose, Peterkin," returned Ralph. "But, whatever else you may fancy, don't go fancying that I can receive any letters worth having."

"Oh, yes, sir—this time you have!" cried Peter, eagerly. "Look—it's marked 'Immediate.'"

"Is it, indeed?" returned Ralph, busying himself with a refractory cigar which declined being lighted on any terms. "Then all the more reason for making it wait. People or letters that are in a great hurry to find you have generally something unpleasant to say."

"But not always," urged Peter. "In that novel of Mrs. Oliphant's you lent me, it was a letter brought the hero news of his fortune."

"You small novel-devourer!" returned Ralph, somewhat ashamed of his misanthropic speech. "Look on the bookshelf, and you will find some volumes I bought for you yesterday."

Peter uttered a little cry of delight when he perceived what the present was—a pretty edition of sundry of the poets whom the boy especially affectioned.

"I can't thank you, Mr. Desborough—it's of no use to try—I can't!" he exclaimed, turning his eloquent face, with its smiling lips and tearful eyes, toward the giver of this happiness.

"So much the better," returned Ralph. "I can't thank you, either, for all the pains you take in a dozen ways on my account, every day. So we are both in the same box now, and need not give any more thought to the matter."

The boy shook his head, incredulous of Ralph's putting their mutual efforts on an equal footing.

"I don't know why you are so good to me," he said, softly.

"And I don't know why you are so good to me," replied Ralph. "I suppose it is because we like each other—isn't that reason enough?"

"I think you couldn't be anything but kind," the boy said, regarding his friend with admiring eyes.

"Do you indeed, Peterkin! Well, I shan't undeceive you," Ralph answered, laughing, still with a certain feeling of self-condemnation.

For he knew that when angered or wronged he was capable, in moments of passion, of acts of positive ungenerosity, as so many hot-tempered, generous people are; though, somehow, he shrank from admitting it to this patient-faced boy, who possessed such unlimited faith in his superiority in every particular to ordinary human nature.

Peter remembered him of his stepmother's commands to hurry back and hold the baby; so he gathered up his precious volumes, and prepared to depart.

"Are you off?" Ralph asked. "That reminds me I must go too, if I expect to get any dinner. Good-by, my boy, for the present."

"Good-by," responded Peter; but when he reached the door he looked back to say:

"Oh, don't forget the letter, Mr. Desborough! It's written in ever so big letters—*im*-mediate!"

"Nothing more than a note from those picture-dealing people. I shall put no work into their hands—they've not behaved well," Ralph said to himself, as the door closed behind his small visitor.

He lighted the gas, put his brushes in water, changed his working-blouse for a less picturesque, orthodox coat, and would not so much as glance toward the letter until he had done everything necessary, and a good many things perfectly unnecessary, preparatory to going out.

Imaginative people, or nervous people, are given to presentiments, but I notice that nine times out of ten they are wasted—no fulfillment comes; whereas, on the eve of some really important event, either Fate sends no warning, else they remain stone-deaf and blind, in spite of their delicate organizations!

So Ralph, quite certain that the letter contained only information which would interest him but moderately, put off its perusal as long as he could find anything else to do. At last he took up the missive, muttering impatiently:

"Letters were an invention of the——"

But the sentence remained unfinished. The writing was that of Charles Reeves, but the signature was Gilbert Harrington's.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE Cologne *Gazette*, in the first of a series of articles on the French army in 1877, remarks that one of the most striking changes which has taken place in that force of late years is in the amount of work which is required of, and for the most part cheerfully performed by, officers and men of all ranks. In confirmation of this statement, the writer quotes the daily routine of a company of artillery. The instruction of the men begins at six o'clock in the morning, and the first hour is devoted to teaching the soldiers how to clean, mend, and keep in repair and proper order their arms, clothing and equipment. From 7 A.M. to 9 A.M. follow riding, vaulting and gymnastics. During the next two hours, from 9 A.M. to 11 A.M., the men are either exercised on foot or are drilled in larger bodies. From 11 A.M. until 2 P.M. the men dine and rest, and groom their horses. From 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. the company is exercised in the field, or marches out into the country. From 5 P.M. to 7 P.M. the men again rest and eat their supper. This latter is followed by an hour's theoretical instruction, from 7 P.M. to 8 P.M.; and at 9 P.M. tattoo is beaten, and the barracks are closed. With very few exceptions, all officers and non-commissioned officers have to be present and take part in all the exercises and instruction.

The results of the increased amount of work thus performed are, the German writer continues, already very apparent. The infantry march in a steadier and more orderly manner than of old, and manœuvre with incomparably greater rapidity and ease. In the cavalry the progress made of late years is equally marked, and the manner in which some of the regiments, especially of heavy cavalry, which the writer has watched at drill, go through their exercises, leaves, he states, nothing to be wished; the movements being executed with a quickness and regularity as great as can be seen on any German drill-ground.

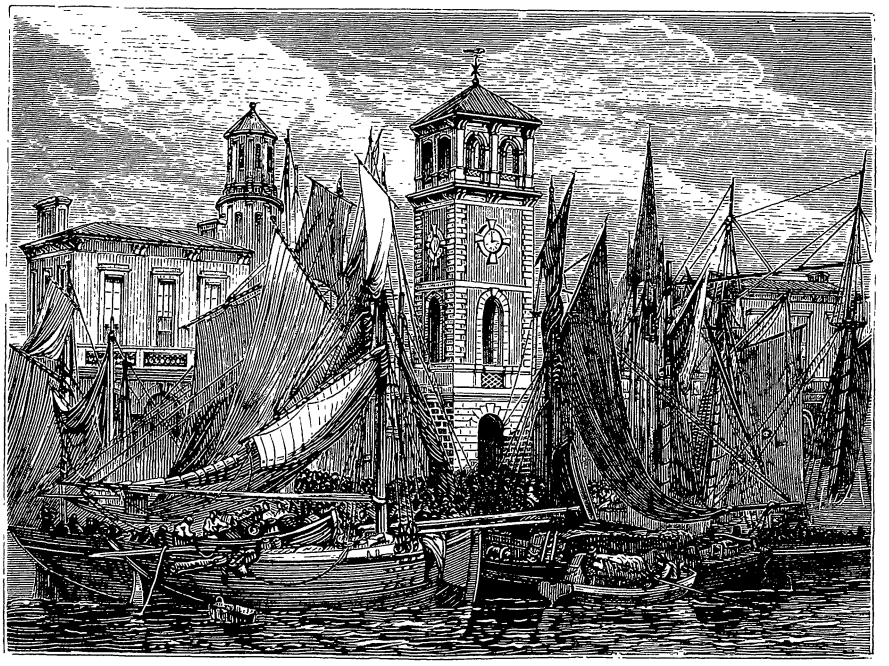
Both men and horses are, the writer adds, better fed than in the German army, each horse receiving in the light cavalry regiments two pounds and in the cuirassiers and artillery four pounds more forage than in the corresponding arms in the German service; while the French soldier is given a far more substantial ration of meat than the German. He receives, also, half a litre of sound country wine daily, and a sufficient amount of well-baked wheaten bread; every man getting two good hot meals a day, of each of which a thick, palatable soup forms the principal part.

YOU are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right; if you shrink from maintaining that which you know to be good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and are afraid to own it.

THE SEA FISHERIES OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

Billingsgate Market has long had an unenviable reputation, but in reality, at least at present, it is orderly enough as to speech, and very picturesque as to appearance. No one would wish a market to be a place of silence and meditation; but, beyond being noisy and busy, it has not the traditional character in a degree so marked as to distinguish it from other markets and places of concourse where the people, in their primitive roughness, abound. You will hear more bad language in the New York by-ways than in this famous market. For such a place, it is also remarkably clean, and there is still great beauty of coloring in the many varieties of fish, not to speak of the bunches of green grass and herbs interspersed among the fish, as is the London custom. The blocks of ice, too, standing on the marble counter, look inviting; and, altogether, a well-appointed fish-stall is quite as artistically attractive as a fruit-stall.



BILLINGSGATE MARKET, LONDON.

The picturesqueness of this place has its roots in another rougher, more stirring, kind of beauty—that of the fishing-banks of the North Sea, and of the busy Yarmouth traffic. The market is largely supplied by the fish steamers of Messrs. Hewett and Co., and the description given by an artist who obtained a passage on board one of these is full of a new interest. One is apt to think so little of all that goes to make up the simplest dinner, one is so used to having things prosaically brought to one's door in a common cart, that these circumstances, dating back as they do for centuries into the times of the powerful twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries' companies, seem to most of us new and strange.

The steamers ply daily between the fishing fleet and the London docks, supplying the market, and each taking, on an average, a week for the trip out and back. About 200 vessels are stationed off the coast of Ameland, mostly Yarmouth vessels, commanded by an "admiral," whose signals for lowering and raising the nets, the direction to be taken in trawling, etc., are strictly absolute. A man goes aloft into the rigging and raises a flaming torch in the darkness, and in a moment a whole regiment of nets is lowered. The effect, as an artist would say, is impressive.

The steamer, on arriving, runs up a flag as a signal for the boats to come and fetch the "empties," (boxes and creels for packing the fish), and at once the sea is covered by small, stout boats full of rough men, intent on securing boxes, all marked with Hewett's name. Not seldom a fight occurs at this point, and the captain and mate have hard work to keep order. A more welcome sight is the crush in the cook's galley for letters and papers from home. The men are generally out for six or eight weeks at a time, and, besides the longing for home news, many little necessities, such as a quid of tobacco or a morsel of coal, get scarce among them, and the coming of the steamer is looked forward to as a Providence.

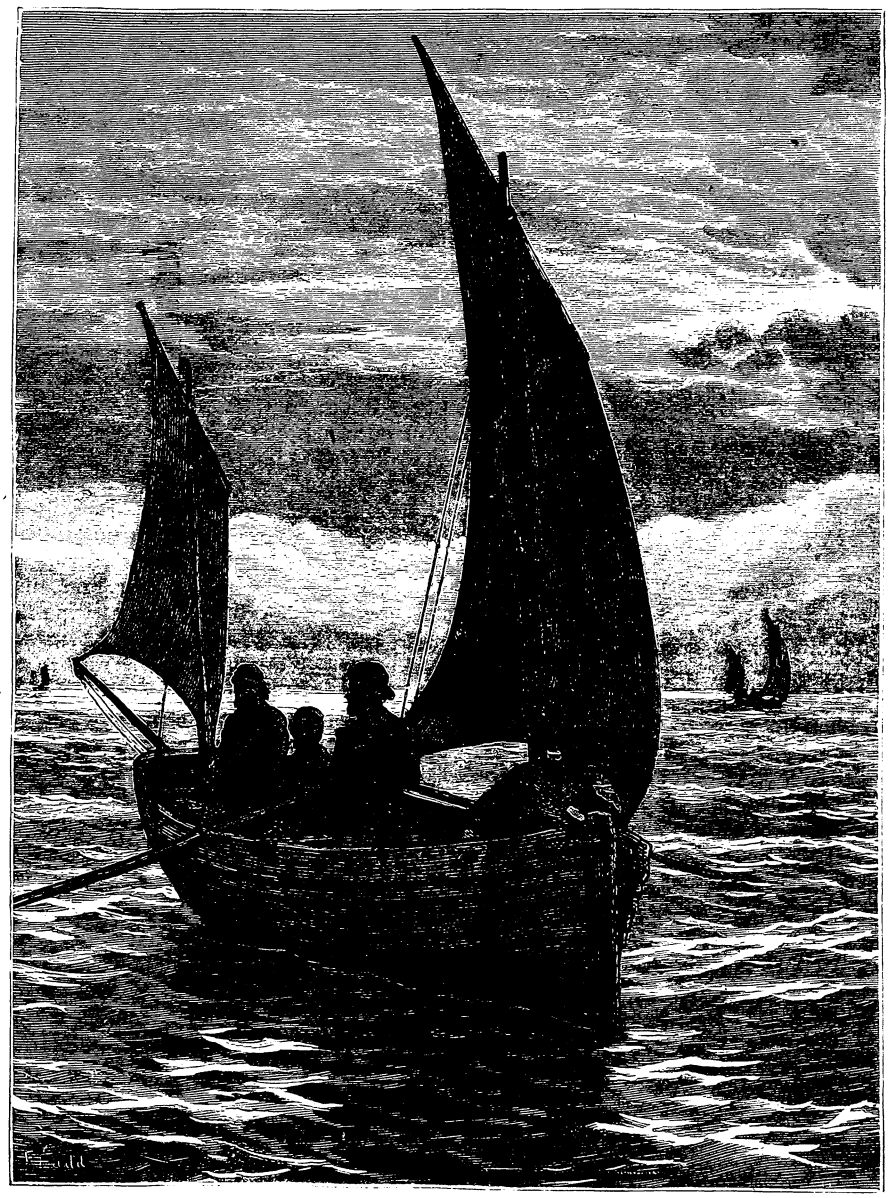
The crowd clears off at last, and a sudden breeze springs up; the "admiral's" smack sends off a rocket to mark the direction, and the long line of lights disappears in the distance. Next morning the steamer follows, and now begins the exciting work of stowing the fish caught during the night. The boxes are brought on board ready packed, seventy haddocks and sixty pairs of soles going to the box; and a haul of turbot, soles, plaice, haddock and skate which fills over a thousand boxes is not an unusual one. The hold is crammed full with layers of ice and boxes alternately; the crew of one smack being engaged to help the steamer's crew in quickly stowing the cargo away. The steamers are calculated to stow 3,900 boxes.

The smacks are strong, small vessels, looking, at a distance, like yachts or pilot-boats, with numbers plainly painted on their sails; but to a seaman they are, no doubt, a perfectly distinct family of craft. Yarmouth has lately built a home for the smack-boys—a good institution, and a pretty building in the lately revived style of Gothic "domestic" architecture.

Whitby, Redcar and Hartlepool, on the north Yorkshire coast, were once great fishing centres; but the two former have become fashionable bathing resorts, and the latter has benefited by the progress involved in railways and mines, and, like the old hide-trade of California, the fishing commerce has disappeared before a more lucrative and varied business.

But in England there is always the old relic beside the new patent, and not far from transformed Whitby is the quaint, desolate, unknown Staithes. It lives still by the same industry which supported it before Columbus had planned his Atlantic voyage. It has no new appliances, if we except the life-boat, whose crew is noted for its bravery. Its houses topple over each other; its streets are staircases cut or worn in the cliff; its main street is a mazy, rough path; and its two guardians—jutting points of rock, called Penny Nab and Colburn Nab, shut it out from everything but a wide, beautiful, desolate sea-view.

Passing above the cliff, scarcely a smoke wreath tells you of the sea-bird's nest below you; passing along the coast, you might catch sight of its tiers of unsteady-looking houses. By the shore are the fishermen's *cobles*, lying keel upward, the *trunks* for crab-catching, and a whole pavement of mussel-shells, their contents having once served for bait. There is an old-fashioned, low-browed inn, thatched roofs, that most picturesque of house-covering; a stream of hearty, healthy women fetching water from the well, and bearing it away Oriental-wise, in a *skeel* set on the head, which is the recognized burden bearer, for other women pass with baskets or bundles on their heads; and one girl trips past with a shelf piled with dough. When not thus used, the head is generally covered, not with the ugly bonnet, but the modest, old-fashioned hood. The men wear the blue Guernsey smock, rough pilot trousers, and oiled sou'-wester. A few, as roughly but differently dressed, show their connection with the neighboring iron mine—the thin end of the wedge that will in time turn the picturesqueness of Staithes into a tradition of the past.



THE FISHERMAN'S EVENING AT SEA.

Beard and moustaches have scarcely yet penetrated to this remote place, and collars seem unknown, the neck being swathed in a checked kerchief. The baskets of fish lie piled high in the street, waiting for the long, light carts which, every-day, carry them to the nearest railroad-stations, Grosmont and Saltburn, whence they find their way to the great markets.

Staithes has 1,300 inhabitants, one-tenth of which are fishermen. As the market value of the fish is £15,000 a year, so, although primitive, it is far from poor; most of the men owning their share of the *coble*, and laying by money for a future share in a ship or a steamer.

Queer old customs are still kept up here: the Feast—a yearly time of merry-making, when the villagers literally keep open house for all comers; the bridal-cup, offered to a wedding-procession by everyone of the neighbors whose house it passes—and sadly abused, of course, by most; the long funeral processions; the cries of the "female bellman," etc. But already the unfinished viaduct crosses the ravine above the village, and the young men are working in the mines for a change, and Staithes is in danger of losing its antiquarian and artistic interest.

A contrast to the English, is the Dutch herring-fishery; as old an institution, and formerly as much trammeled by legal restrictions. It still exists in much the same proportion as the Yarmouth fishery, its fleet being generally from 200 to 250 vessels; but how fallen is it from its record of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when it employed no less than 2,000 boats. It began in 1164, but the invention of pickling and curing herrings not till 1397, when George Beükelson, of Biervliet, near Slüys, made himself ever memorable by it. Two hundred years after, Charles V. ate pickled herring on the inventor's tomb, to the memory of the man who had enriched his native land with a new industry.

The fish-trade, especially of salt fish, was much greater before the Reformation, when Lent, vigils, and the special fast days of the monastic Orders made fish as necessary as meat; and indeed, in Elizabeth's time, a curious Act of Parliament had to be passed, enjoining, for the benefit of the fish-trade, the exclusive use of fish on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with a proviso that this was not for a "superstitious purpose," such as fasts had been! Moreover, licenses were sold for the eating of fowl and mutton on those days.

Vlaardingen, on the Meuse, was and is the headquarters of the Dutch fishery, and thence still sails the fleet of *soggers* and *hookers* after their owners and officers, having publicly repaired one day to the *Stadthuis* to take an oath to respect the laws of the fishery, and on another to the Church, to pray for a prosperous voyage. This takes place sometimes late in May, sometimes in the middle of June; the medieval regulations setting the day of sailing as late as the 24th of June; but no doubt the date has changed with the climate. At that time, five minutes past midnight was the appointed hour for the start; and not only did the Government settle the kind of salt to be used in curing the different sorts of herrings, but it regulated the size of the barrels, the number and thickness of the staves, the gutting and packing of the fish, the boarding of the barrels, etc.—all which was, of course, injurious as well as vexatious to the trade. Yet it flourished, and Holland grew rich.

The *soggers* of to-day are two-masted, schooner-rigged boats of eighty tons, with a crew of fifteen men. Their value, 25,000 guilders, may be translated as $10,000. Five fast-sailing yachts, called *yägers* or *yagts* (pronounced yachts), accompany the fleet, to carry home the produce of the fishing, which is done alternately on given days. Watchmen in Vlaardingen steeples give notice of the approach of the precious cargo, which is sold at auction. The great fish dealers buy up the barrels, re-pickle the fish according to their private brands, and sell them in small barrels of six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four fish. Prices vary during the season; the large barrels bought at wholesale this year, realizing close upon $200 each, while the retail price for a dozen herrings varied from twelve to three guilders, or from six to two dollars. The season is short, and ends in September. The fishmonger's sign for a new arrival of herrings is a sort of basket decorated with evergreens, ears of wheat, and bits of silk and tinsel.

The high price of the fish is rather a matter of wonder to outsiders, but the native epicure finds them worth the money. They are said to have the exact saltness of oyster-water, and to get therefrom a very delicate flavor. The usual way of serving them is on a dish, with a flower of some kind stuck in each gill. They are first skinned, cleaned out, and cut in slices; after which they are put together again in shape on the dish. They have never been introduced into the English market, and no doubt our British fisherman, wedded to his own ways, would think them much below the Loch Fyne herring, the Yarmouth ground-herring, the bloater, the red herring, the potted and tinned ones, besides others of the same family.

It is said that a new industry is open to the fishermen of the Irish coast, if they would follow the example of the thrifty and persevering Dutch; but, while fisheries on a large scale do not yet exist there, there is a good deal of work done, of which an interesting account is given in Stewart French's book on "Irish Life." "The effects of the herring fishery are thus described by an author of the thirteenth century: The Danes, says he, who were formerly clad in the poor garb of sailors, are now clothed in scarlet and purple and fine linen. For they abound with wealth flowing from their annual fishery on the coast of Schonen so that all nations resort to them, bringing their gold, silver and precious commodities, that they may purchase herrings, which the Divine bounty bestows upon them."

The author quoted in this paragraph of the "Proofs and Illustrations" of Robertson's History of Charles V., is Arnoldus Lubecensis ap. Cowing de urbib. German.

All over the world the fish trade is a picturesque one, and the work as hard as it is picturesque. The red-capped fishermen of Naples are physically one of the finest classes there, and the fish of the Mediterranean are still as much the fashion as they were in classical times; England consuming not a little at her public banquets, and even at many private ones, where rarity, costliness and distance would be recommendation enough for much less inviting dainties, let alone such really good things as Neapolitan red mullets.

Boulogne, the first foreign town the majority of Englishmen see, and which they have so transformed and denationalized that it may be called almost an English town—a peaceful and unconscious revenge for the loss of Calais—has a great fish trade, and the "bits" presented by the fishermen, with their bronzed faces, sturdy limbs and bright costume, are among the most coveted pleasures of the English newcomer.

The sea-fishing of America is no less romantic, although the Anglo-Saxon character does not lend itself to much romance without the accompaniment of roughness; but perhaps Scotland bears off the palm of one of the most important fisheries—that of the herring—and in that country not the least important and numerous part of the population belongs to the hardy and venturesome craft of fishermen.

We have alluded to the Loch Fyne industry, that bay being a recognized centre of the trade; and one of the most characteristic fishing villages on Loch Fyne is Tarbert, once the scene of many a lawless deed, and the chief theatre on which the battle of trawling *vs.* drift-netting was fought out, to the discomfiture of the anti-trawlers. Only lately has Tarbert changed its moral character, and become a village of temperance societies, reading-rooms and the like; and while the shopkeepers do not make so much money as before, in the drinking and fighting days, the fishermen, tall, fine, athletic men, manly, generous and hospitable, are much better off. It is said that, in the worst of weather, they will never take whisky with them when they go out to sea at night, for "they say it is *cowardly*." But some years ago, before these reforms, even the not very sober fishermen of other villages used to call Tarbert a sort of hell. The trawling not being legal, the men were like devils in its defense, swearing, drinking, fighting and eluding or attacking the police-boat, the *Jackal*. If you went into the harbor in open day, you would find them drunk and fighting, and many with blood on their faces. When, now and then, they would be caught, and their boats and trawling-nets sold at auction at Greenock, the men themselves went over there and bought them back.

It was reckoned that a crew of eight men would not seldom get thirty pounds sterling each man in the course of one night, and they spent it as recklessly as they earned it easily. The buyers and curers connived at this, and went out to sea to buy the trawlers' haul, and the men would sink their nets and come home in the morning as if they had caught nothing.

It was a dangerous matter to interfere with these desperate and determined men, and a commission of inquiry having given in their report as to the uselessness of the law against trawling as regards any damage done to the fishery, the Act of Parliament was repealed about ten or twelve years ago. Trawling was imported from Cornwall, where it was a common mode of fishing.

Like most fishing villages, Tarbert is very picturesque, and its people very healthy. "When you pass from the broad and blue waters of Loch Fyne into the narrow and rocky channel leading to Tarbert harbor, you find before you an almost circular bay, round which stretches an irregular line of white houses. There is an abundance of fishing craft in the harbor, lying in careless and picturesque groups, with their brown hulls and spars sending a ruddy

reflection down on the lapping water, which is green under the shadow of each boat. Along the shore stand the tall poles on which the fishermen dry their nets, and above these, on the summit of a rocky crag, rise the ruins of an old castle, with the daylight shining through the empty windows. Beyond the houses, again, lie successive lines of hills, at this moment lit up by shafts of sunlight, that lend a glowing warmth and richness to the fine colors of a late Autumn. The hills are red and brown with rusted bracken and heather, and here and there the smooth waters of the bay catch a tinge of other and varied hues."*

Besides fishermen, artists abound at these places, and the best "bits" of still life at the Royal Academy are the product of the wanderings of the young men, half sportsmen, half painters, who thus combine holiday-making and work in a fashion exasperatingly enviable. The west coast of Scotland is a paradise of color. The northern twilights, the more than gorgeous sunsets, the purple-heathered hills, the jeweled sea and rare, indescribable atmosphere, the contrast between boats, rocks and quays, strewn with busy life, as glowing as that of Venice or Naples, and even the costume of many among the population, make the shores of the Atlantic in Scotland a marvel of ever-new beauty. Fancy, for instance, a fair-haired girl, bearing on her shoulders a trailing load of green grass, her head bound with a scarlet handkerchief, her bodice creamy white flannel, and her petticoats gray flannel, with a belt and pouch of bright blue, her feet bare, and her arms likewise, as far as the elbow—and you have a picture which suggests at once a foreign land. Even the herring-cutters, in their short petticoats and tattered clothes, a knife in one hand and a fish in the other, have a wild spell of picturesqueness about them; and the prevalence of scarlet in cap, handkerchief and petticoat, both among men and women, assumes a touch of beauty in equal contrast to fair or dark hair. The Celtic type of black hair and eyelashes and deep-blue eyes is constantly reproduced among the Scottish islands, as well as in the southwest of Ireland—where, by-the-by, it is very uncomplimentary to native beauty to suspect a Spanish origin.

Though the herring fishery is one of the chief industries all over Scotland, the great centre and most important capital is at Wick, in Caithness-shire. Pulteney-town, just adjoining, shares this distinction; and from early in July till the same time in September a thousand boats are at work every night. The "pour-out" of the "drave" from Wick harbor is a fine sight. The sea-surface is just broken by a faint ripple, and the evening sun tinges the brown sails of the boats with a golden flash, as hundred after hundred of them leave for the fishery, some turning to the right and some to the left of the harbor bar, according to the supposed *habitat* of the fish on that particular evening. Of this there are only a few simple and rather uncertain indications. If the gulls be high up on the cliffs when they go out to the fishing-ground, the men conclude the herrings to be near the surface of the water; and, on the contrary, if the gulls be near the water, they conclude the fish to be low down. Again, if the water be still and calm in some portion, with a kind of oily gleam on the surface, they think the shoal is likely to be there, and shoot their nets accordingly.

Each boat has a captain, and a crew of four or five men; and the rule is for the boats to leave harbor late in the afternoon, and be on the fishing ground at sunset, after which time the nets are cast and the fish expected to "strike."

The usual net is the drift-net, of which a series is fastened to the "back-rope," each net being marked off by a huge bladder. They are sunk by means of leaden weights, and kept upright by large corks. The meshes are an inch square, and, when in the water, the net looks like an immense perforated wall.

As it is not legal to shoot the nets before sunset, the boats hover over the fishing-ground for a short time, or sail about in search of what the skipper thinks a likely spot. As soon as the place is fixed upon, the shoulder-of-mutton sail is let down, and two of the men take to the oars, the other two being busy shooting the net, while the captain steers and directs, and the work is not a little hard, for the train of nets is often three-quarters of a mile long. The nets are fixed to the boats by means of a swing-rope, and as soon as they are overboard the boat is allowed to drift with the tide, while the men take a little needed rest.

When, thirty years ago, the trawling innovation began, the new method proved so successful that the old fogies were enraged, and procured, in their "vested interests," the obnoxious Act that reduced the trawlers to take to the artifices of smugglers, and caused the lawless scenes that gave Tarbert such an evil name. This plan was, in reality, what is known as "seining," and admirably suited the inland locks and sheltered bays, but the drift-net is more appropriate to larger expanses of water.

The seine-net is easier to manage than the drift; it can be cast into the water very easily, and shot over and over again in a comparatively short time, while the labor of hauling home a long train of drift-nets is very severe. As each handful of the net is pulled into the boat, the fish are carefully shaken out into the bottom, a much better plan than the old one of leaving the herrings in the meshes until the boat reached the harbor, in which case it was found that the fish most often turned out to be damaged.

The uncertainty of a good haul is as much a drawback in this calling as the dangers of storm and wreck to which the boats are often exposed. An experienced old fisherman once said: "The herring is just a lottery, sir; you may have, fishing alongside o' me, a boatful of fish, and I mayn't have so much as a single spat." And in illustration of the dangers of the night fishery, a Scotch ditty says:

> "Buy my caller herring!
> Though ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
> Wives and mithers maist despairin',
> Ca' them lives o' men!"

The shore life of the fishermen matches their hard working and venturesome life at sea. In the remote districts—those for instance of the northern Hebrides—their houses are low, small, odd-looking huts, like beehives, the walls only a few feet high, built of rude blocks of stone or slices of turf, while from these low supports rises a rounded roof of straw, thatched over by a further layer of turf. These huts have few windows, and seldom any chimney, not even a hole in the roof. As time goes on, however, the resident lairds manage gradually to make these improvements more popular; but while they do this, they sometimes innovate in a less justifiable fashion, by persuading the people to give up their native tongue, by banishing the Gaelic from the schools and substituting English.

The thatch of these huts serves a double purpose, and, indeed, the absence of a chimney has a good excuse, for when the roof is throughly saturated with peat-smoke, it is pulled down and carted off for manure, and a new roof of straw put on. The rich brown and black compound thus does valuable service.

While on shore, the men plow and do the rougher preparatory work on their gardens and little farms, leaving the after care of them to their women-folks, until they come back for the harvesting.

* "A Princess of Thule." W. A. Black.

NEW HAVEN FISHWIVES.

There is a good deal of emigration to this country and Canada from the fishing-villages of the west coast—the chances of the fishery turn out bad some years, and the people get disheartened; besides which, the mere natural increase of families on a "craft" that does not increase in proportion, causes the remedy of emigration to become familiar. And for the young people, it is generally successful.

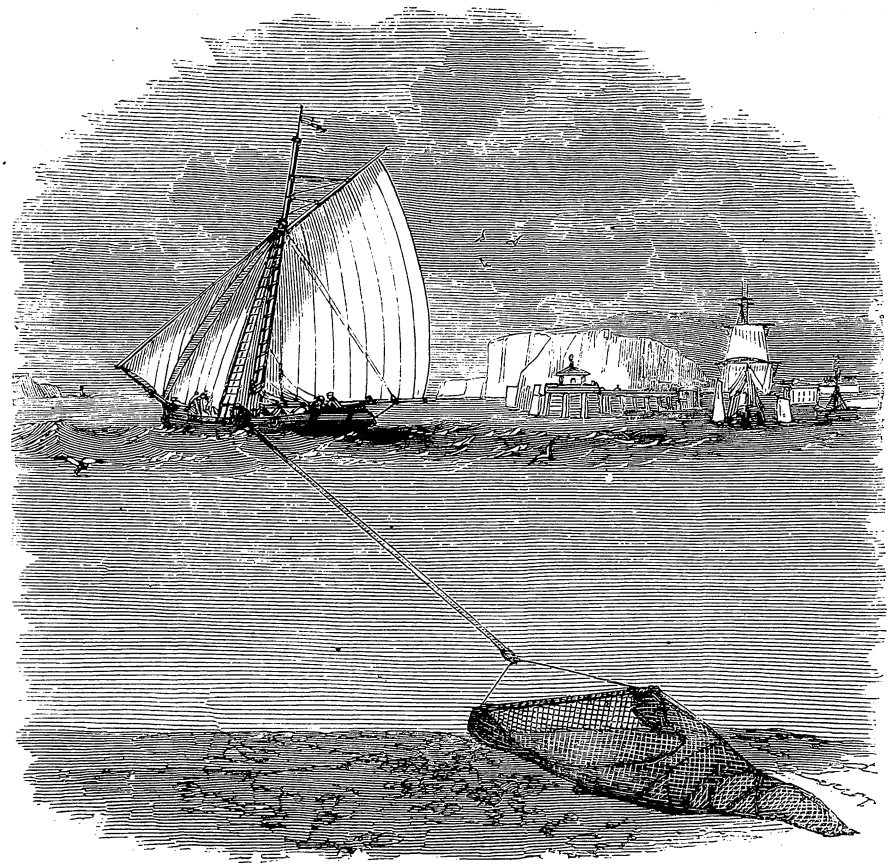
The herring fishery has become almost a fetish in Scotland; other fish are neglected, and this source is looked upon as an inexhaustible mine—a bank-account, on which to draw for all supplies, furniture, clothes, house-rent, marriage-portions, new sails, new nets, and even new boats.

The earliest fishery of the season is carried on in the Island of Lewis, early in May, and boats come to it from great distances, so that they enjoy, as it were, a double or treble harvest, for, as the Summer goes on, other fisheries come into play, till the last and greatest at Wick, which town, like Amsterdam, may be said to be built on herring-bones.

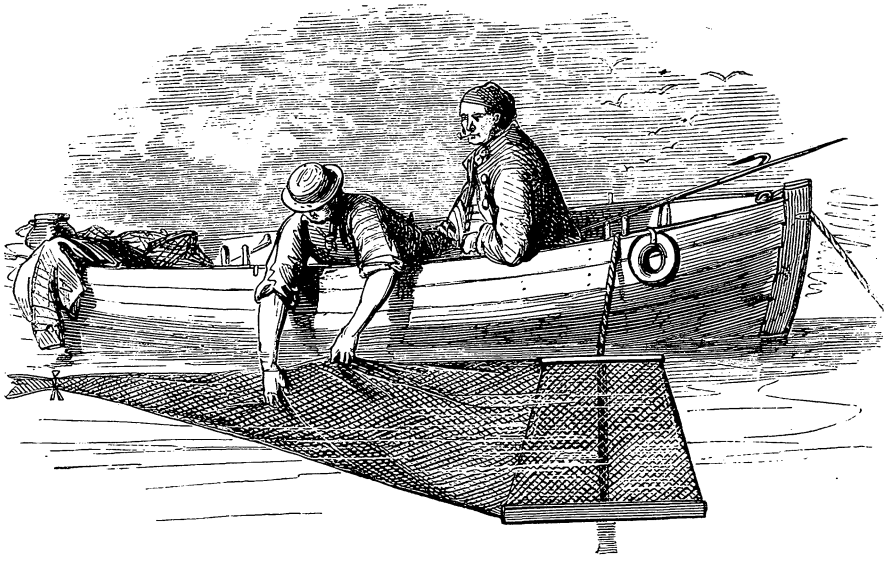
Here, too, is the seat of the curing—a scarcely less gigantic undertaking than the fishery. The curer is the representative of the trade, and whether he is merely an agent, or himself a speculator, his proceedings are necessarily magnificently rash. He bargains beforehand, as is the custom, and generally a twelvemonth in advance, and not seldom equips ambitious young fishermen, with the proviso that their haul shall be his exclusive property. A dangerous drag this is, for it is a mere chance whether the youth redeems his boat and belongings within a year or two.

The curer has to buy hundreds of thousands of barrels before the fish that are to fill them are caught. He bargains with the skipper to receive the hundred crans of fresh herrings, to be delivered at his curing-yard during the season—a cran being a measure containing forty-five gallons of ungutted herrings; and for these he agrees to pay at the rate of so much per cran, as well as to allow various perquisites, in the shape of drying-ground for nets, refreshments for the crew, and a sum of ready money, perhaps £15 or £20, called "bounty," the skipper, of course, providing vessel, crew, and fishing-gear.

The curer generally contracts with a large number of



TRAWLING.



WHITE BAIT FISHING.

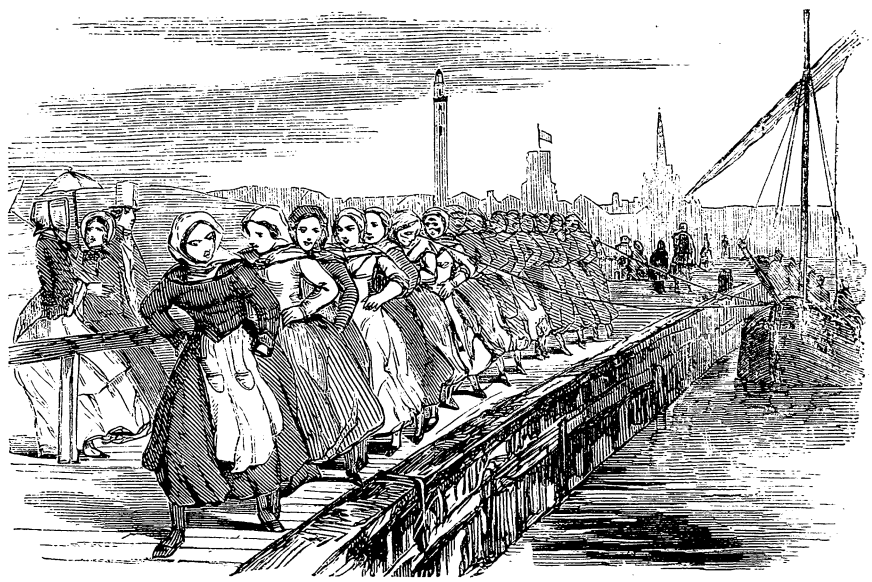
boat-owners, and though the outlay of ready money is small in comparison of the compensation in kind, yet his other expenses drain away large sums. He has to provide salt, dye-stuffs, barrel-wood, keep a large number of coopers, engage gutters, packers, etc. ; and all this before he knows for certain how many herrings he is likely to have.

The sight on the herring-quay is as curious and busy as that of the outgoing fleet is picturesque. The boats come in at any time between sunrise and noon—according to the distance they have been, and the direction of the wind. The baskets are emptied into the gutting-troughs, and the whole drift of nets has to be brought ashore before the men go off duty, in order that it may be carried away at once to the drying-ground before being used again ; for were the nets not to be carefully dried, they would quickly rot.

Presently carts come on the scene to take the nets away ; wives, and sweethearts, and children come to note the result of the fishery, unless, indeed, they are already actively employed as gutters and packers ; clerks are busy noting down the deliveries of the respective skippers ; coopers are sprinkling the fresh fish with salt as they are thrown into the troughs ; the gutters are at work with rapid skill and ceaseless industry, dressed in short petticoats, a shawl folded over their bosom, a pouch hung at their girdle, and a tall "match," or cap, with downward brim, or border, on their heads.

Many women come from great distances to this work, as in England they do to the harvest and the hop-picking. A woman can gut forty herrings in a minute, and dexterously jerk out the entrails by one turn of the knife-hand. To the eye of the uninitiated, she just bobs down to seize a fish, and then bobs up again to throw it into the basket ; and in the meanwhile the whole cleaning process has been got through. The basket is then carried to the packing place, where the fish are then thrown into a tub to be "roused" — that is, stirred about in a strong pickle of salt and water. They are then laid in a barrel with great neatness and precision, a handful of salt being thrown over each layer of the fish ; and in about eight minutes the barrel is full to the top, and may be said to contain about seven hundred and fifty fish. Hundreds of women are employed, and this business often extends far into the night, and has been known to be carried on even by torchlight, when an unusually heavy take of fish occurs ; for it is a rule that the herring must be cured on the day it is caught.

Like many other trades, the Scotch herring fishery once was under the wing of the State, the views of its members being zealously protectionist. Much of this formalism has dropped off and become obsolete, and, whereas it was once necessary to have each barrel branded by the proper authority, a fee of fourpence has now to be paid for this extra safeguard, which is chiefly resorted to as a guarantee for foreign purchasers. The old Board of Commissioners used to allow bounties to those who fitted out vessels for the fishery ; but now, according to the similé that "every herring should hang by its own tail," the bounty exists only in the name, as part of the fisherman's wages ; and far from the industry needing to be encouraged, it is threatening to prove rather too unmanageably successful. There is danger in its extensiveness, even to the most astonishingly prolific of fishes ; and other fisheries that might be made just as productive are neglected. However, it is scarcely fair to quarrel with one's bread and butter, and it is certain that nearly a hundred thousand persons are directly engaged in this trade, while as large a number thrive by it indirectly, such as boat-builders, sail-makers, salt-makers, carters, coopers, grocers, etc. Ten years ago, the value of the boats, over 13,000 in number, was estimated at £875,655 ; but, reckoning in the money



FRENCH FISHWIVES DRAWING IN THE BOATS.

laid out by the curers, this sum rose nearly to three millions sterling.

Altogether, this prosperous trade is as profitable to fishermen, fishmongers and grocers as it is delightful, and also profitable, to artists; for, besides the latter's theoretical enjoyment of contrasts and combinations in color, and of the splendid physical development of the men and women engaged in this business, the pictures they paint of fisher life are popular and well paid for. The subject is one which appeals not only to the mind of lovers of mere color, but to the universal human sympathies.

THE CAPTAIN'S CHRSTMAS WEDDING.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

IT is within a week of Christmas. Mildred Bassenthwaite, from the famous eminence which, as all tourists who have visited that part of the country know, commands Wymondley and its large sweep of splendid acres, with the background of forest and mountain, utters a little sigh as she looks down. She is mistress—she is sole mistress, of all this, and of I know not of how much wealth besides; and yet there is something strangely pathetic in this scrutiny of her possessions and in that deep-drawn respiration. The omnipresence of suffering is not a new theme. This young lady who has so much wealth and has exercised its power, and who, one would think, should not have a care, has yet her secret unhappiness, the torture of which is cruel at times and as much as human nature can bear.

Desolate and chill is the Winter evening, and the last faint glow of the rich sunset is dying out of the western skies, and overhead the crows, with melancholy cawing and in wide ranks, fly homeward to their dormitories in the distant woods.

Miss Bassenthwaite is not alone. A few yards away stands shivering, with one foot on a large stone, a tall, slight old lady, dressed in black silk.

"Oh! Aunt Don," calls the young girl, suddenly rousing from her reverie, "isn't it growing cold?"

Miss Donica Torrington, kindest of old maids, looks up from some object she has been attentively observing in the winding lane below, and, with a rather thoughtful and puzzled expression on her pleasant face, approaches.

"*Very* late, and we must go."

"Stop. Look at Wymondley now—never so pretty as in that light! The old chimneys and the gray gables peeping through the foliage. Such melancholy and seclusion! Dear old Wymondley! mine no more after this week, Aunt Donica. I bring Captain Daryl a handsome Christmas gift," says Miss Mildred, smiling sadly, "to make up for my own want of beauty."

Plain—cruelly plain, is this great heiress; very homely some call her, with her small gray eyes, and coarse, even masculine features, in which there is, in certain moods, something sinister and very nearly repulsive. Suffering and resentment have, perhaps, had their share in tracing these forbidding lines, for Miss Bassenthwaite is perfectly aware of her want of beauty, as she has just owned, and broods every moment of her life upon that dismal fact.

"Captain Daryl is too sensible, I hope, to care about mere beauty," observes Miss Donica, with a rather stern closing of the lips. "Expression and—a—animation, and that kind of thing, are much more likely to please a husband."

"But you know what Shakespeare says, 'The eye must be fed, and it is so true! When I think of the contrast I shudder. He is so *divinely* handsome!"

"So he is; the very handsomest man in the whole world, I believe."

"And I the plainest woman! Oh, Aunt Dora, how can I hope to keep his love?" She clasps her hands almost in a sort of agony.

"There, dear, don't let us talk of it. I dare say you will make a very happy couple. Don't you notice something in the road there?" asks the old lady, peering downward anxiously. 'I have been watching it for the last ten minutes, and can't make out what it is."

"I see—something red—scarlet," replies the young lady, whose gray eyes, though small and uninteresting, are quite keen and serviceable. "It is a woman with a red cloak on. How very odd that she should stand there alone so long, isn't it? I can make her out very distinctly, now, and she seems lost and bewildered. Let us go down to her."

Miss Donica, whose curiosity and interest, already piqued, are much heightened by these revelations, agrees with alacrity, and, walking swiftly, the two descend to where that strange, motionless figure is barely visible.

More in evidence it becomes as they approach, and a very singular apparition is presently disclosed—a tall, dark, and extremely beautiful woman, wearing a scarlet cloak. Lithe and slender she is, with wild, starry eyes, and a face in which there is something peculiar and *funesta*.

"Why do you stand here, my good woman?" asks Donica, rather abruptly, and, perhaps a little suspiciously. "You must be very cold without any wrap but that thin cloak. Are you not well?"

"I have lost my way," replies the woman, in a low, rich voice, shuddering. "*I am cold—so cold!*"

"And hungry, I dare say," adds practical Donica, with a sharp nod. "I suppose you have no idea of remaining here all night?"

"I—I don't know where to go."

Mildred and her aunt consult. Who is this odd person with the beautiful tawny face and lustrous black eyes? How curiously romantic and picturesque she looks in her scarlet cloak!

"Well, you must come with us," says Donica, with her customary decision, at the close of the whispered confab with her niece.

The stranger demurs, but they are resolute, and the end is that she walks beside them homeward. Mrs. Linnett, the stout housekeeper, is a good deal puzzled at the introduction of this new guest at Wymondley, and with a rather dry hospitality takes charge of her.

Although the Christmas wedding of handsome Captain Daryl with Miss Mildred Bassenthwaite is still a week off, the house has already begun to fill, and a very pleasant company are enjoying these country quarters. The three Miss Fentons, with their small noses, distinguished by the family leaning to redness, and bilious complexions, have arrived, and are to figure as bridesmaids. Old Dr. Scorton and his conceited and rather brilliant and sarcastic nephew, Lionel Denbigh, have also made their appearance. Mr. Peterfield, the family lawyer, is here, and stout Dr. Prawley, the clergyman, who is a relative and under engagement to perform the marriage-service. Other connections of the family and friends, whose names I know not, also shed the light of their presence within the sombre confines of the old mansion.

Some of these guests are, I am afraid, rather fond of gossip and satire, and speculate freely upon the approach-

ing wedding. Nobody can pretend that Miss Mildred Bassenthwaite has any attractions but her money, although in her two seasons she has been much pursued. Is, then, the affection of the remarkably handsome Captain Daryl altogether disinterested?

There are, alas! stories about this Adonis. Very wild he has been, say those who should know—a rake and a gambler, and something perhaps worse—and people have been shaking their heads over his wooing ever since it began. Mr. Peterfield, who has been a kind of father to the young lady most concerned, had a hard battle with her, but came off discomfited. It is simply Fate—she is infatuated with her handsome and penniless soldier, and resigned to take the future on risk.

Cards, music and the dance make a pleasant evening, and about nine Mildred steals away from her guests and seeks Mrs. Linnet and the black-eyed stranger. That sad and mysterious beauty has by this time really distracted good Mrs. Linnet, who is a somewhat inquisitive lady, and has been putting her unwelcome guest through a very unsatisfactory catechism, now at length exhausted.

"Have you found out anything about her?" inquired Mildred, in a whisper, drawing the housekeeper apart, while the stranger, sitting by the fire, eyes Mildred with a stern and haughty stare.

"She do puzzle me, miss," says Mrs. Linnett. "I'm only sure of one thing—she's a gypsy; but she seems kind o' lady-like, and, though she's as poor as can be, she's just as proud as if she owned Wymondley and everybody in it. I think she has had trouble in her time; but she won't say so—won't say anything—not even her name."

Mildred went over and took the stranger's hand.

"You must stay with us to-night, and to-morrow—as long as you please. You must be very tired, and what shall we call you? You interest me very much."

"Charmian Trent."

"Charmian? That is a very pretty name, and a little peculiar, isn't it? Well, Charmian, you will remain here to-night, won't you? You look so worn and fatigued. You shall have a room all to yourself, and shall be treated as a guest."

Mrs. Linnett coughed uncomfortably, and held her head higher at this proposition, for in her secret heart she had her own notions about this handsome person, and also about the propriety of admitting unknown people to Wymondley on the terms suggested. But Mildred was firm. As she now chatted gently with the stranger, her interest in her unaccountably deepened. She had never seen any one half so beautiful—and was she also refined?—and then so sad, haughty and unfathomable.

We know misfortune intuitively, and shun or pity it as our temperaments dispose, and here was that aspect of mingled pride and wretchedness which is something so infinitely touching, and always appealing.

This Charmian Trent—if such was her name—accepted charity as a favor granted, not given, and yet somehow did not repel sympathy—invited it, rather—and, in short, was growing into a very pleasing enigma, such as Miss Bassenthwaite did not anticipate being puzzled about when the episode of finding her, half frozen and lost, in the road, began.

Next day Mildred saw more of her odd guest. Yes; it was quite true: she was a gypsy, and admitted it; but that was all. Upon every other point she was reticent, and though Mildred questioned her with a very adroit circumspection, the young lady was quite baffled.

The snow is crisp, and the ice as iron; but the sun will surely melt it. Kindness and sympathy found a way at last to the heart of the gypsy girl. A gentle lady, unspoiled by wealth, was Mildred Bassenthwaite; perhaps the secret torture of mortification at the ugliness with which nature had branded her made her compassionate; but at all events she took a wonderful interest in this wandering Egyptian, and in a day or two almost loved her.

Charmian's shyness wore off, and she allowed herself to be introduced among those guests more *en règle* than herself. Donica Torrington disapproved, and some others thought it scandalous, and old Mrs. Protherwood threatened to go home; but after all, as my fat friend, Dr. Scorton, argued one evening in his quarters, with his particular friends and some capital whisky and cigars—was there in this anything more than a whim, a caprice? Mildred had always been a little eccentric, *queer*, by Jove, at times; to be so confoundedly ugly *will* make a girl morbid, you know; and the whole thing had best be passed over unnoticed.

Christmas was nearer by four days. Nearly all who were expected had arrived except Captain Daryl himself. Outside, the snow was deep and still falling; within, crowded parlors, light, warmth and enjoyment. Laughing, chatting, and busy in all sorts of ways are these good people; the eldest chiefly at cards, the younger disposed about variously; but those of a flirting turn of mind chiefly in corners and other secluded places, and Mr. Lionel Denbigh, who avows that he plays nothing but waltzes, usefully employed in that kind of performance at the piano.

It is very shocking, I know; but Charmian Trent is present, in obedience to Mildred's entreaty, and the two are seated together—Mildred on an ottoman—and the wise and beautiful daughter of Egypt is about to reveal her future fortune by the lines upon her palm.

"Cross it with silver," smiles the sibyl.

Mildred does so, and presents her hand, and Charmian, still smiling, looks down on it, and instantly her dark cheek pales.

"Stay!" cries Mildred, fiercely, white as death, in a sharp, cutting whisper. "Misery for *me*—you see it in my hand. Oh, my God, you might have seen it in my wickedly ugly face! Why did He give *you* such beauty—a stroller, an outcast of the peoples of the earth—and me—the heiress, the chosen—the hideous mask I wear!"

"Miss Mildred," said the gypsy, startled, and with a rising flush visible through her tawny skin, "you insult me. Don't envy me my beauty. Know this—beauty will be the cause of misfortune to both you and your husband. You laugh at my fortune-telling, perhaps—the lines in your hand have told me—and you will see."

"Yes, he is beautiful, Charmian," said Mildred, calming herself, but laughing a little hysterically. "I expect my life with him to be torture—nothing else, nothing else. But there, forgive me, and tell me why I should not envy you your beauty."

"Because it has been my ruin. Miss Mildred, I have done you a great wrong. I wished to tell you, but was so afraid you would despise me. You have called me an outcast; it is so—even from my own people. I have been betrayed——" she spoke softly and hung her head, an image of beautiful shame and penitence.

"Oh, Charmian!" cried Mildred, shocked in spite of herself. "I never thought that, of all things."

"Yes. I have told it and am better. I must leave your house this night, for I am no longer fit to stay."

"You shall not go, Charmian. What you have told me I will repeat to no one. But you——"

At this point there was the sound of sleigh bells outside, and after a minute a sharp and merry jingle at the door-bell. Mildred Bassenthwaite rose to her feet, her hand upon her heart, and wild pleasure dancing in her eyes.

THE SEA FISHERIES OF NORTHERN EUROPE.— THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.— SEE PAGE 80.

Another minute, and before she could get to the door to welcome him, in he came. Strangely handsome, this man —deep, dreamy, violet eyes, the complexion of a girl— silken hair and mustache— the form of a Greek god. He stepped in, smiling, and kissed his betrothed, and she turned to present him, when, on a sudden, Captain Daryl's gaze suddenly was smitten with the sight of Charmian Trent.

A society man, the captain was not easily put out; but now he looked at the gypsy with a dark and frightened stare, as a man might look at a tiger suddenly encountered in his path and prepared to spring. His very ill-bred stare was returned with one of haughty and listless indifference—not a rebuke, but something too much like contempt.

But he recovered, and so was presented, and presently

THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE.

he and his affianced had quite a chat together on the sofa. Dry work for the captain, I dare say, for he got up soon, and circulated elsewhere about the room, all the while keeping the corner of his eye upon the beautiful creature who sat, like Cleopatra, alone over by the window.

Captain Daryl was one of those men, such as most of us have seen, who can scarcely meet any woman without conveying in the manner, attitude and voice, an air of indescribable air of flirtation. As he lounged about the room, pausing sometimes to talk to a pretty girl, bending over her and pouring into her ear the melting music of his flattery, he, watching elsewhere, was in his turn watched.

If these manœuvres were part of a concerted plan, it succeeded; for by a little adroit management he found himself in a little while by

THE CAPTAIN'S CHRISTMAS WEDDING.—"AS HE LOUNGED ABOUT THE ROOM, PAUSING SOMETIMES TO TALK TO A PRETTY GIRL, AND POURING INTO HER EAR THE MELTING MUSIC OF HIS FLATTERY, HE, WATCHING ELSEWHERE, WAS IN HIS TURN WATCHED."— SEE PAGE 86.

the side of Charmian Trent. His first words to her were, I'm afraid, rather coarse.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he asked, smiling, but a strange glow of repressed rage in the depths of his violet eyes.

"I have the privilege, Mr. Darnley."

"Mr. Darnley—bosh! You have heard my real name. Well, I fancied I was past the age of surprises; but this, I confess, knocks me over quite. How did you find out this place, I say?"

"By accident."

"Do they know who you are. I rather think not," he sneered. "It is only reasonable to suppose your presence here denotes mischief."

"Vivian, you must give me back my little girl. Ever since you cast me off and took her away from me I have been searching for you. You *must* give her back to me!"

"I shall do no such thing. I've no idea of allowing her to be brought up among a band of strolling vagabonds. As for you, the very wisest thing you can do will be to return to them and resume your fortune-telling, horse-stealing, or whatever it is."

"What on earth can you have to say to Miss Trent, Captain Daryl, that is so absorbing?" called out Mildred, a very marked uneasiness in her tone—so marked that several looked up.

"We are discussing the origin and history of the nomadic tribes on the earth," replied the captain.

"You cast me off to marry this rich young lady, Vivian," said Charmian. "You do not love her—only her money—but she adores you. I can prevent the marriage. I have already told her that I had been betrayed, but she does not know by whom. She pities me, and, as wildly as she loves you, she could yet give you up if she learned the truth. You see fate has been very kind—nothing but a single accident has thrown me here. I hold all the cards; would I not be a fool to play them?"

"By Jove! you talk like an actress in a melodrama. A little experience in fashionable society has done wonders for my Charmian. Well, if Miss Bassenthwaite has been so kind to you, it would be but a poor return to break off her marriage with the man she, as you say, adores. I have always heard your noble race had a rather Quixotic sense of gratitude, and can't be persuaded to steal a fellow's poultry who has given them the use of his haystack."

"There are other revenges. Give me back my little girl, or you may regret it."

"Captain," calls Miss Bassenthwaite, interrupting, "Miss Fenton is anxious to hear you sing. She told me to ask you."

He rises instantly and signifies his pleasure, and so the next moment is at the piano, delivering with wonderful skill the serenade from "Don Pasquale."

But no more that night he talks with Charmian Trent, and next day also he avoids her. He is not much more with his betrothed. It is such a bore to talk with a plain woman when there are so many very pretty ones available, and as for love-making, all that will keep very well for the honeymoon; and so the captain, as his marriage draws nearer, still relishes the little remainder of his liberty.

And the next day is Christmas Eve. Captain Daryl is guilty of an atrocious scandal—he takes a long walk with Charmian over the snow of Knowlton churchyard to read the epitaphs, forsooth! The dowagers bridle and grow red in the face, the old gentlemen call him "a scamp, sir," and Mildred is wretched.

"That baggage has led him into a flirtation," says Aunt Don, severely. "You should never have brought her here. I really never heard of such a thing—a gypsy tramp, of whom one knows nothing, brought in and made a—a—an equal of! But so it is—all women will fall in love with his pretty face, and he will always be ready with an unlimited amount of encouragement."

In a short while the pair were discovered returning, the lady walking very fast, staring luridly at the glistening snow, and her carriage as suggestive of swagger as feminine grace will permit; the gentleman serenely twirling his mustache, and apparently not much more agitated than so simple an expedition as he had been upon called for.

Capital spirits he was in at dinner. He told several good stories, was bright and satirical, put down that conceited fellow Denbigh more than once, and certainly did not neglect the wine. Mildred kept her eyes fixed in his direction. He had never looked handsomer, had never appeared to more advantage.

A rather quiet evening followed. Charmian Trent appeared, but the flirtation was apparently over; for the captain resolutely avoided her, and, like a truly penitent sinner, made amends for his morning's folly by very deep devotion at the proper shrine in the evening. He talked more with his affianced than at any time since his arrival—doubtless spoke love, and certainly looked it.

And so, in due course, the company took their candles and trooped away to their bedrooms. Captain Daryl, and one or two other fellows, old and young, had, *sub rosa*, a weed and a "nip" in old Scorton's chamber before retiring; and my friend the doctor, who, after his tankard—which, I must say, was always modest—was given to joking, poked a little fun at the handsome soldier.

"What a pretty fury the gypsy was in to-night, Daryl! It was lucky there wasn't a paper-knife or pair of scissors about, or I think we should have had a tragedy."

The captain pooh-poohed all this with the serene indifference of a man who has had abundant experience with the jealous sex, and presently, with a yawn, went away to his own quarters. A pleasant fire was burning there, and, though awfully sleepy, he undressed lazily and slowly. As he took off his cravat he stood before the glass, and, with a listless simper, studied the reflection of his handsome image in its depths.

"If I am not the handsomest man that ever lived," he said, and added, with bated breath, a wicked imprecation, at which, when it had passed his lips, he himself was a little appalled.

And so at last he extinguished his light and got into bed, and in a few minutes was asleep.

Two hours must have passed, when he was awakened by that uncomfortable sense of danger which is experienced by the suspected presence of some one in the room. He drowsily called out "Who's there?" and sat up, trying to pierce the profound darkness; but there was no reply, and he was about to lie down again, when his alert ear caught the sound of breathing.

The captain, in his time, had seen outpost service on the frontier, and had so trained his faculties as to have them at command instantly; and now he sprang out of bed, and had taken a step across the floor, when he pushed against something—unmistakably a human figure—and grappled with it.

The struggle lasted but a second; in the next, something was thrown into his face which made him cry out with anguish and release his hold upon his mysterious assailant. The burning pain of this liquid rendered him very nearly frantic. Frenzied with his torment and his rage, he heard his enemy moving away, and staggered in pursuit. The door leading into the corridor opened, and in the dim light he saw the tall form of Charmian Trent; and then it closed with a crash, and he fell to the floor in a swoon.

Christmas morning—Captain Daryl and Mildred Bassenthwaite's wedding-day. Up came Mr. Gridley, the butler, to the captain's room, with that gentleman's shaving-water. It was not exactly Gridley's business; but then, is not Christmas the season of gifts and other pleasant things? and would not, by to-morrow, the captain be master of Wymondley, with the absolute control of its retainers?

In a sad plight honest Gridley found his prospective master—lying on the floor, groaning with torture, his face a mass of blisters.

The alarm was given. In came Scorton, M. D., and others, and the general agitation may be fancied. Scorton got the captain to bed, turned out intruders, and sent post-haste for Doctor Langham, the local practitioner, and for certain drugs, and then put some shrewd questions to the patient.

"I know what you mean," whispered Daryl, faintly. "It occurred here about two or three o'clock, and was done by Charmian Trent. She came to my room expressly for the purpose, and not for any other reason. For God's sake, stop the pain! I have fainted twice, I think."

"The shock, you see," said Scorton, concerned and pallid. "The woman's gone, I believe; Gridley says no one has seen her this morning. I—I wish that fellow would come with the things. And—a—this—the wedding, you know; you are not in a state, you see, and I'm afraid you're in for a—a—siege. Lord, what an unfortunate thing!"

"You—you don't think I am maimed for life, I hope?" inquired the captain, with a sudden and very stern anxiety.

"Well—a—acid, you know," stammered Scorton. "Your eyes are all right, thank Heaven! and——"

"Tell me the truth," said Daryl, seizing his wrist.

"There—a—there may be a mark or so—nothing serious, let us hope; and drink this. The shock has been severer than I could have believed."

"Mildred—does she know?"

Mrs. Linnett came in crying, and, when she saw the captain, uttered a little shriek, and for a minute hysterics seemed imminent ut when she had grown a little calmer her news was unfolded. Everybody in the house knew of the accident; word had been sent to the police in the neighboring town; Mildred was nearly wild; all things in disorder.

Doctor Langham and his medicines arrived, and for an hour he was closeted with the patient and old Scorton; and at length cam the bulletin that the captain's pain had left him, that his eyesight was certainly safe, and that matters wore a much better aspect than at first.

How about the wedding? To the general amazement, Mildred insisted that it should take place. Listen to what her friends called reason—one's own view is, of course, always the only reasonable one—she would not. And so it followed that on this beautiful Christmas Day, which had promised to be so merry, a marriage took place in Captain Daryl's bedchamber like one *in extremis*.

A strange, sad scene was: the bridegroom sitting up, his face covered with bandages the bride standing at his bedside, sobbing convulsively; all the ladies of the company in tears; the gentlemen pale and depressed; and good Doctor Prawn, with broken voice, making Vivian Daryl and Mildred Bassenthwaite man and wife until death should them part.

And so, this done, the pleasant party at those hospitable country quarters suddenly broke up, and their Christmas festivities came to an untimely end.

About a month afterward Captain Daryl was well enough to take his wife upon their honeymoon tour. Rather oddly, they chose to leave Wymondley by night. To everybody's surprise, they went to Europe. I have a letter by me from Miss Caroline Mannering, who met them unexpectedly in Paris, in which that charming young lady says:

"The Daryls have resolutely avoided every one, but to-day I accidentally caught a glimpse of the captain; and now all is explained. You know how handsome he was. He is to-day the ugliest man in Europe—a perfect fright. His face is a mass of terrible scars, revolting to look on, and when I saw him I almost screamed."

Captain Daryl, I have learned, was very anxious to seek out and bring to justice Charmian Trent; but his wife would not listen to it. In fact, she had grown more eccentric than ever in her ways, and the couple were a source of wonder wherever they went. She seemed to love her captain with an adoration bordering upon lunacy. At times she was seized with strange fits of gloom, when for days she would sit in her room, crying ceaselessly; at other periods she would be extravagantly gay, devouring the unfortunate captain with kisses, and saying: "Now you are uglier than myself, darling, and no one will love you but me"; at which the captain looked by no means consoled.

On a sudden, one day, at Nice, Mrs. Daryl fell down in a fit, and when the doctors revived her she ordered them out of the room and called her husband to her side. She apparently had some direction to give him, in case of her death; but, on second thoughts, seemed to have postponed it—and very unluckily, for that night she had another convulsion, and died.

So now Captain Daryl was a widower, and master of all his late wife's great wealth. After a brief period of mourning, he attempted to re-enter society. Somehow the man's hideously scarred face made him shunned. Women shuddered in his presence, and children ran away, crying with terror.

Savage with mortification, he left Europe and returned to his own country, with the single purpose in his heart of finding out, if possible, the fiend who had ruined him, and punishing her as she deserved.

For a year he traveled, visiting every band of gypsies he could hear of, but never learning anything of Charmian Trent. Another Christmas was nigh, and he was in the South. He was returning to his hotel from a long ride, when, in a field but a short distance away, he noticed, with a thrill at his heart, the familiar evidences of a gypsy bivouac—the gayly painted wagons, the corral of horses, the swarthy and stalwart men lounging about in every attitude of laziness, the withered crones by the camp-fires, the dark and handsome girls.

He approached and entered the encampment, under fire of all those weird black eyes, and one who was apparently the chief—a strong fellow of forty—came forward, anticipating, I presume, a horse-trade; for a man with such malign countenance as Captain Daryl's must have long ag given up any hope of luck in love from his planets.

"Is there a woman in your party by the name of Charmian Trent?" asked Daryl, as he had asked in many a camp before.

He had scarcely spoken when the curtain of a tent was pulled aside, and a tall, beautiful woman stepped forth—Charmian Trent, and but little changed.

Daryl, in his astonishment, was speechless. Charmian Trent burst into tears.

He got off his horse and strode toward her.

"You cry at the sight of my face, do you?" he said, hoarse with passion. "You may well weep at your damnable work, you hag!"

"I did not do it, Vivian," she said.

"You did not do it!"

And he laughed with a kind of hysterical irony.

"Your wife did it."

"Do not wrong the memory of the woman who was so kind to you, with that infernal calumny. She is dead."

"She did it, I swear, Vivian," said Charmian, with uplifted hand and a choking sob. In her voice and manner there was that accent of truth which appalled him. "I knew there was danger for you that night, and I could not sleep. I rose from my bed to go to you and give you warning: and when I had reached your door I heard your cry, and met your wife, white and haggard—*mad!*—coming out. What she had done I knew not; but my heart told me it was something terrible. She had befriended me, and I was determined to save her; and, Vivian, I closed the door against you that you might not see her face, and you saw only mine."

He felt that this was the truth; for it explained all that happened afterward—his wife's strange periods of gloom or fondness; her insanity—for such it was; the secret she wished to disclose on her deathbed, but would not, for fear he might hate her memory when she was gone. It was all plain to him now.

"She was mad with a jealous love, Vivian. You *must* know. What motive had I? You had told me where to find my little girl on that very morning, when we visited Knowlton churchyard. Oh, it *was* your unhappy wife, Vivian, and not I; for I loved you too much, and loved you differently!"

When he parted with Charmian for the last time, Captain Daryl returned to Wymondley and lived a life of strict—and, indeed, morbid—seclusion. Some rather queer stories were told of his caprices, which, perhaps, are scarcely worth repeating; nor are they, in fact, quite authentic. Brooding over the past, he lived in his solitude for several years, and finally died suddenly, like his wife, of aneurism of the heart.

MISS WASHBURN'S HEROISM.—"SHE AT ONCE RESOLVED TO POSSESS HERSELF OF HIS RIFLE, AND CROUCHING IN THE UNDERGROWTH, CREPT TO THE SPOT AND SUCCEEDED."

MISS WASHBURN'S HEROISM.

In the following thrilling adventure of two scouts, a part was performed by a young girl, which did high honor to her spirit and resolution. As early as the year 1790 the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hockhocking River was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of that portion of the State from the Hockhocking to the Scioto, and from the Ohio to our northern lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowery prairies. Then the ax of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness, nor the plow of the husbandman marred the business of the green prairies.

Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys, that of Hockhocking was pre-eminent for nature's richest gifts—and the portion of it whereon Lancaster now stands was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village at a period so early, that the "memory of man runneth not parallel thereto."

On the greensward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of one of the most powerful tribes, taking counsel for a "war-path" upon some weak or defenseless frontier post. Upon one of these war-stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking that the Indians were gathering in force, somewhere up the valley, for the purpose of

striking a terrible and fatal blow on one of the few and scattered defenses of the whites.

A council was held by the garrison, the scouts were sent up the Hockhocking, in order to ascertain the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and on one of the balmiest days of our Indian Summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick plum and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory now known as Mount Pleasant, whose western summit gives a commanding view to the eye of what is doing on the prairie.

GRANDMOTHER'S VISION OF HER YOUTH.

This eminence was gained by our two adventurous and hardy scouts, and from this point they carefully observed the movements taking place on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie the horse-racing, leaping, running, and throwing the deadly tomahawk by the warriors; the old sachems looking on with indifference, the squaws, for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries, and the pappooses manifesting all the noisy and wayward joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of warriors was hailed by the terrible war-whoop, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo on echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts these were but music strains which waked their watchfulness, and strung their iron frames.

From their early youth had they been always on the frontier, and therefore well practiced in all the subtlety, craft, and cunning, as well as knowing the ferocity and blood-thirsty perseverance of the savage. They were, therefore, not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle would not fall victims to the scalping-knife.

On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairies and ascended the mount; at which times the scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks, or, lying by the side of some long, prostrate tree, cover themselves with the sere and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding-places when their uninvited visitors had disappeared. For food they depended on jerked venison and cold corn bread, with which their knapsacks had been well stored. Fire they dared not kindle, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain-water, which still stood in excavations of the rocks; but in a few days this stock was exhausted, and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise, or find a new supply. To accomplish this hazardous affair, M'Clelland, being the elder, resolved to make the attempt.

With his trusty rifle in his grasp, and two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skirting the hills on the north as much as possible within the hazel thickets, he struck a course for the Hockhocking River. He reached its margin, and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful fountain of limpid water, now known as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river. He filled his canteens, and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element, as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth. The light sound of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and, upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a few feet of him; these, upon turning the jut of the hill, had thus suddenly come upon him. The elder squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation—for if the alarm should reach the camp, he and his companion must inevitably perish.

Self-preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death upon the squaws, and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a panther, and, grasping the throat of each, with one bound, he sprang into the Hockhocking, and rapidly thrust the head of the elder squaw under the water, and making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted.

During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost in inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him that ten years before she had been made a prisoner on Grave Creek Flats, and that the Indians, in her presence, butchered her mother and two sisters, and that an only remaining brother had been captured with her, who succeeded on the second night in making his escape; but what had become of him she knew not.

During the narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp on the elder squaw, whose body floated where it would not, probably, soon be found. He now directed the girl hastily to follow him, and, with his usual energy and speed, pushed for the mount.

They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt struck the Hockhocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past.

White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians, as the practicing parties of warriors were seen to strike off in every direction; and before White and the girl had arrived, a party of some twenty warriors had already gained the eastern acclivity of the mount, and were cautiously ascending, carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, until the whole of the rock was surrounded, and all hope of escape cut off.

In this peril, nothing was left other than to sell their lives as dearly as they could; this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been a captive to the scouts. She said:

"No! Death, and that in the presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity—furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die! This spot I leave not! Here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours! And should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives!"

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a vigorous defense—opposing craft to craft, expedient to expedient, and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle.

The attack now commenced in front, where, from the narrow backbone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing, the warrior must be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form was target enough for the unerring rifle of the scouts.

After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an insulated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hillside. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point-blank shot of the rifle; and without the possibility of escape.

Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but brave companions and an unerring shot—them they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they

had continued as calm and as calculating and as unwearied as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could permit.

Soon M'Clelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock that a single bound must reach it and all hope be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of one hundred yards. He resolved to risk all; coolly he raised his rifle to his eye, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do. He touched the hair trigger with his finger, the hammer came down, but, in place of striking fire, it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance toward the fearful point.

Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap, and with the agility of a deer he made the spring. Instead of reaching the rock, he sprang ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell, he fell upon the earth, and his dark corpse rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death-shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as been foiled for a time in their most important movement.

A very few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught a momentary glimpse of a swarthy warrior cautiously advancing toward the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion.

Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts, to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence—and in a short time M'Clelland saw the wary warrior turning a somerset; his corpse rolled down toward his companion. Again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf.

This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants; and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew a short distance, for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely kept their position, and boldly maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the scout supposed that, through terror, she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight.

They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from the rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and, crouching in the undergrowth, crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross fire of the defenders and assailants. Her practiced eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring and bloodthirsty brave of the Shawanese tribe. He it was who, ten years before, had scalped the family of the girl, and had been her captor.

In the west dark clouds were gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them. This darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy—this being highly probable, if not inevitable. An hour's consultation decided their plans, and it was agreed that the girl, from her intimate knowledge of their localities, should lead the advance a few steps.

Another advantage might be gained by this arrangement, for in case they should fall in with some outpost, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue would perhaps enable her to deceive the sentinel; and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet, when a low "whist" from the girl warned them of present danger. The scouts sunk silently to the earth, where, by previous agreement, they were to remain till another signal was given them by the girl—whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour now began to excite the most serious apprehensions. At length she again appeared, and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels who were directly in their route to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed—the level gained, and the scouts followed their intrepid pioneer for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog, within a few feet, apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the scouts' rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them, and stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterward the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in a wigwam. She replied in the Indian language, and, without stopping, pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the scouts that the village was cleared, and that they were now in safety.

She knew that every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment, and after three days' march and suffering, the party arrived at the block-house in safety.

The courage, energy and fortitude of the girl were nobly displayed throughout the perilous scenes of the fight and escape. She proved to be a sister of Neil Washburn, one of the most renowned scouts upon the frontier. She possessed her brother's spirit in the delicate frame of a woman.

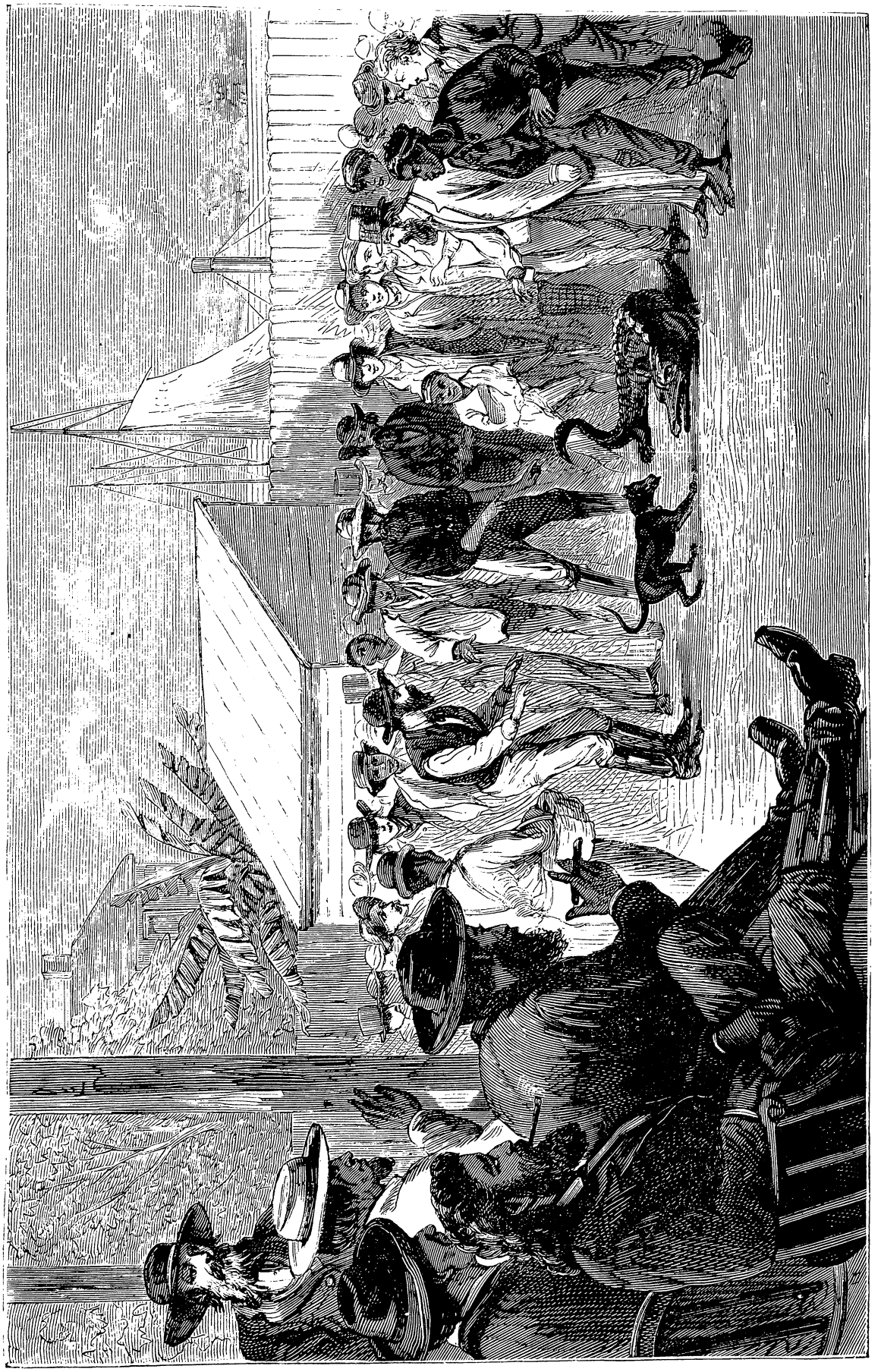
The escape of the party from the Indians deranged the plan of attack upon the fort, and compelled the savages to return to their homes without having effected anything of importance.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

A Street Scene in Jacksonville, Florida—An Alligator on the Promenade.

Although the inhabitants of Jacksonville, in Florida, are a very hospitable people, some strangers occasionally make their appearance who are never welcome. It is true that, coming without invitation, they exhibit an indifference to city ordinances, and are a scaly set of fellows at the best.

We allude to the irresponsible alligator that sometimes wanders from his native swamps and bayous, and goes upon an exploring expedition, even into the very heart of the town. Of course the advent of such an ungainly monster creates quite a sensation in Jacksonville—not quite, perhaps, as much as would be created by a similar occurrence on Broadway; but still enough to induce our artist to sketch the scene as witnessed by him during a recent Southern tour.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A STREET SCENE IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.—SEE PAGE 95.

MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"'WHAT NEW FANDANGO IS THIS?' ASKED OUR GUEST, MISSING THE SPITTOON, BUT GETTING ON TO THE BULL'S-EYE OF A MOSS-ROSEBUD ON THE CARPET."

MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"SHE BOUNDED ON TO THE LOBBY IN A STATE OF THE WILDEST DISHABILLE. I CAUGHT HER FLYING, AND GAVE HER NO GENTLE SHAKE."

MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.

My wife is a very pertinacious female—most females are, especially married ones—and when she gets an idea into her head, she is as persevering as a baffled musquito. She keeps humming and buzzing, and nipping at me, till she drives me into full-flavored language, and then, with tears over my head, hysterics presented at my throat, threats of separation at my breast, and reminders of being the father of her children all around me, what can any ordinary man—and I am a *very* ordinary man—do under the distracting circumstances, but hang out a flag of truce and seal the armistice with the usual kiss.

This is how it is done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and I mention it for the benefit of those thistle-cropping ventilators of modern witticisms, whose threadbare and moldy ideas of a joke are concentrated in the pitiful pleasantry of the solitary word, "Henpeck."

My wife was possessor of (and still possesses) ten thousand dollars when she took me for better——I shall not stultify myself by uttering the other word, which gives her a tremendous pull over me. The fact of their existence is brandished beneath my nose from that moment when morn with rosy hand bathes the somewhat ruby tip of my nasal organ in golden light until gray-hooded eve sends me forty winks and respite; twirled in the neighborhood of my scalp, like the tomahawk of a hostile Comanche, served up as the *pièce de resistance* at breakfast, at dinner, at supper, and even in the secluded bower sacred to Mr. Morpheus and to Mr. Caudle.

By some mysterious computation, defying the ordinary rules of calculation, these ten thousand dollars have doubled themselves, like Sir John Falstaff's men in buckram, although I regret to say that the same prosiness still hangs around the annual interest, and Mrs. B. (my wife) coolly refers to her twenty thousand, as if the sum was lying to her credit in the First National Bank, or in some subterranean cavern of a safe-deposit company.

MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"'BURGLARS!' SCREAMED MY WIFE, SPRINGING TO A SITTING POSITION IN THE BED, AND PROCEEDING TO ATTACK ME."

MY WIFE'S BURGLAR-ALARM.—"SEIZING A LOG OF WOOD LYING AT HAND FOR FIRING PURPOSES, HE DEALT THE BURGLAR-ALARM ONE VIGOROUS BLOW WHICH SENT IT FLYING."

Since our marriage—which sometimes appears to me to have taken place in the middle of the last century, during the glorious struggle for Independence—I have made one or two frantic struggles for the same thing, but Mrs. B. assumed the *rôle* of General Washington, and I was glad to capitulate on any terms—we have kept house in West Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Square—a clean, comfortable, commodious house, and a desirable location.

"Much too near the Fifth Avenue Hotel," says my wife one night, as I returned somewhat later than usual, with a slight ripple in my delivery, and a *deux temps* in my gait. I had been engaged in looking at some bibulous boys damping their mustaches over cocktails. I am positive that I only sucked in one; two or three may have sucked *me* in; but be that as it may, my establishment in West Twenty-fourth Street was doomed, like auctioned furniture, to a speedy removal from that hour, and Mrs. B. forthwith commenced to develop her ideas with a strategical skill worthy of a champion chess-player, or even of Herr Von Moltke himself.

"It's ruinously expensive moving to the seaside every Summer," she casually observed, at breakfast next morning, destroying the hopes of an embryo chicken by plunging an egg into "a table-dispatch," and busying herself, as females invariably do, when about to attack the nobler sex.

"Never mind, my love; it must be done for the sake of the children," said I, as my chances of an occasional bachelor evening lay in missing—by accident, of course—the last train, when she, with the *impedimenta*, were located by the sad sea waves.

"I say it is ruinously expensive, and my twenty thousand dollars would soon melt into thin air if it is persisted in."

"Surely, my dear, you wouldn't think of remaining in town during the grilling heat?"

"I guess not; but, taking into consideration George Washington's health"— our oldest son, with a constitution of concrete, and who, at this particular moment, was heard in the distant regions of the nursery, yelling, "Beddy buttie! beddy buttie!" with the lungs of a youthful vender of our evening newspaper—"my own health—I've lost all appetite," the egg had disappeared, and she was bidding for a full-fledged cut of a tenderloin steak—"Mamma's health"—it is scarcely necessary to observe that my wife's mother permanently resided with us, and that *her* vitality from *my* point of view, was *not* all that could be desired—"and your health."

"I never felt better in all my life," I hastily interposed—a faint presentiment of what was to come had already cast its shadow.

"And *your* health," she repeated, fixing me with her available eye, the other being in duty over her mother, who exhibited lurking symptoms of rebellion. "*You* were *far* from well *last* night," she spoke, in italics. "*Very* far from well, Mr. Bloggs, and, taking *everything* into consideration, I am of opinion that a *country* residence will suit us for *many* reasons *much* better than a *town* one."

"Country fiddlestick!" said my mother-in-law. I forgave much for this, who preferred street-cars and monstrous stores to briny seclusion or wooded isolation. "What are you thinking about, Angelina?"

"Englewold!" calmly continued my wife. She has a most irritating habit of pursuing her own line of thought, and of noticing no interruption whatever. "Englewold is suitable, *very* suitable—one boat each way to the Mountain House, and steam-rail from Jersey City; and if one should, by any accident, miss the steamer, the locomotive is at hand. Yes," folding up her napkin and me with it, "Englewold will do."

"Gracious Providence! What fault have you to find with this house?" I exclaimed. "And——"

"Rats," was her monosyllabic rejoinder

"I never saw one."

"Nor I," added her mother.

"I did."

This was Napoleonic. She beheld the planet. We required Lord Ross's telescope.

"We can easily banish them!" cried my mother-in-law, who clung with the tenacity of an octopus to her intramural comforts.

"Will you go with me to-day to Englewold, Mr. Bloggs, or shall I, as *usual*, have to do *your* business as well as my own?"

"Really, Angelina, I cannot understand this extraordinary haste; and as for——"

"Extraordinary haste! Do you hear that chee-ild?" The youngest-born was coughing from the effects of a prolonged pull at his bottle. "Am I to wait until that *racking* cough becomes *keronic?* Am I to pause until that *fell* monster, consumption, *swoops* down upon my infant? No, sir If *you* have not the feelings of a *parent*, thank Heaven I am not *utterly* devoid of them!"

The young guzzler's trouble was her right bower, and she played it at the exact moment to euchre me.

My mother-in-law made a gallant stand, defending the position inch by inch. I too, brought up some heavy artillery, and opened a withering fire.

One by one my guns were silenced, captured and turned against me; fainter and fainter became the defense of my wife's mother, until at length, crestfallen and defeated, we were reluctantly compelled to yield, and forced to march from out the citadel minus even the honors of war.

Our villa at Englewold was all that could be desired if located in Madison Square. The bedrooms airy, lofty, and commanding extensive—far too extensive—views into Pennsylvania, and several other places of lesser note. The parlors, too large for our city furniture, involved a considerable outlay in walnut wood and carpets. The dining-room, extensive enough to entertain the Tammany Ring, a gaunt, wolfish-looking apartment, swallowing up five hundred dollars' worth of "fixins" at a hungry gulp, with a cowering chair in each corner, a huddled-up table in the middle of the floor, like a desolate island, and a perished-looking bureau leaning against the wall, betraying all the appearance of being desirous of turning itself inside-out in order to escape observation. The basement was roomy and gloomy as the crypt of a Cistercian monastery, and the stabling fit for Mr. Ten Broek or Le Comte de Lagrange. We all caught colds in the removal.

"I told you how it would be, Angelina," said her mother, with triumphant asperity, whilst she operated with her handkerchief. A trombone solo is not enlivening. "The children are sneezing their heads off!"

"Yes, mamma, these are the remains of the colds they caught in Twenty-fourth Street; if we had remained there another week I would not answer for the consequences."

It will be perceived that Mrs. B—— is fertile in rejoinder.

My mother-in-law being somewhat of an early riser, secures the *Herald*, and clings to it like a cat to a mat, or a sick kitten to a hot brick, until, ghoul-like, she has sucked its life-blood. It is then tossed to me, and I worry the financial column until my wife agitates my departure for the train.

Mrs. Skinflint—my wife was Angelina Skinflint. I wonder would she be Angelina Skinflint still, but for that fatal picnic at which I—but no matter, I am strongly inclined to think that, with a gentle dash of her present manner, she

would have remained single, even for Robinson Crusoe, ay, or any other man—Mrs. Skinflint, during our matutinal meal, indulges us with a jerky outline of the horrors of the preceding twenty-four hours. Murders, suicides, forgeries, burglaries. She is strong on burglaries—her deep-toned voice falters upon the word "jimmy"—and misdemeanors of every sort, shape, size and description. She stops at nothing, each succeeding crime imparting an additional stimulus to her appetite, which is twin-sister to a truck-driver's, causing chops, steaks, cutlets, sausages and eggs to disappear like fictitious pancakes into a conjurer's hat.

"At all events, with *all* its imperfections, we were pretty safe from burglars in Twenty-fourth Street," tartly observed Mrs. Skinflint.

"Burglars, mamma!" exclaimed her daughter, in a tone of alarm, and adding, in womanly defiance of Lindley Murray, "there ain't no burglars here!"

"Listen!" said her parent, solemnly, as she proceeded to read a harrowing description of a daring robbery which had been committed at a villa within half a mile of us, in which "jimmies" had not only operated upon doors and windows, but upon the frames, especially the head-pieces of the luckless inhabitants as well.

My wife looked at her mother with apprehension in her glance. Mrs. Skinflint was pale as cheap crockery.

There *is* balm in Gilead.

"It will be our turn next," I moodily observed, by way of imparting comfort and consolation, "and there isn't a bolt in the house that I couldn't force with my toothpick!"

"The police must be warned at once, Mr. Bloggs—go the first thing to the Bureau and request the services of an extra officer."

"I have no influence, my dear, and as——"

"Of *course* you haven't. You need not have told *me* that at *this* hour of the day. Instead of being united to a man of position and influence, I am chained to a—a——"

She was selecting a big one.

"Nobody," suggested Mrs. Skinflint, which was accepted with alacrity.

"Our lives are in peril!" continued my amiable spouse.

"My sainted husband's plate!" put in her mother

"Yes, six thousand dollars' worth of silver!"

How excited ladies *will* exaggerate! A bold and inexperienced speculator might offer two thousand for it. A wary purchaser might be tickled up to one thousand. The late Mr. Skinflint had come by it "handy"—how and when, defied the closest investigation. It was a white elephant, and placed Mrs. Skinflint on deposit, its very weight causing her to become a fixture.

"Something must be done, Mr. Bloggs, and at once. Can you even *suggest* anything?"

"Move back into Twenty-fourth Street, my dear."

"There is a good deal in what he says," said Mrs. Skinflint, who panted for her diurnal pilgrimage around Stewart's, and whose banishment to Englewold was the subject of a devout thanksgiving on the part of the employés.

"You are a pair of idiots!" exclaimed my wife, as she bounced from the apartment, "and if I were a man, I should be ashamed to have a pumpkin outside my shirt-collar instead of a head!"

"You must have experienced some little difficulty in rearing your daughter, ma'am," I observed, taking a shot at Mrs. Skinflint. "She must have been an interesting infant. What a lamb when cutting her teeth!"

"She is an angel, sir! But *you*, by your aggravating ways, are breaking her heart! I knew how to treat Mr. Skinflint. If Angelina had a little more of my spirit, poor dear, things would be different. I was getting him into a beautiful condition of mind when he left me. That *was* a man! If I said 'Come,' he came; if I said 'Go,' he went."

"Yes, ma'am, he went. I guess he was a smart man on that last move!"

She said nothing, but looked an armory of rusty bayonets at me. My shot had hulled her.

Upon the following evening I was agreeably startled when reaching the villa, to find Mrs. B—— arrayed in a cluster of wintry smiles, while the smirks of Mrs. Skinflint betrayed secret but ill-concealed satisfaction.

"Was uncle on the boat, Mr. Bloggs?"

"No, my dear."

"Then he's on the cars, I guess, and he'll be here for supper."

Her uncle Skinflint is in corn, if not in clover, and bounded on the north by real estate, on the south by United States bonds, on the east by the First National Bank, and on the west by forty thousand dollars. He is a bachelor, and visits us at regular intervals. He brings George Washington a two-cent whistle, and Wilhelmina Angelina a one-cent chocolate mouse. He occupies the best bedroom—our room—stays as long as it suits him, we pay the express-man for his baggage, and the servants never see the color of his money. But we have expectations—*great* expectations, and uncle's will is law. He spoils the carpet with his dirty boots, his aim at the spittoon is not reliable, his language somewhat inflamed; but he ballyrags my wife's mother, and I love that man!

Now, as a general rule, Mr. Skinflint's visits were regarded as necessary evils by Mrs. Bloggs, and through the light of mournful yet hopeful resignation; consequently, I was somewhat at a loss to account for the avalanche of "nods, becks and wreathed smiles" which capered around the announcement of his approaching visit.

"Ah, here he is!" exclaimed my wife, as a coach laden with *impedimenta* like those of a commercial traveler going West, lumbered up to the gate. 'Twas at this hour, in such a vehicle, and with an equal amount of baggage, that my wife's mother arrived to spend a few days with her precious chee ild. If she still regards the duration of her visit in the light of a few days, that woman must look forward to seeing the next centennial.

"Ah, here we are! Hope supper's ready. You're looking round the clock, niece. You alive yet, Mother Skinflint? Pay the coachman, Bloggs, four dollars and fifty cents, for the man's deuced dear. There's a wolf in my stomach"—he used the other word. "Don't pull my pants, you brat!" to G. W. "I don't kiss dirty-faced girls!" to W. A. "Now, Mother Skinflint, lead the way, as you'll be doing some fine morning, I hope, at your own funeral!"

And thus did our uncle tune his instrument, ere he commenced to play.

Upon ushering our guest to his bedroom—*my* bedroom—with a view to the washing and laundrying of a pair of nut-brown hands and colliery nails, while passing through the dressing-room I was astonished to find, not the imprint of a naked foot upon the sand, but a very peculiar-looking addition to the furniture of that apartment, which consisted of a small walnut-wood cabinet, not unlike an elaborately constructed pigeon-house, attached to the wall. This miniature pagoda was adorned with as many handles as a soda-water fountain in a new drug-store or stops to an organ, and the roof, if I may so designate it, was surmounted by a huge gong, such as are used on steamboats to regulate the movements of the sleepless and ever-watchful engineer. Bright, square, nickel-covered apertures, like plate-glass windows, in two rows of four each, appeared upon its façade, and beneath each window a flattened hook attached

to a bar which ran the entire length of the machine. A spray of wires disappeared into the ceiling, and the *débris* of lime, plaster and mortar suggested no inconsiderable shock of earthquake.

"What new fandango is this?" asked our guest, missing the spittoon, but getting on to the bull's eye of a moss rosebud on the carpet.

"A bell," I replied, at hazard, not wishing to appear ignorant of what was happening in my own house.

"A bell!" he exclaimed. "Ecod! you ain't going to pull the house up by the roots, are you?"

Seeing Mrs. B——, I asked her what it all meant.

"It's a burglar alarm," she replied, with an air of triumph. There was twenty police-power in her glance.

"My sainted husband's plate is safe now," said Mrs. Skinflint.

"Yes, and our lives too!" added Mrs. B——. "If the Batchfords had had one of them in their bedroom, Mrs. Batchford need not be visiting with a brummagem pin in her shawl and glass beads in her ears."

"Or Mr. Batchford going with a certain ring round his finger," said Mrs. Skinflint.

"But what is it? How does it work? Does it catch the burglar? Does it paralyze his jimmy or appeal to the better feelings of his nature? Does it summon a policeman or conjure up a jailer?"

"It's the simplest thing in the world!" exclaimed my wife—"it's an electric alarm. No *burglar*"—she emphasized this terrible word—"will attack a house if he knows there is a *burglar* alarm in it, and a professional *burglar* will find out before he ventures on a robbery whether there is a *burglar* alarm on the premises or not. With this *burglar* alarm, I would go out and leave the house empty, and put my twenty thousand dollars in gold upon an open table——"

"With my sainted husband's plate!" chimed in Mrs. Skinflint.

"And the bracelet you gave me before we were married—you haven't thought of the fellow for it, though. I have; and my watch and chain, and the children's tankards, all exposed, and they would be as safe as if they were in the deepest vaults of a safe-deposit company."

"I can't see it. Possibly if I were a burglar I might."

"You never see anything but your meals, Mr. Bloggs, and then only to find fault with them."

"Don't worry yourself, Angelina, my precious child," soothed her mother.

"Yes, but I *will*, mamma. See here now, Mr. Bloggs, we will suppose a burglar attempts to enter by the basement window, the moment the window is opened up——"

"The burglar is shut up!" I cannot help saying a good thing now and then; it bubbles up.

"A bell then rings"—she wouldn't see it—"and the drop falls."

"They don't hang for burglary now, Mrs. B——. The drop only falls for murder in the first degree."

"I say the drop falls, in spite of your vulgar jest, exposing the word 'Basement,' thus informing you instantly where the burglar is trying to get in. By turning a handle, if you wish it, a bell continues to ring, even if the burglar shuts the window, or it stops ringing when the burglar shuts it, or the drop falls without making any noise at all. I will explain it all by-and-by, so soon as the attachments are made."

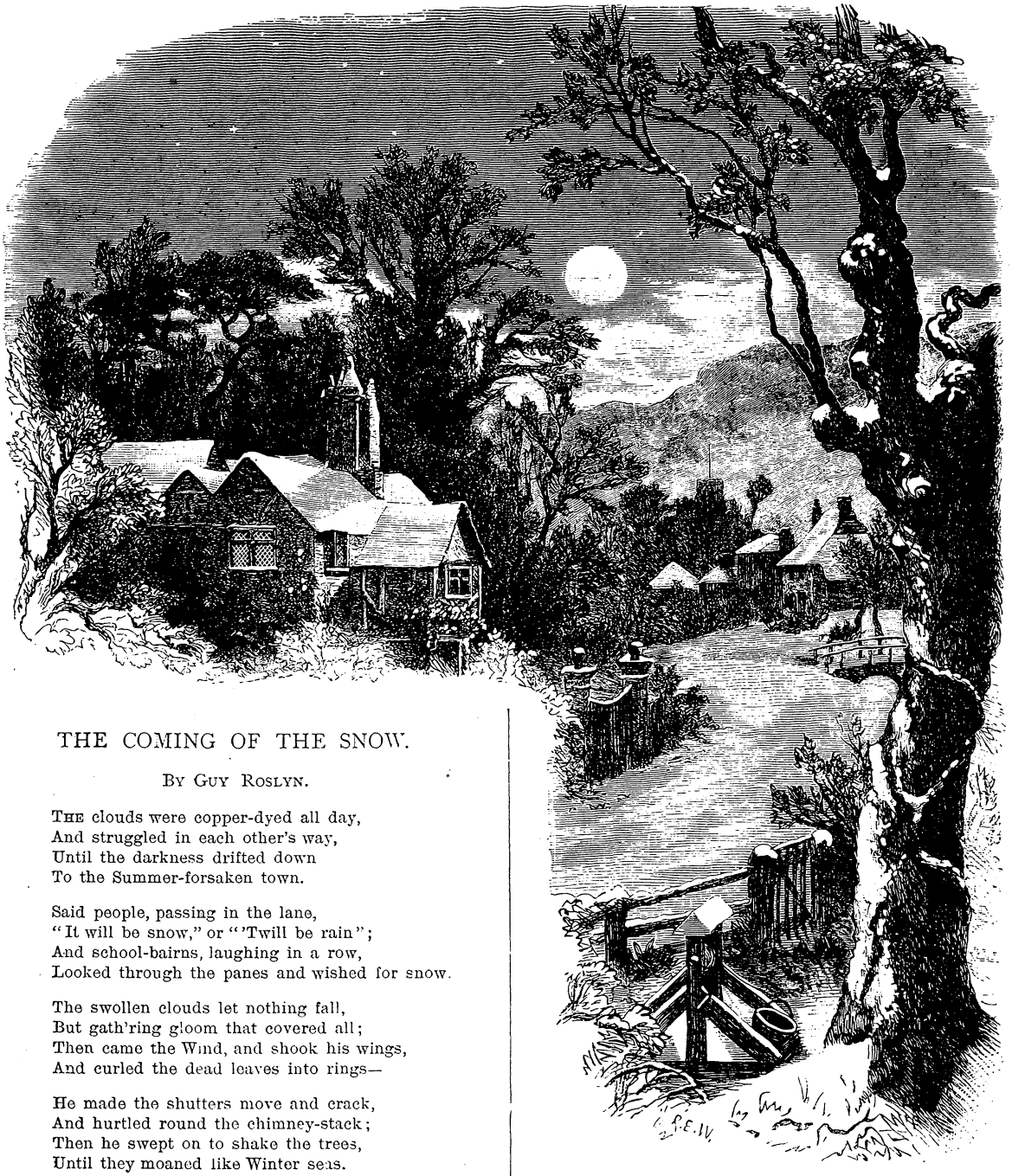
A TEXAN WOMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.—SEE PAGE 103.

"I hope *my* room has been properly attended to, Angelina?"

"Yes, dear mamma, it was my first thought."

"The windows secured, and the chimneys especially; it would be no harm to have a wire at the ventilators, as burglars can squeeze themselves anywhere."

When, later in the evening, Mrs. Bloggs came to deliver a lecture on the burglar alarm, with a view to initiating me into its mysteries, she became hopelessly involved in the



THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

By Guy Roslyn.

The clouds were copper-dyed all day,
And struggled in each other's way,
Until the darkness drifted down
To the Summer-forsaken town.

Said people, passing in the lane,
"It will be snow," or "'Twill be rain";
And school-bairns, laughing in a row,
Looked through the panes and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall,
But gath'ring gloom that covered all;
Then came the Wind, and shook his wings,
And curled the dead leaves into rings—

He made the shutters move and crack,
And hurtled round the chimney-stack;
Then he swept on to shake the trees,
Until they moaned like Winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,
And all the trees again stood still;
Then, through the dark, the snow came down
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,
And flecked the boughs with flakes of light;
And moving clouds revealed the moon,
To make on earth a faery noon.

Then Winter went unto his throne,
That with a million diamonds shone;
A crown of stars was on his head,
And round him his rich robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with delight,
To see the fields and hedges white;
And folk said, as they hurried past,
"Good-morning—Winter's come at last!"

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modus operandi, pulling handles, like an attendant in a lager-beer saloon, till black in the face; switching levers, adjusting wires, unscrewing bolts, consulting batteries, flinging open windows, doors and skylights, till she and her parent, who was the familiar on the occasion, were compelled, in utter exhaustion, to give over their experiments until a future occasion. All this, too, without causing a bell to ring, a gong to sound, a drop to fall or a wire to jingle. The failure was ludicrously, delightfully complete.

"If you hadn't been prating so much to the young man, mamma, I would have got him to show me how to run the machine twice instead of once."

"Prate, Angelina! I had to give *you* one or two broad hints, especially when you spoke about your sainted father's plate."

"Sainted fiddlesticks! I wish you wouldn't be interfering in things in which you have no business!"

I felt inclined to take Mr. B. to my white waistcoat.

"Very good, Angelina. I shall not interfere again, as I purpose leaving to-morrow. And as my sainted——"

"Oh, bother!" interposed my wife, proceeding once more to operate upon the burglar-alarm.

As the best laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft aglee," so the best regulated burglar-alarms refuse to do their office when not duly and properly handled.

My wife gave up the attempt from sheer inability to wrestle further, and resolved upon patience until the morrow, when the operator was to be summoned in order to set the machine to rights and—receive a little bit of her mind.

"Keep those confounded brats of yours tied and gagged till I've had my snooze, Angelina. I'm cursedly tired, and let no one come near my door till ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Then knock in the panels!" And Uncle Skinflint nodded good-night.

"Did he bring the children anything?" I asked.

"Not much," replied my wife. "An apple to George Washington, and a damaged pear to Wilhelmina Angelina?"

And it was for this that we were sleeping in the bath-room, with the noise of trickling water tingling through our spinal marrow. Expectations! expectations! how many follies have been committed in thy name!

It might been the witching hour. I was dreaming—alas! that it was but a dream!—that Mrs. Skinflint had at last completed her visit of a "few days," and was proceeding toward the Sioux country, where Sitting Bull grimly awaited her arrival and her scalp, when ter-r-r-r-r-r-r, tingle, tingle, tingle went the bell attached to the burglar-alarm.

"Burglars!" screamed my wife, springing to a sitting position in the bed, and proceeding to attack *me*, as though *I* had been caught in the act of forcing an entry into my own house for unlawful purposes. "Burglars!" and I received a punch on the head. "Burglars!" a dig in the ribs. "Burglars!" a general assault on the most defenseless portion of my frame.

"Where—where?" I cried, bouncing out of the bed.

The night was bitterly cold—a regular rasper.

"Everywhere! All over the house. Go and encounter them, while I fly to protect the children," and Mrs. B. wrapped the spread around her—I had clutched at it, but it eluded my grasp—and vanished in the direction of the nursery.

Hastily plunging into my pants, the wrong end uppermost, and a coat with the back across my stomach, like a herald's tabard, and seizing a heavy blackthorn shillelah that never missed fire, I cautiously proceeded toward the dressing-room, which was next to the chamber occupied by Mrs. Skinflint, and found the bell ringing on with hysterical violence, and the indicator notifying trouble in the apartment inhabited by my wife's mother.

Having ascertained this beyond the possibility of a doubt, and feeling assured that Mrs. Skinflint was more than a match for any two ordinary housebreakers, I was about to leave her to fight it out, when her door burst violently open, and she bounded on to the lobby in a state of the wildest *déshabille*.

I caught her flying, and gave her no gentle shake; her back teeth rattled together like castanets.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"The window! the window!" she gasped.

"What window?" Another shake.

"That window!" pointing to a half-open casement.

"Who opened it?" A series of shakes. I felt that I might never get another opportunity, and the pent-up wrongs of suffering years were having their innings now.

"Wh—wha—wha—what are you sh—sh—sh—shaking m—m—m—me f—f—for?"

"Answer my question, Mrs. Skinflint. *Who* opened that window?"

Here I shook her as if she had been an apple-tree, to which the most inviting-looking fruit still clung with tenacity.

"I—I—I d—d—did."

"And what the deuce" (yes, I said it—open confession is good for the soul), "do you mean by opening windows at this time of night, and frightening people out of their wits?" A whole orchard rocked again in connection with this query.

"Let m—me g—g—g—go!"

She had had enough of it; so, bestowing a valedictory shake upon her, which caused the flabby frills of her nightcap to smack her forehead like fly-flappers, I jerked her into the bed-room.

The bell still kept ringing, and by this time the whole household was aroused with the exception of our male guest, who snored like a fog-horn.

"I opened the window because I thought I saw one of the helps conversing with a man under the stoop, and the moment I opened it, that awful bell commenced to ring, and I couldn't stop it. Shut the window, for heaven's sake; I'll get my death of cold!" and Mrs. Skinflint disappeared beneath the bedclothes, one bulbous frill remaining on the surface like a white buoy to mark the exact spot at which she went down.

I banged the window with a crash that nearly sent the glass into fragments. A spasmodic movement in the bed indicated that the bang had reached the submerged Mrs. Skinflint.

The bell ceased to ring, but my wife's tongue commenced to wag, and the hearing she gave her parent was one of the finest pieces of oratory I ever listened to. It was positively sublime.

"It's very odd," observed Mrs. B., as, chilled to the marrow, we returned to the ice-bound regions of the bath-room, "that the alarm would not work when I wanted it. I guess it was fixed all right all along, and that I turned the wrong handle."

Again Queen Mab was gracious enough to honor my pillow—again to favor me with visions of bliss. Mrs. Skinflint and a burglar of the Bill Sykes type were engaged in a Græco-Roman wrestling-match. Mrs. S. was in an academic posture, and Mr. Sykos had an adhesive grip of her nightcap. She was scoring some of Wagner's music upon his swarthy visage, and he was treating her as if she were a dusty hearth-rug, when tr—r—r—tr—r—r—r tingle, ingle, ingle, ingle, went the thrice-accursed bell.

"Burglars!" screamed my wife, kicking—yes, gentlemen of the jury, actually *kicking*—me clean out of the bed.

"It's your mother at it again," I groaned.

"It's not!" cried my spouse. "She won't open that window again for a month of Thanksgiving Days. Don't stand gaping there, sir! I'll fly to protect my children," and she went for the nursery, carefully locking herself in.

Once more I bepanted, becoated, beshillelahed myself, and repaired on tip-toe to the alarm. The drop exposed the word "parlor." This looked serious, so I took a lamp and proceeded gradually thither, expecting to find "my sainted husband's plate" tied up in a bundle upon our

buhl-table, and all our available silver in the possession of one or more candidates for office at Sing Sing.

"Darkness there and nothing more." Everything was as we had left it some hours previously—the shutters hermetically sealed, the bolts all in their proper places, and yet the infernal bell kept ringing as if it had a given number of sounds to produce within a given number of seconds. I was puzzled, bewildered. Dr. Slade's slate was nothing to this. There was spiritualistic agency at work, not a doubt of it, and, soothing my ruffled mental condition with this medium-sized sop, I quitted the apartment, gently closing the door. *Presto*—the bell stopped.

A "harmless necessary cat" brushed by me like a familiar, and, rubbing a full-blown tail against the parlor-door, forced it open. T—r—r—r—r—r—r went the bell; the parlor-door was in circuit, and the cat confessed herself the disturber. As it is but natural to avenge an injury, if not upon the person who has injured us, upon some meaner object, I kicked that cat. Yes, I had been kicked myself, and I didn't see why that cat should go scot free—and she didn't.

"If that cursed bell rings again, Angelina, I'll see the whole crowd of ye in Paradise before I stir a peg," were my last words as I shivered into bed.

I do not know how I contrived to fall asleep again, especially as my wife was in a Mrs. Caudle frame of mind, and desirous of covering the failure of her enterprise by a general impeachment of my past career—particularly that glorious pre-nuptial period when—— Heighho! I did fall asleep, however, but it was dead and dreamless.

T-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Ting-ing-ing-ing-ing-ing! T-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Ting-ing-ing-ing-ing! Bells ringing everywhere—overhead, underfoot, in the garret, in the basement, on the roof, in the sink!

"Burglars!" shrieked my wife.

"Burglars!" yelled her uncle, thundering against the door of his chamber, which, in his terror, he failed to unlock.

"Burglars!" screeched Mrs. Skinflint, in the tone of a superannuated locomotive whistle.

"Murdher!" howled our Irish help.

"Merdaw!" squeaked the English nurse.

The children roared, the dogs barked, the horses neighed, the pigs grunted; crockery radiated, doors banged, tea-trays gonged, and, above a din that would have split the ears of Lafayette's statue, have awakened an Egyptian mummy, or aroused a Broadway policeman from his accustomed majestic torpor, the bells kept tingling, whirring, and jangling in a complex amalgam of diabolical sound.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this pandemonium?" demanded Mr. Skinflint. "Stop it, I say!" making a kick at the burglar-alarm, whose drops were all open. "Whose infernal contrivance is this?"

"It's a protection against burglars," feebly chattered my wife.

"Protection the deuce, woman! I went to have a glass of water from it a minute ago, thinking it was a water-tap, and, blow me, if ten thousand bells didn't commence to tear round! Do you take me for a thief, woman, that you put wires all around me to tell your household when I turn in my bed?"

"It's out of order, uncle, and——"

"I'll put it out of order, I guess!"

And seizing a log of wood lying at hand for firing purposes, he dealt the burglar-alarm one vigorous blow, which sent it flying in the direction of the door, and would, in all probability, have landed it at the bottom of the stairs, but, being attached to wires suspended from the ceiling, it rebounded, and, catching my wife's mother in the region of the jaw, felled her with a dismal crash, and, swinging onward, plunged violently against Mr. Skinflint's stomach, when it doubled him up like a codfish in a pot, and he collapsed, with a despairing howl, upon the prostrate form of my mother-in-law.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Skinflint no longer favors us with feats of burglarious enterprise from the columns of the *Herald*, as rheumatism keeps her very much in her own apartment.

Our uncle's visits are becoming more angelical, inasmuch as they are fewer and at more distant intervals. He attributes his sciatica to that fatal night, and speaks about leaving a public monument to his memory, in a manner that causes our blood to curdle in our veins.

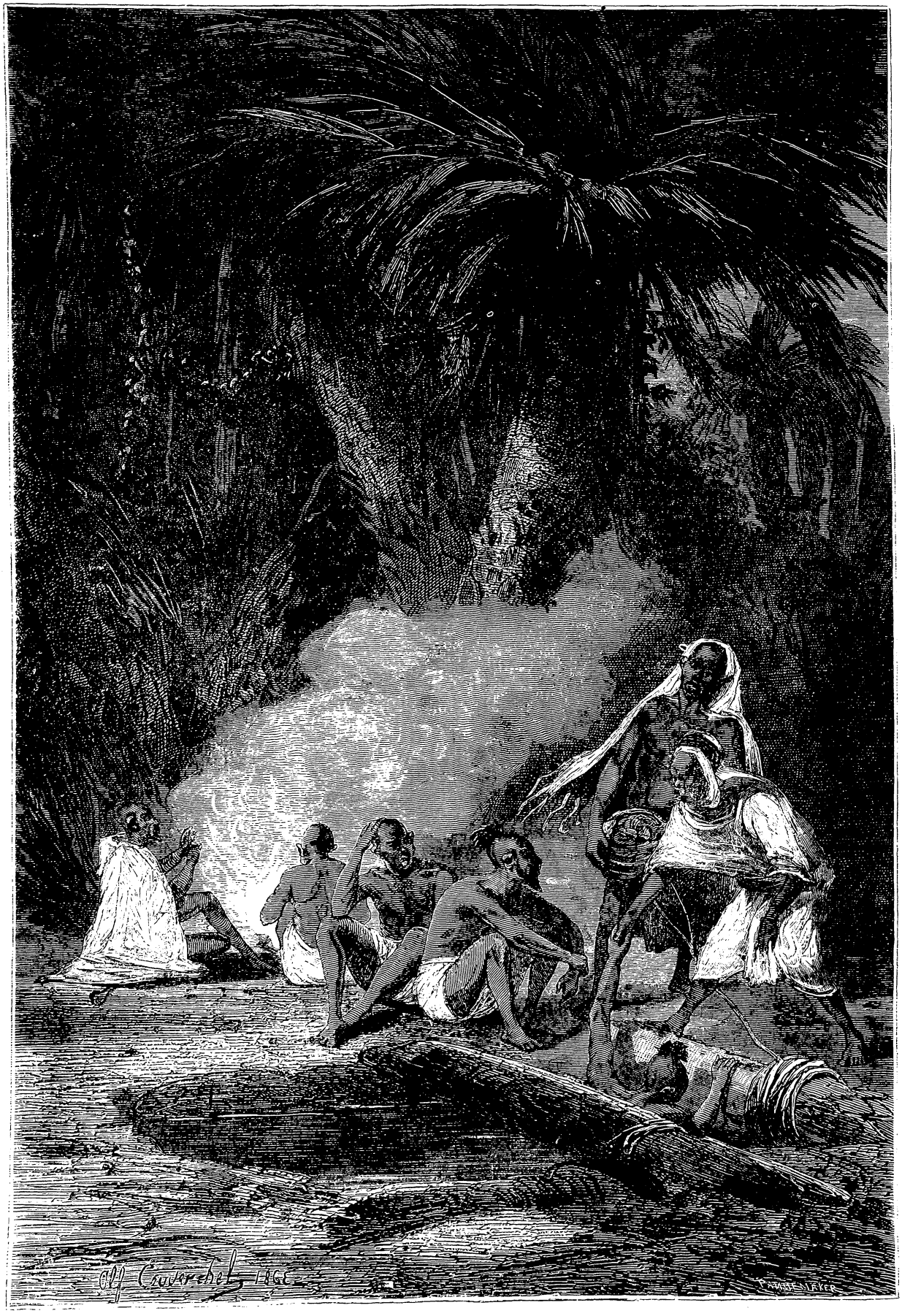
My wife—ahem!—my wife is *quite* well, thank you, the children are flourishing, and the burglar-alarm is amongst the things that were.

A TEXAN WOMAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.

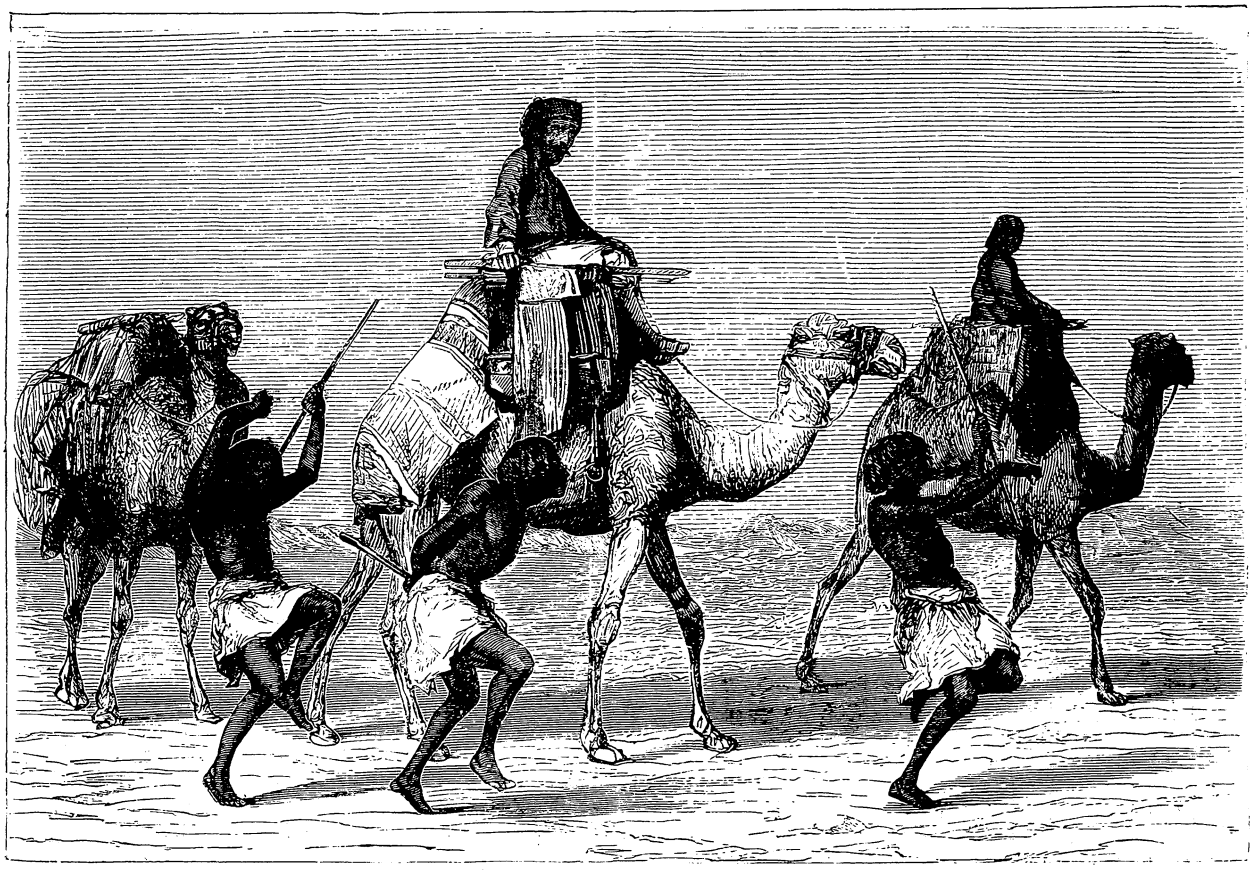
THOSE Texan wolves, when pressed by hunger, sometimes invade the frontier farm-houses, and even advance with their stealthy pace to the very threshold of barn or dwelling. A Texan matron, living near Fredericksburg, recently, toward dusk, went to the woodpile for fuel. Turning the corner of the henhouse, she came suddenly upon a lean, gaunt, gray wolf, whose hungry eyes and fierce attitude expressed a design to dispute her passage. She did not retreat, nor scream, nor faint, but, seizing a stick from the woodpile, she gave battle to the varmint. A lucky blow from her vigorous arm laid the varmint lifeless at her feet; and she had the pleasure of seeing that wolf skinned, and the shaggy coat used for a hearth-rug in commemoration of her prowess.

SUGAR.—The annual production of the sugar of the world has been approximately calculated as follows: Bengal, China and Siam, 300,000,000 lbs.; British Colonies, 440,000,000 lbs.; Spanish Colonies, 470,000,000 lbs.; Dutch Colonies, 160,000,000 lbs.; Swedish and Danish Colonies, 20,000,000 lbs.; French Colonies, 160,000,000 lbs.; France (beet), 360,000,000 lbs.; Brazil, 150,000,000 lbs.; Zollverein (beet), 550,000,000 lbs.; Austria (beet), 178,000,000 lbs.; Russia (beet), 100,000,000 lbs.; Italy and Belgium (beet), 200,000,000 lbs.; all other sources, including the United States, 400,000,000 lbs.; total, 3,420,000,000 lbs. The annual consumption of sugar per head by different nations varies considerably, as may be seen by the following figures, based on official data: In the United States, 33 lbs. per head; England, 30; Scotland, 30; Holland, 16; Ireland, 5; Belgium, 6; France, 6.66; Spain, 6.24; Switzerland, 6; Portugal, 5; Denmark, 5; Poland, 5; Prussia (Zollverein), 10; Norway and Sweden, 9; Italy, 2; Austria, 2; Russia, 1.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.—"I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried, 'My brother! Oh, my brother!' A sage passed that way and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?'—'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel.'—'What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?'—The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he would but come back to his fond embrace.—'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage, 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also.'"



DESERT LIFE.—CLEANING A WELL IN AN OASIS.

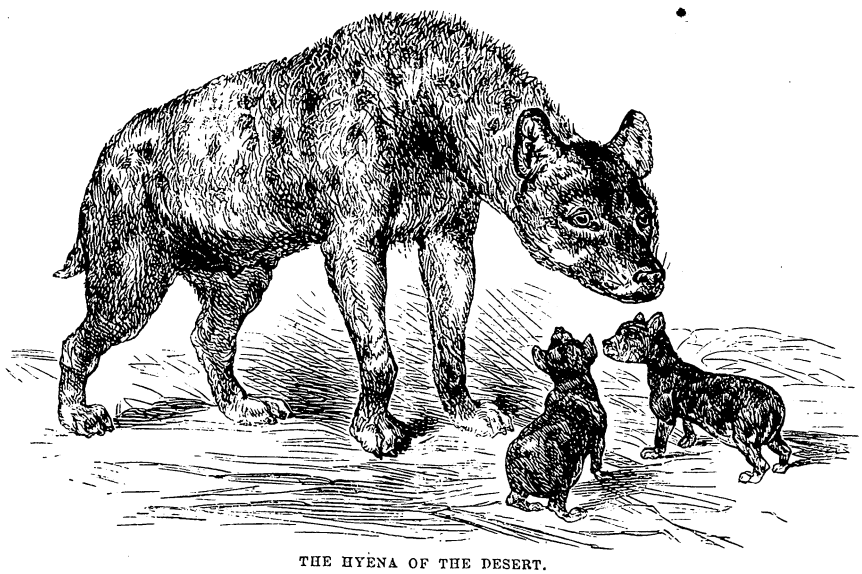


DANCE OF CAMEL-DRIVERS.

DESERT LIFE.

THE Bedouins are the nomadic tribes of Arabia, Irak and the eastern and southeastern parts of Syria. The word Bedouin is derived from the Arabic *Bedawi*—plural, *Bedawân*—dwellers in the desert. They live in tribes of from 200 to 20,000 or 30,000 men, moving from place to place as the exigencies of their flocks and herds require.

From the earliest ages they have led a pastoral life, dwelling in tents, and rearing cattle, with which they supply the cities, going out on plundering excursions, or spending their leisure time in horse-racing, athletic sports, story-telling, and, since the introduction of tobacco, in smoking. All the domestic labor, except milking and spinning, is left to the women and slaves, the arable land is cultivated by the neighboring peasantry, who receive one-third of the produce, and are maintained at the expense of the proprietor during their stay, as a reward for their service. The women also perform the part of hairdressers to their husbands in curling their locks. The tending of the flocks is left to the boys and girls.



THE HYÆNA OF THE DESERT.

The Bedouin considers agriculture beneath his dignity; he despises alike all labor and engagements in commerce; proud of his genealogy, which he traces back to Mohammed, Ishmael or Joktan; he is fierce and warlike, not out of patriotism, for he has no country, but for the sake of plunder. The Bedouins are passionately fond of poetry; nearly every tribe has a poet, who recites the deeds of their heroes and adventures of lovers, accompanying his songs with the *rababa*, a kind of one-stringed fiddle. They are among the most expert riders in the world, and are generally attached to their horses. Their diet is simple, consisting of the flesh and milk of their

herds, rice and coffee. They dislike sleeping in buildings, and when obliged to visit the towns for the sale of their cattle, wool and grain, their stay there is as brief as possible.

The Bedouins are of middle size, spare and sinewy, capable of enduring great fatigue and exposure to the fiery sun and hot winds of the desert. In complexion they are dark brown, having regular features, with deep-set, piercing and intelligent eyes. Their clothing, especially during predatory excursions, is often reduced to a single cotton shirt, bound round the waist with a leather girdle, into which the Bedouin sticks his arms, with a pipe and lighting apparatus.

The wealthy Bedouin or Sheikh, wears over his shirt a long gown, often of scarlet cloth, with the usual arms, pistols and short dagger, in his girdle; while a silver-mounted sword is swung across his shoulder, and a flowing mantle of cashmere covers the whole. The headdress consists of a *keffiyé*, or shawl, of wool or silk, interwoven with gold lace, with fringes of the same material, folded cornerwise and tied round the head with the head with a cord. He wears clumsy boots of red or yellow leather.

The Bedouins practice polygamy and hold slaves. They are ignorant, superstitious, fierce, revengeful, and of depraved morals. Their greatest virtue is hospitality to their guests—an Arab's salt being proverbial; but even this is questionable, and the sanctity of the asylum, *dakhil*, has often been violated. Instances, however, are not rare of magnanimous conduct, when the *dakhil* has been faithfully observed, even at great damage to the protector.

Unlike the Turkomans or other robbers in civilized countries, the Bedouin is averse to shedding blood, and will have recourse to extreme measures only when others have failed. This may be partly attributed to their fear of causing a blood feud. The Bedouins have no criminal code except for murder, when the blood-feud is rigidly enforced, and the murderer, and sometimes one of his relatives, is liable to be killed at any moment by the survivors of the victim. But even here a compensation can be made and accepted. Among the Arabs, blood-money varies in different parts of the country, from a thousand dirhems of silver —about $150—to ten thousand, $1,500. The price for a woman is about one-third that for a man, or somewhat more. If pregnant with a male child at the time of the murder, the murderer or his relatives pay the full price of a man and woman; if with a female child, then the full price of two women.

In general, government in Arabia is patriarchal, each tribe having its *sheik* or chief. The sheikship is hereditary, the next oldest, whether son or brother, succeeding. The Bedouins seem never to have been conquered. Retiring to their deserts when danger threatens, it is almost impossible for their enemies to follow, where the roads are only known to themselves. The Bedouins have been marauders and scourges over the neighboring territories from the earliest ages, and in the seventh century, when stirred up to the highest degree of excitement by the preaching of Mohammed, they became the terror of both Asia and Europe.

Water in the desert means life; without it comes *pallida mors*, and death by drought is unendurable torture. The Arabs know every well in the desert. No mirage will deceive them, no brushwood or mimosa wood, will cheat them into the belief that an oasis is at hand. This marvelous acuteness is an instinct born and bred with them.

Our illustration represents a halt in an oasis, and the cleaning of an old well. The piece of ground is surrounded by dome palms. In the centre is a well about forty feet deep, which is being cleaned by an Arab, who clings with one hand to the trunk of a tree, with the other to the brown fingers of a *scheik*, ere he seizes a rope and sinks to the bottom. When the water is become clear, a scene of considerable animation ensues. Circular mud basins are hastily constructed around the well, and filled with water by leathern buckets, the cattle drinking from these improvised troughs. Other Arabs take long, cooling draughts of the water, hanging over their drinking-vessels as a *bon vivant* fondly lingers over a glass of tawny port. A few are told off to count the goats. Others betake themselves to ablution—sadly required after the hot ride over the pitiless sands and beneath the merciless rays of an African sun. The younger portion of the community beat the rind off the dome nut, with which the palms are laden, preparatory to its being baked for food. These palms, with their characteristic bifurcating branches, are very fine in the oases, while the vegetation beneath, as a rule, is very considerable, and exquisitely green. A fire is lighted, and opposite to the blazing logs sit the elder *scheiks*. The scene is intensely picturesque.

The camel is one of the earliest animals domesticated by man, and is mentioned by Hebrew writers long before the horse. Some years ago the camel was introduced into the United States by the Government, for the conveyance of military supplies and provisions to the garrisons in and beyond the Great Desert and the extensive plains now traversed by the Pacific Railroad. An attempt was also made to acclimatize it in Texas; but any satisfactory results which might have been expected from such experiments were frustrated by the Civil War.

The Arabian camel has but one hump. Its clumsy looking and wide-spreading feet prevent it from sinking in the sand, and give its gait an elasticity and silence peculiar to itself; its long upper lip is its organ of prehension, and its nostrils can be closed at will against the wind-driven sand. The hump upon its back is a storehouse for food, which is slowly re-absorbed during its long marches, and secures it against death from the unavoidable privations of the desert. The first stomach or paunch has a division, which may be closed by muscular action, whose walls are provided with a system of large cells capable of considerable distension, which the animal can fill with water to the amount of several quarts, and thus carry with itself a supply for its own wants for about a week—a supply which it occasionally yields with its life, to save that of its master.

The camel supplies the Arab with milk, and occasionally with its flesh, which is said to resemble beef, for food; the hair serves to make clothing, the skin for leather, and the dung for fuel. The chief value of the camel, however, is as a beast of burden; its strength, powers of endurance, ability to subsist upon the coarsest food, to go without water, and to travel over the yielding sand, has justly earned for it the title of the "Ship of the Desert."

The ordinary load for a camel is 600 pounds, though for short journeys it can carry 1,000 pounds. The speed of the camel is seldom over three miles an hour, but the pace can be kept up for twenty hours without rest; a lightly laden camel taking about thirty-eight strides a minute, each stride averaging seven feet. Riding on a swift camel is the most terrible way of traveling to the uninitiated, as the peculiar swinging and jerking gait rolls one almost to a jelly.

The height of an Arabian camel is between six and seven feet, and the color of the rather coarse hair is of various shades of brown. Though naturally gentle and obedient, from the ill-treatment of their drivers they are very often unruly, and even savage, biting severely.

In the dreary march across the desert the camel-drivers occasionally enliven the terrible monotony by indulging in a dance, the music for which is droned through their

lips in a singularly unmelodious manner. The motion consists of a jerking of the hands and arms, in imitation of the movements of a camel. They will continue the amusement for hours, bobbing and plunging by the side of the patient and well-burthened beasts until sheer exhaustion compels them to leave off and remount.

The Arab steed is a household word for strength, endurance, fleetness, with docility and beauty. It has been celebrated in song and in story. Poets have sung its praises, prose writers have gushed over it in whole volumes. It has been a theme for praise and admiration since the world began. The blood of the Arab horse, by intermixture, has been made to improve other racers of all sizes and constitutions, producing the breeds most highly valued both in Europe and America.

To the Bedouin his horse is as his second self—his companion by day and by night, in pleasure or fatigue. It comes at his call, feeds from his hand, and obeys a word of command as readily as a well-drilled soldier. In a skirmish these steeds are invaluable, since they never start under fire, while their swiftness is such as to bear their masters out of range with lightning speed.

Our illustration represents the rescue of a *scheik* who had fallen in a fray. Almost ere he bit the dust, and while those who unhorsed him were preparing to dismount and secure the body with a view to ransom, two of his devoted followers swoop down, and, in a flash, bear the lifeless body across the tawny sand to a place of safety.

No word-painting can describe the appearance of the sun as it rises from its ocean of sand, sending forth a light that was never seen on sea or land—gold, paley gold, fringing the "white radiance of eternity." Across the sands it sends its gilded spears, causing the tawny to turn into molten sheen.

A band of Arab horsemen are making for an oasis, for as soon as the fiery orb is high in the heavens its fierce rays will tax those sturdy sons of the desert to the uttermost limit of endurance. The baggage-horses, heavily laden, are placed in the middle, guarded by lances both in front and rear. Crossing the desert at night is full of risk; for these Arab horsemen rise, as it were, out of the ground, swooping down upon their adversaries, and sweeping everything before them, as does the whirlwind.

The terror of the traveler in the desert, after that of drought, is the sand-storm. It comes like an avenging spirit, sweeping everything before it to rack and ruin. The air becomes hot, then cools off; then blackness descends upon the desert—blackness deep, dense, unfathomable, as though light were over, and never could be again. The wind begins to moan, then to sob, then to roar, to whirl the tawny dust up in spiral columns; and with the wind come icy breaths over the sere, sunburnt Southern wastes. It is useless to contend against the violent blast. One can neither see nor hear, while the currents of air act like some narcotic that dizzies perception. The instinct of the horses and camels keeps them together, but no word can be heard above the roar of the storm, and no light breaks the sunken vail of shadow, which moves as fast as leopards course in the night.

For color, animation, and picturesque effect, the carriage ride of the ladies of the seraglio of a powerful pasha surpasses every other procession in its wild and *bizarre* surroundings. The sun has sunk down in fire—the sun that once looked on the legions of Scipio, and the iron brood of Hamilcar—and now lends its lustre to the gilded equipage, drawn by twelve camels, each ridden by a crimson-bournoused Arab bearing a lance with blood-red flag and glittering spear. Behind cling three slaves black as ebony. In advance running slaves, and sheiks bestriding the "Ships of the Desert." In the rear a guard in white bournouses armed with long matchlocks. Outriders on horses and camels, flash joyously along.

In the vehicle recline two or three beauties of the seraglio, and beside his favorite, the pasha, in scarlet fez and braided coat.

Pell mell they dash along in fantastic confusion, in incongruous blending, a forced mixture of Gallic and Moorish, the coloring of Haroun Al Raschid scattered broadcast. They are bent on a pleasure excursion in the desert, having left behind them some city, say Algiers, rich in straight, white boulevards, barn-like walls of barracks, marvelous mosaics of mosques, and that strange peculiar conflict of European and Oriental life, which is as a kaleidoscope or a panorama.

What a picture Algiers presents of an evening! French staff-officers, all of a glitter with crosses, gallop past; mules laden with green maize, and driven by lean, brown Bedouins, sweep by the plate-glass windows of *bonbon* shops; grave, white-bearded sheiks drink *petits verres* in the *ginguettes;* sapeurs, chasseurs, zouaves, cantinères—all the varieties of French military life—mingle with jet black Soudans, desert kings, wrathful and silent; Eastern women, shrouded in *haick* and *serraoul*; eagle-eyed Arabs flinging back snow-white *burnouses*, and handling ominously the jeweled hilts of their *cangiars*. Gaslights flash, cigar-shops fill, newspapers are read, the *Rigolboche* is danced, commercial travelers chatter with *grisettes*, drums beat, trumpets sound, bands play; and amid all, grave men drop on their squares of carpet to pray. Verily, it is an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Late in the evening the pasha—who has driven where the sea-green pines seem to pierce the transparent air, where old dreamy Arabian legend poets, as Hafiz, seem still to linger here and there under the foliage of hanging gardens, or the picturesque courses of broken terraces; where in the distance, the, brown rugged Kabyl Mountains lay like a couched camel—will return with his flashing cavalcade, whose shrieks, and cries, and din will drive the glowing city into a very frenzy of pleasurable excitement.

THE ASTONISHING LIKENESS.

By C. Shackelford.

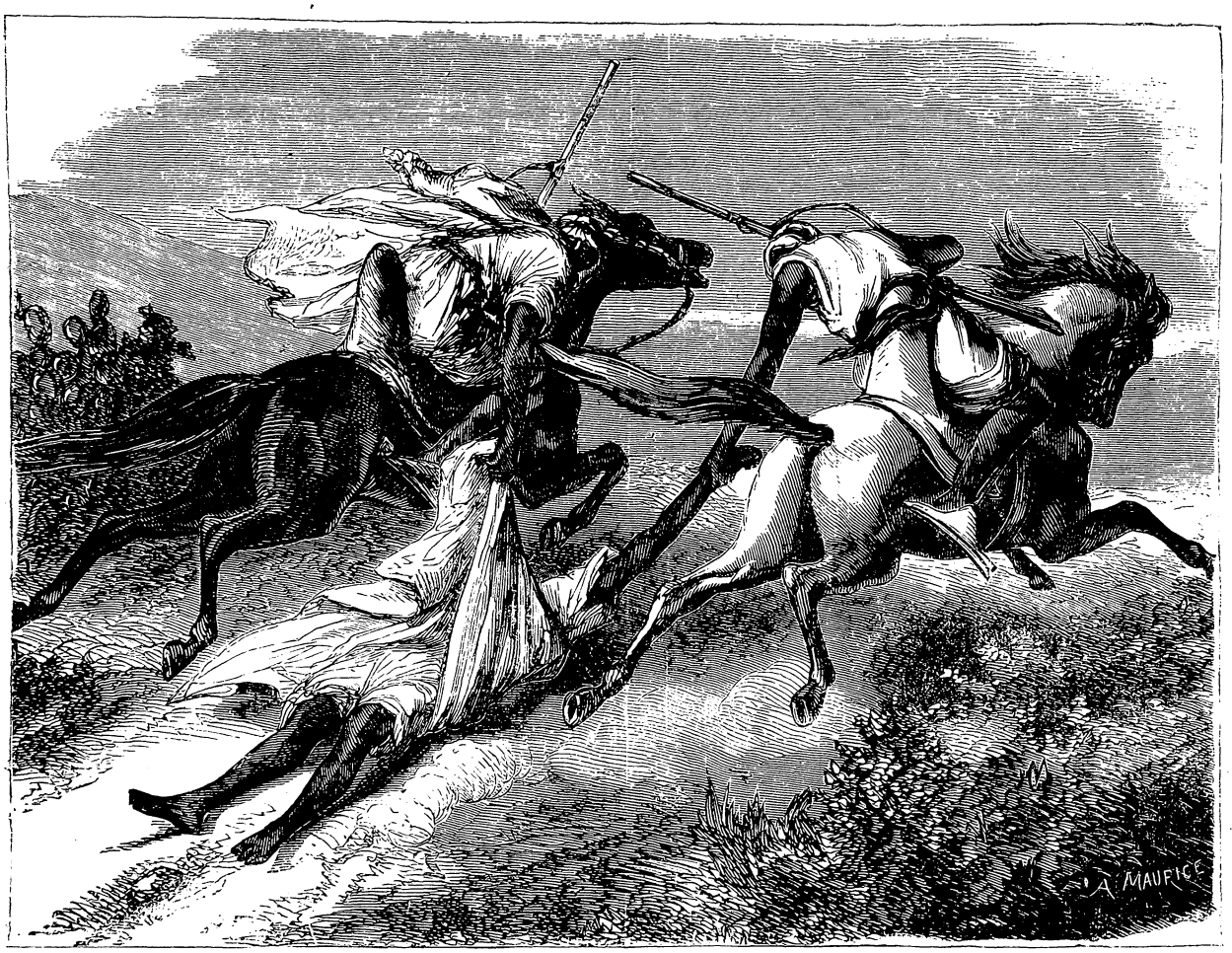
The man was supremely and contentedly drunk.

His self-satisfaction was revealed in the motions of his legs as they carelessly carried his upper works; in the disposition of his hands, which were thrust deep into his pockets, as if tenaciously gripping his legs to keep them with him; in his face, whose natural haggardness had given place to a rosy glow; in the dull, dreamy light of his large gray eyes; in his dirty, banged-up felt hat, which had once been white; and, finally, in his slouchy, soiled and tattered clothes.

To remove all doubts, the man publicly acknowledged his drunkenness, now and then coming to a halt, straightening himself with a tremendous effort of his will, and with a wild sway of both arms and a smothered whoop announcing that he was "jolly tight, and it was nobody's business."

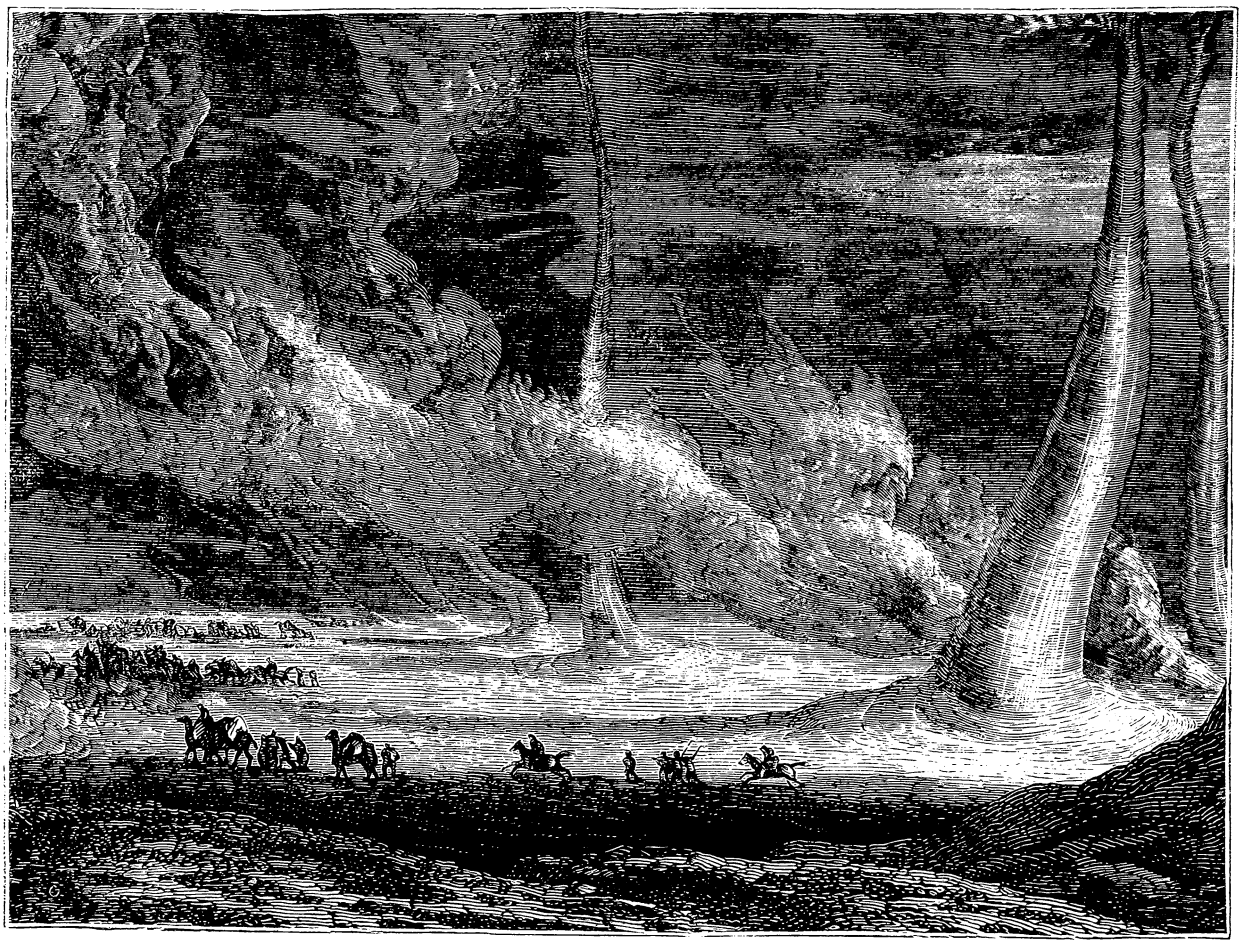
The town was Joloria, and the afternoon a very warm one in the latter part of June. The good little boys of the town were at school. The worst of the bad boys, on the bridge, fishing. Our hero was therefore unattended in his bacchanalian voyage, save by two gaunt dogs sniffing hungrily at his heels, and waiting wearily, like the boys on the bridge, for a bite.

At these dogs he was kicking vengefully, but vainly,



DESERT LIFE.—RESCUE OF A FALLEN SHEIK.—SEE PAGE 105.

SUNRISE IN THE DESERT.



DESERT LIFE.— A SAND STORM.— SEE PAGE 105.

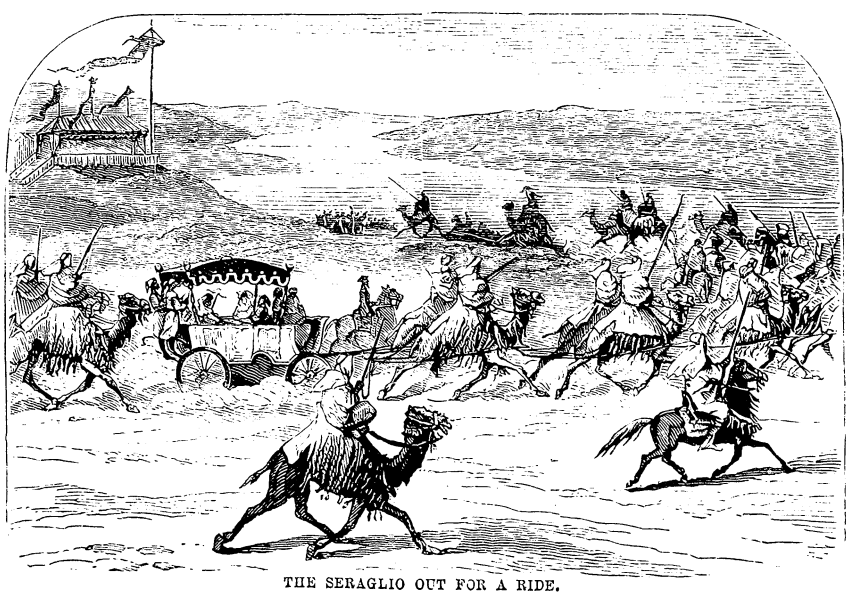
apparently to the great astonishment of the beasts, when a man, who had passed and curiously regarded him, retraced his steps, and, putting his hands on the reveler's shoulders, turned him round, so that the two stood face to face.

"D'ye think I'm a (hic) top that you're spinning?" inquired the happy man, with his arms a-kimbo.

"Rupert Pardee, as I'm a sinner!" the other declared, regardless of the question, and vainly trying to grasp the hand of his *téte-à-téte*.

"No? Now I've always been somebody else. Careful, mister, careful! Don't recognize me? Truth is, name ain't Pardee (hic). 'Sides, don't you see, I'm cutting—enjoying a lark? Ha, ha! (hic) ha!"

Therefore he facetiously attempted to run the other fellow through the stomach with his forefinger.



THE SERAGLIO OUT FOR A RIDE.

Missing his mark by a distance of about two feet, he plunged forward, and would have fallen had it not been for the support of a friendly fence, which he struck with an impetus that knocked nearly all the wind out of his body.

"It's all right!" he puffed, after getting his breath, and with a feeble attempt at a laugh. "It's all right! But, really, I'm s'body else. Don' ye see? Don' ye see?"

"Well, well! It's all a mistake, and I beg your pardon," said the other. "I thought you were Pardee. And you are very much like him."

"No! am I? That's flattering, for—for—what's his name—t'other fellow? 'Rah for both of us!" he cried, with a drunken leer.

In the effort to "'rah," he loosened his hold upon the

fence; that loss, combined with his jerking hiccough, threw him off his balance, and he would have tumbled to the ground if his companion had not caught him.

Having carefully leaned him against the fence, with his arms over the pickets, the sober man started to leave him, apparently disgusted with his efforts at making or renewing an acquaintance.

"Hallo! Stop, mister!" shouted the person whose name was not Pardee. "Stop! You've asked me a question, and I'll ask you a question. Why 'm I like an ar—(hic)—my? Now don' give it up 'fore you've got it! Why 'm I like an army?"

The other was compelled to acknowledge that he could see no resemblance, not the faintest likeness, in fact. With all due deference to the standing of his friend, he must give it up.

The happy man chuckled to himself for a second; then lifted up his head, and said:

"It's 'cause I'm backing the pickets!"

Not the wrinkle of a smile creased the corners of the other's mouth, not a sound of levity issued therefrom. But a sudden hiccough caught the tipsy joker just as he began a guffaw, and, as before, he came down by the run, the coughing and spluttering causing him to loosen his hold, and he assumed a broadspread, sitting posture on the limestone flagging.

There the other let him rest and went on his way. That is to say, the sober individual, who was possessed of a large and well-fed body, a benevolent face and an air of respectability well becoming his fifty or fifty-five years of life, walked about a block with his head down and his hands clasped behind him in a meditative way. Then he stopped and looked back, ejaculating:

"He's wonderfully like Rupert Pardee. If he can deceive me, why not somebody else? He's just the man!"

Thereupon he retraced his steps, stroking his nose gently between his thumb and forefinger until it looked rare-done. The Astonishing Likeness had contentedly gone to sleep, and a hundred or more industrious flies were making anatomical investigations of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

"Hi, there! wake up!—get up!" cried the stranger, emphasizing his call with forcible kicks.

The sleeper arose to his feet with clumsy rapidity, but with belligerent propensities disclosed in his swinging fists and the volley of oaths he rattled at his assailant.

"Wait a moment!" said the latter, holding up his hand. "Do you want money?"

"Always!" was the sententious answer. "It's victuals and drink, 'specially drink. I don't like work, but I adore the ingots. Come, business!"

"Jump into the river first, and get sober! I'll not talk to a man in your condition."

"All right! I don't care for water, but I'll take it externally, as business. Now, mister—mister—what's your name?"

"Jenkers."

"Come along, Jenkers!" catching his arm affectionately. "I'm your persimmons, though I'm more like a fig—very seedy!"

Thereupon, arm in arm, these two worthies meandered to the stream, into which the inebriate plunged, clothes and all, before his guide could prevent him. Once in, he splashed and tumbled, and otherwise disported himself until comparatively sober. After that, Jenkers led him to a clothier's, gave him new garments throughout, and then boarded a train which carried them from this town of Joloria.

* * * * * * *

Ruth Pardee was feeding the chickens and ducks in the barnyard. The sun was up, but had not reached an altitude that would enable her to look over the belt of maples that encircled the little farm of Ruth's aunt. Thousands of birds were twittering their native songs, and in their merry dance from twig to twig, sent the dewdrops from their green beds and spoiled the bath of many a wood-fairy. The brooks, a score or more, babbled on their way to the river, or to that mysterious cavern in the limestone ridge into which they tumbled with loud plashings and were lost to the world.

The farm was a Wisconsin one, on a slope just elevated enough to give a splendid view of two pretty inland villages, and of a lake small enough and pretty enough to have been a handglass of the gods, laid down and forgotten.

The farm was lonesome, away from a highroad, and with the silence of the woods, broken at night only by the cry of the whippoorwill, the hoot of the owl, and the barking of a fox seeking a meal from the poultry-yard of our heroine, Ruth.

For a young, rich, pretty and city-bred girl, the farm did not seem a lovely place on which to be immured. But her heart had been more desolate than this bit of nature when Aunt Mary, a childless widow, and Ruth's only living relative, found her sobbing at the deathbed of her father, a helpless, unprotected and grief-stricken girl. Her mother had died just before the war with the South; her brother, six years her elder, joined the Union army, and was last heard of as a prisoner at Andersonville, where, it was supposed, he perished.

The little estate left to Ruth was sufficient to keep her in comfort in the city; but Aunt Mary insisted that "it was not proper for a young and giddy creature to be kiting around the country alone," and so swooped down upon the mourner, and bore her away to pass the Summer, at least, in her farm-home.

To go back again: Ruth was feeding the chickens and ducks, admiring some, coaxing others, and scolding a third set. From the fowls her thoughts wandered, and she began to wonder if the day would be warm, and then if the fence along the highway by the garden would ever have a fresh coat of paint or new gate, the old one rattled so unpleasantly, and whether a hedge of evergreens would not be prettier than any fence, when up from behind it there sprang a young and good-looking man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, who, with one spring, was over the top rail and skipping down the walk, to the utter demoralization and ignoble flight of the feathered tribes at Ruth's feet. He took off his hat as he drew near.

"Is this Ruth?" he asked. Then, as she involuntarily bowed her head, he continued, "I thought so. Oh, I'm glad to see you again!" catching at her unresisting hand, still holding the grain for her pets. "Don't you know me, sis?" looking curiously down into her whitening face. "Forgotten brother Rupert so soon?"

"Rupert—Rupert?" said the girl, faintly, struggling to draw away her hand. "Rupert is dead!"

But she said it in a frightened way that showed that the assertion and the apparition had half convinced her.

"Gammon!" exclaimed the man, brusquely. "Confound it, can't you believe me? I say I'm Rupert. The Rebs didn't kill me, though they tried hard enough. Why, bless your little heart, I'm so live a man that I've been round and over the earth since I was caged at Andersonville. Always a wild boy, wasn't I, sister Ruth? There, don't tremble so. I'm real flesh and blood. Feel!"

And he bent down and kissed the poor little thing.

"If you're Rupert, you are very much changed—very much taller and stouter, and fuller in the face. Still, I

was so young when Rupert went away that I have forgotten much about him. But the more I look at you, the more I think you are very like what Rupert promised to be."

"All because of hardships, sis, by sea and land. Many suns make many shadows, and I've been under all of them, suns and shadows. Heart's just the same, though. When I came back to the old place the other day, and found all dead excepting you, and that even our old playmates, Percy Watson, Al Hurd, Jimmy Dowdson and Allie Wingate, could not fix my face, and remembered me only as one dead, I just felt like the rascal I have been to father and yourself."

When he said this, real tears came into his eyes, and his lips trembled.

Ruth, looking at the little hollows she was making in the earth with her heels, thought only of the grief which this wandering son had caused her father, and how he might have lived if that son had returned to cheer his old age. This reverie was broken by Rupert's question of—

"Have you no greeting for me? Am I unwelcome under the circumstances?"

"I don't understand you?" she replied.

"It is disagreeable to mention it, and I would not do so save to rid your mind of fears. I refer to father's will—half to each of us. Don't let that stand between us. I don't want any of it. I don't want anything, sis, save to know that you love me, and that I am not alone in the world."

"Ruth, Ruth!" piped the shrill voice of a woman in the house, "breakfast is ready!"

"Aunt Mary, I suppose," said Rupert. "I must make her acquaintance. Come!"

Aunt Mary was not very cordial in her reception. While not questioning the identity of the young man, she at first disliked him, when she had heard his story, for the way he had abandoned his father and sister. But the meal was not ended before he had talked her into a good humor.

"Now, Aunt Mary, I want to stay here this Summer and work for my board," he declared, as they were about to leave the table. "I've money enough for a year, and I can be good company and of good service to you and Ruth. I'll admit I've been wild; but give me a chance, and I'll sow the balance of my wild oats along with the tame ones on your fields, and become a steady man."

He said this so honestly, and in such a manly way, that both the women agreed to it with a nod at the same instant.

Before the day was over, this "prodigal son" had become the superintendent of the little farm, and was studying its resources with remarkable enthusiasm.

At first, Rupert was unquestionably rather rough in his ways and conversation, but these features gradually disappeared. His idle moments were passed in the society of his sister, to whom he offered what appeared to her an almost idolatrous affection.

For a month he gave every indication of being a happy man, and his relatives placed the day he came in their red-letter calendar of joyful events. But as the end of the month drew near, he became moody and absent-minded. He would sit with his head between his hands and stare at the ground. He sighed deeply and often. He walked his room at night. He would contemplate Ruth with a sad, incomprehensible look in his eyes. In fact, he became so changed that at last Ruth implored him to tell her what was oppressing his mind.

"Don't be in a hurry to know, sis. It'll all come out some day—some day," he would generally reply. "I don't want you to bother your little head about me when I have the 'blues.'"

One evening a buggy, with a lean horse in the shafts and a fat man on the seat, stopped at the gate. The man descended from his perch with admirable nimbleness, and hitched his horse.

Rupert, sitting on the porch with the ladies, saw the newcomer, and grew very red and then very white in the face. He hurriedly left his chair, and went out to meet him. The two stood at the gate, talking like old acquaintances.

At first the voice of the stranger was angry in its tones, while that of Rupert was low and deprecatory. Of all that was said, Aunt Mary and Ruth only caught these words:

"I don't care about the marriage, but don't fail me next time!"

Then Rupert handed to his visitor a package, and the receiver drove away as rapidly as the bony condition of his steed would permit.

Rupert did not, however, return to the house until after midnight. The next morning the women opened upon him their batteries of interrogatories. Ruth began the bombardment.

"Who was that man you went out to see last night?" she asked. "You should have been hospitable, and asked him into the house."

"He was an old acquaintance," was the short reply.

"You did not seem very glad to see him," declared Aunt Mary, with a shake of her head and a searching look from her eyes.

"True; I don't like to see any one whom I owe," Rupert remarked. "They're worse than the ague. In fact, I believe I'd rather owe a dozen debts than see the fellow again. Confound him!"

He rose from his chair and left the room, as if to avoid further questioning.

"Aunt!" began Ruth, in a decisive tone of voice, "he must have his money—his share of the estate. There's enough in bank to pay it. He needs it, I'm sure."

Aunt Mary shook her head.

"I ain't sure about that. The boy may be Rupert—that's not for me to say, who never saw your brother; but I can tell you I've seen him look at you as if you wasn't his sister. You don't understand me? Of course not. But I've got eyes—good eyes, without spectacles—and they can read human natur'. He's in love with you!"

"Fudge!" exclaimed Ruth, tossing her head. "What nonsense about a man who is my brother!"

"Very well!" said Aunt Mary, rolling up her sleeves for work; "very well! He may be the prodigal son, and you can give him his share; but he doesn't deserve it. You can pitch the money into the brook; I ain't going to 'pose you. I was a girl myself once, and know how much more girls know than their mothers. Go ahead, Ruth; you'll be swindled, mark my words!"

And with that parting shot she proceeded to her work.

Ruth did go ahead. The afternoon of that day saw her return to the farm with an amount of money which she considered to be Rupert's share of the estate. She offered it to him that evening. He gently pushed aside the outstretched arm.

"I may need money—need it badly," he said; "but I shall never rob you of your inheritance. There! Put it back in the bank where it belongs!"

She renewed the attempt, and actually tossed the money into his lap. He shook it from him as if it were a coal of fire, and sprang to his feet. Catching her hand, he kissed it, and without further word strode out of the room and the house.

He went no further than the gate. To and fro, between it and the gate, he walked. The women, without speaking,

watched him. They saw a frown upon his face, and stern lines gather about his mouth. His hands were clinched, his pace was furious, and he muttered something to himself.

Ruth was dumbfounded. Aunt Mary was revolving cynical thoughts under her grizzled hair. Each seemed to wait for an expression from the other. Rupert saved them from this embarrassment of silence. He returned to the room with strong resolve in every line of his face and in every action of his body.

"When I went out," he began, "it was with the determination not to come back, but to leave you without explanation. But I have thought better of my purpose. It is best that you should know me. I am a rascal, and have no business here!"

"There! What did I tell you, Ruth?" interrupted Aunt Mary, who, by-the-way, had told nothing of the kind!

Rupert paid her no attention other than to half bow, and to continue when he discovered that her exclamation was followed by no further outbreak:

"I am not your brother, Miss Pardee, nor your nephew, Mrs. Potter; but I'm a fraud, a swindler, a man whose life here with you has been one of uninterrupted and intentional deceit—a man whose life and purposes, before he came under this roof, had scarcely a good feature. We have all been terribly mistaken, but I am, I hope, the one who suffers most."

The shame of his confession overcame him, and, with folded arms and bowed head, he stood like a statue and awaited a verdict.

Mrs. Potter, irrepressible soul! bounced out of her chair like a feather, fell back upon it again like lead, with that emphatical declaration of women in emergencies, "Wal, I declare!" and then held her peace.

TOO JEALOUS TO SEE.

THE ASTONISHING LIKENESS. — "THE SHAME OF HIS CONFESSION OVERCAME HIM, AND, WITH FOLDED ARMS AND BOWED HEAD, HE STOOD LIKE A STATUE, AND AWAITED A VERDICT."— SEE PAGE 107.

Ruth, demonstrative and warm-hearted, went to the penitent man, and, placing her hand upon his arm, said:

"Rupert, I cannot believe anything bad of you, though you declare it yourself. No bad man—as bad, that is to say, as you want us to believe you to be—could have been so good as you have been since I believed you to be my brother. It seems impossible."

"I am telling, and about to tell, the truth!" Rupert declared, sturdily. "I would tell it if it killed me! No, I must not sit down. Let me finish my story.

"Two months before I came to this farm, a man found me drunk on the streets of Joloria. He insisted for a time, against all my denials, that I was Rupert Pardee. Then he declared I must be his twin-brother. When I refused to be the twin-brother of a man I never saw or heard of, he tempted me into making an attempt to pass myself off as Rupert Pardee by paying me a thousand dollars. For such a wreck of a man as I was, the temptation was too strong, and I agreed to his proposition.

"Then my tempter drilled me for representation as the living double of a man who had been dead for years. He gave me dates, incidents, family secrets and histories, and taught me as a boy is taught to read, so that I might never be caught in ignorance. I learned my lessons well, and passed my examinations without a failure.

"Then I was placed at your gate yonder, after being told that my mission was to secure the inheritance of your dead brother. You know the rest. I came here to rob you, and have lived here with that destiny hanging over me. Twice has my tempter and employer visited me, to reproach and threaten me for my delay. The good in me has always rebelled at the fraud I have committed and am expected to commit. I will not continue it. I have refused the inheritance. I refuse to continue in a home which my presence has dishonored.

"In my life here, only one feeling stands to my credit, but that feeling is beyond consideration. I can, at least, live in the hope that you will forgive me for the wrongs which were intended, but not committed."

In a second he was out of the room, and rushing like a crazy man down the walk. Aunt Mary, quick to judgment, began a harsh verdict upon the fleeing man.

"Stop, aunt!" cried Ruth. "You are unjust and unfair. Rupert or not Rupert, that man is honest. He is more than that, he is noble, and I admire him for that. What is more, I will convince him of it."

With that she flew to the door, all impulse and animation. "Rupert!" she called, as had been her habit. "Rupert!"

The escaping figure stopped, came back a step, then darted away again. Once more her voice went after him:

"Rupert!"

This time it brought him back.

"Rupert," she began, but he interrupted her with—

"No more Rupert, Miss Ruth, but Paul Arndt."

"Never mind that," she said. "What I want to know is, whether you intend to leave us after that fashion—running away after doing a good deed? That would never do. Come in and let us thank you. You are the same man you were two hours ago."

"A better one, I hope," he replied, "now that load is off my mind. Yet I cannot enter the house."

"Fudge!" exclaimed the little woman, tugging at his arm. "Must I pull you in?"

As she grasped him, he gave her a look. She read it with a woman's keen instinct—saw its story with one flash of her eyes. Her hand dropped, and she turned quickly away, the man following without a protest or shadow of resistance. Aunt Mary sat stonily in her chair.

"Mr. Arndt did not tell all his story," remarked Ruth. "He has not told us who was the man who employed him."

"I *would* like to know that," snapped the grim relative. "He knew more about our affairs than I did myself. A nice creature, to be parading family matters around the country! Oh, I wish I had him!"

"He called himself Sterns," said Arndt; "but I learned that his real name was, like yours, madame, Potter.'

She nodded her head twice, shut her lips more closely together than ever, and put her hands one upon the other with a slow and determined motion.

"My husband's brother. Just like the rascal!" she said, and abruptly left the room.

Then Arndt, looking at Ruth, said, in an undertone:

"He was her husband, for he told me so!"

It was a strange, and, perhaps, a wrong thing for Ruth to do; nevertheless she sat for an hour longer in that room with a self-confessed villain—sat until the twilight deepened, and curious Aunt Mary marched in with a candle, and then marched out again.

What the two said, they only knew; but when they parted, it was "Good-night, Ruth, and "Good-night, Paul."

The next morning Arndt left the farm, and for a long and lonesome year the two women dwelt in almost complete solitude. Ruth had letters to cheer her—letters which told her of Paul Arndt's success in a distant city; a success due partly to kind friends, but mostly to himself.

Then came Arndt as a changed man, one upon whom the world had smiled, yet one who would not, if he could, forget the depths out of which his reformation had lifted him.

"Do you remember," he asked Ruth, "that upon the night of my confession I would not mention one thing?"

She did not remember it, and so he repeated the words.

"And what was it you withheld?" she asked.

"This, Ruth, that you had so touched my better nature by companionship, that I had sworn to reform, and to baffle the man who was pushing me on to crime against you. I have done both, thank God! But I could not say it that night, for fear that you might think I did it to lessen the measure of my own crime. But the ordeal is passed. I am more fortunate than I ever dared to hope. I have a good conscience and a good character, and to-morrow I shall have"—a little hand was pressed upon his lips, but he took it between his own and finished—"and to-morrow I shall have a good wife, if you do not fail me."

A CURIOUS AFRICAN PLANT—THE WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS.

NOW THAT there is such a desire to acquire plants which contrast strangely with the ordinary types in foliage or form, it may please many readers to make the acquaintance of the Welwitschia, probably to provoke the exclamation, "Well, I wish I had one!"

This plant is one of the most extraordinary found on the globe. Its stalk attains the diameter of a large tree-trunk, four feet, or even more, but never rises more than a foot from the ground. You would take it for the stump of a felled tree, or an enormous fungus. From this stalk extend two leaves, which last as long as the plant, often for a century, and acquire an immense size, occasionally six feet long by two or three feet wide. They are green, leathery, and, by their frequent flapping in the wind against the ground, split at the end into a number of thongs.

The top of the stalk hollows in, and is marked by a series

of concentric circles. From this, especially along the outer edge, spring out branched flower-stalks, bearing bright-red buds, which finally become cones, like those of a pine, two inches long by one in diameter.

This strange plant belongs to the Conifer family, genus *Gnetum*. It was discovered on the west coast of Africa, near Cape Negro, by Dr. Welwitschia, who gave it his name. The negroes call it *Toumbo*. A French priest named Duparque brought a specimen of the plant to Paris.

THE DIVINING ROD.

From the remotest period, a rod has been regarded as the symbol of power and authority, and Holy Scripture employs it in this sense. Thus David speaks of "Thy rod and Thy staff comforting me"; and Moses works miracles before Pharaoh with the rod as an emblem of Divine commission. Many other instances of this use of it could be pointed out in the Bible.

Tacitus tells us that the Germans practiced some sort of divination by means of rods. "For the purpose their method is simple. They cut a rod of some fruit tree into bits, and after having distinguished them by some marks, they cast them into a white cloth. Then the priest thrice draws each piece, and divines the oracle according to the marks."

The superstition respecting them reaching its full development in the Middle Ages, divining rods were believed to have efficacy in discovering hidden treasures, veins of precious metal, springs of water, thefts and murders.

The first notice of its general use, among late writers, is in the "Testamentum Novum," Lib. i., cap. 25, of Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk of the fifteenth century. He speaks of the general faith in, and adoption of, this valuable instrument for the discovery of metals, which is carried by workmen in mines, either in their belts or in their caps. He says that there are seven names by which this rod is known, and to its excellencies, under each title, he devotes a chapter of his book. The names are: Divine Rod, Shining Rod, Leaping Rod, Transcendent Rod, Trembling Rod, Dipping Rod, Superior Rod.

In his admirable treatise on metals, Agricola speaks of the rod in terms of disparagement; he considers its use as a relic of ancient magical forms, and he says that it is only irreligious workmen who employ it in their search after metals.

The manner in which the rod was used by certain persons renders self-deception possible. The rod is generally of hazel, and is forked like a Y; the forefingers are placed against the diverging arms of the rod, and the elbows are brought back against the side; thus the implement is held in front of the operator, delicately balanced before the pit of the stomach at a distance of about eight inches. Now, if the pressure of the balls of the digits be in the least relaxed, the stalk of the rod will naturally fall. It has been assumed by some that a restoration of the pressure will bring the stem back again, pointing toward the operator, and a little further pressure will elevate it into a perpendicular position. A relaxation of force will again lower it, and thus the rotation observed in the rod be maintained.

But the manner of using the rod was by no means identical in all cases.

Our illustration shows the various kinds of rods used, and the modes of holding it.

The most famous case in which it was employed was in 1692, when Jacques Aymar, a man famous for his power with the divining rod, was employed to discover the murderers of a wine-seller and his wife. He actually detected one, but two others eluded his pursuit and got to France. Aymar was then taken to Paris, where his powers failed, and the learned were left in as great doubt as ever on the powers of the rod, and the new question whether Jacques was an impostor.

In Wiltshire, England, it is employed for the purpose of detecting water; in Cornwall, for the purpose of detecting coal. In America, it is frequently used to find water, and has many believers.

The writer of this article remembers having seen, in Truro, a town of Cornwall, an old man who had earned with his divining rod a good living for over half a century. General unbelief, however, had latterly curtailed his earnings. When engaged professionally, he would visit the land on which it was proposed to open the mine, and determine, by means of his rod, the direction in which the coal ran. The rod was held firmly over the pit of the stomach with both hands, and it was supposed to be so attracted by coal as to incline sensibly toward it.

SINGING IN COMPANY.

It requires some nerve to sing a song well. If the singer allows nervousness to get the mastery, it is impossible that the song can be well sung. Of course, some degree of nervousness is natural and desirable, as evidence that the vocalist possesses both soul and sensibility; but nervousness must be controlled, and the best antidote against it is the consciousness that the singer has well studied the song, and knows that he or she can render it competently and correctly. And we may add that the singer must not be discouraged if the first attempt at singing a well-studied song should not prove as successful as it ought to have done. The second trial will probably right matters. The old mottoes, "perseverance" and "try, try again," are quite as applicable to singing as to all other undertakings.

Old Friends.—Don't lose your old friends, but keep your intercourse green with little acts of kindness. Leave your business or pleasure or study long enough to step in and see that dear old man and woman who used to give you spring apples and lilacs when you went visiting with your mother. Run in and enliven a minute the neighbors who have known you ever since you were born, with whose children you have often played before their little golden heads were laid low in their last sleep. Call upon your once merry schoolmate, now an invalid. Old time friends are to be specially esteemed. And make many friends. Don't be too exclusive and fastidious. True, it is your privilege to be particular in choosing intimates; but there is a large number of people among those you know with whom you ought to be on so cordial terms as shall in time change into the most friendly relations, so that some you did not fancy at first may become your fastest friends, to the great benefit of both parties. You want many friends, because so many are removing residences and exchanging worlds, and you want plenty left to enjoy till th ose changes come to you in turn. As long as your body lives, you want a living, healthy heart in it. And in your times of trial, how precious is human love and sympathy!

When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.

A FALSE ALARM.

ONE has often been disposed to laugh at the specimens of Spanish brigands produced upon the stage in old-fashioned pieces, little thinking how thoroughly true they are to nature; for the Spaniard is an individual who goes in strongly for show.

He believes in silver buttons to his vest, and a row to button nothing down the outer seam of his trowsers; cock-tail plumes in his hat; sashes, velvet, silk, and the gayest of colors.

During a trip through Spain I had a good many opportunities of studying the peculiarities of these people; and after all said and done, their aspect is quite in keeping with the brilliant climate, and the gorgeous tints one sees around.

It was in the neighborhood of Cordova, in the Sierra Moreno, where fearful gorge after gorge had brought us to the famous pass of Despeñaperros. Here blocks dark as slate rise perpendicularly on each side of the narrow road, the deep abyss yawning beside us, with the sound of water far below. Here the Moors were once defeated and driven down the rocky cliff to destruction. Hence the name Despeñaperros — the tumble of the dogs.

AGREEABLE COMPANY.

GENT—"*I don't converse; I don't dance; I don't play; I don't sing; I don't do anything but stand still.*"

The Sierra Moreno has been for all time a famous resort of bandits—"the hermits of the Sierra," as they are styled. Without being too careful on that account, we were wandering among the mountains, sketching and botanizing, idling and thoroughly enjoying ourselves, when one of our party exclaimed:

"I say, boys, suppose we were to meet with brigands?"

We all laughed and went on, when suddenly, as we turned slowly out of a narrow gorge on to a kind of platform on the mountain-side, we came upon a group of four magnificent-looking fellows, evidently on the lookout for prey. We were completely staggered, for they were all armed with their short guns; pistols protruded from their brilliant crimson sashes, where they hid in company with long knives. Their velvet suits were rich in embroidery; their velvet breeches were of the gayest cut, and showy ribbons bandaged their brown legs.

As for their feet, they were not so well provided for as their heads; for, while the latter were wrapped in gorgeous handkerchiefs, over which were jauntily stuck plumed hats; their feet only bore the simple old sandal, displaying the working of their brown toes.

What a study for an artist, I thought to myself, as one fellow, who had a great, light-colored cloak dependent from his shoulders, quietly turned toward us, and lazily puffed a thin cloud of smoke from his lips, while the others scarcely acknowledged our presence.

"We are in for it now," said my friend who had previously spoken.

"Indeed we are," I said. "This means ransom, and six months' garlic in the mountains."

"Why don't they attack us?" remarked my friend.

"Because they know we are safe," I replied. "If we were to try to escape, a dozen fellows would spring up behind us directly."

"I say, old fellow," said my friend, "this is no joke, though. I wish I was at home."

"Let's put a bold face on it," said I, "and they may be content with robbing us of our watches, and letting us go."

"They are welcome to mine, and to make it go, too, if they can," said my friend. "It's a brute."

"You keep quiet," I said, "and come along."

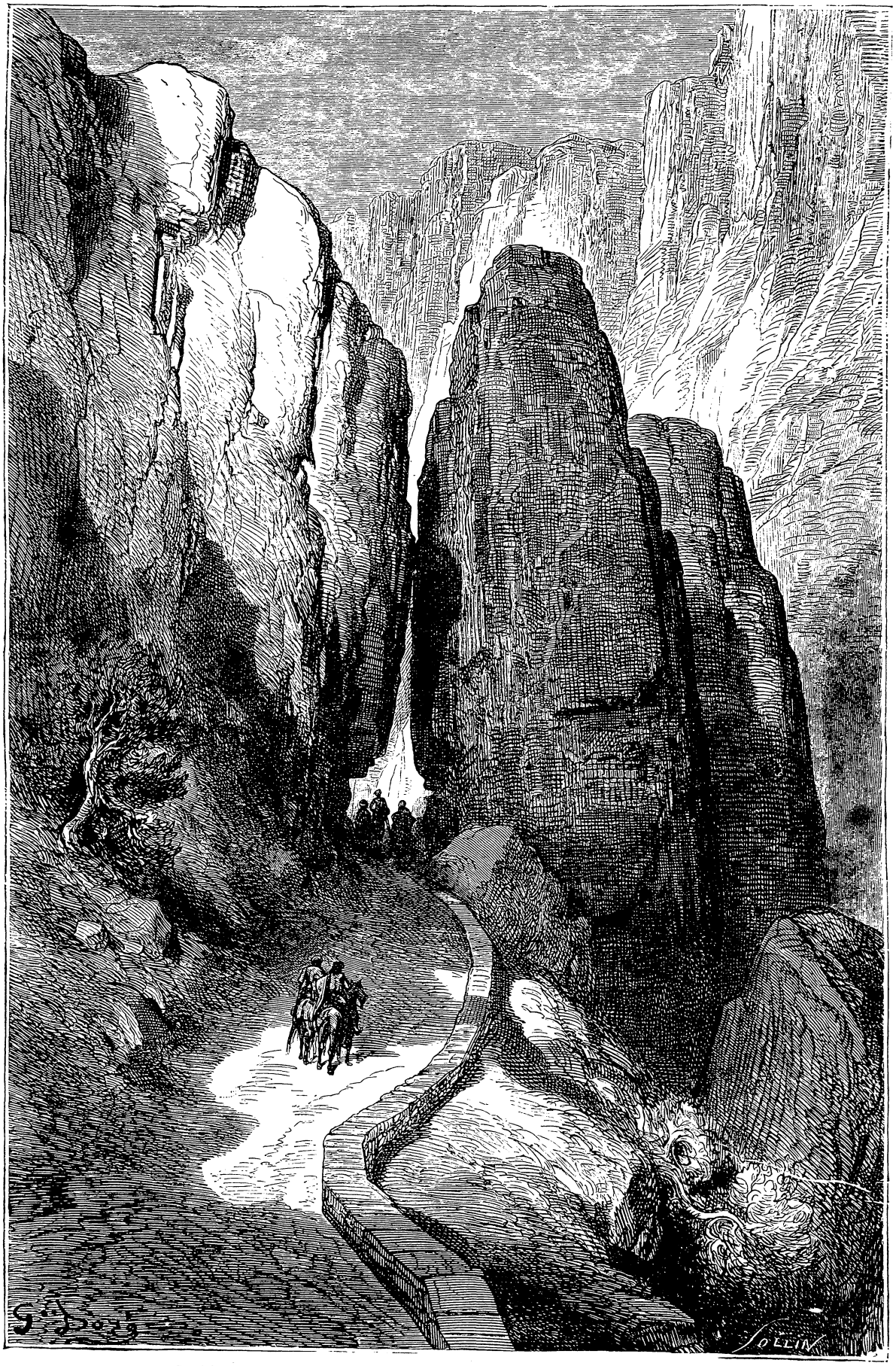
We showed as bold a face as we could, and walked steadily up to the picket, who turned at last, and saluted us, when, not to be less civil, I offered them cigars.

"What impudence!" said my friend. "How generous! Just because you know they are going to take them."

The leader of the party accepted the cigars with pleasure, and took the stopper out of the gourd of brandy slung from his shoulder, and we partook, to find it particularly good.

By degrees we found out that their looks belied them, for they were no brigands at all, only what were called *mozos de la escuatra*—really hunters of brigands, robbers and assassins who made the mountains their refuge.

We found them very pleasant, intelligent fellows; and, as we sat down, chatted and smoked with them, while Doré sketched; we learned that it was rare for them to



A FALSE ALARM.— THE PASS OF THE DESPEÑAPERROS, IN THE SIERRA MORENO, SPAIN.

have an encounter with the *mata gente* of the neighborhood.

"But you see, señor," said the leader, "our being about here keeps them away. At one time, this mountain was a regular wasps' nest; now, travelers like yourself can come and go in peace, instead of being stopped, robbed, and perhaps held to ransom."

We kept them in conversation until the sketch was done, and then, with as much show of politeness as we should have encountered in a drawing-room, our friends put us on the nearest track for the next town; and we parted, for them to resume their quiet watch, ready, perhaps, to favor some other innocent French or English party with a false alarm.

JOHN CLYMER'S EXPERIENCE.

JOHN CLYMER'S proceedings were like those of the man in the rhyme, who—

"When he found his eyes were out, with all his might and main
He jumped into another bush——"

It was town talk—at least, that part of the town that knew Clymer at all—that he had suffered at the hands of Katherine Berri.

All the long, gray Winter he had been constant in his devotion to that young woman. At every party and ball and sleigh-ride he had been at her side. The gossips wagged their heads. The more philosophical young folks acquiesced silently in the arrangement. These two, the leading spirits in their set, were understood to be committed to each other.

And then, all at once, the slim, dark young beauty left town "under the auspices" of a fashionable aunt. Clymer went up into the country to superintend some building business for his father. And the whisper crept about that they had quarreled, and Clymer had been jilted.

As usual, popular sympathy went with the man. It did not comfort him much, however, in that night which he spent alone out under the stars, or in the long, dusty railroad ride of the next day.

Only the night before he had said to his father:

"I'll go about that business, sir, of which you spoke to me. I'll go to-morrow."

And then, the preliminaries being arranged, he wandered off to the rock overlooking the village where he and Kate had had their last interview, and lay there on the dry moss the whole night through, thinking bitterly of what had gone, believing with the whole strength of his impulsive young heart that life had come to an end for him.

As if life ever does come to an end for more than one in ten thousand before the last breath is drawn!

When he went away next day, he was haggard and hollow-eyed. When he reached his journey's end he was dusty and weary besides. So that Mrs. Griggs, with whom he was to board, asked him at once if he had been ill.

The place was a farming town, old, scattered, shady and sleepy. His business was to watch the construction of a saw-mill going up on the stream a mile away. His boarding-house was the house of an old acquaintance of the family, set deep among old elms, shadowy and cool and roomy. It looked, at sunset, like a New England corner of Lotus-land.

He had telegraphed his coming, and tea was waiting. Through the open parlor door Clymer caught a glimpse of a piano, and in the dining-room Mrs. Griggs introduced him to her niece.

His toilet had been hasty, as suited the mental condition of a broken-hearted man the short time allowed him. Clymer was a gentleman, but these country-bred ladies would scarcely be critical about minor accessories. So he bowed to Miss King with a perfectly comfortable sense of self-satisfaction. But when he raised his eyes to the young lady, something of his satisfaction vanished.

A blonde girl, with innocent, wide blue eyes, and the loveliest yellow hair. Certainly there was no betrayal of rusticity in her case. The fit of her lavender dress, the style of her ornaments, bore the unmistakable city stamp. She scarcely spoke through the meal, and after it was over vanished through the purple twilight to a neighbor's house.

Afterward, when the dark had really come, Clymer, sitting moodily in his unlighted room, heard the piano break into a long ripple of sound. He stirred uneasily. He hated a piano under unskillful hands. This might be a nuisance, situated as it was just beneath him. His critical ear waited to be shocked, and waited in vain. Miss King played late, and he fell asleep listening to a golden rain of deftly touched notes.

Wherefore the next morning he was ready to look upon her with favorable eyes. She was very young, apparently not more than seventeen. Going down to his work that day, he considered that she might help him to endure the days of his stay. But he forgot all about her over his pine lumber, till she appeared at noon, driving a basket-carriage.

"I am going into the village; Mrs. Griggs sent you this," giving him a lunch-basket.

That was all she said, going on her way again at once. No girlish airs or grimaces; unaffected, unconscious, frank.

Before a week was over, John Clymer was considering that he might as well make existence tolerable by enjoying the daily society of this very pretty, innocent, artless girl. He had arrived at the usual conclusion—all women were heartless, fickle and false. It was only a question of development. Miss King, being in the kitteny stage, was not supposed to have those traits in other than a dormant state.

Alone in his room, or in unoccupied intervals, he still bemoaned himself, and heaped bitter reproaches on Kate Berri's memory; but he was such a thoroughly healthy, hearty fellow that in less than seven days he was eating reasonable meals, whistling like a blackbird over his work, conscious of very pleasurable content in his interviews with this pretty neighbor of his.

Her innocence was not insipid. She talked as one who had lived in sight of the great world. Her home was in Baltimore. She was spending the Summer here for quiet, being a little delicate. Mrs. Griggs was the sister of her stepmother, and, to make her stay endurable, she had her piano and her horse; and she did not find it dull at all—the country was delicious.

The mill need not have kept John Clymer more than three weeks at the longest. There was a delay in getting the machinery, and when he ran down to the city to see about it, he found that another fortnight must elapse before it could possibly be ready; and that fortnight was quite at his disposal.

But this year he had not his usual longings for the seaside. He was back in Crandon on the third day after his departure.

He found a letter there that touched the old bitterness—old at three weeks. Miss Berri was at Newport, instituting quite a sensation there. Clymer had better come and look after her, wrote his friend, who knew nothing of what had happened between them.

And Clymer ground several words between his teeth, and declared that he could amuse himself as well as she. So, as Miss King was already at the piano, he went downstairs and seated himself on the veranda, just without the open windows.

The moonlight showed the beautiful face and the slender, girlish figure, and then compunctious visitings took possession of his soul. If he was to "amuse" himself, he had better find some less unsuspicious victim. It would never do for this little girl to fall in love with him. He might find a bitter taste of regret after the amusement was over. And then he assured himself that the experiment was a perfectly safe one. He had a grudge against the sex; they were all alike—women's hearts were not so tender. In the midst of which incoherent discourse with himself, Miss King's trills and runs came to an end.

He leaned across the window-ledge.

"Do you not sing, Miss Cora?"

"Yes, Mr. Clymer."

"I have never heard you."

"You have never asked me."

"I shall ask you now. Miss King, will you favor me with a song?"

And she sang—a little sea-song, full of the murmur of waves and echo of low, wandering winds. Not a powerful voice, or one of great scope; but holding the soul of all sweetness, and perfectly trained, and never attempting more than it could do. Clymer was delighted. He knew good music, and this little girl's performances were delicious.

He held out his hand toward her when she stopped.

"You sing beautifully," he said, with genuine feeling in his voice. "Won't you come out here and talk to me now?"

"My lord must be amused," rising at once.

The word she used echoed the one that had just been in his thoughts so perfectly that he started a little.

She passed out of the room into the hall, and so joined him where he sat. Her white, thin draperies floated like a soft cloud; there was a scarlet gleam of garden-flowers in her hair and on her breast. Some delicate, intangible perfume drifted faintly to him as she came. She sat down in the great wicker-chair he gave her, and her pose was as graceful as any marble nymph's.

She had, when she talked, a way of looking straight into her companion's eyes Her own were very blue, very childlike. Then, when she was very much interested—and that happened often enough—a little frown would draw her eyebrows together, and make small, becoming wrinkles across the smooth forehead.

But to-night she was not looking at John Clymer. The small, firm white hands were dropped in her lap; her head was thrown back against the chair-top, showing all the lovely curves of chin and throat, and the earnest eyes were very far indeed out at sea.

Clymer sat looking at her so intently that when she suddenly turned her gaze on him, he was startled into telling the truth of his thought.

"What a glorious woman you will make!"

"Shall I? On what do you base your prediction?"—quite unfluttered.

"No matter. I'm not going to spoil you by flattery. A child of your age ought not even to guess that she is pretty."

"A child of my age! So I am pretty, Mr. Clymer?"

The question was asked as a child might have asked it. The frank blue eyes sought his; the arched brows straightened and dropped, in the piquant trick they had. And he answered, fervently

"Lovely!"

Whereupon she laughed aloud—a trilling, honeyed laugh—a sound he had never before heard from her lips.

An hour after that—an hour partly filled with silences, partly with "discursive chat"—John Clymer found himself saying:

"I'm a great many years older than you, Miss Cora" (he was twenty-four), "but I am tempted to be confidential."

"I shall listen."

"Well, it is only a variation of a very old story—one you will probably hear a great many times in the course of your life. A long time ago I loved a very beautiful girl. I thought she cared for me, and—I was mistaken."

He paused, rather surprised at the shortness of his story. As to the little fiction contained in it, that was only a sacrifice to the dramatic proprieties. "Long time ago" certainly sounded much better than four weeks ago.

"She was very beautiful, and you are very sorry," sighed the sympathetic voice.

"Very sorry? For a long time I thought there could be nothing else in life for me. The old scar aches sometimes now."

John Clymer was not a sentimental young man, nor an unusually untruthful one; but he wanted to interest Miss King, and he could conceive of himself in no more striking posture than that of broken-hearted lover. That attitude is supposed to be irresistible to the average feminine heart.

"And you will never see her again?"

"I do not know. She is very gay. Yet I fancy we shall meet again."

"And then?"

"Then, Miss Cora—for some deaths there is no resurrection!" gloomily.

She rose and glided away from him to the piano. She had a way of making the white keys express the sentiment of most situations. She played a sighing minor *nocturne*, and followed it by a pathetic little "good-by." The whole thing was exquisitely dramatic and tasteful. Then she rose and gave him her hand through the window.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Clymer."

"You are a dear little girl!" warmly stooping to kiss the small hand he held. But it slid out of his grasp, and his lip touched his own fingers instead. After which Miss King disappeared.

After that, Clymer found smooth sailing. Miss King's manner toward him was bewitching. No younger sister, pitying, admiring, sympathetic, could have regarded him with more tender eyes.

Clymer was not a bad man. In a fortnight he had forgotten his *rôle* of amateur villain. She was such a gentle, tender, loving little thing! Who knew that she might not, after all, grow to be one of the exceptions that must exist to redeem the sex? And what was to hinder the prolonged existence of their present relations?

In all the time he took no lover-like steps in their friendship. There were not many waking hours that she was not in his sight, and his eyes were never weary of her. Now and then, when some reminder of Kate Berri came suddenly in his way, sharp, fierce spasms of pain would seize him, and for a few hours Miss King would see a clouded face and troubled eyes. Then the fit would pass, and there would be sunshine again.

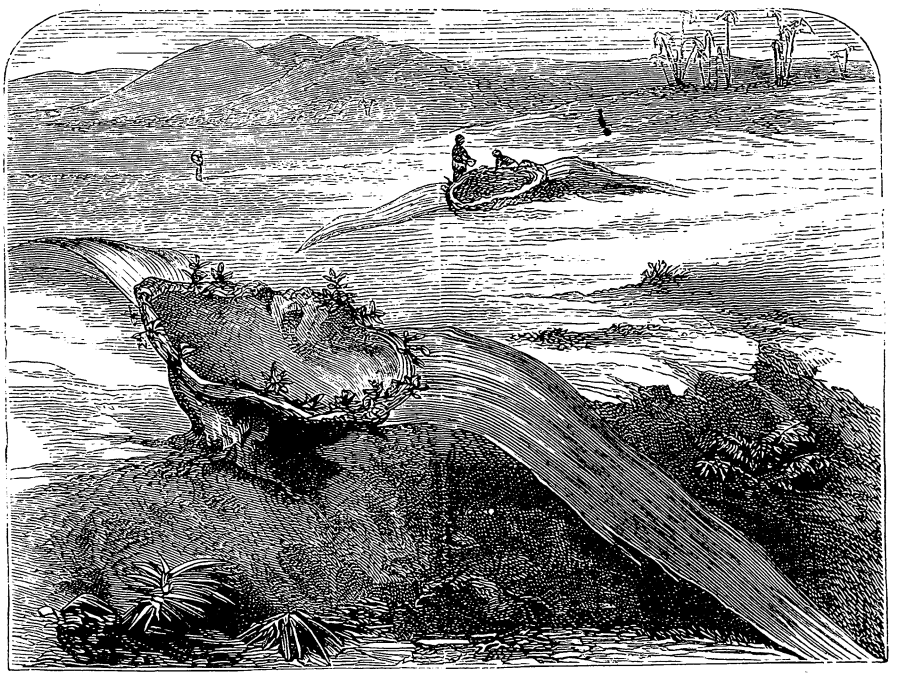
Mrs. Griggs, good, commonplace, sensible woman, watched this growing friendship with evident satisfaction.

"She was sent here for me to take care of," she told Clymer. "I shall be very sorry to let her go when the Summer is over."

I think those spasms of remembrance were the only barriers between Clymer and the way into which he finally

drifted. He put Kate out of his thoughts as speedily and as thoroughly as he could. There was too much unaffected pain in it. It was easier, better, to listen to Miss King's cooing voice, to yield to the soothing magnetism of her presence.

The mill filled very few hours of each day. It was necessary to see that the men employed made at least a pretense of work. Beyond that, his time was quite at his own disposal.

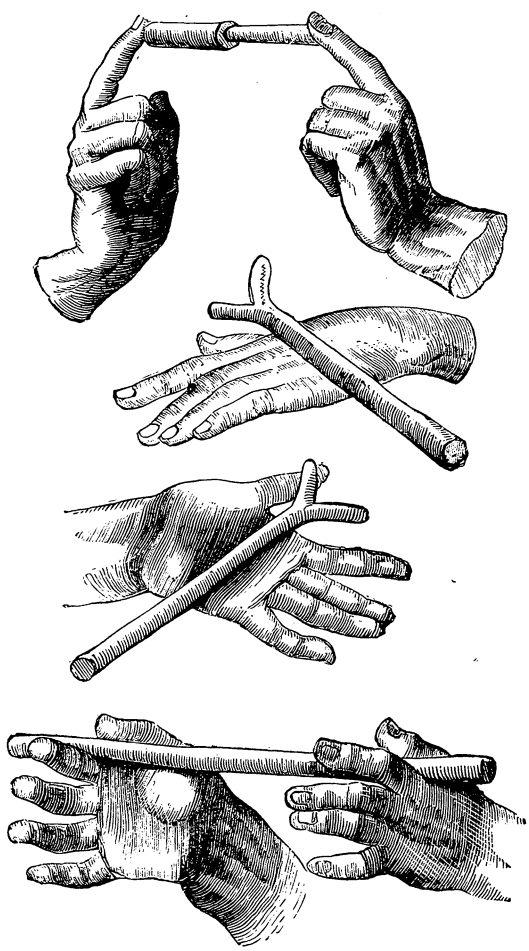


A CURIOUS AFRICAN PLANT—THE WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS.— SEE PAGE 114.

But one day—the day the machinery came—he was away nearly the whole time from early morning. Coming back at night, he found the house hushed and deserted. Mrs. Griggs had gone to the neighboring town on a shopping expedition, and Miss King was with her. They were not to return till the next day, and Clymer was thrown on his own resources for the evening. A letter that came in the night's mail did not help him.

"I warned you," wrote this gossiping friend; "and now rumor says that Miss Berri and Major Montrose are on matrimonial terms. A soldier's wooing — he has been here three weeks."

Clymer, lying face down among his tumbled pillows, was groaning over this new blow. I think he cried a little—such tears as men cry on occasion, when their hearts or their vanity or their self-love get wrung by woman's fickleness. And then and there, with his face scarcely dry, he declared to himself that, after all, Cora King was the one of the two worth loving ; that, since Miss Berri had so soon off with the old love, there was no reason why he should longer persist in keeping his share of the promise. And, since "masterly inactivity" was not a part of his tactics usually, it is not strange that before he fell asleep he had determined that Miss King should at least have the opportunity of consoling him. And then he went through a ceremony usually observed by disappointed lovers. He made a small bonfire of his reminders of Miss Berri, and over those funeral flames proclaimed his freedom from that old allegiance. On account of which state of things I asserted, at the beginning, that John Clymer had followed the example of that traditional nursery hero.



THE DIVINING-ROD.— SEE PAGE 115.

Having made up his mind as to his future proceedings, nothing remained but to put his resolutions into action. Did Miss King, returning next day, feel any subtle difference in their relations? Possibly Clymer, recalling past days, had assured himself that opportunity to tell his story would not be wanting. And now three, four days went by, and in all the time he spent with her he found no space for that narrative.

Not that she was less charming. She had that beauty that bears daylight. She asked no odds of light and shadow ; she needed not many of dress. The sweet girl-face was unwearyingly beautiful. Clymer, after the manner of men, finding what he wanted just out of reach, began to fancy that he wanted it very much. Something of the ardor of a genuine lover began to get into his looks and little speeches. Miss King's calm eyes apparently took no note, but Fate seemed to do a great deal of gratuitous interfering with his small stratagems.

One night Clymer brought Miss King a letter. She had not many correspondents, but among them was a Miss Gertrude Stanley, to whom she

JOHN CLYMER'S EXPERIENCE. —"CLYMER FOUND MISS KING CROUCHED DOWN IN A CORNER OF A SOFA, NOT ABSOLUTELY IN TEARS, BUT WITH A VERY WATERY SHADOW ON HER FACE."— SEE PAGE 118.

wrote incessantly and voluminously. Miss Stanley's replies seemed of the same order. Clymer had learned to know the stiff, schoolgirlish hand, and recognized it on the thick epistle that he gave Miss King at tea.

The piano was silent that night. Clymer, going down just in the tender edge of twilight, instead of an empty parlor as he had expected, found Miss King crouched down in a corner of a sofa, not absolutely in tears, but with a very watery shadow on her fair face.

"What is it?" bending tenderly over her.

The clouded face went into eclipse behind hands and handkerchief, but there was no spoken word of reply.

"I wish you would tell me. There's nothing I wouldn't do to save you annoyance."

Miss King's handkerchief stirred a little.

"Homesick!" she said, as if the one word was all that she could manage under the circumstances.

Clymer hesitated a moment before he spoke again. Observe, if you please, that he was talking to a girl of seventeen, quite innocent of love-making. He laid his hand gently on hers, and they did not shrink away from his touch. It was his first approach to a caress.

"I want to tell you something. In all these weeks you have been a dear little friend to me. I came here very sad, almost hopeless. I thought I should never care for any one again; but in these days, and since I came to know you, I have learned that life will be incomplete without you."

He paused in his little speech. Miss King gave no sign. He was forced to go on.

"Cora, won't you speak to me? I love you!"

She sat up then, her eyes very wide open.

"Oh, Mr. Clymer!" she said, half reproachfully, half in utter amazement.

He smiled at the ingenuous face and voice.

"You are not frightened, dear? and you are not going to send me away?"

"No, only—— Oh, Mr. Clymer, please, you mustn't talk about it!" catching her breath.

"Very well; we won't talk about it. Only, now you know, you must tell me what troubles you."

Thus John, from the heights of his superior age and experience. Of course she was fluttered and frightened; but the warm little hand in his was not withdrawn, and he felt a comfortable sense of proprietorship.

"Gertrude Stanley, my very dearest friend—and I have not seen her for three months—is to be in N—— day after to-morrow. She is to wait there three hours for a train on the Northern Road, and she wants me to come in."

"Well?"

"I can't ask aunt to go again so soon, and she will never let me go alone."

"There isn't any need. I am going in myself on business. We will start early and drive in, and you may spend your time with Miss Stanley while I am about my engagements."

She started up.

"If you only would! But I ought not to trouble you."

"It isn't trouble; and you have the right, certainly, if any one has."

At which crisis Mrs. Griggs appeared. That lady agreed to the arrangement with less opposition than might have been expected. Perhaps she had had some hint of the turn affairs had taken.

Miss King was very thoughtful all the next day. More than once Clymer saw tears in the blue eyes, but that was not so very strange; and if she shrank from him with a half-frightened, pleading look in her face, it was only in keeping with his ideal of girlish delicacy. But she let him kiss her at night—just the faintest, lightest touch on her forehead—and then she was out of his reach.

The ride next day was delightful. The day was perfect, and Miss King was in her gayest spirits. They reached N—— and the station fifteen minutes before the train was due.

"Don't wait for me. You said you were already late for your engagement. We shall go straight to Mrs. Graham's, and you may come for me there."

Mrs. Graham was an old friend of Mrs. Griggs's.

"I don't like to leave you so, but it seems unavoidable."

"I don't mind it at all; it is only a few minutes to wait. If she doesn't come, I shall go there at once. You've been very good to me, Mr. Clymer," giving him her hand.

And so he went away and left her, and for the next few hours was thoroughly absorbed in his business.

When it was over, a little startled to find how much time had gone, he went to Mrs. Graham's. That lady knew him slightly, through his connection with Mrs. Griggs.

Miss King was not there. She had called in the morning with a gentleman, and had left a note for Mr. Clymer; and in Mrs. Graham's parlor he read the following astonishing document:

"DEAR MR. CLYMER: I must confess to a *ruse de guerre*. My friend was Mr. George, instead of Miss Gertrude, Stanley. He came as I expected, and we were married fifteen minutes ago. It was all quite regular and proper. A friend had secured a license, and we had witnesses, etc. When you receive this, we shall be on our way to Baltimore, where, I dare say, there will be quite an exciting little storm.

"Dear Mr. Clymer, I am so sorry that your heart should be wrung a second time. But you recover so quickly that I think you will be quite fresh for a third experience before the Winter begins. Kate Berri is an old school-friend of mine, and I had the story of that romance before our idyl began.

"Thanks for the assistance you have given my plans. I hope you won't think me ungrateful. I shall always gladly remember you. CORA KING STANLEY."

"P. S.—I haven't told Kate."

There! I hope you can appreciate something of the state of mind in which John Clymer took this news, and the letter inclosed in his own, home to Mrs. Griggs. His recollections of the scene with that agitated lady are somewhat confused. He does not recur to them oftener than necessary.

"She was sent to me to keep her out of the way of this George Stanley. I thought she had forgotten him, and fancied you instead."

"It seems we were mistaken," rather bitterly. "However, being a minor, I suppose this marriage will not hold, if that is any comfort."

"A minor! She was twenty-one day before yesterday."

* * * * * * *

Two months afterward, in the glow of a dreamy October day, Kate Berri and John Clymer stood together on the very rock where Clymer had once spent a very miserable night.

"Very well, if you are properly repentant, and are willing to be forgiven."

"Am I not? I was absurdly jealous and unreasonable from the very beginning; and when I heard you were engaged——"

"There never was a shadow of a foundation for that story. Major Montrose married Laura Kane a month ago."

"I know. I have a confession to make. I'd better get it over with. It's enough to make a man sink into the ground to think of it. At Mrs. Griggs's there was boarding a young lady—a Miss Cora King——"

Kate laughed.

"I'll spare you that, John. I know the whole of it. Cora always was a bright little thing."

"You needn't have told her about our quarrel, at all events," half-vexed.

"I tell her! I haven't seen or written to her in two years. She wrote me just after she was married, and gave you a very good character indeed, in spite of the uncertain state of your affections."

"The little serpent!"

"Don't call names—it isn't dignified.

"It's a great relief to one's mind. For instance, when I call you dearest, best——"

"Don't be absurd, John."

AN ECCENTRIC TRAVELER.

We have heard of an Englishman who went abroad with the design of taking an extensive tour on the Continent, but who was diverted from his purpose by finding himself so comfortable on board a certain canal-boat in Belgium that he went no further; preferring to be a daily passenger in the boat, which went and returned between certain limits on alternate days. There is more than one version of this story, which we believe to be founded on fact. It seems to be agreed that the gentleman started on his intended tour in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo; that he landed at Ostend with the design of pushing on to Brussels, and that the canal-boat which arrested his progress was one that plied between Bruges and Ghent, starting one day at Ghent, and the other at Bruges. According to one account which we have heard, the individual in question went abroad not merely to see foreign lands, but in the hope of meeting with illustrious personages and distinguished characters, which will account for his making for Brussels in 1815. Finding, however, that on board the boat he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them at the *table d'hôte*, he thought he could not do better, and went backward and forward, never getting further than Ghent.

A CHEAP PLEASURE.

Lovers of flowers find window gardens, in the Winter season, a source of inexhaustible pleasure. Don't wait until you can buy expensive brackets and vases. Upon the window-sill a piece of board wide enough to hold a box of size and shape your taste or necessities cause you to choose must be securely fastened. Then take a box not more than fourteen inches high, width and length proportional. If possible, have another box two inches smaller each way, to set inside, and fill the space between with straw, tan or any refuse substance that will retain moisture. If you cannot compass this inside box, there will be continual danger that the sun will scorch the roots. Make some holes in the bottom of both boxes, then put in bits of charcoal and broken crockery, to insure drainage. Of course, the better the soil the better the flowers will grow. Then in one end of the box plant a German ivy. In the other end have vines and morning-glories. If the box is ugly, over its front edge and end must droop some of the trailing small nasturtiums. Their beauty is infinite, they are absolutely without caprice, and add a charm to life. All these yellow flowers demand a plant or two of blue lobelia, as a contrasting color.

THE PROCESS OF MAKING RUBBER SHOES.

The first operation after receiving the crude gum from the importer is to cleanse it. To facilitate this process, the rubber, which comes in lumps resembling in size and shape a soldier's canteen, is cut into thin slices by means of a large circular knife, revolving with great speed and constantly wetted. Then these slices are cut into small pieces by means of a chopper—a machine which resembles in its action a common hay-cutter—and afterward the pieces are reduced to minute particles in another machine, which at the same time washes out all the dirt and sand. Besides the accidental admixture of foreign substances with the sap, the natives are in the habit of throwing in sand and ashes to increase the weight. This grit, unless completely removed from the gum, will show itself in the shoe, impairing its smooth surface.

The small particles of rubber, all clean, are now shoveled into another machine, which rolls them together into rough sheets. These sheets are then taken to the drying room, where they remain about three months, to admit of the complete evaporation of the moisture. After the gum is sufficiently dry it is carried into the grinding room and fed into machines called grinders, where, passing between heavy iron rolls heated with steam, it is softened so as to permit the admixture of the vulcanizing material. The call for low-priced goods has led to extensive cheapening, by which less expensive material than rubber is added to lessen the cost. Coal-tar, lamp-black and other cheap and bulky articles are thus sometimes used.

The gum is then run into long sheets between calendars. The sheets as delivered from the calendars, after being cut into convenient lengths, are carried to the cutting tables and cut into uppers and soles by means of patterns, and sharp, wet knives in the hands of skilled workmen. The uppers and soles are now ready to be lasted.

Meanwhile, in another department, the linings are coated on one side with rubber, by passing a batch of gum in company with the cloth between heated steel rolls in another calendar, and, after being cut into various sizes, many thicknesses at once, with dies in a drop-press, are distributed to those who make up the boots and shoes.

After affixing various strengthening pieces of cloth, stiffenings, etc., the rubber upper is carefully laid on, and sticks fast to the rubber on the cloth, with a light pressure and smoothing movement of the hand. No pegging or sewing is required. The edges are then trimmed, the sole is put on and rolled down firmly, so as to adhere closely in every part.

The shoes are now collected and carried to the varnish-room, where a coat of elastic varnish is quickly applied, and the shoe, now of a greenish color, is hung in the heater.

The heater is a large fireproof room, heated by means of a large number of steam-pipes. In the evening, when the heater is full of goods, the doors are closed, the steam turned on and the baking begins. The heat is gradually run up to nearly 300°, under the supervision of experienced hands, who remain all night, carefully watching the progress of the baking, as indicated by thermometers hung up inside, but visible through small windows in the wall of the heater.

Too much heat renders the rubber brittle and rotten, and not quite enough heat detains the sulphur in the shoe, and causes its appearance afterward—when they become what are called "white" goods. These white or sulphurous goods are really better to wear than those completely cured.

During vulcanization, the gum becomes very soft, and runs together into one homogeneous mass, and, finally, when a higher point is reached, it hardens again. After remaining in the heater a sufficient time—about eight or ten hours in all—the shoes are carried, at an early hour in the morning, into the packing-room.

THE HEROISM OF CATHARINE DOUGLAS.

It is strange that the Stuarts, unfortunate from first to last, never without deadly enemies, yet called out on all occasions the most devoted loyalty. Men and women alike sacrificed life and property in their cause. The heroic devotion was not always appreciated, but at the next emergency loyalty again burns forth with all its wonted fire.

Among all the instances of devotedness, one of the noblest is that of Catharine Douglas, one of the maids of honor of Joanna Beaufort, Queen of James I. of Scotland.

That king had been repressing his lawless nobles with a stern hand, and roused all their hate and vengeance. They watched their time. On the night of February 21st, 1437, James, with the queen, was supping at a Dominican convent near Perth, unattended even by a body-guard, trusting to the "divinity that doth hedge in a king."

It was the moment looked for by the conspirators whom Sir Robert Graham had gathered around him. Through the assistance of the king's treacherous chamberlain, Sir Robert Stewart, the conspirators not only posted a band of outlaws around the convent, but gained entrance to the building, Stewart having removed all obstacles.

During the supper, Walter Stratton, one of the king's cup-bearers, left the room to renew the supply of wine. Discovering armed men in the passage, he gave the alarm, but was cut down on the spot. At the cry, Catharine Douglas, one of the queen's maids-of-honor, rushed to the chamber-door to secure it. The hasp had been removed. Without a thought of self, and resolved to save her king, she thrust her arm through the iron staples in place of a bar.

The ruffians tried to pry the door open with their swords and axes, threatening to break her arm if she persisted. But the heroic Scotch lady did not flinch, and held the door till they actually burst it in, breaking the bones of her arm. The few attendants gathered around the king. Patrick Dunbar, brother of the Earl of March, was killed defending him. Queen Joanna received two severe wounds, and James, after a desperate fight, fell pierced by twenty-eight wounds.

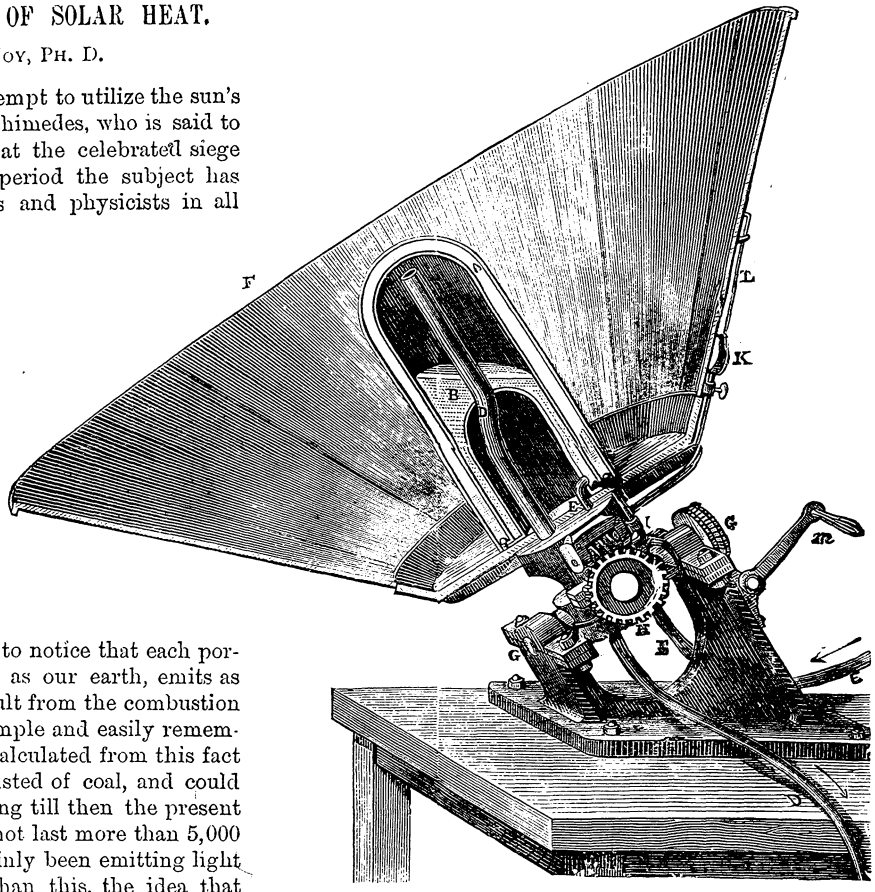
THE HEROISM OF CATHARINE DOUGLAS.

Housekeeping.—Let no one call housekeeping a menial occupation, neither suppose that no ability is needed to carry it on. When it comes to be considered how much is to be embraced under the general term "housekeeping," used in its best and full sense, it is plain to be seen that there is an ample field for the exercise of the most extended and enlightened education. Book-learning is not wasted; there is every day occasion for its use, and the more readily and intelligently artistic and scientific knowledge is applied in domestic affairs, the more easily the work is accomplished, and the more pleasure is given in its results to all who are participants therein.

INDUSTRIAL APPLICATIONS OF SOLAR HEAT.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

It is well known that the first attempt to utilize the sun's rays dates back to the time of Archimedes, who is said to have destroyed the Roman vessels at the celebrated siege of Syracuse, and ever since that period the subject has engaged the attention of chemists and physicists in all parts of the world. It was not, however, until modern times that philosophers found a method for determining the amount of heat given out by the sun. We can now solve this question, because we can measure the amount received by our earth, which intercepts about the 2,300,000,000th part of all the light and heat emitted by the sun. We thus find that, in every second of time, the sun emits as much heat as would result from the combustion of 11,600,000,000,000 tons of coal.

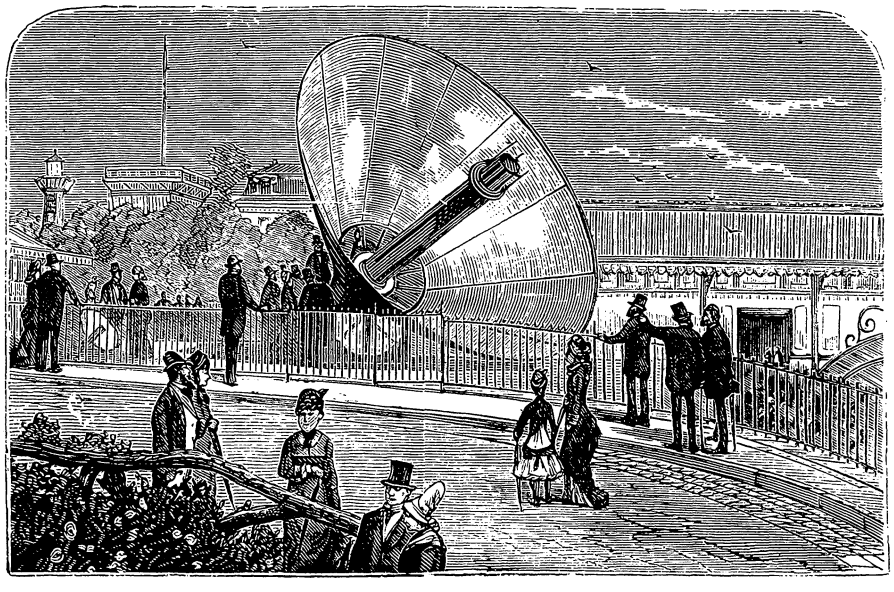


MOUCHOT'S APPARATUS FOR GENERATING SOLAR RAYS.

In passing, it may be convenient to notice that each portion of the sun's surface as large as our earth, emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of 1,000,000,000 tons of coal—a simple and easily remembered relation. Now, it is easily calculated from this fact that if the sun's whole mass consisted of coal, and could burn out to the last ton, maintaining till then the present rate of emission, the supply would not last more than 5,000 years. As the sun has most certainly been emitting light and heat for a far longer period than this, the idea that the solar fire is thus maintained is, of course, altogether untenable.

There are, however, many other reasons for rejecting the idea that the sun is composed of burning matter, using the word "burning" in its proper sense, according to which a piece of coal in a fire is burning; whereas a piece of red-hot iron is not burning, though burning hot. In like manner we find ourselves compelled to reject the belief that the sun may be a body raised at some remote epoch to an intense heat throughout its entire mass, and gradually cooling.

Now, we find that in the course of a few thousand years, such a mass would cool far more than the sun has cooled (if it has cooled appreciably at all), even within the historic period; and we have evidence that he has poured his heat on the earth during periods compared with which the duration of the human race is but a second æon of centuries, while the duration of historic races is utterly lost by comparison.



APPARATUS FOR UTILIZING THE RAYS OF THE SUN, RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

The probability of the heat of the sun dying out is too remote to disturb us in our calculations; but the alarm which periodically arises as to the probable exhaustion of the coalfields has had the effect of turning the attention of inventors to the finding of a good substitute for the generation of steam and for other purposes. Many machines have been invented, worked by electricity, magnetism, etc.; and although some of them have been useful under special circumstances, they all have the drawback of being far more costly than the old system of coal and water.

A French engineer, M. Mouchot, conceived the ingenious

idea, not simply of replacing the steam-engine, but of substituting a new heating power for the coal. He certainly has sought his generating force in the cheapest possible manner, for he does nothing but utilize the rays of the sun which fall upon us gratuitously, and which, we have just seen, are likely to continue to emit their beneficent heat until the end of time.

The experiments carried on by M. Mouchot during the Paris Exhibition are highly instructive. They had for objects, on the one hand, the cooking of food, and the distillation of alcohol; on the other, the use of solar heat as a motive power. In the matter of cooking, it was found that mirrors of less than one-fifth square meter sufficed to roast half a kilogramme of beef in twenty-two minutes, to complete stews in an hour and a half that required four hours with an ordinary wood fire, and to raise to boiling, in half an hour, three-quarters of a litre of cold water. A pure brandy was obtained in a short time from the distilling apparatus.

For obtaining motive power, M. Mouchot had constructed a large solar receiver, the mirror having an aperture of about twenty square metres. In its focus was placed an iron boiler weighing, with accessions, 200 kilogrammes, and having a capacity of 100 litres, 70 being devoted to water. This apparatus was put in action on the 2d of September last for the first time; in half an hour the water was raised to boiling, and a pressure of six atmospheres was ultimately registered. On the 29th, a pressure of seven atmospheres was reached in two hours, notwithstanding several fleeting clouds. On different occasions the steam (with a pressure of three atmospheres) was made to drive a Tanze pump, raising 1,500 to 1,800 litres of water per hour a height of two metres, and to produce ice in a Carré apparatus.

There appears to be no doubt that the introduction of this apparatus in southern climates would be attended with great economy of fuel for agricultural machines, irrigation and cooking. It was certainly a novelty at the Paris Exhibition to see an engine driven by steam generated with solar heat, and to witness the artificial production of ice by the same agency.

M. Mouchot has received the reward coveted by all Frenchmen, that of the decoration of the Legion of Honor, as well as a gold medal, and has been highly complimented by the numerous scientific men who have visited his exhibition.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A Good Sewer.—According to Colonel George E. Waring, a good sewer should be so tight as to prevent all leakage. Its fall or inclination need not be great, but must be regular; giving an equal clearing velocity of 120 feet per minute in every part, with no place for dead water to lodge. Ample ventilation should be secured by manholes and open gratings 100 yards apart, and by tubes in each house connected with the soilpipes and opening above the roofs. Free discharge at the outlet of the sewer, and the means for flushing it periodically, must also be provided. With these precautions, there need be no sewer-gas. The size of the sewer should be carefully adjusted to the volume it will have to carry, so that heavy rains will flush and cleanse it, carrying out any heavy substances likely to obstruct it. One of the most important considerations to be observed, is to secure ample ventilation of the sewer. The air oxidizes organic matter and prevents the formation of foul gases. It is always well to introduce a break between the pipe from a sink and the hopper into which the waste water runs; this is only possible in country houses, but is most important when feasible.

The Castor-oil Bean a Poison to Insects.—Poisonous qualities are popularly attributed to the castor-oil bean, the fruit of the *Ricinus communis*. According to the statements of a California newspaper, this property extends to the leaves sufficiently to make them of use in destroying insects. By distributing the leaves where grasshoppers were numerous, great numbers of the insects were soon killed. The effect of the poison upon the grasshopper is said to be apparent very shortly after it eats a portion of a leaf.

The Origin of Consumption.—In 1853, when Hanover and other parts of Northern Germany were visited by a very malignant kind of smallpox, the great anatomist Langenbeck tried to discover the peculiarity of organic structure which disposes one man to catch the disease while his neighbor escapes. "I have cut up more human bodies than the Old Man of the Mountain, with all his accomplices," he writes from Göttingen; "and speaking only of my primary object, I must confess that I am no wiser than before. But, though the mystery of smallpox has eluded my search, my labors have not been in vain; they have revealed to me something else—the origin of consumption. I am sure now of what I suspected long ago, viz., that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance or with erotic excesses, and much less with cold weather, but are nearly exclusively (if we except tuberculous tendencies inherited from both parents, I say quite exclusively) produced by the breathing of foul air. The lungs of all persons, minors included, who had worked for some years in close workshops and dusty factories, showed the germs of the fatal disease, while confirmed inebriates, who had passed their days in open air, had preserved their respiratory organs intact, whatever inroads their excesses had made on the rest of their system. If I should go into practice, and undertake the cure of a consumptive, I should begin by driving him out into the Deister (a densely wooded mountain range of Hanover), and prevent him from entering a house for a year or two."

The Vienna Geographical Society.—This Society now numbers 70 honorary, 1.2 corresponding and 641 ordinary members. The Austrian Minister of Public Instruction has granted a yearly subsidy of 1,000 florins to the Society for the period of three years, and this sum, as well as other donations it has received, have enabled the council to enlarge the Society's library, which, during the past year, was increased by 234 new works and 19 geographical views, as well as to facilitate materially the publication of scientific works and to support geographical exploration. The President, in his annual report, announced that the scientific investigations made in Central Africa by Dr. Oscar Lenz and Lieutenant Lux will soon be published, and that the Austrian traveler, Dr. Emil Hollub, after a sojourn of nearly three years in South Africa, will shortly return to Austria. The receipts of the Society during 1877 were 7,.82 florins, and the expenses 7,110 florins.

The University of Gottingen.—The present attendance at the University is 909, a slight decrease on the past Summers. They are divided among the faculties as follows: Theology, 86; medicine, 115; law, 275; philosophy, 433. The representation of foreign countries is unusually small, with the exception of America, which supplies a contingent of 27. The corps of instructors, numbering 116, includes 9 in theology, 26 in medicine, 14 in law and 67 in philosophy and science. Among the scientific professors is Wöhler, the Nestor of German chemistry, who, at the age of seventy-eight, still takes an active interest in chemical researches, and constantly assists candidates for degrees with stuff upon which to prepare their dissertations. He has ceased lecturing, but visits the laboratory every day to instruct the advanced pupils.

A Simple Liquid Cooler.—A simple contrivance for the rapid cooling of liquids, invented by M. Toselli, is described in *Les Mondes*. It consists of a cylindrical cup for holding any liquid, into which may be plunged an inner goblet, shaped like an inverted truncated cone, and having a lid which rests on the outer cup. By putting 150 grammes (5 ozs.) of nitrate of ammonia in the inner goblet, filling it with cold water, and stirring it so as to hasten the solution, the temperature of the outer liquid is soon reduced at least 2 deg. Fah. The salt may be used for an indefinite period, by spreading it on a plate after each trial, and exposing it to the sun until it crystallizes anew. The inventor prepares a salt which will lower the temperature 50 deg. Fah. in the warmest countries.

Synthesis of Ultramarine.—M. Plicque, of Paris, engineer of mines, prepared some insoluble silico-aluminate of soda according to the method of Henry St. Claire Deville. He heated 100 parts of this to redness (75° deg. C.) for several days, in the vapor of carbon di sulphide, and thus obtained an intermediate product, which, heated in a current of sulphurous acid for about ten hours, until its weight remained constant, yielded 107 parts of a very beautiful blue ultramarine. Ultramarine is now made on a large scale by fusing in reverberating furnaces or in black-lead crucibles, sulphur, soda, kaolin and silica, and carefully washing and settling in water. Many tons of it are now annually produced in this way.

Soles and Turbot for America.—A consignment of soles and turbot was recently sent from the Southport Aquarium, England, to America, in charge of Mr. Mather, agent to Prof. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. If they arrive safely, they are destined to be turned adrift in Massachusetts Bay. It appears that while so many members of the *Pleuronectidæ* are common enough on the American coast, soles and turbot are entirely unknown. Hence an agent was sent to England by Prof. Baird, to see if these desirable fish could not be safely transmitted across the Atlantic. Since writing the above paragraph, we understand that the fish died on the passage. It is proposed to try again.

Detecting the Impurity of Water by Electricity.—At a recent meeting of the Health Society of Berlin, Dr. Falk described a new method of testing the purity of drinking water by electrical experiments. From researches carried out in the laboratory of the School of Artillery in Berlin, it appears that the conductive properties of water for the electric current vary rapidly according to its degree of purity; the resistance decreasing with the purity of the water. It is possible, in this manner, to detect with great ease the presence of small quantities of organic matter in water.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

NOT AMISS.—A pretty widow.

BEEF Allah mowed, said the Turk, when the hail killed his cattle.

WHEN STRONGEST.—When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

TIT FOR TAT.—It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

THE world without woman would be a perfect blank, like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

SOLILOQUY BY A TIPPLER.—The public always notices when you have been drinking, but never when you are thirsty.

DESPITE the lively times they've had, and the amount of work performed, most of the thermometers are still in high spirits.

"HOW DID my little girl get on with her alphabet?" asked a mother of a schoolteacher. "She was lost at C, ma'am," was the reply.

SOOTHING THOUGHT.—If you wish to pay your debts, you have paid them. Your creditors cannot deny that there has been pay-meant.

WHEN usefulness is considered, the man who smokes cigarettes dwindles into insignificance by the side of the individual who smokes hams.

NEW READING.—The woman—and all of the sex do—who glances under the bed at night before retiring, evidently has in mind the proverb, "Look before you sleep."

TOO BAD.—An agricultural contemporary has observed that, immediately after every high wind, farmers come into town with choice lots of fresh hand-picked apples.

TWO LAWYERS, bathing, being chased out of the water by a shark, one of them said to the other, "It strikes me that that was a flagrant want of professional courtesy!"

NOVEL THEORY.—"I have a theory about the dead languages," said the new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they were killed by being studied too hard!"

"WHY, my dears," said an aged spinster aunt to her nieces, "I'm shocked to hear you wish for *buoyant* spirits. Girls should be girls in spirit as well as in other things."

NOT HER FAULT.—"One half the world don't know how the other half live!" exclaimed a gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "don't worry about it; 'tisn't your fault if they don't know!"

"HOW DOES my mustache impress you?" asked a conceited fop of a young lady. To which she replied, "It impresses me with the idea that your upper lip is in mourning for the loss of your brains!"

"I WONDER, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad, the world had to be drowned!"

"I WISH you could teach my son to keep his own counsel," said a father to an experienced old judge. "Let him get into a chancery suit," responded the judge, "and then I'll be bound he'll keep his counsel. He could never get rid of him!"

PUTTING IN MIND.—The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray, and wheeze, and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men; "and, by-the-way, that puts me in mind—how is *your* cough?"

"HA, ha!" ejaculated a rich old bachelor, pointing at an infant nephew that was furiously squalling, "you don't want any of my money here; you already have a wroth-child (Rothschild) in the family!" They all laughed so at his joke that he made the angry little joker his heir.

"BUT you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture!" "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture!"

"I SAY, Pat," said a philosopher, "can you be doing two things at the same time?" "Can't I?" answered Pat; "I'll be doing that any day!" "How?" asked the philosopher. "Why," replied Pat, "I'll be slapin' and dramin,' too, at the same time, don't ye see? So none of yer gammon, yo spooney!"

"I DON'T like that!" exclaimed a good old lady, as she rattled her newspaper. "Don't like what, grandma?" asked a girl sitting near her. "Why, this 'piping of all hands' by the boatswain of a man-of-war. Who pays for all the pipes, I'd like to know?" Is that the way our public money goes?" And the old lady shook her head sorrowfully.

A NEW arrival from the Emerald Isle was asked at a dinner whether he would take some of the apple pie. "Is it houlsome?" he inquired. "To be sure it is," was the reply. "What makes you ask such a question?" "Because," said the newcomer, "I once had an uncle that was killed with the *apple*-plexy, and sure I thought it was something of that sort!"

EVERY one can appreciate the feelings of the little boy who, on one intensely hot day, ran to his mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, mamma, I'm leaking all over!"

LEADING MEN.—A stranger in Fall River lately asked a resident where he could find some of the leading men of the place, who replied, "They've mostly been sent to the State Prison, sir!"

SWEET CREATURE.—"My dear!" said a husband, in startling tones, awaking his wife in the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well then, do for goodness' sake lie still, or it may come up!"

VERY SEVERE.—A French gentleman meets a young and pretty American girl in Paris. "What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm spending my honeymoon." "But where is your husband?" "Oh, he's in New York!"

THERE is a good story in Planché's *Memoirs*, told by Rogers, of a man who got very drunk at a country house, was tarred and feathered, and put to bed. He awoke, still drunk, in the morning, reeled over to the looking-glass, and exclaimed, "Become a bird, by Jove!"

IT was an Irish horse-stealer who, when O'Connell had obtained his acquittal, exclaimed, in the exuberance of his gratitude, "Och, counselor, I've no way here to thank yer honor: but I wisht I saw ye knocked down in my own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

THE "SEAL" OF AFFECTION.—Only a few years ago a man used to put the seal of affection on her lips. Now he has to put it on her back; and if it isn't trimmed with otter she makes trouble. The new style costs more, but it can't compete with the other kind for real comfort.

SHERIDAN, being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready for business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking round the table, said, with a droll expression of countenance, "Will any gentleman move, that I may take the chair?"

A CONTEMPORARY says that there was an English bride recently married in hunting costume, and that the papers are making a great fuss over it; but *Momus* sees nothing remarkable in it. She was only a trifle more candid than the rest of her sex in keeping the costume on after the chase had been completed!

PARTICULAR LODGER to landlady at a popular watering-place: "Mrs. Brown, excuse me, but I hope your sheets are well aired?" *Mrs. B.*: "Oh, yes, sir! I wouldn't for worlds put you in damp sheets. In fact, I can prove it, sir. I slep' in 'em the night afore last, an' another party slep' in 'em the night afore that, so they must be well aired."

A YOUNG gentleman lately said to a little urchin who sat loitering about his premises without invitation: "Young man, clear out, begone, slope, march, disfranchise yourself, evacuate, disperse, disgorge, cut, be off." At which the boy, suspecting his meaning, said: "If you don't want me here, why don't you tell me to go home, and be done with it?"

PERFECTION.—An American says that a new way of fastening on ladies' hats is to bore the tops of their ears, put in gold hoops, and have the hat-strings tied through them. Thus, step by step, we tread the pathway to perfection, and ere the darkness of death envelops all the world, man will have utilized his nose in holding up his trousers or pulling on his boots.

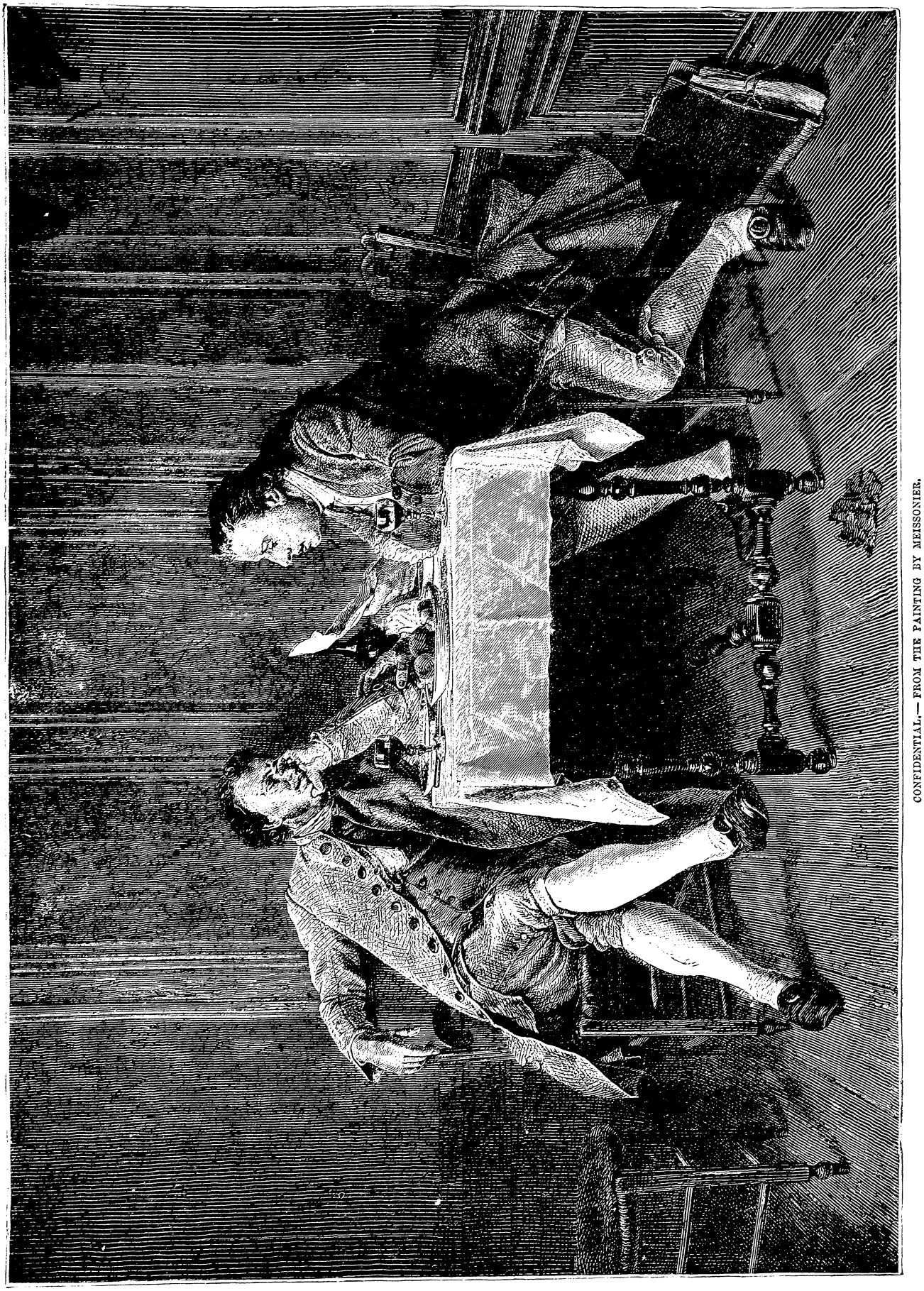
"NOW, THEN, madame, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it; and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there!"

A MERCHANT recently ordered a clerk of seventeen or eighteen, whom he had just received into his counting-house, to take off an account from the books with all dispatch. Soon after, hearing him scratching out something from the ledger, the merchant inquired what he was doing; to which he replied that he was *taking off* the account, but his knife was so dull it would take all the afternoon to get it off!

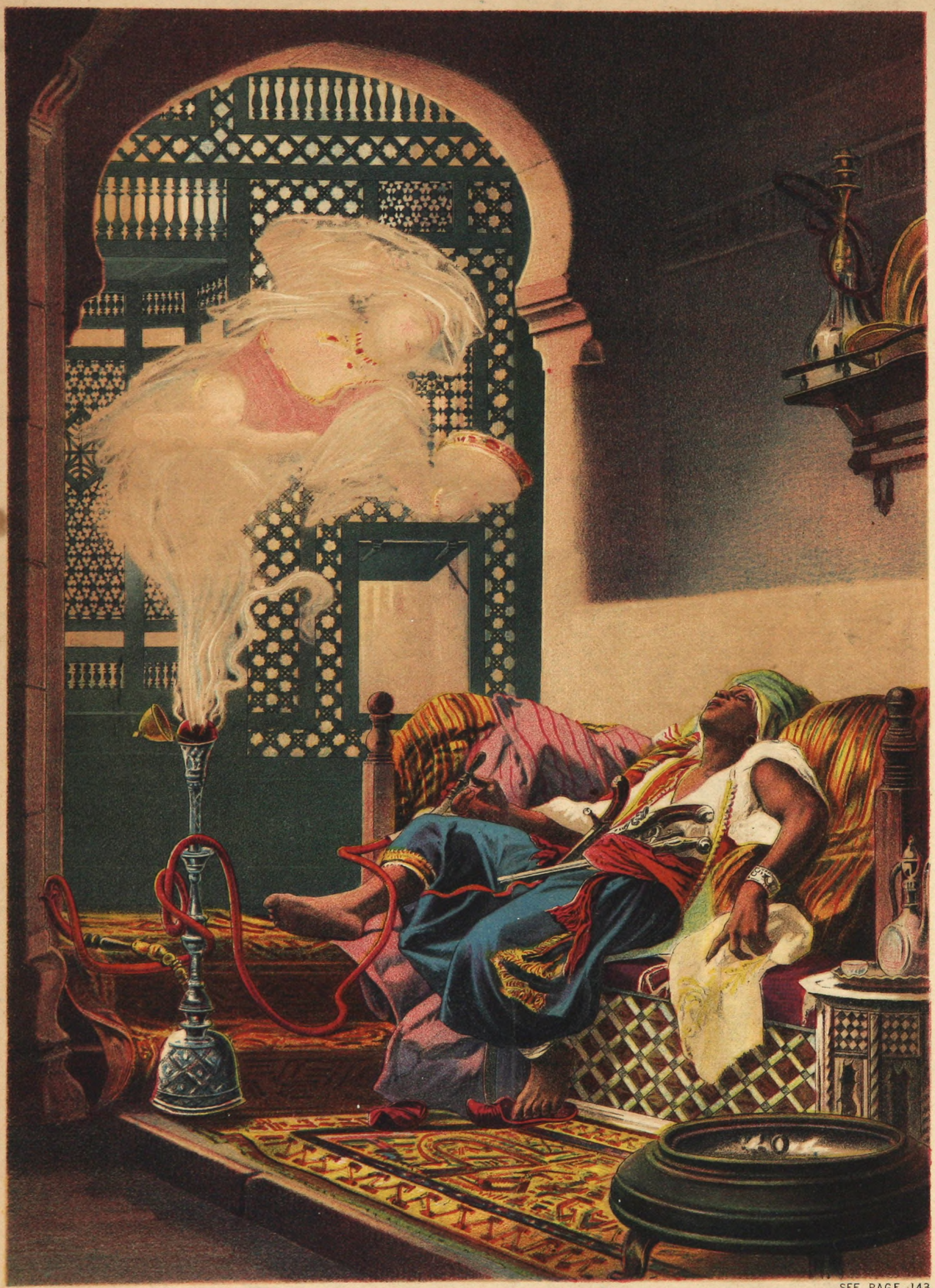
A CLERGYMAN called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that one so young could not have committed any grievous sin, and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. "Ah, sir," said the simple creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there!"

AN economical Hibernian couple, a sporting contemporary relates, were having an Anglo-Portugal oyster supper, when the bride exclaimed, "Here's luck; I've found a pearl!" and then, less joyfully, holding it up to the candle, "I'm afraid it's not a real one." "Shure, darlint," replied her husband, "would you be afther finding any but artificial purls in oysters at a shilling a dozen?"

DIFFERENT WAYS OF PUTTING IT.—This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture, with his mouth open, his jaw drops; his tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated, the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue, and, if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep, he will snore."



CONFIDENTIAL.— FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.



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THE ORIENTAL DREAM OF PARADISE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

FRANK LESLIE'S

POPULAR MONTHLY.

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HOW CARNIVAL IS KEPT.— THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL, NEW YORK.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

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HOW CARNIVAL IS KEPT.

WAY for his Gracious Highness of fun and frolic! All hail, Prince Carnival! Thou, under whose light and happy rule all is brightness and festivity. Whether it be amid the ice and snow of rugged Alpine lands or under the fair blue sky of dreamy Italy, thy advent is joyously welcomed. The crumbling relics of imperious Rome salute thee and bid you hail. Gay, glittering Paris forgets a while all who claim to rule, and bids Prince Carnival to ascend the throne. Nor is the New World forgotten. Under the warmth of Southern skies the festive prince governs in regal splendor. What though his reign be fleeting, it is none the less merry, mad or joyous.

It would be indeed hard to say how this gay, mischievous monarch came to rule. His title to the throne none dares dispute; it goes so far back into the dim past that the wisest genealogist can but shake his head and confess himself at fault.

The Carnival is, without doubt, a relic of the great festivals that were held long before the Christian Era, in honor of the Springtime. Among the peoples of Northern Europe the Yule-feast was the greatest celebration of the year. In the South, the Bacchanalia and Lupercalia were, it is supposed, the origin of this custom, which the early Christians changed and modified to suit the purer teachings of the new faith. It is strange the great resemblance even the Roman carnival of to-day bears to the Saturnalia and the feast of the Cybele of past ages, when, according to Livy, the richest draperies were hung from the windows and balconies, and masquerading took place in the streets; the people disguising themselves as best they could.

In Germany it is the custom to make presents of bouquets or nosegays, of greens, or of garlands. In some parts the rule of planting a tree, generally fir-trees, before the dwellings. This, authorities on the subject state, resembles the Thyrsus of the Bacchanals. Also the flogging of women, which, during the ages, was one of the features of the carnival; this being the customary treatment of women met during the Lupercalia.

The great carnivals of the Middle Ages were held in Paris, Rome, Venice and in the large cities of Germany. To a great extent they were military festivals, at which the king or conqueror of the day rode, crowned with laurel and surrounded by his warriors, amid the shouts of a welcoming people. Caged and chained wild beasts from African forests divided the admiration of the wondering crowds, with the pale, weary, and often wounded, slaves and prisoners of war, that followed their captors with bowed heads and compressed lips, to grace the triumph of their foes.

The word carnival is from the Latin *caro*, flesh, and *vale*, farewell—"farewell to flesh"—the meaning being that the festivities are a bidding adieu to feasting and pleasure at the beginning of the Lenten season.

During the Middle Ages the carnival was principally observed by rich banquets, and the consumption of great quantities of wine, at festivities organized for that special purpose. The fast of forty days that follows, known as Lent, was ordered by Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, in the early part of the second century. So it will be seen that the carnival proper is an Italian institution, but one which has been adopted in other particularly Catholic lands, as a festival preceding the forty days of fasting and devotion.

Shrove Tuesday, or Pancake Tuesday, the *fastnacht* of the Germans, has always been celebrated in English-speaking countries, and in years gone by was kept with great festivities and rejoicing.

The different days of the carnival received special names, the first Sunday being called "Fat" or "Greasy" Sunday, "Blue Monday," supposed to be the day of the fools' consecration; and so on during the eleven days that King Carnival reigned.

The different celebrations of note of late years—for in many countries the custom has to a very great extent died out, either through indifference or political or social troubles—are confined to Italy, France, some parts of Germany and the United States. The customs and regulations of each land govern, to a great extent, the nature and length of the festivities; so much so that, in order to get any correct idea of the different celebrations, it is necessary to examine each in detail.

The carnival time is observed all over France, every town and village having its celebration. In Paris, for the five or six weeks preceding Lent, a series of grand masked balls are given, to which the public are admitted; these great balls being first organized and introduced under the rule of the Regent Duke of Orleans, of festive memory. The great carnival days are the Sunday, Monday and Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday, and what is known as the Mi Carême, or Mid-Lent Thursday. These days, in certain quarters of Paris, call out all kinds of fun, frolic and enjoyment. There are generally several grand street parades—hundreds of horsemen throng the streets, gayly dressed. The great feature of the carnival in Paris, and, in fact, all over France, is the procession of Bœuf Gras—the fat ox—which generally takes place either on the Sunday or Monday. The ox is always one of the great Norman breed, of immense size, the prize animal of the year being generally selected. Decked with flowers, or covered with rich tapestry and wreathed with laurels, the stately animal is drawn on a large flat, surrounded with butchers, and preceded by a large band of musicians. Four of the tallest butchers, dressed in tights and jackets, and bearing large battleaxes, guard the royal animal on its course. In former years the ox carried a boy, richly and fantastically dressed, wearing a bright blue scarf or shawl streaming from his shoulders, and bearing in his hands a sceptre and sword. This was Roi des Bouchers—the King of the Butchers. For years past his Majesty of the Ox has been unseated, and now follows in a richly gilt car, the envied and admired of all the boys and girls in the city.

Of late years, the street displays during the carnival days in Paris have become smaller, the procession being now generally in the hands of a few trade societies. There is not very much masking in the streets, all the fun being reserved for the great public masked balls that wind up the festive season.

Let us look in at the Bal de l'Opera, which takes place Shrove Tuesday night. A brilliantly lit theatre—one of the finest in the world—thronged so that it is almost impossible to elbow your way through the crowd of merry maskers. All Paris seems here to-night. Fairies, devils, harlequins, bishops, beggars, Yankees, Turks—every imaginable face, form and character, meet your sight. Within the walls, and dancing to the strains of Offenbach or Strauss, are dukes, counts, ministers, cabmen, students, waiters from the *cafés* and members of the Senate. All who can purchase a ticket are free to enter, kick their heels and be as merry as they can. The theatres are just out, for see! here come some of the best known actresses, brilliant in their lace and diamonds. That little fairy in blue and white, with flaxen hair, is Mademoiselle ——, of the ——, who sings like an angel and spends money like the ——, as an admirer of hers was heard to mutter, as she glides past in the arms of Prince Bismarck. Around the outer circle of the platform hundreds promenade, in every variety of plenitude and scarcity of costume. The popping of champagne bottles recalls to mind a brisk skirmish beyond

the ramparts not many years ago. Louder and louder sounds the music. Faster and faster grows the dance. People of mild manners and still quieter habits look on the scene with wondering eyes, and betake themselves to the cloak-room. On goes the revel. The lights seem to grow the brighter as the hours go fleeting by. The band seems to possess more than human energy; for as wild galop follows the scarce less rapid waltz, the whirling dancers fly around the great hall in mad confusion.

There is another addition to the throng. This time it is a detail from the detective force, to watch over the strange antics of the students from the University and Quartier Latin, and their gay companions, the mesdames of the boulevards.

At last the *finale* is signaled. The last dance on the programme is announced. It is the "Galop d'Enfers." There is a pause. In a moment the wild strains break out, and the hall is one scene of mad confusion. On plunge the half-delirious dancers. The can-can, in all its exaggerated forms, breaks out; and amid the howling of the students and the cries of their fair companions, the police interfere, the hall is cleared, the lights put out, and the gayly yet disorderly dressed crowds of maskers are hurried into the cold streets. The carnival is at an end.

Outside, what a change! All is dark. See! over near yonder corner a figure is crouched. The light of the lamps falls on her pallid face. Close pressed to her breast she holds her sleeping child with her encircling arm. Her other hand is on the bell-pull of the apothecary's shop—to beg, perhaps, for something to preserve her almost worn-out life. Clothed in rags, the bitter wind pierces her shattered frame. Yet in her ears rings the merry music of the revel. Hark! there are approaching footsteps and joyous voices—three festive maskers returning from the ball. Little they dream, as they dance along the street with arms linked, the sad contrast the apothecary's light reveals—sunshine and shadow. Happy for them if they could but turn and soberly look upon and learn this sad lesson of the night!

In Italy the carnival is celebrated in many of the great cities, the festivities in Venice, in former years, being remarkable for their great splendor. At the present time the celebration in Rome is the greatest, perhaps, in the world, as it lasts during the eleven days preceding Ash Wednesday; although, properly speaking, but eight days are given up to the festival, the two Sundays and Friday not being included, on religious grounds.

The celebration of the carnival is confined to the Corso and the streets immediately surrounding. In this way business is not interfered with. The Corso is very near a mile long, and very narrow—in no place does its width exceed forty feet. Along its entire length it is lined with lofty houses with projecting balconies, from which can be obtained a view of almost the entire course. Where permanent balconies are wanting, platforms are erected, on which are ranged seats, which are let for a given sum. Owing to the narrowness of the course, the people in the balconies and stands are brought within speaking distance, and quite close enough to pelt each other with, and exchange, comfits, candy, flowers and sweetmeats.

During the carnival time the Corso is densely crowded with people and carriages. The balconies, stands, etc., are beautifully draped with silk, cotton and cloth of various colors, the favorite being red, yellow and blue. Flags, banners and streamers of the same colors float in the air, Looking along the line of houses on either side, the balconies are filled with gayly dressed parties of ladies. On either side of the Corso, and close to the houses, two lines of carriages move in opposite directions, filled with gay parties of pleasure-seekers. Crowds of people on foot mingle with the carriages, large numbers being dressed in all kinds of queer and fantastic costumes. Nearly all wear masks.

For weeks preceding the carnival season immense quantities of flowers of all kinds are brought into the city, and at the numerous stands along the streets bouquets of the rarest hothouse flowers or bunches of wild reeds or grasses, any of which a purchaser may select to suit his taste. The comfits, or *confetti*, used by all, rich and poor, are called *confetti de gesso*, and are made of plaster or lime. When thrown they break into fine dust, and cover the person with a white powder.

The favorite characters with the Romans are punchinellos, harlequins and pantaloons. These faces form the great majority of the masks on the Corso. Many of the maskers carry inflated balloons or bladders tied on the top of light canes, with which they strike right and left, amid the showers of lime-dust, shrieks of fear and roars of laughter.

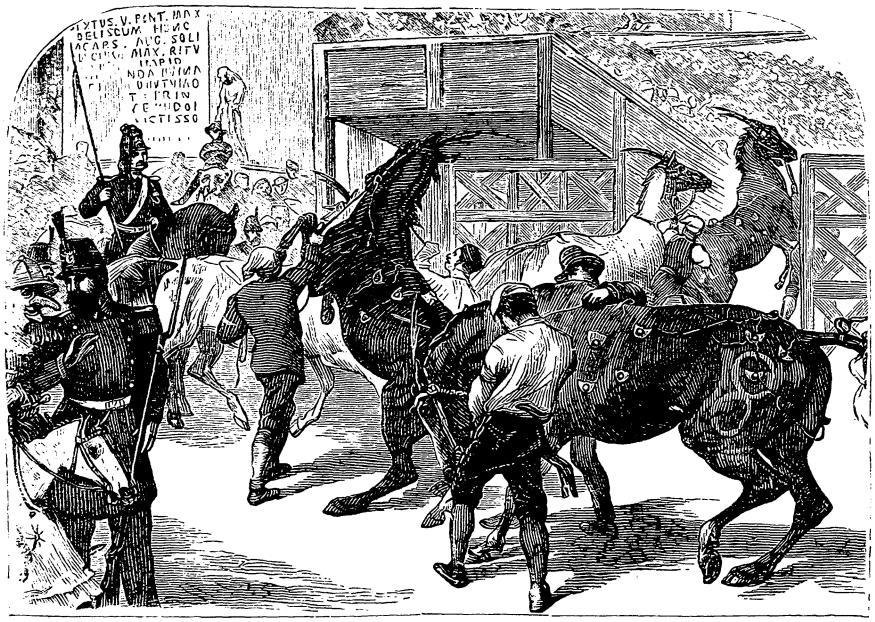
At two o'clock each day during the carnival, the great bell of the capitol gives the signal for the fun to commence, which continues until darkness sets in. One of the principal streets near the Corso, and which crowds throng during the carnival hours, is the Via Tarpeia. Here the scene is at all times brilliant: minstrels, harlequins, and a queer character peculiar to Rome, called the *Pagliatuccio*—a sort of clown, dressed all in white, even to the mask, parade the streets with colored lights and horns that make the most unearthly noises.

As the procession passes along, the occupants of the houses try and disperse it with showers of *confetti* fruit, the assailed party returning the attack with good interest; every trick and play that it is possible to conceive is carried out by the merry maskers, but all within the strictest bounds of good order and decency.

The great feature of the Roman Carnival is the daily race by spirited horses without riders; this takes place in the Corso. In years gone by, the animals used were Barbary horses, remarkable for their fleetness and wildness. In the Piazza del Popolo, which forms one end of the Corso, a barrier is formed, to which the horses are led, guarded by mounted soldiers. Each horse is held by a groom until the moment of starting. This quarter is surrounded by boxes to which are admitted the leading citizens and the managers of the race. The horses wear goads strapped to their backs and sides, from which project sharp iron points; these drive the animals almost wild with pain, and frantic to escape from the torment.

A few minutes before five o'clock in the afternoon, the signal is given to clear the track; the carriages are drawn into the side streets, and the people fall back to the line of the houses; guards are stationed all along the line, to keep back the crowd and prevent accidents. At the signal from a cannon the barrier is removed, and the tortured animals plunge madly down the Corso, which is about a mile in length. At the other end are stationed the judges—at the Repriesa de Barberi, near the Venetian Palace, which is the goal. The scene during the race is one of mad excitement; the horses dash along amid the screams and shouts of the spectators, for there is generally very heavy betting as to the winning animal—the Roman people losing no opportunity to indulge in a little gambling.

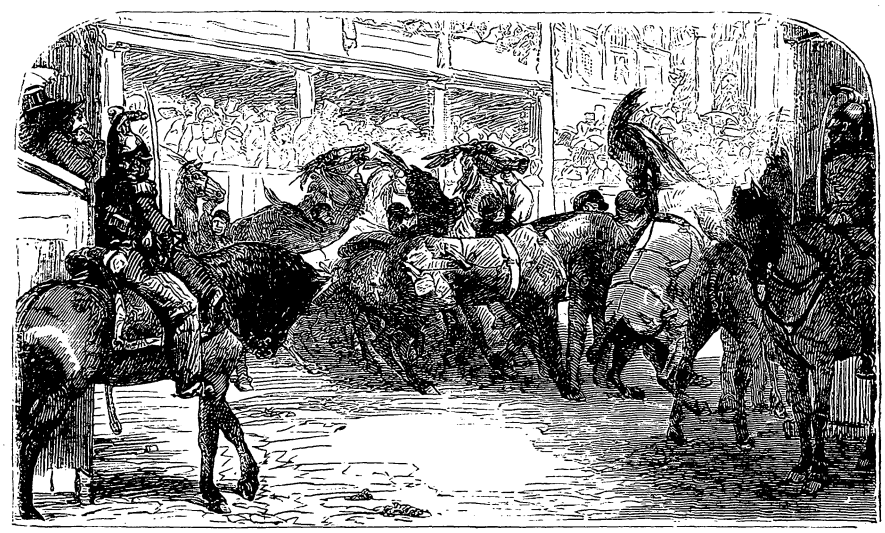
In former years, it was the custom to simply withdraw the carriages to the sides of the Corso; this made the course so narrow that the horses dashed themselves against the wheels, and were not unfrequently instantly killed. The *Prize a Pallj* for the winning horse used to be a rich piece of velvet or tapestry, which, in former times, was



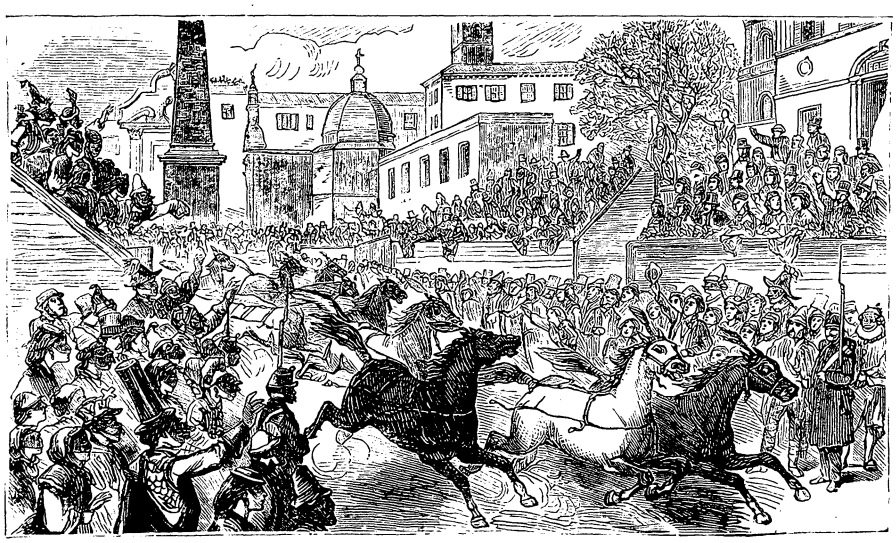
THE CARNIVAL IN ROME.— THE RACE IN THE CORSO—BRINGING UP THE HORSES.

given at the expense of the Jews, who, in ages gone by, were obliged to race over the Corso for the pleasure of their Christian friends.

There are three great festive or public masked balls in Rome during the carnival; they are held at the Teatro Alberto, the pit and stage of which are converted into a great dancing platform. As a general rule, the company is anything but select, and while there is an immense amount of fun and enjoyment, there is none of the brilliancy and *chic* of the great carnival balls of Paris. The Roman Carnival of to-day is the almost perfect reproduction of the annual feast of the Cybele;



THE RACE OF THE BARBARY HORSES IN THE CORSO—BEFORE THE START.



THE RACE OF THE BARBARY HORSES IN THE CORSO, ROME.

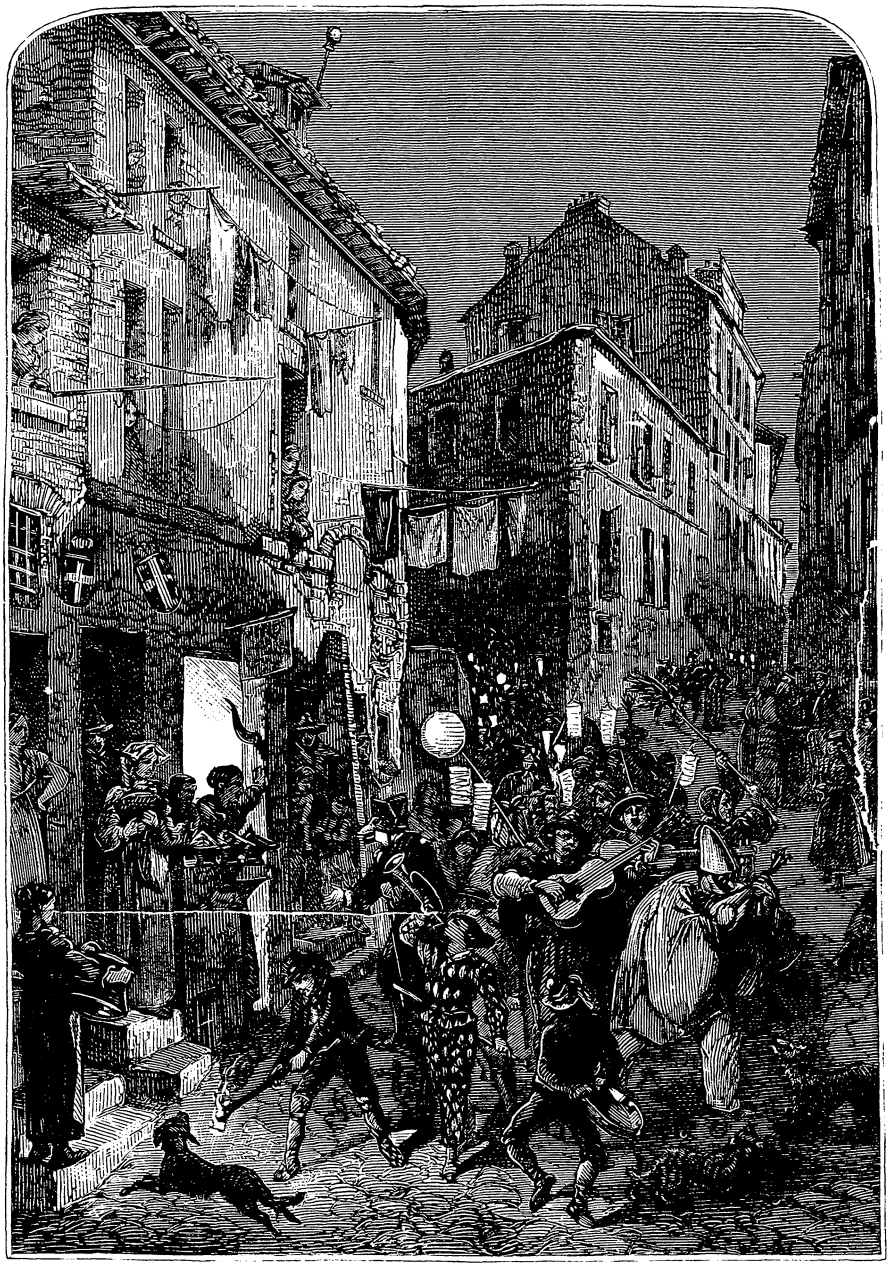
there are the same decorations, music, masking and buffoonery. The celebration of the carnival is much the same all over Italy; the festivities of Rome of course being carried out with much greater success than in the smaller cities; although at one time carnival week in Venice and other Southern cities was remarkable all over the world for the beauty and richness of the decorations, and gayety of the festival.

Passing from under the blue skies and golden sunshine of beautiful Italy, and penetrating into the depths of the Bavarian Alps, we still find that Prince Carnival is, amid the snow and ice, royally welcomed. The band of maskers, generally fifty in number, led by the music of pipers, visit the country all around — knights, clowns, old Father Time, with his hour-glass and scythe; old witches riding on brooms, pilgrims, Turks, and monks, form a motley procession.

Every one that comes the way has to suffer through the jokes and pranks of the merry maskers. The great effort is to keep the names of the maskers a secret and to surround the houses it is proposed to visit before the inmates receive any knowledge of what is coming. When the door is opened in response to the loud demand for admittance, there ensues a scene of fright for the women, hearty laughter for the men, and terror and dismay for the children, who scamper into

all hiding-places to escape the giants, devils and fairies of rollicking Prince Carnival.

The people of the Bavarian Alps are a quiet, indolent race, cattle-rearing forming almost the only occupation of the inhabitants in the slopes and foot of the Alps. Higher up, amid the great pines. and encircled by the deep gorges of their native mountains, they live in a world of their own—a world peopled with all the legends and superstitions of such a wild land. Further south, in the Tyrol, the carnival time is kept in somewhat the same manner. Early in the mornings, a fantastically dressed band of musicians travels from farm to farm and from house to house, wearing the true Alpine hat wreathed with laurel, feathers and flowers—they solemnly advance like so many red warriors on the warpath. Each man contrives to fasten as many cow and sheep bells as he possibly can to a leathern belt which is fastened round his waist. The leader, armed with a long driving-whip, chases every one that comes in the way. At each house that a visit is paid refreshments are provided. The choicest songs of the band are given, and after a parting cup the singers move on. In the evening there is a general gathering of all in the village for dancing; and while the youths and maidens join in the national dance, the old folks look on, remembering a time when they too welcomed Prince Carnival with as light hearts and bright hopes as those now before them.



THE CARNIVAL IN ROME—SCENE IN THE VIA TARPEIA.

While each year the Carnival festivals seem to grow less elaborate and enthusiastic in the Old World, in America, Prince Carnival is welcomed with truly regal splendor and rejoicings. The great festival of the Mardi Gras in New Orleans grows each year; its brilliant costumes, quaint and fantastic figures, bright lights and festive music, offer an attraction that rich and poor, high and low, fail to resist.

The natural warmth of character of the Southern people is attracted to such grand spectacular pageants, which in colder climes and less favored spots would be looked upon with little more than a passing interest. No city in the world is perhaps better adapted for grand street displays than New Orleans. Canal Street in that city seems specially well adapted to processions, being very wide; and all the buildings having large projecting balconies that afford ample opportunity for decoration of every description, and an excellent location from which the parade of Prince Carnival and his followers can be witnessed at length. As a general rule, the weather at this season in the Crescent City is simply beautiful, a bright, clear atmosphere during the day, and soft, balmy nights, afford an opportunity for character-dressing that could not be thought of in colder or more uncertain climates.

There are two great processions in New Orleans, and in no better way can an idea be given of the grandeur of the celebration than by describing the last Mardi Gras festival in that city, of March 6th, last year. For days preceding the celebration, not only the people of the city but thousands from the surrounding country make extensive preparations. The streets along which the procession is to take place are gayly dressed with all descriptions of flags, banners, and decorations. The balconies of the houses are draped with bright-colored cloths. Thousands throng the streets,

balconies, windows, and house-tops to witness the display; for, in the midst of all the preparations for the carnival, it is unknown who the organizers are, who is to assume the characters of the Prince and his merry companions; all such information being kept a profound secret very naturally excites a considerable amount of gossip and speculation. From time to time as the festival draws near, rumors reach the public of the different characters that are to be assumed in the parade; but until the signal gun proclaims the arrival of the merry Prince and his gay companions, it is impossible to tell what the parade is likely to be.

At the moment of the Prince's landing, for he generally comes from some unknown quarter, everything about his whereabout being kept a profound secret, there is a general ringing of bells, shrieking of steamboat, factory and railroad whistles; and amid the booming of cannon, and the cheering of thousands, the festive prince takes his place amid his courtiers and attendants of a day, the signal is given and the procession starts.

Last year the day parade was an illustration of the Trojan war, the prince assuming the character of Agamemnon, with a caricature of the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. It was one of the most superb parades that ever took place in New Orleans, and was remarkable for the costly elaboration of the different "sets" and "floats," and the beauty and richness of the costumes.

First came Agamemnon, in his chariot of state, and drawn by eight magnificent milk-white horses, each horse being led by a mailed warrior, followed by Silenus on the back of a rather dilapidated mule. He wore an old plug hat, wreathed in laurel, and carried a bottle in his right hand.

Next appeared the mighty "Jupiter" amid the lightnings, and astride of a large eagle with outstretched wings. In the following float, seated in her car drawn by three peacocks, came "Juno," wand in hand, and richly costumed in truly royal robes. "Neptune," the jolly old Secretary of the Navy, standing, trident in hand, and drawn in his shell by three sea-horses driven by a mermaid dressed as a festive Jack tar, and surrounded by nautical decorations.

On float four came "Minerva," with her helmet, blue spectacles and owl; her companions, "Astronomer," "Chemist" and "Bookworm," being deeply engaged in their several callings. "Apollo and the Muses" followed, the god leading a band of dancing and singing maidens, violin in hand; crowded around were the Nine Muses, splendidly arrayed. Next came "Venus," Cupid and Hymen driving the swans; the fair Goddess of Love being accompanied by Euphrosyne, Thalia and Agalia.

On float seven appeared the mighty "Mars," God of War, with an immense cannon, and surrounded by soldiers holding swords, spears and torches, and dressed in ancient armor. Close followed "Diana," the Goddess of the Chase, standing on a crescent, hunting-horn in hand, and a bow and arrows slung over her shoulder; the horses of her float being led by attendants costumed as gamekeepers.

"Mercury" came next, dressed as a young swell of the period, minus the pants, but, cigar in mouth, coolly watching the admiring crowds.

"Bacchus," in a chariot drawn by wild beasts, and accompanied by a faun, satyr and wine merchant, drinking wine from a barrel, was the next to be welcomed, and was followed by "Saturn and Vulcan," with old Father Time; the gods hard at work at anvil and furnace, making horseshoes.

"Janus and the Months," "Æolus and the Winds," "Vesta and the Virgins," "Comus and Krewe" and the "Sirens" came next in regular order; each remarkable for the splendid dressing and posing of the characters. On followed "Circe and her Victims," "The Harpies," "Momus," "The Furies" and "The Fates." After which appeared "Charon and the Passengers to Hell." This was, in make-up, one of the best satires in the entire pageant. It represented an old dugout, on board of which were, and bound for the "dark continent," a lady of fashion, carpet-bag in hand; a barber and judge—a colored gentleman who was constantly objecting to the passage with an umbrella—a tramp and a Western desperado.

Next came "Pluto," "Judges in Hell," "Punishment in Hell," "Demi-gods," "Paris and Helen," the "Trojan Horse," and, last, of a "Regia Fortune," or the wheel of fortune. This was the famous Metamorphoses of Ovid carried out by the "Mystik Krewe of Comus."

Bringing up the procession was an immense crowd of merry maskers, fifty of whom dragged along an old fire-engine, and were dressed as the most dilapidated-looking tramps.

Grand as the day pageant is, it still is nothing to the night celebration, which, when passing through Canal Street, brilliantly lit and decorated, is a scene, once witnessed, not soon forgotten. One of the strangest features of the last night celebration was, that one of the principal features in the procession was a terrible-looking figure of the plague, placed at the head of the column, which threatened destruction, death and misery to all. The fearful sufferings of the fair city since then, through the ravages of the yellow fever, show that the warnings of the mocking figure have been more than fearfully realized.

We will take our station, say, in front of the St. Charles Theatre—one of the best spots in the city to witness the grand display. As far as the eye can reach, the streets are brilliantly illuminated, decorated, and thronged with people. Nearly all are masked and dressed in fantastic costumes. Carriages are drawn up along the line of the sidewalk on either side, and are filled with cheering, laughing and talking occupants. In the distance sounds the gay music of the coming procession.

Let us watch, now. There is a bright glare of light at the end of the broad street. The shrill notes of the bugles and rattle of the drums come loud to the ears. A thousand torches flare and wave in advance of His Majesty and his festive crowd. Here they come! There is the Prince Comus, dressed in white and crimson, and riding a pure white Arabian steed. On follow gods and goddesses—Hercules clothed in his lion's skin, the legend of the Golden Fleece—all the splendor, richness and detail of the morning. Men carrying long poles on their shoulders, on which are attached lamps, walk outside the procession. Now the general part comes on. There is the *boeuf gras* of France; two gigantic bottles of wine and bundles of cigars; big fishes, enormous vegetables, knives and forks; beer cans and spoons that reach to the second story windows; illuminated signs—everything that the human brain can devise or copy, is represented here to-night, and passes under the gaze of the shouting, cheering, enthusiastic multitudes, from balcony, housetop and sidewalk. The entire length of Canal Street is lit up. As the procession moves past a certain point it dissolves, only to appear in miniature at the numerous balls and entertainments that are given during the night.

The grand masked balls open to the public are very brilliant affairs, and some, being given by the leading societies of the city, are very select; care being taken in the distribution of the tickets.

As if by magic, next day, the city assumes its ordinary look. The merry Prince and his frolicking crew leave no more tangible evidence of their presence than the pleasant remembrance of the day before. He disappears from the

city over which he ruled for a day as secretly as he came. Who he was, no one knows. All the public is sure of is that a strange and mysterious organization exists in their midst, known as the "Mystik Krewe of Comus." They are the friends of the Prince, and to them, it seems, alone does he reveal the secrets of his coming and going. They are a close set, and their pass seems to be "Mum," of which a considerable quantity is consumed.

The attempt to introduce a great public carnival procession in New York did not meet with the success that was anticipated for such an undertaking. This was due to several circumstances, the principal of which was, that the monster procession and ball at Gilmore's Garden was gotten up as a speculation for the benefit of a few individuals. This is not the case in New Orleans, where the money subscribed and collected for the Mardi Gras festival is liberally spent in producing probably one of the grandest pageants now to be witnessed in any part of the world.

The cold in New York during the carnival season is, perhaps, the greatest drawback to the success of any out-of-door festival; but although we are behind New Orleans and other localities in this respect, in having no street display, still the grand public entertainments given, known as the Arion, and other carnival balls, cannot, in any part of the globe, be surpassed for beauty, richness and grandeur.

The grand Children's Carnival Ball given at the Academy of Music last year was one of the handsomest spectacles ever seen in New York. The Academy was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with the choicest evergreens and flowers. Hundreds of children, in every conceivable costume, thronged the spacious dancing platform, which was made level with the stage. At the appointed hour the stage curtain slowly rose, revealing a charming scene—the Republican Court in miniature; General and Lady Washington, surrounded by the continental guard, giving a public reception. After all had made their bow, the music commenced; the General led Lady Washington forward; the ladies of the court, with their attendants, formed into lines, and the stately minuet was danced with a grace and precision that would make the beaux and belles of the olden time pale with envy.

"The Four Seasons" was next presented, after which the feature of the evening was announced—the arrival of the "Snow Queen." A bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, wand in hand, and surrounded by snow elves, slowly danced to the head of the maskers; and as she danced amid the scattering of flowers, the merry elves, completely hid in their white hoods and shrouds, capered around their queen.

Above all towered Prince Carnival, in a large crystal goblet of immense size, crowned with a fool's cap and surrounded with flowers. Grouped around on every side stood fairies, princes, bears, Yankees, fools, nuns, Turks. Seen from the boxes, it was one of the most charming sights ever witnessed.

At the sound of a bell all again disappeared, the curtain to rise again on a chapter from the "Arabian Nights," entitled "Alhemia, the Queen of Beauty and Pearl of the Orient." After a grand tableau, the masked ball commenced, at which hundreds of children joined, the little people keeping up the festivity until tired nature claimed repose.

Such are the celebrations of the carnival the world over, beginning far away back, when the rude races of Europe used to offer sacrifices to some special deity at this season; revived again under the Gauls and Romans, to afford pleasure to kings or pride to conquerors; taken up by the early Christians, and adopted by them as a season of festivity and rejoicing. Through many changes the celebration of the carnival has come down to the present day with the peculiar festivities of each land, but ruled North, South, East and West, in the Old World and the New, by the same genial, mirth-loving spirit, who, for a day, obliges all to forget their sorrows and troubles, and join with him in merry-making. Long live Prince Carnival, all should say alike, both young and old. May he return each year as youthful and festive as of old, to gladden our hearts and force a laugh at his mischievous pranks.

A TALE OF THE CARNIVAL.

"SHE is fatal as a dose of prussic acid, or a Borgia."

"My dear Gustave, much learning hath made thee mad."

"No; I know what I say. You have read your Hawthorne's story of Rappacini's daughter? The very air about her was deadly. Whoever loved her—

'Breathed the air of a costly death,
Brimmed with delirious draughts of warmest life.'

I have watched this young woman, and I find a baleful glitter in her blue eyes; and—did you see that lock of Lucretia Borgia's hair which they preserve at Milan?"

"No."

"Glittering yellow hair, like threads of sunshine. I never see"—here he dropped his voice a little, and the name was lost—"with those rich ripples of golden hair, without thinking of it. I have watched her, I say, and seen the fatal doom overtake her lovers."

"She does not poison them, of course?"

"No; the days of the successful Borgias are past. Now, you need not sneer.

"There was my friend, Ned Clive, studied with me at Berlin—a sensitive, delicate fellow, full of romance, with a tender heart like a girl's—some girls', I mean. How she led him on—and she was only seventeen then—till he forgot all besides, and thought the world well lost if he won her. Disappointment just blasted him. Death did not seem bitter to him when it came. That hope which had been more than life had failed him, so he died. Then there was another passionate fellow who blew his brains out; and that young Italian boy that the lady mother took as a beautiful plaything—of course he was presumptuous enough to love the Circe too, and he was sent adrift. I never saw him, but all think he has happened on some evil fate. He was reported drowned. Poor Angelo!"

A delicate-handed, pale, blonde-haired Englishman, who made the third of the trio, now opened his eyes sleepily, and slowly ejaculated:

"A poor case you've made of it, Gustave. By Jove! one consumptive youth, and a mad, hot-headed fool, who would have had his brains blown out in a duel if he had not saved the trouble by doing it himself. Eh—I don't think I told you before, but I am engaged to this young lady."

The two stared a moment at their friend. They had all been classmates at Berlin, and were sworn allies. The American broke the silence first, by singing, in a serio-comic style—

"We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?"

"Contrary, quite," responded the Englishman, stroking his long, straw-colored mustaches with his dainty hands; "only no light words about the future Lady Fairfax, if you please."

"Upon my word, Algernon," burst in Gustave, frankly,

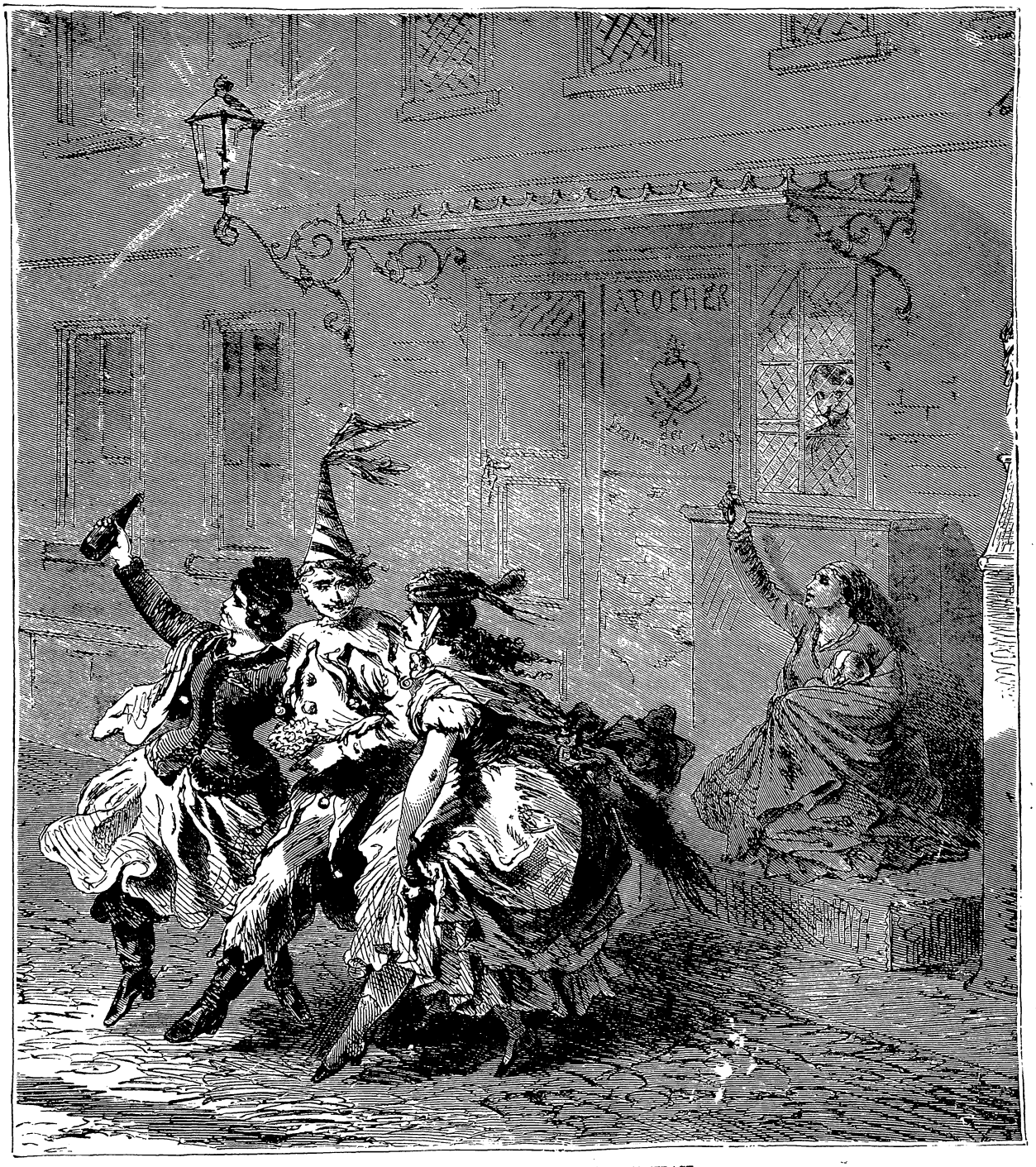
"all I said was for your sake. I saw you were yielding a little to the conquering charms, and I felt—no matter what. I wish you joy. May all your hopes be realized."

"Thank you," answered Algernon. "I rather think the lady will do me credit, and grace——"

"The old ancestral halls—to be sure."

They had all been sitting in a *café* in Rome. They had supposed themselves alone, for only the waiters were standing lazily about.

A young man stood listening listlessly to the stir of leaves and the plash of water, till the voices within reached his ear; then a quick flush rose to his handsome face,



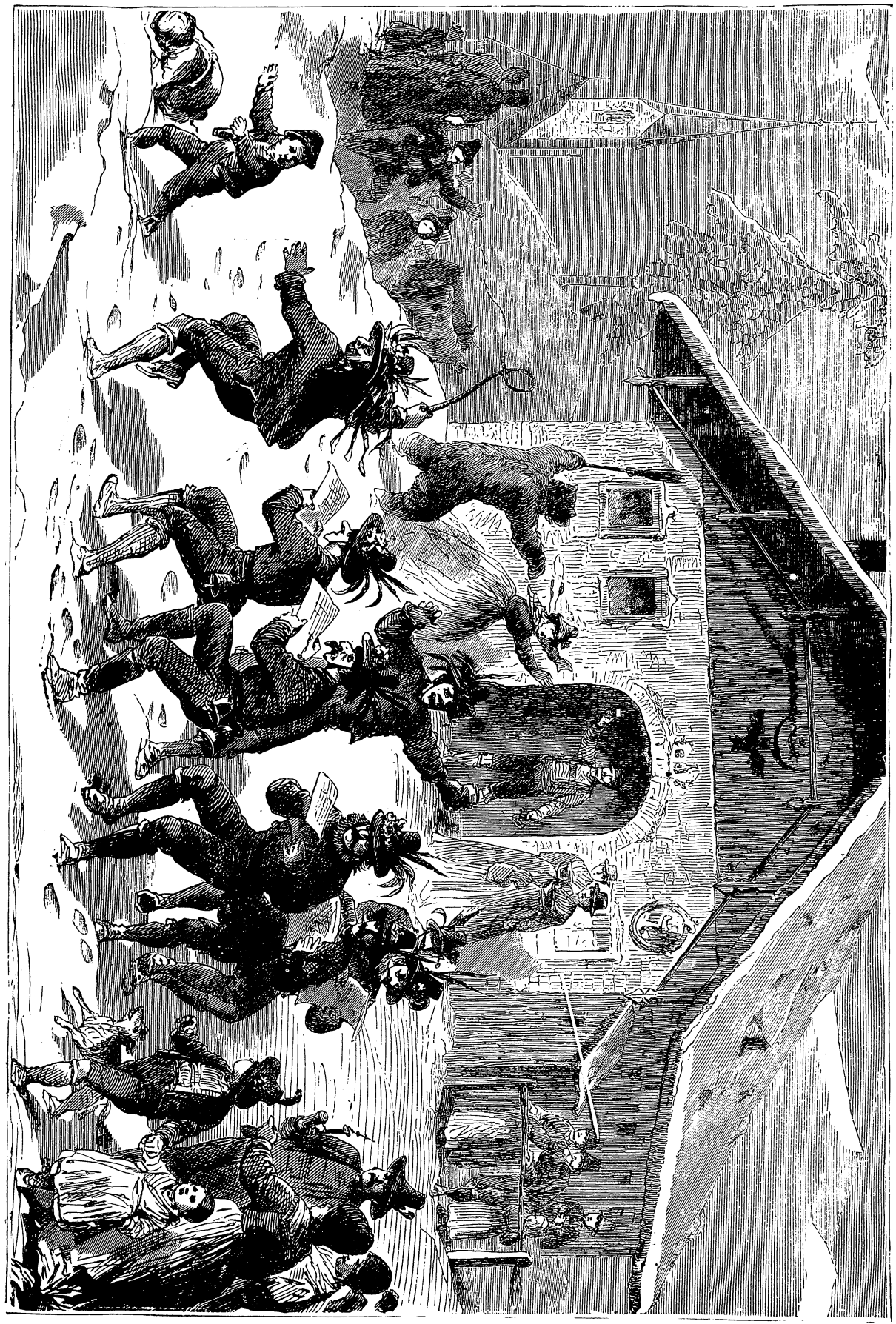
A CARNIVAL SCENE IN VIENNA—A SAD CONTRAST.

"And as to the mysterious fates, they only pursued the unsuccessful lovers—do you see?" drawled the youth. "I ride on the topmost crest of the wave of prosperity."

"Ah, yes; nothing worse awaits you than matrimony," exclaimed Gustave.

And the three went out, the young English lord drawing on his lavender kids with a meditative air.

which had been pale enough before, the dreamy eyes grew full of fire, and the full lips crimsoned. He listened breathlessly for a name, then started, as if stung, when he heard one, but stood silent again, and motionless as a statue, till the words "I am engaged to this lady." Then he started madly from the spot. No one heard the quick steps or rustling of the leaves as he threw himself on the



▲ CARNIVAL CELEBRATION IN THE TYROL.

grass, and began to bathe his hot forehead, as if that cool, crystal stream could stay the fever of heart or brain.

And he thought it would have been sweet if he had indeed found that watery death in the cool sea-caves to which rumor had given him. Ah, how welcome would have been the chill embrace of the waves as they carried him away—away from the world and its fever of unrest and despair! For this was Angelo!

Ah, the sea had not taken him to her bosom, and rocked him into forgetfulness of his passion in that cradle of the deep. And a strange chance had brought him here, to hear again of his love—not that memory did not pursue him ever with maddening thoughts of the days when she had been fair and sweet to him, when a smile had rained down light on his life, and a touch of that fragrant golden hair had sent a thrill of fire through his veins.

And one day Mrs. Ulrich had noted the love which trembled in every glance and word, and said some cold, plain words to him, and Maud had heard his passionate tale with a set, cold face, and he had gone out alone into the world to battle with life, and to conquer his own heart.

He looked haggard now, poor Angelo!—yet his face was beautiful, with that deathless beauty that struggles, and poverty, even hunger itself, could not quench. His clothes were shabby enough; yet there was a royalty in his air which made the waiters deferential as if he had worn state robes. They bowed to him now as he passed through, as if he had been a prince in disguise.

And he went up to his mean little garret in the narrow Roman street to dream of the past, and grow frantic with the thought that Maud was near, and the wild desire of seeing her again worked like madness in his brain. He could not rest in the small, close room, which overlooked a deep courtyard like a well; no air seemed to come to him, only a damp vapor like that from a churchyard vault. The old frescoes on the ceiling grew into diabolic shapes, and pointed mockingly at him. He went out in the streets again, which were still brilliantly lighted.

He looked at the gay shops, full of masks and dominoes of black and crimson and every hue; at the fantastic costumes that hung about, and remembered that this was the commencement of the carnival.

"And she will be here in one of these balconies," he said. "Flowers will be showered upon her. She will madden every one with her beauty; and I—I do not dare so much as to touch the hem of her robe."

And then he thought of the old days when they were children together, and she had so delighted in listening to his description of the Roman carnival, and had made herself some fantastic costume, even then being full of girlish vanities, and twisted some old pearls in her yellow hair, and had fascinated him irresistibly through all.

The festive aspect of the streets made his heart ache. It seemed as if all the world were on the eve of some great happiness. Every one had a place at this great joy-feast but himself. He walked through the gay Corso to the end, and then stood by the old Roman Forum.

The great calm of nature seemed to steal into Angelo's heart. The mighty past around him made his own griefs or joys appear so small!

"They suffered, they lived and died," he said; "that is all, *pacienza!* Why can I not go away to-morrow, and make no sign?"

Why? Because fate was against him—because of the destiny that shapes our ends. Even as he thought this an elegant carriage drove up. The liveried servants opened the door, a delicate young man stepped down and extended his dainty gloved hand. Ah, how the moonlight glittered on the yellow hair, on the dewy violet eyes and fresh crimson lips! Some light azure dress floated about her like a cloud. She wore a black lace shawl, thrown over her head in the Italian fashion, and her hair shone like gold through it. It was Maud Ulrich!

A light tremor, subtle as electric fire, went over the young man, but he did not move. He was near her; he saw her once more; but he had not even the poor right of speaking the commonest words of greeting, or touching her hand.

There were others in the carriage—a gay, chattering party come to see the Colosseum by moonlight; but no one noticed Angelo, who rose quietly, drawn by the old, irresistible fascination, and followed at a distance.

"Where did the vestal virgins sit?" cried one.

"The vestal virgins," said Algernon, with his usual drawl, "sat on cinerary urns which they brought with them. And this is where the emperors came in."

They all sat down around the cross which is now planted in the centre of the arena once so profaned by contests between wild beasts and human beings. Great blocks of travertine lay here and there. Behind one of these Angelo leaned.

"Do you know, we have only to kiss this cross to have an indulgence of fifty years?" said one giddy miss. "Think of it! liberty to sin—how charming!"

"Come—no harm in it," said another.

And she went up the steps, and kissed the cross, devoutly. The rest followed her example.

"Come, Maud."

Maud lingered.

"If one could get forgiveness of the past, now," said Algernon, on whose arm she leaned.

"Why?" asked Maude, coldly.

"I have heard a list of your sins to-day," he said. "Do they haunt your sleep, my love?"

An imperceptible tremor passed over the girl's frame; but her face was still as if carven in stone.

The others heard nothing, but they were drawing near to Angelo. The moon shone full on his face as they passed—that purely sculptured face. The eyes, dark, passionate, and full of contained fire, were fixed on the young girl. He forgot to draw back into the shadow.

So Maud Ulrich, pondering on her lover's strange question, looked full in the face of one of the ghosts which sometimes haunted her.

"Could I mistake that face?" she thought, with a shudder. Surely, surely, he was fathoms deep under the salt-sea wave. She had been told so. Bah! in Rome one might see hundreds of faces like that, perhaps. It was the real Italian type, and those great, sad eyes! No, it could not be Angelo; but it reminded her disagreeably of him.

"Do you know you started then as if you had seen a ghost?" said Algernon, who had been looking critically and quietly into her face. "And that handsome Italian yonder."

"Come, Maud, we are shivering. The romance is quite a chilly one. Kiss the cross, like a good child, and let's go home."

Maud did not seem to wish to linger now. She went up the steps, while Algernon lingered below, declaring that he was one of those rare beings, much too good for this world, who had no sins to confess, and no indulgence to seek.

But as Maud knelt there only for a second, she had unexpected company, for on the other side went up a figure wrapped in a dark cloak, and knelt at the same time.

"Confound his impudence!" said Algernon, languidly, as they turned away. "It is that handsome Italian."

"Hush! he may understand English!" exclaimed Maud, who was really trembling.

"Well, have you anything to fear from him?" asked Lord Fairfax, putting on the grand seignior air, which he rarely assumed. "By Jove! you are looking quite vulgarly frightened, Maud. If I thought—still, one could not really fight him, you know. He may be a nobody, though he looks like a prince."

"One of the ruined Borghese, perhaps," said one of the party. "I declare it's quite romantic to have a mysterious stranger haunting one, like Miriam's model, quite," lisped a young lady.

But Maud was quiet on the way home; and that night, when the maid had laid aside her brooch and robe, she threw herself back in a chair, saying:

"Mamma, Angelo is here."

Fat Mrs. Ulrich started as if stung.

"I declare that's what one gets by being charitable. That boy's exactly like a viper that stings the hand which warms it. Dear, dear, if I'd have known what was coming, with my foolish fancy for his black eyes."

"Well, what am I to do, mamma?"

"Do nothing."

"But do you think he will do nothing? I tell you I read some fiery purpose in his eyes to-night. He will make a scene somewhere, and oh!—Algernon is so fastidious; he is quite capable of giving me up if anything disagreeable happens."

"Well, Maud, you led him on. You were half in love with him, poor fellow; you can't deny it. He has his wrongs."

Maud's blue eyes grew dangerous.

"And you can reproach me with this," she cried, "who made me worldly, and careless of all but rank and wealth!"

"Nature endowed you richly in that way, my child," said Mrs. Ulrich, with undisturbed repose, "and necessity helped, as we have not money to keep up this style."

"Unless I sell myself," said Maud, bitterly, looking about at the richly furnished rooms, and the jewels she had laid off. "I don't know that it pays. I don't know."

"Why, you seem to have found some youthful romance along with Angelo to-night," said the mother, with a sneer. "Perhaps you are ready to give up this miserable wealth and rank for which you have schemed so long, Good-night. You are tired now. We'll talk it over in the morning."

"I must sleep to-night. I must not have a haggard face to-morrow," thought Maud, "or Algernon will be disappointed. He expects me to be the belle of the carnival this year. I always have a part to play—to be charming—to entertain him, while he languidly leans back, and allows himself to be charmed. Well, some day the tables will be turned."

And Maud went to bed, thinking not of the carnival, nor its gay scenes, but of the dark figure which stole up the stone steps, and the lips that were pressed to the black cross at the same time with her own.

"He believes in it. He kissed it with fervor," she thought. "Perhaps he is meditating some great sin. But no. He must be strangely altered, or he would not tread upon a worm;" and at last she slept.

All Rome seemed alive and abroad under the brilliant sunshine on the morrow. All along the Corso banners waved in the breeze—with the gay orange and black of the Papal colors. Crimson window-cloths, with gilt fringe, were hung out in the palace windows. The balconies were covered with scarlet and yellow; the flag-poles adorned with wreaths and bouquets. At every corner was a bower of beauty and of bloom—great baskets of dewy roses, or purple violets, or white and scarlet japonicas. Boys carried great stacks of bouquets, stuck in a sort of framework, high above their heads. Old women sat by their heavy baskets of *confetti*, or called on the passer-by to purchase. Those who sold fine wire masks to protect the face from these hard missiles drove a brisk business.

The balconies filled up with ladies, in colored dominoes, or with simple wire masks over their faces. In these last it was easy to recognize a friend. So Angelo, watching the mad show with a sickening heart, soon saw Maud Ulrich's shining yellow hair and baleful blue eyes. Beside her, taking a languid interest in the spectacle, sat Algernon Fairfax.

"It is beautiful to see you grow enthusiastic, Maud," he was saying. "I thought you had attained that perfection of good breeding which never allows one to grow excited. Do you really want to drive through that crowd to-morrow?"

"Yes, really," answered Maud, who was looking brilliantly flushed, and triumphant with the sensation her fair skin and yellow hair had already created among the dark-eyed children of the South. "We are in Rome, sir. That is one of its great pageants. I want to enjoy it to the utmost."

By this time the scene was growing too animated for quiet conversation. Maud had enough to do to catch the bouquets that leaped up into her hands. Once a dainty basket of mignonette and roses fell into her lap, and amid the flowers lay a tiny note.

"Ah! the beginning of a romance," she said, with a half-smile, as she opened it. "Some hot-brained Italian has fallen a victim. I wonder if I have forgotten the '*bella lingua.*'"

No, she had not forgotten—neither the language nor the well-known handwriting. The smile faded from her face as she read:

"I must see you again, Maud, and speak to you. You loved me once. You see I am growing very bold: but despair always gives courage. I have no more to lose, therefore I risk nothing. I hear you are going to give yourself to the pale Englishman who is near you, with his girlish face. Oh, Maud, he can never love you as I do!

"You will see me once more for the sake of old times, Maud—once, that I may say good-by to you for ever! Our last farewell was in your mother's presence. You were cold and hard because she was near. See me alone; say a kind word to me, and I will go my way. Yours, ANGELO."

Algernon Fairfax did not happen to look at his betrothed, as, with flushed face, she glanced at this note, then crushed it angrily in her hand. In the crowd, one gazed at her with hungry eyes, and saw the little fragrant basket dropped carelessly from her hands. With a bitter laugh he turned away.

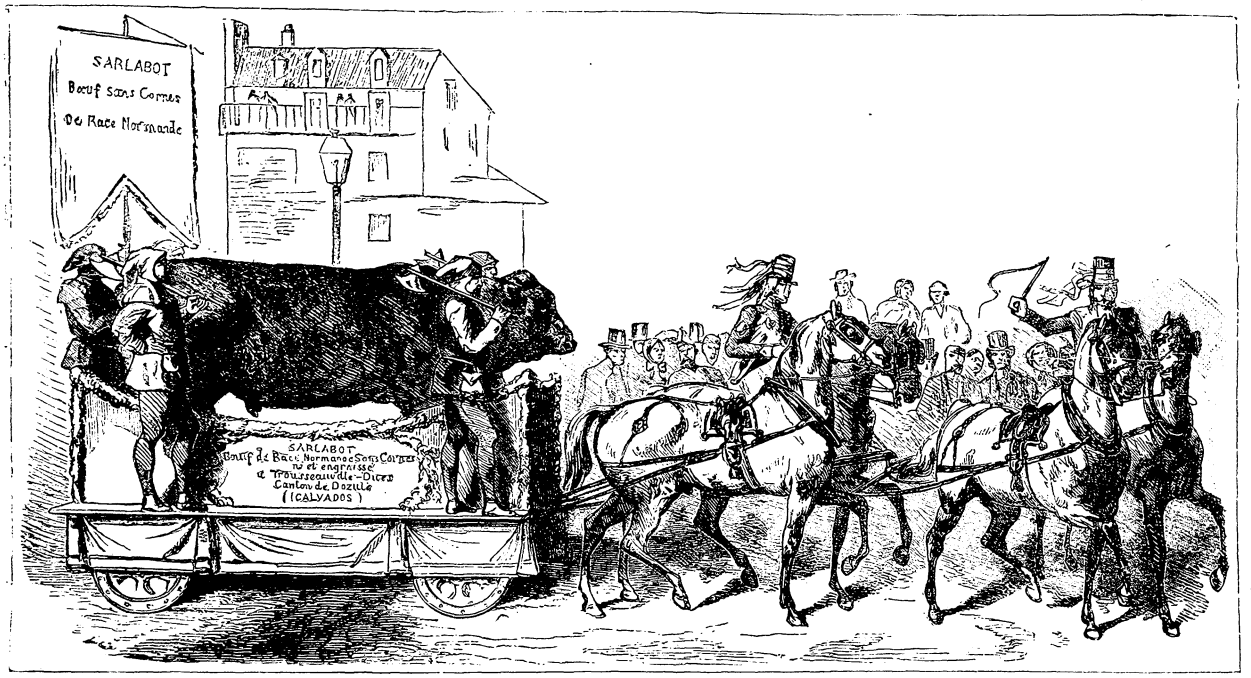
"She despises my gift and my prayer," he said; "she will not see me. Ah, let her look to it! I will see her somehow—somewhere—and then——"

The charm of the pageant was gone for Maud, and she felt angry at herself that it was so—that such a poor wretch had power to disturb her peace, set all her proud nature in rebellion.

"I will not see him!" she decided. "To what end? What do I care for the old times when I was so foolish as to listen to his love?"

She grew so cynical and sharp that Algernon Fairfax opened his sleepy blue eyes in astonishment.

"It strikes me you are a-weary, a-weary, Maud, and 'like a tired child at a show.' What has changed you so? A moment ago you were blooming and interested as a country-girl at her first play; now you look disenchanted. Is it not as I said?—one grows tired of the same wreathed wagons full of masqueraders in blue and lavender, or pink



THE FAT OX IN THE MARDI GRAS PROCESSION.

and white, or black and gold. Shall we wait till the horses come, my love ?"

"Oh, yes, we will see it out," Maud said, with an effort; "for what else is one in Rome at the Carnival ?"

So they sat there till the guards cleared the Corso, and the mad horses, let loose at the Piazza del Popolo, tore through the crowd like the wind. That was the signal for closing.

Angelo, looking from a side-street at the wild animals, longed to throw himself under their feet, that the miserable life might be trampled out of him for ever.

The days of the carnival wore on. Each day the play grew more fast and furious. Bears and lions walked about amicably, arm-in-arm with gayly-dressed knights. Two devils, in scarlet and black, lithe as snakes, darted here and there among the crowd, or discoursed to groups of laughing girls.

Lord Dundreary, in straw hat and blue ribbon on his flaxen hair, with the red-covered Murray under his arm, his plaid strapped on his back, and an opera-glass in his hand, appeared, looking for lodgings, and haranguing the by-standers in broken French and English.

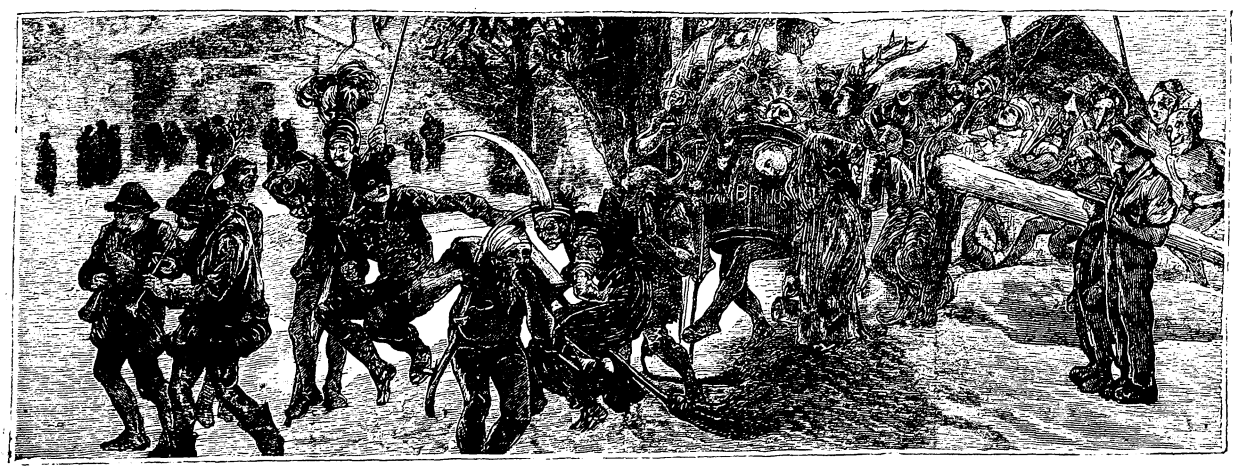
Day by day the crowd increased. The hail of *confetti* grew thicker; the bouquets were shot up to the balconies in a perfect storm of flowers, while crowds of ragged boys waited to catch those which missed the mark, that they might sell them over again. The whole Corso grew white with trampled *confetti*, and strewn with battered and worthless flowers. And every day Maud looked in that crowd, with an anxiety she could not forget, for a white face and a pair of dark, despairing eyes, which haunted her for ever.

"You did perfectly right, my love," said her mother, on the night of Lord Fairfax's ball, as she was watching her daughter's toilet. "What possible use could there be in seeing him ? I wish he were only the kind of person to be bought off; I would send him some money, and beg him just to go away quietly. Let me see; does Algernon insist on an early marriage ?"

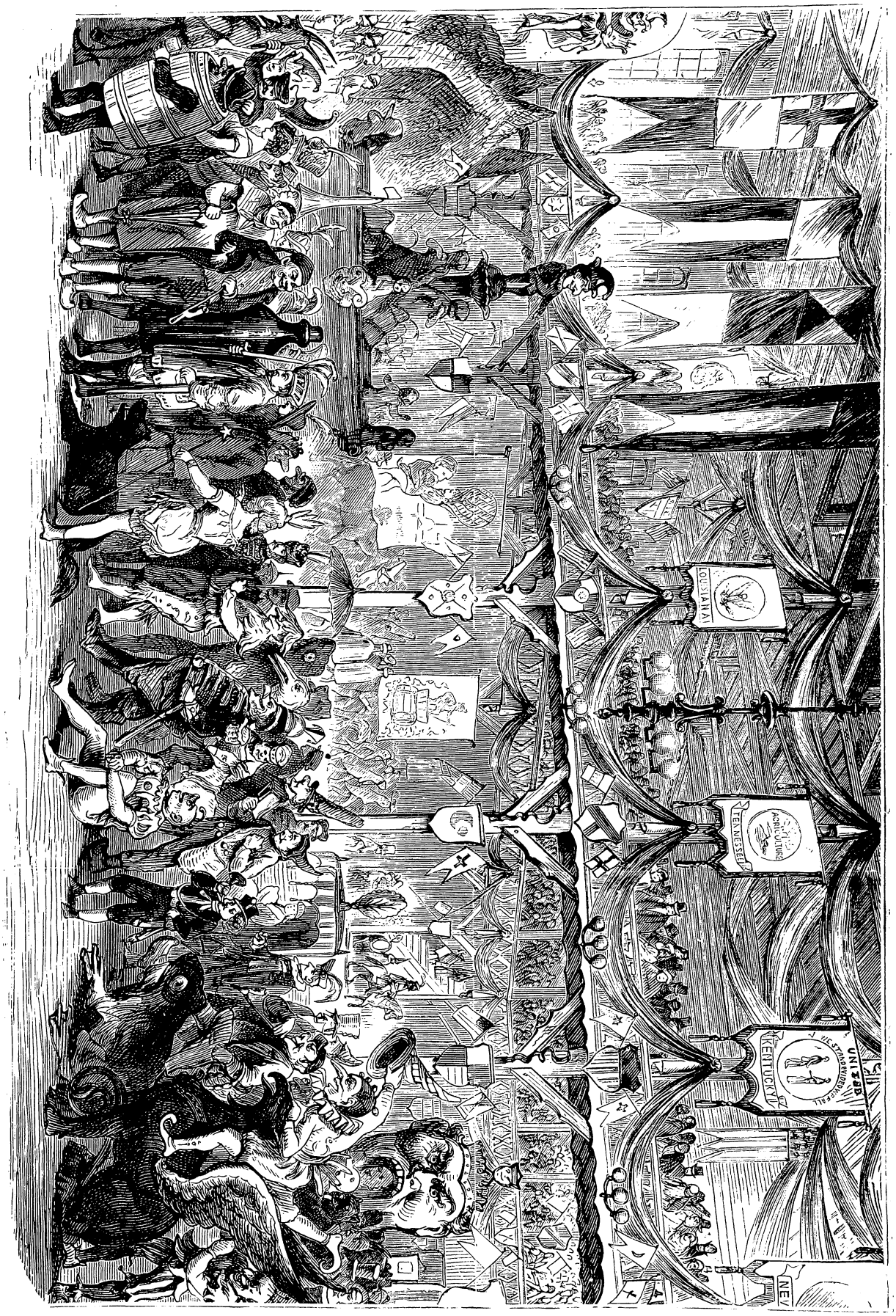
"As if he ever insisted on anything, mamma !" exclaimed the daughter, with scorn.

"I don't know," said the mother, thoughtfully. "In my day it would have been thought a bad sign if the gentleman did not insist."

"In your day people married for love," answered Maud.



CARNIVAL DANCE IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS.



MARDI GRAS BALL AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"That has gone out of fashion, you know; so you cannot be surprised if many other things are changed also."

"Well, if we can only keep this mad lover quiet till we get out of Rome, he may lose sight of us then. How beautiful you look to-night! I thought the dress would be rather stiff for you, but you are a perfect queen in it. You only need the Fairfax diamonds now to complete it."

Maud cast a glance in the glass, and the picture that met her gaze brought a flush to her cheek and a triumphant sparkle to her eye. She was dressed in the Louis XIV. style—a stiff white silk brocade, covered with bouquets of richly hued flowers, looped up with real roses over a white satin lace-flounced petticoat. Her white arms were bare to the elbow, and some antique jewelry of her mother's, set with turquoise and ruby and amethyst in quaintly wrought gold, matched well with the various colors of her damask robe.

Folds of soft, old yellow-tinged lace fell over the white arms and about the full white neck. Her bright hair was built up into a wonderful structure of puffs and curls, and powdered with some glittering stuff that flashed like diamond-dust.

Maud was quite satisfied. She wrapped the soft folds of her white plush cloak about her with a contented feeling, and her mother saw her depart with triumph. Surely such beauty must light the languid fire of love in Algernon's heart. The wedding would soon come now; her daughter would take her proud stand among England's nobles, and all would be well."

The grounds about the old palace were like a scene of enchantment. The fountains sent up their diamond spray under colored lights; the japonicas shone resplendent with crimson and white blossoms; marble statues gleamed among the trees; antique fragments of sarcophagi were built in the wall, and half hidden by ivy; lanterns of every hue hung above on the trees like unearthly fruit. And all about the grounds and through the lighted rooms strolled strange figures in all the fantastic costumes of the carnival—knights and peasants; Roman girls in their white headdresses and scarlet bodices; Albanians, Venetians and Neapolitans; flower-girls and clowns; cavalier and boor—all met on equal footing, and cast aside, for the time, the conventionalities of society. No introduction was needed.

"Are you quite sure of your guests?" asked Maud, as she stood by Algernon's side. "Do you know who they are?"

"I think so," he answered, carelessly. "Of course I gave the invited leave to bring a friend, and if any poor devil has got in 'unbeknownst,' I hope he'll have a good time of it."

Maud looked around on the splendor with a proud sensation. "All of this is mine and thine," she thought, and her fancy traveled to the hour when she would share the honors of such pageants. Algernon had really been quite devoted. He had spoken twice of their marriage as an event soon to take place. He seemed scarcely able to quit her side, even to attend to his guests. "All went merry as a marriage-bell."

But as she stood, somewhat weary with dancing, by one of the windows, a figure seemed to rise out of the shadow before her. She knew Angelo at once before he spoke, for he wore the same black cloak, and only a black mask hid his face.

"At last," he said, in a low voice; "now I can speak to you."

"But not here," answered Maud, looking at the people about her, and seeing that the interview was inevitable. "Wait; I will come out to you."

Silently and unnoticed she went out into the garden, but even there all was lit up so brilliantly, that it seemed scarcely less retired than the *salon*.

"Come this way," said Angelo; "I know the house well," and he led the way up some steps to a little door half hidden with vines. "Here is a room where no one comes; we can talk here undisturbed."

Maud looked imperiously at her old lover. "Bring a light," she said, haughtily.

He went out and brought in one of the Chinese lanterns. She did not see that he locked the door at the same time.

She walked up and down impatiently. "I am weak and foolish to indulge you. What can you have to say to me?"

He had laid aside the black satin mask now, and his face looked strange in the colored light. "I have forced you to this, remember," he said. "You refused my prayer. I felt tender to you in spite of all. I would have said good-by to you, and gone my way alone, as God is my witness. I excused you Maud; I thought, 'It is her mother who is hard and cold.' But now I see the truth; you are *la belle dame sans merci*."

"And what then?" asked Maud, coldly.

"What then?" answered Angelo, in a strange voice. "Why, then I am without pity either."

"In this mood I see no good of prolonging the interview," said Maud, going to the door. "Scoundrel! have you dared to lock it?"

"Yes, and this is the key," answered the young man, as, with a strong throw, he sent it whirling through the open window.

"Are you mad?" cried Maud, looking with real apprehension at her companion. "I can call—I can bring the servants, and have you arrested at once."

"I believe I am mad, sometimes," said Angelo, pressing his hands to his forehead; "but memory remains. How kind and sweet you were once to me, Maud! and I have heard how you have led others on to despair and death. It is righteous that you should have no more victims. This smooth-faced Englishman shall not have you, Maud. You have banished me from your presence. You would not grant me one poor little interview; so there came a green and gilded snake to me by night, and whispered something. Would you like to know what it said?"

Maud was speechless with horror. She saw now that she was shut up with a madman, and her heart sank, and the blood seemed to freeze in her veins.

"It said—listen!—it said, 'You cannot live together, but you can *die* together'!"

Maud shuddered, and looked about for a bell-rope. Of course in this rubbish-room there was nothing of the kind. She had heard that one must not show fear to a maniac; so, pale and quiet, she stood and fixed her eyes upon him.

"Dear Angelo," she said, in her most coaxing voice, "I see that you are sick. Come home with us. Come at once. We will tend you. Don't you remember how we nursed you once through a fever, and you said my hands were always so cool on your forehead. My mother——"

"The she-wolf! Ah, yes," cried Angelo, in a fury, "you can't cheat me with fair words now; it's too late. You led me on in the old days with that fair face and tender voice. Look around you now; don't you see the ghosts of your victims? Ah, poor Clive, with his wan, young face, and one with the ghastly wound. Ah, wait! most reverend ghostships, we will soon join you. We shall all be ghosts soon. How was it, Maud, we used to read, 'Locked in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace'?"

Maud saw that the situation was desperate. This madman had made up his mind to kill her. If she cried aloud

it would be her last cry. The one small window was high above her.

She tried to be calm. It would be something to find out his weapons.

"Very well," she said, as quietly as possible; "how shall we die?"

"Wait," answered Angelo, with an uncanny sparkle in his eyes. "Do you hear anything unusual?"

Maud listened, but at first her fast-beating heart stifled all sound. She was so near, yet so far, from help. Then a strange murmur arose, and cries that grew sharper, as if with terror.

"My God!" she cried, "is the house on fire?"

Her companion nodded. At the same time she saw the tongues of flame devouring the withered roses on the old tapestries. Angelo had quietly lit them with the gay paper lantern.

"We'll go up in a chariot of fire!" he cried, in glee. "They will never notice us. I have given them work elsewhere. Cry—scream now—every one is screaming. You will not be heard. On a chariot of fire! Your smooth-faced Englishman never counted on these fireworks. By Bacchus, how brave it looks! Our bridal illumination—our joy-fires, Maud! Hurra!"

Maud called aloud. She strove with frantic hands to pile the crumbling fragments of antiquity together, that she might climb to the high window. In vain she tore her delicate hands striving to move the great sarcophagus, for it was firm as a rock.

"Yes, that will hold our ashes," cried Angelo, as he saw her working with it. "After life's fitful fever we will sleep well."

The air began to grow hot, and the small window was so brilliantly illuminated that Maud thought the fire must be great. Within the rooms the flames were creeping slowly and surely over every inflammable thing. Death seemed growing nearer, with all the shouts and sounds of busy life about her. Were there ghosts in the room already, or was her brain heated strangely? Oh, young Clive with the wan, white face!—away—away! And this head with the ghastly, bleeding wound! Where was Algernon, that he did not miss and seek for his promised wife?

No, she could not die—life was too strong, too sweet! At any rate, she could not stand and wait for death—wait till the flames scorched and shriveled all the fresh young beauty out of face and limb, till she would grow into a thing abhorred—to be shut away quickly from the sight—in the grave; and then——

The noise and cries seemed to come nearer; and it was so, in truth. Algernon, who was quietly directing the men, saw the flames which illuminated the small window.

The sounds gave Maud new strength. She piled up once more the fragments about with feverish haste. She could almost touch the heated panes, when they gave way once more, and she fell fainting amid the pile, along with the fluttering bits of blazing tapestry. The flames caught the delicate lace trimming of her dress, and ran over it like lightning. With the stiff brocade they crept more cautiously; but Maud lay there on a sort of funeral pile, unheeding, silent as death. Angelo cowered, half-frightened, in a corner, regarding his work.

So they were found when the door was burst, and the men entered the stifling room. They stooped over Maud to raise her, but Algernon motioned them away, He recognized the proud figure and once lovely face of his promised bride, now marred by the fall and scarred with the fire. He saw, too, the cowering figure of the handsome Italian.

"Take care of him," he said, "I will see to the lady"; and he thought bitterly, "This must be also one of Maud's victims, and the last."

Days after, Maud came out of the delirium of fever and opened her eyes on her mother's face. For a moment she could not understand the deep pity of that look. Then the night of horror rushed over her.

"Am I disfigured?" she asked. "Bring me a glass."

"Never mind. Thank God you are alive, my child," said Mrs. Ulrich, with real motherly tenderness, awakened by the danger in her tone.

"Has Algernon seen me?" she asked.

"He brought you here. He found you."

"Then all is over."

"He left you a note."

"He is gone, then—heartless."

"We always knew he was heartless," said the mother, consolingly.

"And that insane wretch——"

"Angelo is dead. He only lived two days after they found him."

"Why could I not die, too?" cried Maud, turning away. "Do not speak to me again, mother; I must try to endure life."

And she lay for hours, re-living the past, and madly mutinous against God or fate. In vain. She was impotent to change aught. What was written in the book of fate was written.

And so ended Maud Ulrich's Carnival. But on the Corso the same gay scene went on: the same flower-wreathed carriages and ships, the same bright faces in the balconies, the same rain of flowers and *confetti*, till the last night when the torches danced about like fireflies, and the street was light as day. Then, one by one the torches were blown out, and silence and darkness came on as they had come over the brightness of Maud Ulrich's life. The carnival was over. Her life's carnival was over. The steady working days had come, and there was time still for romance and better aims.

THE ORIENTAL DREAM OF PARADISE.

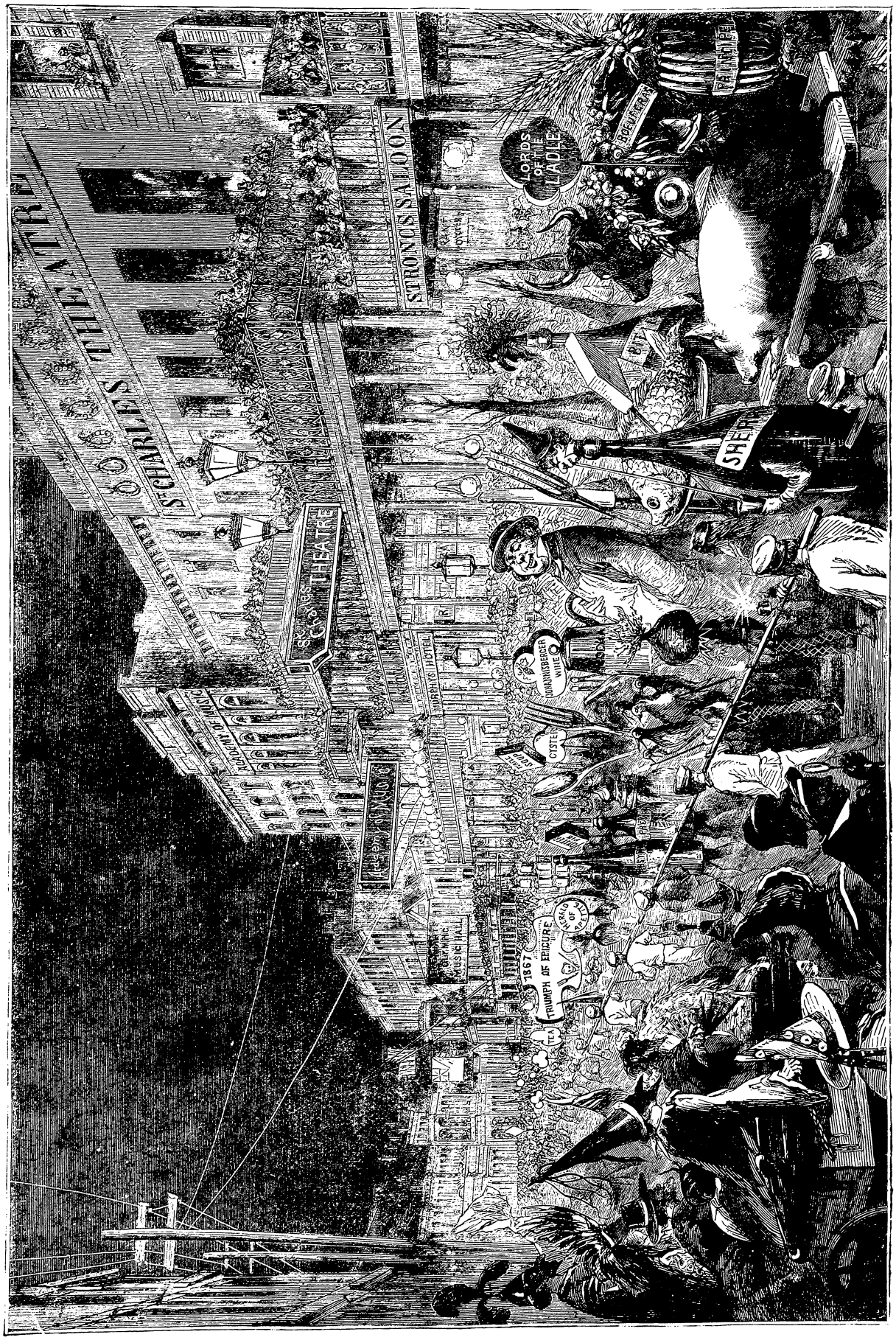
The Eastern mind conceived a future of sensual happiness, and this feeling Mohammed developed, giving such a picture of elysium, with its houris and enjoyments, as made the Oriental intoxicated with hope. Earth could give but temporary, passing pleasure to the natural appetites, to the sense of beauty, to all that charmed the senses. A heaven where there would be no limit to the enjoyment was to him a bourne for which no sacrifice could be too great.

The opium that he smoked filled his mind with just such pictures, and the artist gives real, though shadowy, form to the dream of this Eastern functionary, risen from low degree by subserviency to a master's whims, with hands doubtless sullied by many a stain of blood and greed. There is no fibre in his base soul for any high or noble feeling; no ambition for a good eminence here or hereafter.

His whole gross, low nature is not more truly depicted than the phantoms that fill his mind and seem to take form in the smoke of his tchibook.

Whatever energy there was in the Moslem races in their first military ardor, has been lost in the years of peace, which leave them only nerveless, degraded, sensuous and cruel.

The dream and dreamer must pass away. The lands ennobled by the earliest records of our race must soon be cleared of these voluptuaries, to give place to men of energy and intellect—men with noble aspirations here and hereafter.



THE LAST CARNIVAL IN NEW ORLEANS.

QUEENIE'S KISS.

Dr. Gersham threw himself wearily into the great arm-chair in Mrs. Hyde's cozy sitting-room. He had just returned from a professional visit, and a long ride in the cold and wind had given him a severe headache. The doctor was Mrs. Hyde's boarder, but he had been so long in the family that he seemed like one of them.

Queenie Brian, Mrs. Hyde's niece, sat by the window, busy with some needlework.

Queenie was a slender, brilliant little thing of seventeen, with short, boyish curls, and big, roguish brown eyes.

On the death of her parents, years before, she had been adopted by her aunt. Queenie was wayward, willful and bewitching, and ruled right royally in the little village of Wayland. Her cousins, Tom and Johnnie Hyde, were her devoted slaves, and she alternately petted and teased them. Only of Dr. Gersham was she shy; and sometimes he even was not quite safe from her wild pranks. But afterward he would invariably find a peace-offering in the shape of some favorite delicacy on the tea-table; or, perhaps, his dressing-gown and slippers comfortably warmed and ready for him on his return from a long, tedious ride.

QUEENIE'S KISS.—"'COME, I WILL GIVE YOU JUST TWO MINUTES IN WHICH TO KISS ME OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL, JUST AS YOU DID ON THE PIAZZA.'"

It is not to be supposed, however, that she confessed to any of these weaknesses. I am afraid, on the contrary, that my small heroine manufactured innumerable fibs when questioned too closely.

Dr. Gersham had grown wise through experience, and generally accepted these little favors with a smile and but few words.

On the afternoon of the opening of my story, as the stalwart figure in the armchair gave a long sigh of weariness and pain, Queenie threw her work aside, and ran from the room. She returned presently with an armful of cushions, which she arranged invitingly on the lounge, and, wheeling it closer to him, motioned the doctor to the impromptu couch.

He smiled and obeyed her gesture, catching her hands as he sank back on the pillows.

"Why did you do this, Queenie?"

She laughed archly, trying to release herself.

"I don't know—I guess because I love you!"

"Do you—do you?" he asked, his face flushing eagerly.

"I don't know. Do *you* love *me?*"

"Ah! have you need to ask me that, girlie? Kiss me!"

He endeavored to draw her face down to his, but she slipped from his grasp.

"I shall not kiss you, because the man whom I kiss of my own free will will be my future husband!" and away she danced, saluting Tom in the hall with a merry jest.

Dr. Gersham sighed.

"She is only a child," he said; "a bright, beautiful, happy child. I will be thirty-two years old to-morrow—too old and steady for a little humming-bird like Queenie."

Several evenings later, Queenie entered the library where the doctor sat reading his journal.

"Doctor, see if I don't look nice."

"Oh, don't bother me!" he answered, shortly; burying himself still deeper in the journal.

"Humph! cross thing! I am going with Charlie Vill skating on the creek. There is sure to be a crowd, and I want to know if I look nice."

He put his paper aside and looked at her. It was impossible to help admiring Queenie at any time, and in her jaunty skating costume she was more bewitching than ever. But the doctor only said, as he struggled with the passionate love in his heart, "You are a vain little thing—you look well enough,"

Queenie shook her skates together with a musical clash, tried to frown on him, and laughed instead; then asked, with mock gravity:

"Do you love me as well as you did last Tuesday?"

"Yes."

The doctor threw his paper aside the second time, and turned his clear gray eyes upon her.

"Well then——"

Queenie hesitated a moment, swayed toward him, a roguish dimple coming at one corner of her mouth; then her warm breath swept his face, as, with a sudden movement, she turned and left the prints of her wicked white teeth on his cheek! The next instant she had flown, while her tantalizing laugh floated back to the solitary man in

the library. Dr. Gersham was a great lover of music; and a handsome organ, his property, occupied one corner of the parlor.

One afternoon in the early Spring, the doctor was singing, and accompanying himself on the organ. He had thought himself the sole occupant of the room, and drifted, presently, into grand old hymns, solemn chants and weird dirges. The deep voice rose magnificently. Surely Dr. Gersham might well be proud of his voice. He paused to look at some music in the rack, and there was a moment's silence, broken suddenly by a low sob. The doctor turned and saw Queenie curled up in the recess of a window. Never before, during all his acquaintance with her, had he seen the child in tears. He crossed the room and took her in his arms.

"Why, little Queenie! What is it, dear?"

Ah, naughty Queenie! Why did you not tell him how his music had stirred your willful heart? But no; she gasped, and buried her face in her white apron as she answered:

"Why, you see, Tom has gone off eeling, and wouldn't let me go, though I wanted to so much!"

The doctor laughed.

"Queenie, you are an incorrigible sinner! Who will be responsible for all your fibs?"

"*You* will—won't you, doctor?" turning her soft cheek to his.

For a moment he strained her close in his arms; then putting her away from him, he went silently to his own room.

Thus the days went on. Sometimes Dr. Gersham half hoped that Queenie was learning to love him. But no sooner did he endeavor to win one serious word from her than she was off, with her head full of some new mischief.

Mrs. Hyde looked on, not daring to interfere, for she sympathized with the doctor, and knew, in the depths of her womanly heart, that he was just the one to guide and protect her wild little niece. But she was also well aware that if Queenie yielded herself to him, it would not be through the dictation of a third person.

One morning in the early part of June, while Queenie was dusting and arranging the parlor, Mrs. Hyde looked in at the door and said, regretfully:

"Queenie, dear, Dr. Gersham is going to leave us next week. He will return to his former home in Virginia. I do not suppose we shall ever see him again."

She ceased abruptly; for Queenie, dropping her duster, had vanished, with a flushed face and quivering mouth; and, a moment after, Mrs. Hyde heard the sound of the girl's chamber door as it closed behind her.

The lady raised the duster and went on with the work, while a significant smile hovered about her lips.

"Strange child! She loves him, and will not confess it, though there is not the shadow of a reason why she should not."

That afternoon Queenie, wandering along the piazza, came upon Dr. Gersham, stretched at full length on a settee. He appeared to be sleeping, and Queenie paused to look at him, showing, for once, all her earnest little soul in the expression of her eloquent eyes.

She bent over him, her cheek flushing and her breath coming quickly, and——

Dr. Gersham, lying in a half dream, felt the pressure of a warm, tender mouth full on his!

He opened his eyes slowly, and saw Queenie's white dress just fluttering around the corner of the house. Dr. Gersham knew better than to follow her. He went up to his room quite happy.

"She loves me," he said, with a quiet smile. And he remembered her words of a few months before:

"The man whom *I* kiss of my own free will, will be my future husband!"

Dr. Gersham laughed softly to himself.

"Ah, my little lady! You and I will have a reckoning this evening!"

But he was mistaken; for Queenie was missing at tea-time. Mrs. Hyde informed him that she had gone to visit a girl friend in the village, and would not return for several days.

Not until the evening before the doctor's departure for the South did she make her appearance, and it was a very solemn little face that he saw when he confronted her in the June twilight, and led her into the garden, where the old apple-tree was dropping its tinted blooms.

Little Queenie seemed suddenly to have lost her roguishness and self-possession, and looked the very picture of shame and discomfiture, with her crimson face and heavy-lidded eyes.

The doctor evidently had no idea of letting her escape him.

"Queenie, I am going to tell you about a strange dream that I had the other day."

"I guess—I think—that is, auntie will want me now," she stammered, looking wishfully toward the house.

"Auntie cannot have you now, because I propose to keep you myself, at least till I relate my dream and get your opinion of it. You must know that I was asleep on the piazza, and it seemed as though somebody kissed me with two very sweet little lips; and, furthermore, I dreamed that it was by the same little girl who made the remark, some time ago, that the man thus favored would be her future husband."

He paused, holding both her hands in his, and looking at her drooping, crimson face.

Oh, Queenie, Queenie! how your face did burn! And how the old apple-tree seemed to whirl about! And how your heart did pound and pound in its prison, trying the best it knew how to make its voice heard in that dreadful silence!

"Queenie," the doctor's laughing voice was softened and tender as he drew her into his arms, where she was glad to hide her hot face on his broad shoulder; "little Queenie, don't be ashamed of loving. It is God's sweetest gift to His children—the capacity for affection. Think how long you have played at cross-purposes with me, darling. I might have gone away to the South without this satisfaction, if it had not been for that lucky kiss. Ah, that reminds me—I will take another, if you please!"

He was laughing again now, and Queenie clung a little closer to him with a quick gesture.

"Oh, no, no! I cannot. I *never* can again!"

"You must get used to it, lady-bird, and you may as well begin to practice now."

He slipped a ring from his watch-chain—a diamond, with a quaint gold setting—and put it on her slender fore-finger.

"This was my mother's ring, Queenie," he said, reverently; "she died years ago. I will give it to you as a token of my love."

She turned her cheek to his with a movement that was scarcely a caress, it was so swift and timid, but she did not speak.

"Now, dear, I will take that kiss, and then I will go, for I have an engagement at the village. Next Fall I shall return from Virginia to claim my little wife. Come, I will give you just two minutes in which to kiss me 'of your own free will,' just as you did on the piazza."

He drew out his watch and waited. Queenie, standing directly before him, laughed nervously, and flushed and trembled, still hesitating. Never was there a more timid, bashful creature, now that she was fairly conquered. She dared not even lift her eyes to his face.

"One minute more," said the doctor, standing, watch in hand, like grim Fate.

"Oh, dear!" Queenie gasped, and looked about her fearfully, as though she were about to do something dreadful; and then suddenly lifted two very meek lips.

"I will now," she said. And once again Dr. Gersham felt the shy pressure of the fragrant mouth on his, only this time he responded with interest; and then Queenie broke away from him and ran into the house.

The next morning, just before his departure, the doctor had a conversation in the library with Mrs. Hyde, and as he re-entered the sitting-room he overheard Johnnie's exclamation to Tom:

"Thomas J. Hyde! Queenie has the doctor's ring on her finger. What does that mean?"

"It means," said Dr. Gersham, "that I want you to take good care of Queenie until next September, and then there will be a wedding right here."

And there was.

COINCIDENCES OF DATES.

Some coincidences of dates are very remarkable.

On the 25th of August, 1569, the Calvinists massacred the Catholic nobles and priests of Béarn and Navarre.

On the same day of the same month, in 1582, the Calvinists were massacred in Paris and elsewhere.

On the 25th of October, 1615, Louis XIII. married Anne of Austria, infanta of Spain; whereupon we may remark the following coincidences:

The name Loys* de Bourbon contains thirteen letters; so does the name Anne d'Autriche.

Louis was thirteen years old when this marriage was decided on. Anne was the same age.

He was the thirteenth King of France bearing the name of Louis, and she was thirteenth infanta of the name of Anne of Austria.

On the 23d of April, 1616, died Shakespeare; on the same day of the same month, in the same year, died the great poet Cervantes.

On the 29th of May, 1630, King Charles II. was born.

On the 29th of May, 1660, he was restored.

On the 29th of May, 1672, the English fleet was beaten by the Dutch.

On the 29th of May, 1679, the rebellion of the Covenanters broke out in Scotland.

The Emperor Charles V. was born on February the 24th, 1500; on that day he won the Battle of Pavia, in 1525, and on the same day was crowned in 1530.

On the 29th of January, 1697, M. de Broquemar, President of the Parliament of Paris, died suddenly in that city; next day his brother, an officer, died suddenly at Bergue, where he was governor. The lives of these brothers present remarkable coincidences. One day the officer, being engaged in battle, was wounded in his leg by a sword-blow. On the same day, at the same moment, the president was afflicted with acute pain, which attacked him suddenly in the same leg as that of his brother which had been injured.

John Aubrey mentions the case of a friend of his who was born on the 15th of November; his eldest son was born on the 15th of November; and his second son's first son on the same day of the same month.

At the hour of Prime, April 6th, 1327, Petrarch first saw his mistress Laura, in the Church of St. Clara, in Avignon. In the same city, same month, same hour, 1348, she died.

The deputation charged with offering the crown of Greece to Prince Otho, arrived in Munich on the 13th of October, 1832; and it was on the thirteenth of October, 1862, that King Otho left Athens, to return to it no more.

On the 21st of April, 1770, Louis XVI. was married at Vienna, by the sending of the ring.

On the 21st of June, in the same year, took place the fatal festivities of his marriage.

On the 21st of January, 1781, was the *fête* at the Hotel de Ville, for the birth of the Dauphin.

On the 21st of June, 1791, took place the flight to Varennes.

On the 21st of January, 1793, he died on the scaffold.

There is said to be a tradition, of Norman-monkish origin, that the number 3 is stamped on the royal line of England, so that there shall not be more than three princes in succession without a revolution.

William I., William II., Henry I.; then followed the revolution of Stephen.

Henry II., Richard I., John; invasion of Louis, Dauphin of France, who claimed the throne.

Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., who was dethroned and put to death.

Edward III., Richard II., who was dethroned.

Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI.; the crown passed to the House of York.

Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III.; the crown claimed and won by Henry Tudor.

Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI.; usurpation of Lady Jane Grey.

Mary I., Elizabeth; the crown passed to the House of Stuart.

James I., Charles I.; revolution.

Charles II., James II.; invasion of William of Orange.

William of Orange and Mary II., Anne; arrival of the House of Brunswick.

George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria.

The law has proved faulty in the last case; but certainly there was a crisis in the reign of George IV.

As I am on the subject of English princes, I will add another singular coincidence, though it has nothing to do with the fatality of numbers.

It is that Saturday has been a day of ill-omen to the later kings.

William of Orange died Saturday, 18th of March, 1702.
Anne died Saturday, 1st of August, 1704.
George I. died Saturday, 10th of June, 1727.
George II. died Saturday, 25th of October, 1760.
George III. died Saturday, 30th of January, 1820.
George IV. died Saturday, 26th of June, 1830.

* Up to Louis XIII., all the kings of this name spelled Louis as Loys.

True Taste.—There is a great difference between taste and fancy. One is a perception of some manifestation of a principle in nature, the other a mere predilection for works of art. One is founded on the soul as seen through its outward covering, the other contemplates only the exterior dress. True taste is the love of the sublime, the beautiful and true.

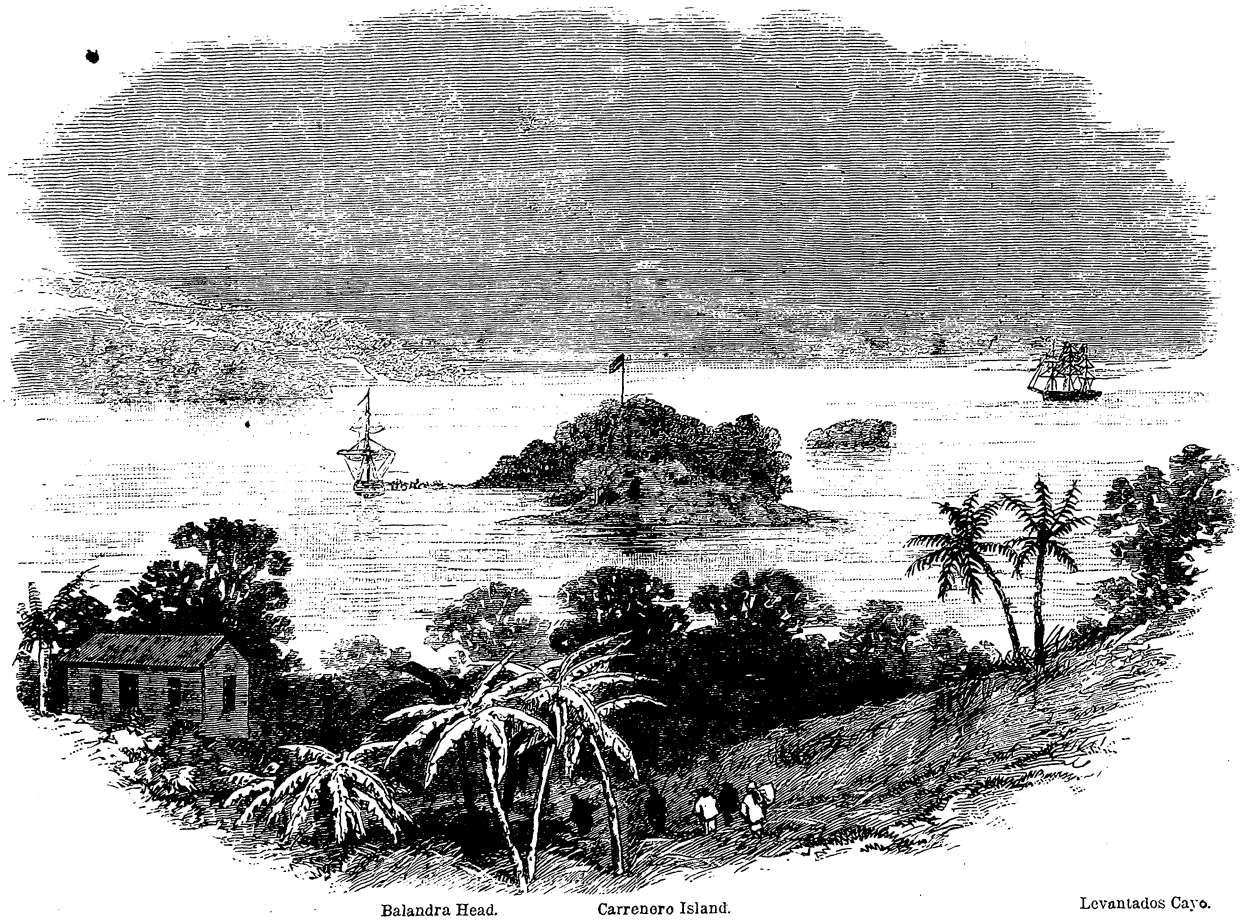
Virtue seems nothing more than a motion consonant with the system of things. Were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

SANTO DOMINGO, AND THE TRUE STORY OF SAMANA BAY.

By Mrs. Wm. Leslie Cazneau.

"Shall the emerald gem of our Western World
Be set in the crown of a stranger?"

We are within the waters and under the flag of the Dominican Republic, the last born of American States, the eldest child of European civilization in the New World. Our steamer, but a week from its frosty parting, in December, from brown, leafless New York, is rounding into the sunny, verdure-crowned Ojama, with the gray old city of Santo Domingo, the romantic cradle of American history, rising before us. On our right stretches the lofty line of wooded heights, embowering in wild fertility the site first chosen by Columbus for the capital city of his newly discovered world, soon to be the scene of his imprisonment and plunder by ungrateful Spain.



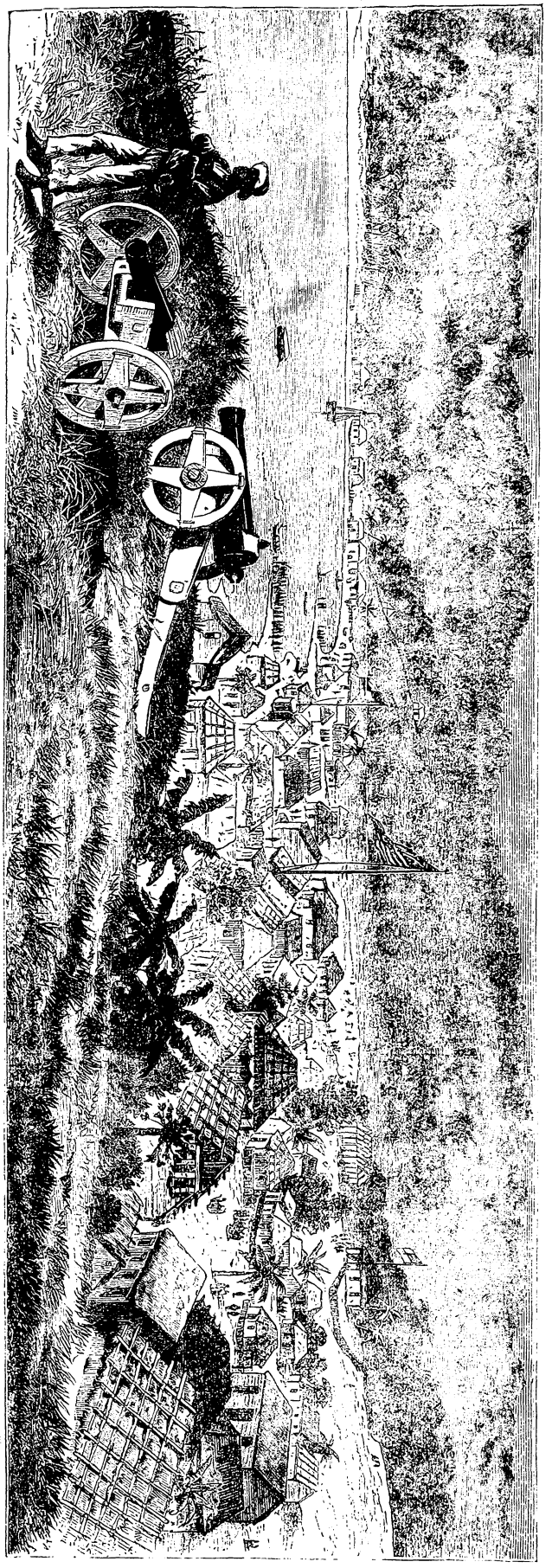
SAN DOMINGO.— VIEW OF THE ISLAND USED BY THE UNITED STATES AS A COALING STATION, IN SAMANA BAY.

On the opposite side stand the ruins of the Casa de Colon (the house of Columbus), now desolate and uninhabitable. There Diego, the son of the "Great Admiral," held his vice-regal court in princely splendor. Now its only sign of life is a cluster of negro huts, which encumber its approaches on the landward side. The Dominican Government desires to preserve and restore these footprints of Columbus, as a museum record of the American history of races.

Our steamer glides to its wharf between the walls and towers of Santo Domingo city and the steeps of the opposite bank, glowing with the richest hues of tropical foliage, looking much as it must have done when it burst on the delighted eyes of the first white man who trod its shores. That man, brave, loving, impetuous Miguel Diaz, there found a safe refuge, a noble lordship, and a royal bride. An officer in the military colony of Isabella, he had rashly struck his superior in command, in a too eager defense of an entrapped native chieftain. Death would have been the penalty of this reckless generosity, had he not fled at once with a faithful friend. They mounted their steeds and wound their way through mountain-passes known only to their grateful Indian guide, to the gold-bearing regions of Cibas. Feeling not safe there, Diaz and his friend were conducted by the native chiefs down the southern slopes of the "Golden Mountains" to the river Jaina, within the territory of the young Princess of Ojama. At her hands they received a religious welcome. The white strangers, with their horses and firearms, were accepted with submissive reverence, as something divine. The site of Santo Domingo was one of her marriage gifts to Diaz; and its line of walls, traced by the son of Columbus, and chiefly raised by the labors of her subjects, still stands intact, the silent link between that dark past and the doubtful present.

The leading pictures of the scenes are little changed from what they were in the closing days of the son of Columbus; but there is a vast significance in the simple fact of such a messenger as ours arriving from the grand, undreamed-of free Republic of the North, dropping quietly and regularly in her place at the custom-house wharf, to supply wants and fraternize thought between hitherto distant, if not antagonistic, races. Steam and electricity, and their voice, the free press, are the peace-making powers in this fretful, contentious world of ours. Something of these mighty germs of the leveling upward process is seen and felt in

GENERAL VIEW OF SAMANA HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF SAMANA CITY, TAKEN FROM FORT SANTA BARBARA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.

the obliging readiness of all men of all colors to carry through the business of the steamer, and to make the search for fruit and antiquities easy and pleasant to the passengers.

"Where is the old Ceiba Tree, the place where the Spanish bloodhounds were fed on the blood of the slaughtered natives?" asked one of us of a tall colored woman, who stood near the water-gate, on guard over an assorted cargo of oranges, melons and other fruits.

She smiled at the stern, impatient tone of the disciple of Bergh, and pointed out the way, in the direction of the ferry.

Once there were three stately trees shading the memorable spot; one is gone, another is dying, and the third stands alone, like a grim sentinel on duty. Here were landed the first negroes brought to the American continent, and near by their descendants have their native shipyard, and a landing for mahogany and other fine woods brought from the interior. A quantity is generally there, awaiting shipment. From under this tree Columbus was taken in chains on board the vessel which carried him a prisoner to Spain; and tourists often have crosses made of the wood, as mementoes of his forced departure from the realms he had given to Spain.

Standing under the shade of this historic tree, looking across the Ojama, one of the boat-builders pointed out a lovely range of hill slopes, upon which some Americans were to establish their Winter villas, and build a steam saw-mill. The restless spirit and improving hands of the Yankees were cutting their way everywhere, and in this region they exercise special rights of pre-emption. Here everything is granted them by law and public opinion. The evidence of this grows stronger with every day of sojourn and every mile of travel.

Passing from the river side, up the rough streets to our hotel, on the Calle de Comercio, almost every Dominican met us with a smile and greeting so warm and frank, that it could only be interpreted as a cordial welcome.

The Dominican Republic is the solitary American foothold in the West Indies, and the whole of its singular career is closely interwoven with the policy—or the want of it—of the Washington Cabinet. A glance at the map will show the commanding position of this wonderful chain of islands. They are sufficient of themselves to constitute an empire, and in the effective centre of their natural order of supremacy is niched the matchless Bay of Samana.

For a quarter of a century, the ablest statesmen of the Union, without regard to section or party, have considered the acquisition of an independent trade centre at this point as the initial step toward a controlling American influence in our own American seas.

The story of their attempts, and the causes of failure, to gain this sentinel outpost, is without precedence — and almost without record in our Cabinet annals.

Twice in the course of our national existence, the obstinate fact that all the West India Islands are European dependencies, with the sole exception of the brave little Dominican Republic, has been fraught with threats of incomputable danger to our commerce.

In the first instance, the peril was evaded by a masterly stroke of statecraft. Mexico was on the eve of declaring a monarchy, which would have opened all the ports of Cuba and Porto Rico to her privateers, and have completely changed every aspect of our impending war with that country. General Santa Anna, who was the only man capable of defeating the project, was shot like a "destroying bomb" into the camp of the Monarchists, and the work was done.

Again, at a later period, and at a still more trying crisis of our national life, we were obliged to purchase the sufferance of Spain at a bitter sacrifice. We yielded in pain and silence an American landmark, which would never have been surrendered, but as a sacrifice essential to the preservation of the Union. *We laid the Monroe Doctrine absolutely at the feet of Spain.* It was not a free and willing gift, but the concession was nevertheless made—an unwelcome surrender, born of the stern necessities of the Civil War.

No longer can we say that foreign governments shall not plant new colonies on our borders—at the gateways of our commerce, and build fresh strongholds of military despotism on the ruins of American Republics. Spain did all this at our very doors—did it openly and defiantly. We looked on in passive silence, while she extinguished, at one blow, the Monroe Doctrine and the Dominican Republic.

In the words of Ponte, "She raised her pirate flag of blood and gold" over what by right belonged to our country and commerce; for Samana had been assigned to us by the Dominican Government as a desirable naval station, and a not less desirable trade centre.

With the late lesson of national escape from privateer raids on our commerce before him, well might President Pierce realize the value of a sentinel watch-tower, if one could be placed on guard, in this field of perpetual menace. The opportunity was offered by the sudden birth of the Dominican Republic—the first and only *American State* that floats its free and independent flag, in our own tropical seas.

President Boyer, of Hayti—a statesman far above the pettiness of race jealousies — incorporated the Spanish colony of Santo Domingo, occupying the eastern two-thirds of the island with the French-speaking republic of the west, and held the two communities in peaceful union for more than twenty years. Boyer maintained this union by practically ignoring all distinctions of race or color, and the Dominican portion was, in effect, ruled by white influence. Hayti, then and always, denies the right of citizenship to whites, but, under Boyer, the rule was quietly ignored in the eastern section of the islands; his respect for educated and wealthy white gentlemen aroused the jealousy of his black officers, and proved fatal to his power. They conspired against him, and Boyer was swept under by the torrent of African prejudices.

Blacks were sent to supersede, and in some cases imprison, the white officials, and the old city of Santo Domingo saw the sons of her soil hurled from power, and immured in that bastile of the new world, the tower of Homenage, on the one crime of having no African blood in their veins.

The Dominicans saw, with anger and dismay, their most honored citizens cast down and persecuted, only because they were whites; and, in their desperation, they rose as one man to break the yoke of exclusively African sovereignty.

When, in February, 1844, we were celebrating the birthday of the great Captain in our War of Independence, a brave band of Dominicans met under the shadow of the cathedral, to plan the gift of a new State to the American system. Five days later the daring plot was carried into execution, and the first fruits of success were offered at the altar of the Union. "God's own finger planted us in the heart of our double continent; He made us American, and we will prove our birthright by the precious love-offering to the great Mother of Free States," was the recorded decision of the young chiefs of that revolution. "We will bring to the Union the key of our tropical seas; we will make her a free gift of Samana, as a new, commanding, truly American centre, for her inter-state and inter-sea communication."

In the full spirit of that resolution the work was accom-

plished. In one night the arsenals were stormed, the citadel won and the bastions commanding the land and water gates captured by surprise. The tower of Homenage gave up its political prisoners, and the old building on the plaza of Santo Domingo echoed to the tread of the fathers of the new-born Republic.

There were few signs of outbreak, and no waste of life, on that eventful night. The distant roll of the drum and the quick answer of bugle-note, ringing out the appointed signal of success, made the circuit of the city walls with almost peaceful distinctness; yet that was the birthnight of the only American power in the Antilles. The sunrise of that bright February morning smiled on the White Cross banner of a new State, the Dominican Republic.

At noon the plaza was thronged with natives of all colors and conditions, who hastened, with pledges of sympathy and assistance, to the cause of equal rights before the law. Every village manned its outposts. The Dominicans bravely maintained, in many battle-fields, the new State they had created for the American system, and in all their political trials and conflicts, they adhered to the great idea that Samana was the natural centre of commercial supremacy in the West Indies, and should by right be under the care and protection of the United States.

True to this hope and intention, the Dominicans sent envoys to the United States, to offer Samana as a coign of vantage to American progress in the West Indies; but, incredible as it now reads, it was rejected by the Washington Cabinet for that very reason. Several leading Senators held the opinion that all the West Indies should be abandoned to the African race, and therefore opposed the recognition of the Dominican Republic, as indirectly offering a premium for the introduction of white settlements.

The steadfast adherence of the Dominicans to the broadest American principles of policy, finally prevailed over this adverse influence. Moreover, the lesson of the Mexican War was too recent to be wholly disregarded, and a secret sense of the possibility of a Spanish dictatorship also had its weight with the Cabinet.

In 1853-54, Commissioner Cazneau was instructed by Secretary Marcy to offer a rental of $5,000 per year for a perpetual lease of a naval station on Samana Bay. A private arrangement was made with the Dominican Executive to that effect, and Governor George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, then Major in the United States Engineer Corps, was chosen to select the site, and the frigate *Columbia* carried the whole party to the scene of labor.

After landing Commissioner Cazneau at Santo Domingo City, where, for the first time, the White Cross flag of the youngest exchanged salutes with the Stars and Stripes of the eldest of the American Republics, the *Columbia* then proceeded to Samana. McClellan selected and surveyed the site, since pronounced by Spanish engineers to be without a rival in the Antilles.

Meanwhile Cazneau had arranged all the conditions, and the treaty was before the Dominican Senate, when there suddenly appeared in the harbor of Santo Domingo a French and English Squadron, to forbid the ratification of the treaty. The Dominican Cabinet was peremptorily told that it would not be allowed to "cede so important a point to such a dangerous and powerful neighbor as the United States."

Under this pressure, the Dominican Executive made a personal request that the treaty should for the present be withdrawn; and Commissioner Cazneau declared that he considered the Dominican Government under foreign duress, and demanded his passports. The Dominican Secretary of State explained that, from the necessities of the hour, and the danger of an invasion from Hayti, the subject must remain in abeyence until his Government should obtain an assurance of protection from the United States against European interference.

The right of our Government to the fulfillment of the original concession at Samana has been recently admitted, though somewhat indirectly, by the Dominican Republic, though not acted upon.

It is a curious fact, though known but to few, that an important part of the site selected—Levantado Island—is actually and absolutely the property of the United States; the deed of gift never having been canceled by the giver, or officially declined by our Government.

During the Administration of President Buchanan, the project of establishing the bay and peninsula of Samana as a free and neutral port, was submitted by Commissioner Cazneau, and received with favor.

Spain was then plotting the absorption of Santo Domingo, and of this fact the Washington Cabinet was advised by Cazneau's official dispatches; but a mightier evil was then threatening the Union, and the announcement passed unnoticed. With the possible disruption of the Union, and the terrible consequences of civil war before it, our Cabinet could not venture to offend Spain with the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. While Cuba and Porto Rico could be made the refuge of Confederate privateers, we could not afford to oppose the addition of the one link wanting in Spain's chain of overpowering dictatorship; she arrayed her naval and military forces for the suppression of the Dominican Republic, without a sign or word of protest from us.

The Dominican people did for us what we were unable to do for ourselves—they rose in revolt, and rescued their liberties from the grasp of the Spanish invader.

One of the first acts of their restored independence was to proffer Samana to the United States—for the third time—either as a national domain, or on the basis of a free and neutral port.

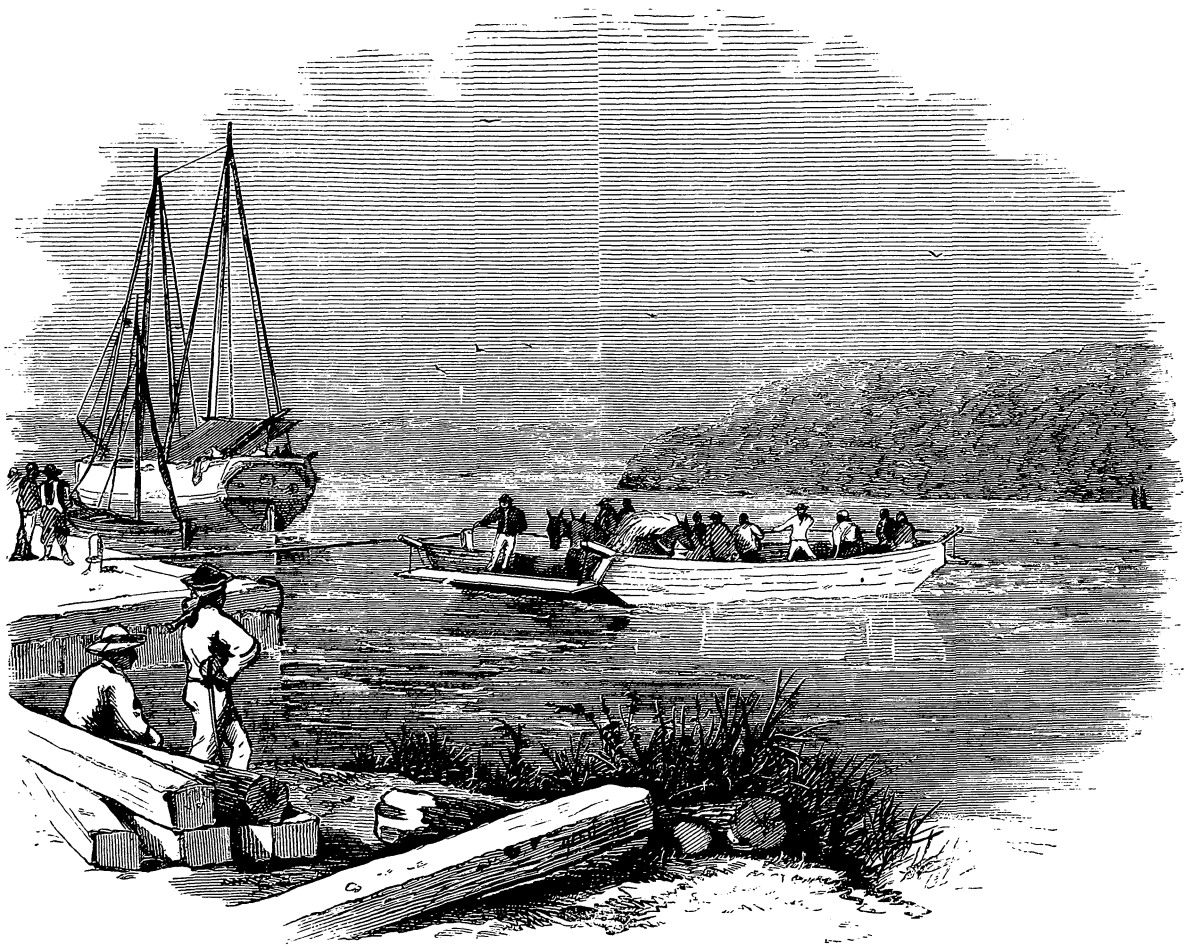
The gift was declined; but before the close of our civil war, Secretary Seward had become deeply impressed with the necessity of securing a point from which American influence might radiate, in the West Indies. He was disappointed both at St. Thomas and Samana, chiefly because public opinion had never been instructed upon the importance of the question.

President Grant, with all these landmarks of Cabinet experience before him, took up the subject upon a bolder policy than any of his predecessors. He proposed to act upon the wish of the Dominican people, and annex their republic to the Union, as Texas had previously been added to the list of States. The Senate did not respond to the policy of the Executive, and the Dominican Republic was ruled out of our national system.

The movement was not made without reflection or examination on our part, as President Grant, in 1871, sent Hon. Benjamin Wade, Dr. Blake, General Sigel, Frederick Douglas, President White, Dr. Howe and Mr. Barton, as Commissioners to Santo Domingo, to examine into the condition of the Republic and the feelings of the native population. The result showed that the voice of the people of the Republic was heartily in favor of annexation to the United States, and that they looked solely to us for that influence which was to increase the material and moral prosperity of the island.

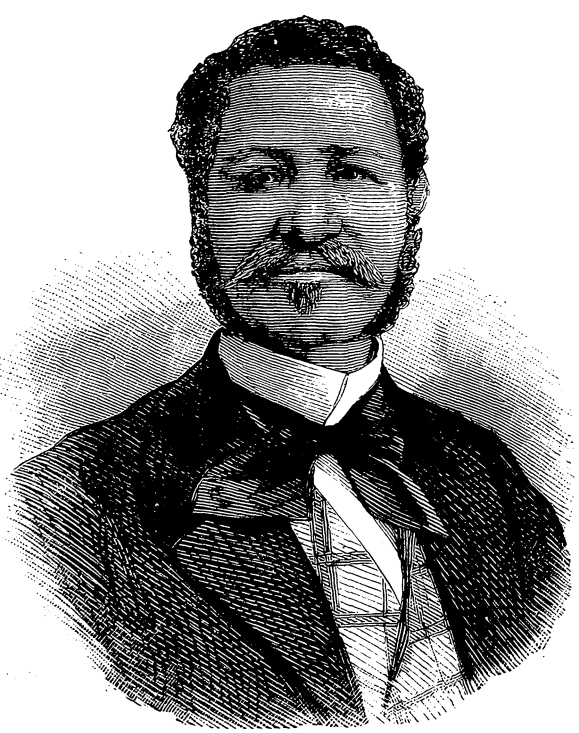
On the failure of the scheme of annexation, a lease was taken of Samana, and the United States flag was raised over it; and that, too, was ruled out. Yet the discussion of the measure bore some fruit.

The position and character of Samana became more generally understood, and private companies have been formed

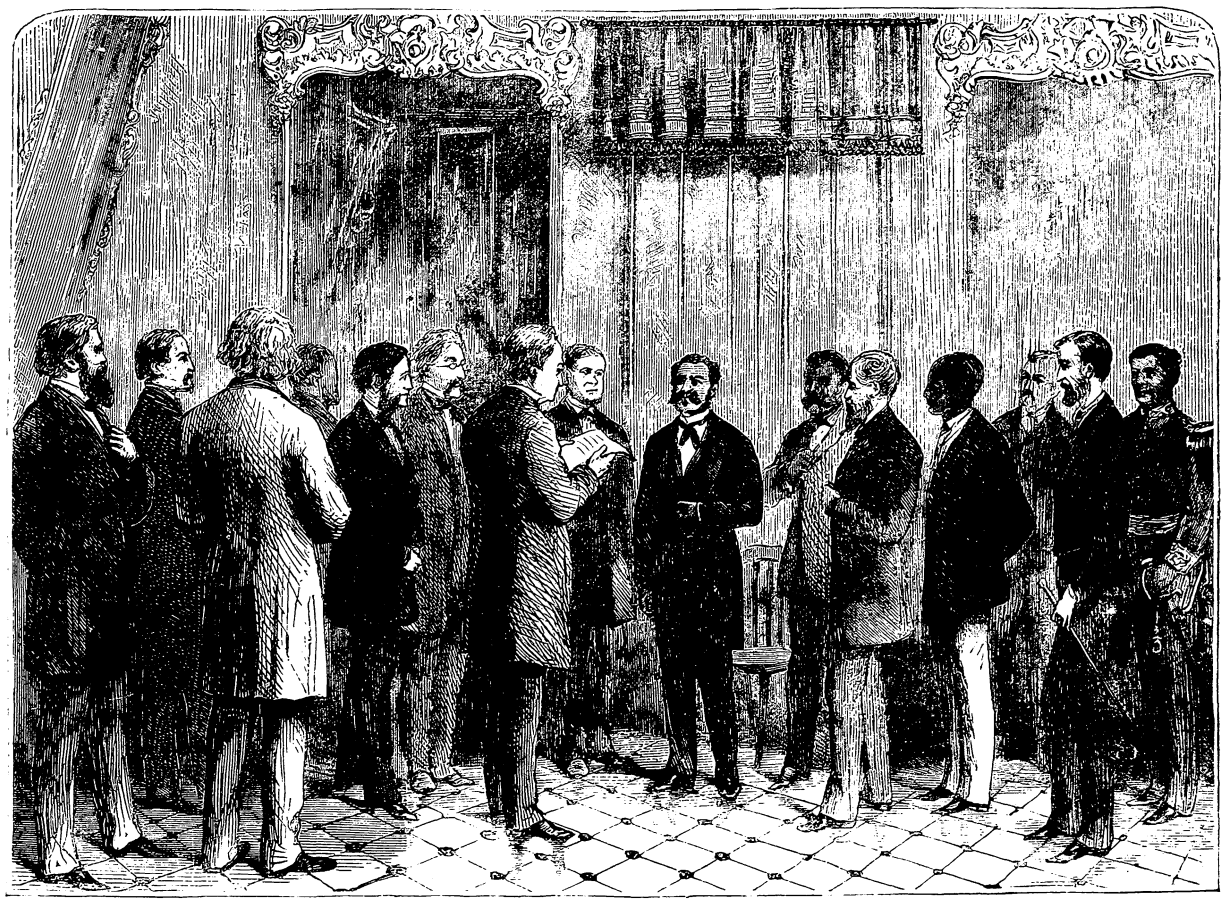


FERRY OVER THE OJAMA RIVER.

GENERAL PEDRO SANTANA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.



BUENAVENTURA BAEZ, PRESIDENT OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

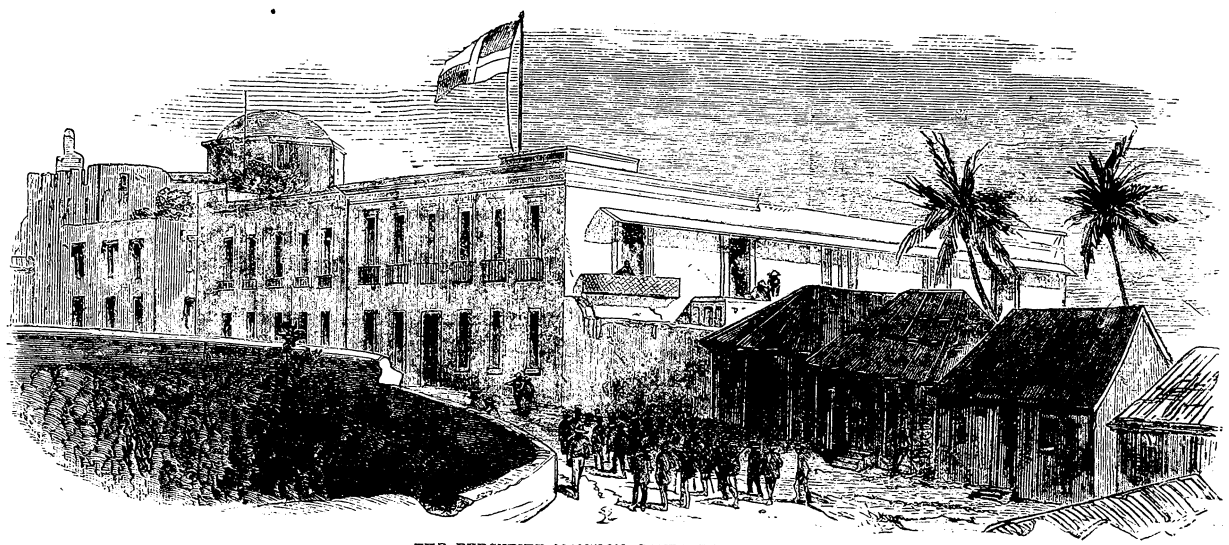


RECEPTION, IN 1871, BY PRESIDENT BAEZ, IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO, OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.

to develop its natural advantages. Whatever may be the success of such enterprises to their individual promoters, at least out of their efforts, and from the political antecedents of Samana, this sequel has evolved—the much-coveted trade-centre has been won at last almost beyond a doubt; for the Dominican Government is consenting to declare it a free port, for ever neutral of war.

The position of affairs is thus extremely strange. A territory of great importance to this country as a naval station, at the mouth of the gulf on which our Southern States border, is offered to us spontaneously by its republican inhabitants, not once, but repeatedly, and we have treated the offer with the utmost indifference, although European Powers have evinced their strong inclination to prevent, if possible, our meeting the wishes of the people of Santo Domingo, whether as to the cession of the whole territory, or of Samana and its bay.

It is a question that is likely to recur again, and is worthy the serious attention of our people and our public men.



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

THE GRAMPUS.

THE following account of this curious creature is from St. John's, Newfoundland. The writer says:

"A very unusual scene was witnessed, recently, in our harbor. Two full-grown grampuses entered the Narrows in the wake of one of the Allan line of steamers, and were observed dashing rapidly about the harbor, blowing at intervals, and seemingly quite bewildered. A boat's crew from a man-of-war, which happened to be in the harbor, was dispatched in pursuit of one of them, and chased it to the head of the harbor, where its tail caught between the piles of a wharf, and it became completely powerless. Ropes were passed round it, and it was speedily dragged into shallow water in one of the coves and dispatched. It proved to be a full-grown grampus, 25 feet 4 inches in length and 15 feet in circumference. Its companion managed to find the entrance to the harbor, and escaped.

"The dead grampus was cut up for the sake of the oil it contained, but very little could be extracted. I managed to obtain the skull and jaws, which are in perfect condition. They have been thoroughly cleaned, and I shall present them to our local museum. There are eleven teeth in the upper and under side of each jaw—forty-four in all—very powerful, large, conical, and somewhat hooked, those furthest back being flattened at the summit. Two of them are broken, indicating the severe battles in which it had been engaged.

"This armament of powerful teeth, which interlock when the mouth is closed, indicates the voracious and warlike character of the grampus. It attacks and devours seals and the smaller porpoises and dolphins, but lives chiefly on cod, halibut, skate and turbot, of which it consumes immense numbers. It is stated that a number of them will in company attack a Greenland whale, biting and tearing its flesh with their powerful teeth, some seizing the tail, others the lips and tongue, like so many mastiffs fighting a wild bull, and seldom ceasing the contest till finally victorious.

"I made a careful examination of the great animal soon after its capture. The color is black on the upper part of the body, suddenly changing to white on the sides and abdomen. Immediately above and rather behind the eye is a white patch, not unlike an eyelid. The dorsal fin, about the middle of the body, is very large, being about four feet high, and the pectorals are also large. Its head is more rounded than that of a porpoise, and its forehead more convex; its snout is short and round. The lower jaw is somewhat bent upward, broader, but not so long as the upper.

"The grampus is not often seen around these coasts, Greenland and Davis's Straits being its favorite resort. It is common in the British seas and firths. This is the first instance of the capture of a grampus on our shores of which I have heard. It is no easy task to master one of these powerful animals, and had it not been that the tail of this one got entangled between the logs of wood forming the breastwork of a wharf, it would have escaped.

"The grampus is at once cautious and daring. It is on record that four of them were taken in the Thames at different times, between 1759 and 1793, and one in Lynn harbor in 1829.

"Sir Joseph Banks gives the particulars of one taken in the Thames in 1772: 'After being pierced with three harpoons, it pulled the attached boat twice from Blackwall to Greenwich, and once as far as Deptford, against the tide running at the rate of eight miles an hour, and for a long time unimpeded by the lance-wounds which were inflicted when it came to the surface. So long as it was alive no boat could venture to approach it, and the dying efforts of this formidable creature were very terrible. It was finally killed opposite Greenwich Hospital.'

"I suppose the one I have been describing must have got thoroughly exhausted by its efforts to escape, otherwise it would have made a more desperate fight in its last moments. Probably never before was a grampus caught by the tail. The skull, with the mouth open, displaying the teeth, will be a striking object in our museum."

LICHENS.

LICHENS run through the whole chromatic scale, and show what striking effects Nature can produce by an harmonious combination of a few simple lines and hues. Most of them are of a quiet gray tint, but some display the most vivid colors. One species covers trees and rocks with bright yellow, powdery patches; another sprinkles them with a kind of green rust, especially in the neighborhood of large towns. In Europe, almost every old wall, castle, and rocky seashore is emblazoned with the brilliant, deep yellow rosettes of the common wall parmelia. Olive-green and pale primrose-yellow lichens diversify the surface of moorland boulders and dikes. And, what is very remarkable, the higher we ascend the mountain-side, the further north we penetrate, the brighter becomes the coloring and the more graceful and luxuriant the form of lichens; presenting in this respect a parallel to many flowering plants, such as the birch, whose stem is whiter and whose leaves are more shining and fragrant in Norway than in this country.

One of the loveliest species is the "Geographical Lichen" (*Lecidea Geographica*), which is the most arctic, antarctic and alpine plant in the world, occupying the extreme outpost of vegetation in altitude and latitude; and its yellow-green crust becomes brighter, smoother and more continuous, and its characteristic black dots and lines, like towns and rivers and boundaries on a map, become deeper and glossier the nearer we approach the limit of perpetual snow. It is a fit companion of those exquisite alpine flowers that bloom their fairest in the same desolate circumstances, and exhibit a grace and beauty far surpassing those of their favored sisters of the plain.

The little cup lichen, that holds up its tiny goblets in myriads to catch the dewdrops upon the turfy top of every old wall and bank, assumes, in one of its kindred forms that grows at a great height upon the mountains, a larger size, a more elegant shape and a more tender color. Nothing of the kind can be lovelier than this mountain species, with its soft, sulphur-colored cups, decked round the edge with waxen heads of the most brilliant scarlet, creeping over the bleak alpine turf, and forming, with the gay flowers of the purple saxifrage and the moss campion, a tiny garden in the wilderness.

On the wildest islands of the Antarctic Ocean, where nothing else but lichens grow, some of the finest species abound, whose large, polished black shields contrast beautifully with their yellow, shrubby stems; and on the tundras, or vast plains that border the Polar Ocean, the eye is delighted beyond measure with the delicate and intricate branching and the snowy purity of the larger lichens, which form almost the only vegetation.

One lichen in New Zealand imitates the finest lace-work; another, found on Scotland's northern moors, resembles miniature coral; and on the highest and most exposed ridges of the Scottish mountains, one leafy species occurs whose under-side is of the most splendid orange-color, while its upper surface, constantly wetted by the clouds and mists, is of the most vivid green, varied by the chocolate color of its large, flat, shield-like fructification.

Thus, where we should expect the vegetation to partake of the sombre nature of the locality, and to be dwarfed, ill-shapen, and discolored by the unfavorable circumstances, we find the most perfect and luxuriant forms; and just as the lichens in sheltered woods and valleys flourish best in wild wintry weather, so do their congeners in the exposed altitudes and latitudes of the world, where there is a perpetual Winter and storms constantly prevail, exhibit their brightest coloring and their most graceful shapes; reading to us thus the most needful lesson of one of the sweet uses of adversity—viz., to perfect that which concerneth us, to complete the ideal which a too easy and pleasant life often fails to realize.

ENGLISH LUNCHES.

The dinner in England being so stately and formal an affair, so exacting in its requirements of full dress and knowledge of etiquette, can only be agreeable to those persons to whom Society is second nature. The loads of queer celebrities who flock to England, and of whom English people are very fond, are often great bores at the dinner table.

One literary lady of high eminence carried along a husband who drank out of a finger-glass; one French soldier of fortune tore the aspic of plover's eggs, which stood before him, apart with his fingers; one young lady of grasping disposition—I will not say what country she came from—reached for a bouquet from the grand epergne, and tipped it over. All these things are trifles, but they did that dreadful thing—they discomposed the lady of the house.

So there has grown a species of entertainment, absolutely necessitated (as I was told by a lady who entertained much) by these very accidents—a luncheon, informal, gay, early; a sort of mid-day dinner, where ladies sit in their bonnets, and gentlemen in their morning-coats—not the grand twelve course affair which we give in New York at one o'clock and call luncheon; but a simple entertainment—a joint of mutton, some fruit and salad, and, perhaps, claret and Madeira—where the entertainment is easy and perfect, and fitted to the enjoyment of everybody.

At these pleasant affairs there can be no particular violation of etiquette; for there is no etiquette to violate. Every one is at ease. The Houses of Parliament do not assemble till five o'clock in the afternoon, therefore the noble Lords and the faithful Commons are at leisure. The ladies have the day before them.

I suspect many of those who have been out until three o'clock the night before make this meal their breakfast, and the guests of all nations contribute their quota of agreeability without disturbing the English mind by any violation of those rules of life, which to them, and to polished people generally, are all important.

THE FUTURE OF SIBERIA

The Moscow correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that an extraordinary development of industrial activity has taken place in Southern Siberia since the recent acquisition by Russia of Semiritchinsk Kulja, and the Ili Valley. The frontier between Siberia and China is very indefinite, and the adjoining territory is inhabited by races which used nominally to belong to China, but now openly proclaim their allegiance to the Czar.

Taking advantage of this state of things, the Russians are working the gold-fields of Munisink, which are really in Chinese territory, with considerable success. Another event, which will probably be of great importance to Siberia, both from a political and industrial point of view, is the discovery of the northeastern passage round the Tcheluskin Promontory, which has hitherto been considered inaccessible both for steamers and sailing-vessels, and has only once been passed in a sledge, by a boatman named Tcheluskin, in 1742.

This passage greatly facilitates the communication of European Russia with the Pacific, and it is expected to afford great advantages to Russia in the event of a war with England. But it is chiefly for the development of the Siberian trade that the discovery will be valuable.

It is only three years since connection was discovered with the Obi and the Yenisei, and already Siberia has sent within the present year three ships laden with corn, hemp, flax, etc., to Europe. A return trade will probably soon take place from European ports to the mouth of the Lena, which would place Europe in direct commercial communication with Siberia.

Siberia would, the correspondent adds, be capable of supplying a considerable portion of European markets with its raw products, if its agriculture were developed and its laboring classes increased by colonization.

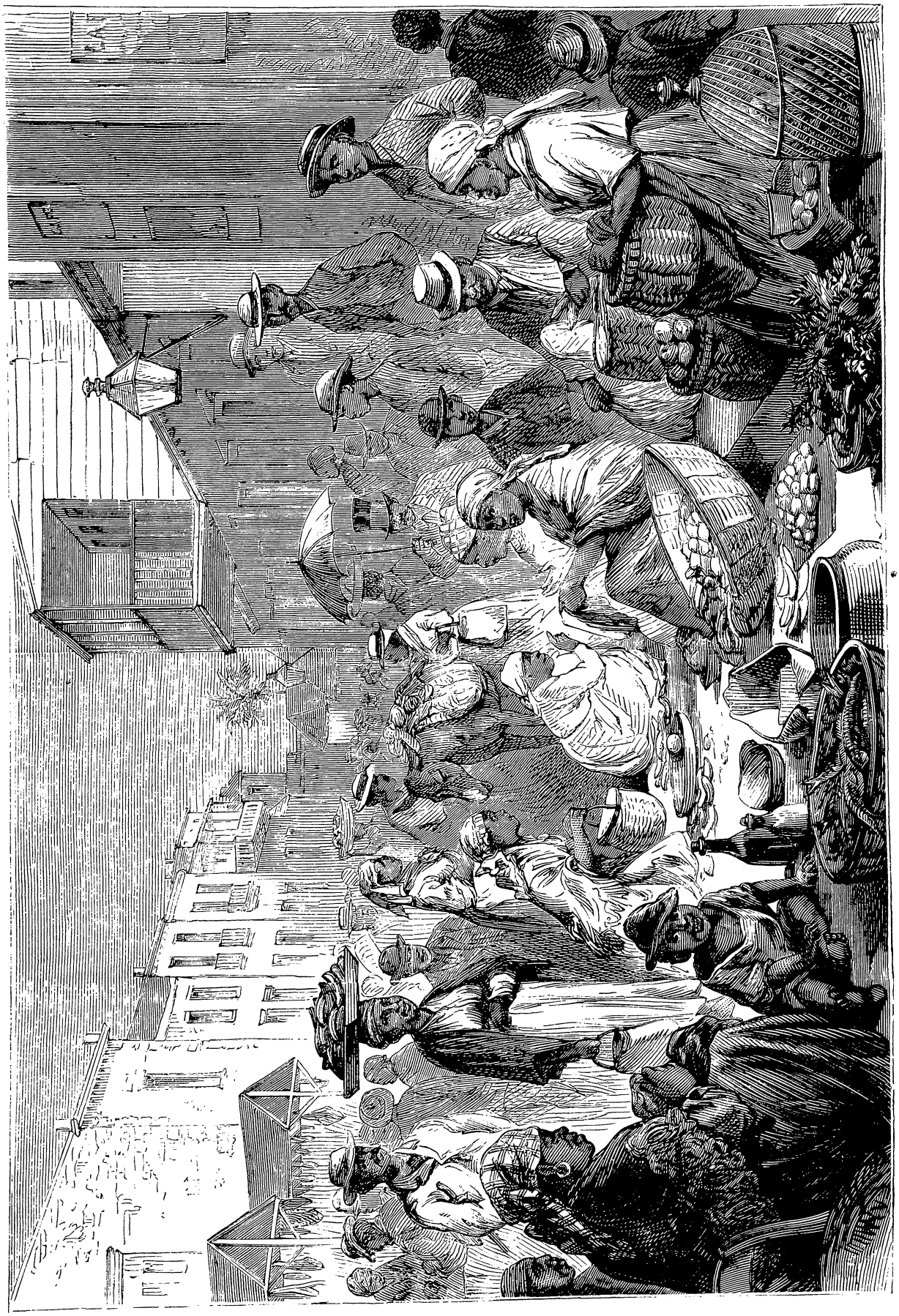
MIZPAH

Chapter I.

Evening in the island of Jersey, and the sun already set. A wash of pure carmine in the western sky; a film of whitish haze in the grassy bottom of a long valley scooped out between steep, wooded hills. Rising out of the haze, a sort of natural embankment like a bridge, dividing the valley in two, and separating Maître le Gaye's half from Maître somebody else's. Barely indicated in sepian shadows, a rough, strong path, dug out of the hills, bowered in trees, and leading down to the embankment. This embankment in shadow too, beneath the fringe, on either side, of lofty elms, green, leafy, beautiful in Summer glory, and tipped with cadmium gold on every topmost twig. Hanging somewhat perilously over one edge of the bank, a fallen trunk; and, resting upon it, a woman, young, beamy-eyed and beautiful; her feet buried in a tuft of Guernsey daisies, gleaming like white stars in the foreground; the tall stem of a foxglove, heavy with pendent bells of dusky shaded pink, pricking in her loose, waving hair; a basket of ferns on her knee; her white, round hands clasped over the fragrant burden, and partly hidden in dainty emerald fronds; her eyes half-hidden, too, beneath the cream-white lids and long, curved lashes, which rest on a cheek as rosy and purely soft as an infant's. In the background, a string of mild-eyed cows, patched with brown and white, and driven by a girl in white Brittany cap and short skirt, down among the ferns and blackberry-bushes of the hillside path. A bird chirruping in the elm-tree. Now and then the bark of a dog from some distant farm. Over both, the voice of the cattle-girl singing in the Summer twilight—

"'Que veut dire cèt amour?'
Dit Jeanot à Jeanneton."

So scraps of the refrain float up on the soft Summer air, while Mizpah le Feuille sits waiting on the old tree-trunk. Below, the brook babbles over the stones, and frogs gurgle among the long grass and water-rushes. A gray wood-beetle comes out on the log, and trots leisurely along, making a great piece of work over every little hillock of crusty yellow lichen or red-tipped moss. Two dissipated linnets flutter twittering among the branches overhead, instead of going home to roost. Then a small brown lizard puts out his head from a hole in the bank, and begins to leisurely



PLAZA DEL MERCADO, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—SEE PAGE 148.

ascend the log. It has a slow, sanctified air, this lizard, as if it were thinking of nothing more sublunary than a prayer-meeting; but, happening to meet the gadding wood-beetle, it stops short, and devours him in a solemn, self-abnegatory way, much like some human Pharisee.

Mizpah sits still and waits.

By-and-by there is a sound of footsteps tramping over the stones down the hill-path. Out of the shadows comes the figure of a man; a man before whom Mizpah rises, letting basket and ferns fall unheeded to her feet: a man who catches her hands in his, and holds her with a passionate force—a smothered, quivering cry, as of one who has waited long for this meeting, and hungered for it mightily.

MIZPAH.—"A BASKET OF FERNS ON HER KNEE."—SEE PAGE 155.

It is some seconds before he hears what Mizpah is saying—some seconds before any words are intelligible between the girl's heavy, panting breathing, that sounds like sobs.

"Let me go! let me go!" she says, twice; and at last he understands, though more from the hands striving almost desperately to free herself than from the parted, "perfect lips," from which all color has fled.

Loosing her a little, he puts one hand under the little chin, turning it toward him, and says, half-reproachfully—a very loving reproach—

"Let you go! Why, my darling, I have only just got you! Is that your greeting, Mizpah, after three years' waiting for this one moment?"

He is going to kiss her as he speaks. His bravo blue eyes, and handsome face, bearded and browned under suns more burning than these, are very near her own; and she is only as a little bird in his hold. In the desperation of the moment she thrusts his hand away with all the strength of both hers, and gasps out:

"Gerald, don't—for Heaven's sake don't! I am married."

Then he lets her go—drops her as though shot to the

heart by some unseen bullet; and all the glad blood dies out of his face, leaving it ghastly in the twilight—even more ghastly than that white daisy face which a moment before was hidden against his heart.

There is no word spoken for a moment. Only the brook babbles among the rushes, and far away the cattle-girl's song rings above the shadows—

"'Toi, ma mie, c'est toi que j'aime,'
Dit Jeanot à Jeanneton."

With a sound like a long, gasping sob, with the voice, hollow and broken, of a dying man, he asks, at last:

"Mizpah, what are you saying?"

"The truth," she answers; forcing her voice to steadiness, forcing back the tears burning in her eyes, the agony striving for utterance in her heart. "I am married—*married*—do you hear, Gerald?—six months ago. I dared not write it to you; but it is true."

Her voice sounds harsh, almost cruel. Looking at her, the pain brings a tinge of dull red to his face.

"*Married!*" he says, slowly. "It—it cannot be true. And your promise to me?"

"Broken," she answers, almost fiercely; but her limbs are shaking like an aspen leaf. "Gerald, I have told you. For Heaven's sake, go away now, and forget me. I am not worth remembering—not worth grieving for, or sighing over."

He does not believe it. Looking into that fair young face and blue, innocent eyes, it would be difficult. Almost piteously he tells her so, begging some excuse, some explanation. She has never bid him meet her here to tell him, after three years' waiting, that she is utterly false and worthless—nothing more!

"What is the good of more?" she asks, her voice dead now with a sort of weary despair. "To have been false is enough. Would excuses make it better? I would not have met you at all if I had been braver, more unselfish. I ought to have written; and I tried, but—I could not."

"I do not wonder at it," he breaks in, harshly. "You were not cold-blooded enough for that, it seems."

"It would have been better," she answers, flinching under his tone; "it would have spared you pain; and since I could not receive you in my husband's house, I doubt if I should have met you here."

"And why?"

"He might be angry."

"Angry! Who has the better right to be angry—he or I? Mizpah, do you love this man, or are you afraid of him? By Heaven, I believe you are, and that you were forced into this treachery!"

He would have caught her hands, but she draws back, whiter than ever.

"No one forced me, and I am not afraid of him. He is most kind and lovable—oh, Gerald!"—as he interrupts by an oath wrung from him in sheer desperation—"for Heaven's sake, for pity's sake, go! What talking can undo the wrong that has been done you? I only ask you to forget me, nothing more; not even forgiveness, unless—unless when you are happy with some one more worthy of you, you may care——"

"*Never!*" he breaks in, crushing her faltering voice with the blaze of scorn in his honest eyes; "not if I were dying would I forgive you—you who have deceived me for so long, and brought me back across the wide Atlantic to find you married to another, false to me. Forgive *you?* No; but I forgive your husband."

The crimson has faded out of the sky. The gold is dead upon the tree-tops. Long, gray shadows float up from the valley. A faint, whitish mist is building an impalpable wall between those two, once so near, now so wide apart. Even the birds are gone to roost, and the gay refrain of "Jeanot and Jeanneton" has ceased to echo among the hills.

Then Gerald Dacres goes too. Without another word, without a last glance at the girl who has wronged him, he turns from her, and strides away among the trees. Only one little star peeping through the dusky blue above sees Mizpah's agony of weeping as, with face hidden in her hands, she returns to her husband's house—alone.

Chapter II.

Night in a sick-room: a room where the red firelight leaps up in weird, flashing forms against the pictured wall; where the heavy damask curtains are drawn closely across the windows, as if to shut out all sound, even of the rain beating wildly against the panes without.

"Mizpah, are you there?"

"Yes, dear."

"It is very near the end now."

"Do you feel weaker, John?"

"No, but I feel—dying. Come closer to me, my wife. I want to talk to you."

She is seated between the bed and the fire, a woman still young, and strangely beautiful, but with the patient gravity of middle age settled like a waxen mask over her fair, pale face. Her movements, too, are softer and quieter than usual at her age, as she rises, and, going to the bed, stoops down above the face, wrinkled and worn, deeply lined, and fringed with thin gray hairs, which lies there upon the pillow.

"You have been crying," he says, his keen, anxious eyes peering curiously into her face, his nervous, withered hand tightening on hers.

"Yes," she says, simply. "It is so hard to see you suffer."

"My dear, the bodily suffering is nothing to that which has tortured me for the last six years. Torture! I wonder I have lived so long under it."

She makes no answer. He often utters these ambiguous allusions; but Mizpah is not an inquisitive woman. Perhaps she has had secrets of her own.

"Mizpah," he says, suddenly, "do you remember why you married me?"

"Why talk of that now, John?" she asks, flushing timidly.

"Because now is the only time I have. You were only nineteen, Mizpah, and you married because your parents' death had thrown you on my care; because the world said ill-natured things of your living with a guardian of forty-eight; because you wanted to keep a delicate little sister with you, and could not afford to do it unmarried; because—chiefest reason of all—the man you were engaged to, the man you loved, and who was away in Canada, had proved false to you; because you saw his marriage in an American paper, after for six months your letters had received no answer. Because of these reasons you married me."

"And because you were the best and truest friend I had in the whole world," she broke in, with quivering lips; "because Minnie loved you, and I—liked and honored you with all my heart. John, I told you all this then. Have I disappointed you, that you go back upon it now?"

"You have been an angel of light to me," he answers, hoarsely. "Oh, child! if you only knew what you are to me! If you only guessed how madly, passionately, I, old enough to be your father, have loved you from the first moment I saw you till now! Mizpah, try to think of it.

Try to bear it in mind when you would turn from my memory with hatred and loathing."

"John! could that be possible?"

"I wish to Heaven it were possible to avoid it. I had meant to leave it till after I was gone, to keep the kind look on your sweet face till after I was dead; but I cannot; I——"

"John, don't say any more," she interrupts, trembling very much. "If there is anything wrong which you have done, do not tell me. Even though it have hurt me, let me remain in ignorance. I will forgive it, whatever it be. If it be written in your papers, I will burn them unread. Trust me."

He smiles faintly—a sad, hopeless smile.

"No, child, this you could not forgive; nor shall you promise to do so. Listen to me while I have strength, and answer first. Did you not meet Gerald Dacres the day before you were taken with that long illness, nearly six years ago?"

"Yes, John," she says, quietly; but how fast her heart is beating!

"And he told you that he had never married; that he had written to you constantly, and got no answer?"

"He spoke of his letters in the one that reached me—the one that told me he was coming here; but not of his marriage. Since it was not true, the report may not have reached his ears."

"And you—did not you speak of it?"

"No, John."

"No? What explanation, then, did you give of your marriage with me?"

"I gave him none."

Her voice is faint with remembered anguish; but the answers are ever straight and true.

"I don't understand you," he says. "What *did* you say to him?"

"I told him I was married, and bade him go away and forget me."

"What! no more than that? And was he satisfied? Did he ask no explanations—nothing?"

"No, John; he was not satisfied. Do not talk about it—please do not."

The pain, even now, is greater than she can bear. He presses her hand more tightly.

"I will only ask you one thing more, Mizpah. I know that you will answer it with perfect truth. Why did you do this? Nay"—as she hesitates—"I wish to know."

"Because I was a married woman, and my husband trusted me. Because—oh, John, forgive me!—I loved Gerald so dearly, he loved me so long, so well, and fondly, that I dared not tell him any excuse for my apparent falsehood. I knew his perfect honor, I knew my own innocence; and yet I could not, John, I dared not trust to either while we loved each other. Please do not think ill of me. I knew that I loved Gerald more than my own life; and because I loved him, I sent him away."

She is on her knees now, weeping bitterly, with her face hidden on the wrinkled hand in which hers is clasped. The firelight flickers on the wall, on the bent golden head. Only the shadows of the curtains fall upon the tortured face of the dying man. Very slowly he speaks:

"I thank God that the sin which dooms me has purified one saint more for heaven. You have made your confession, Mizpah; listen to mine. It was I who kept back your lover's letters; I who stopped yours; I who had that advertisement inserted in the New Brunswick paper; I who invented all the uncharitable gossip which so worked upon your sensitive delicacy. And I did this because I loved you—because I thought that time, and patient idolatry, and every luxury that riches could supply, would win your love away from the remembrance of a young fellow who probably did not love you half so well, and could only have led you into poverty. God only knows how I have been punished, not only now, but in every hour and moment of these seven years which have seen you mine, and not mine. For a few months—not a year—I hoped. Then you and he met; in your fever you told me that; and hope died for ever. Every day since then—every moment that has witnessed your patient obedience, your silent, uncomplaining gentleness, your sad little face, sobered into age so early, so early!—has been but one long punishment."

"Hush!" she interrupts. She has sprung to her feet long before, shrinking back and away from him, with hands clenched upon her bosom, and face white and horror-stricken. "Hush, for pity's sake! I begged you not to tell me. Oh, why, why did you do it now, when it is all over, all ended past any recall?"

"Mizpah!" he begins, feebly.

"Not now, John, not now," she cries, breaking into bitter tears. "I will be good in a moment; but don't say any more just this minute. I—I can't think."

He makes no answer. The shadow is darker on his face; and she has turned to the door, when something, some tender womanly impulse, makes her come back to the side of the bed.

"Don't think me unforgiving," she says; "I do forgive you—I shall soon, when I have thought of all your love and kindness. I—John, do you hear me? John!"

But there is no answer still. The firelight has died down in the grate. The rain beats and wails against the window. Outside the wind raves, and the branches creak, like the cries of a tortured spirit; but within all is silent, all still; for earthly love is gone, called out to meet its God, and love unselfish, love presanctified, is left alone.

* * * * * * *

"Mrs. Le Feuille, may I introduce my husband's cousin, Mr. Dacres? He is quite a lion with us; only just returned from two years' travels in distant lands."

Mizpah looks up. She is sitting, slight and graceful in her widow's dress, one of a fashionable crowd in a fashionable London drawing-room. Two little red spots rush into her cheeks, and her eyes leap up with a sudden light, as she puts out her hand, saying:

"Mr. Dacres and I are old friends."

He does not act like an old friend. He does not even seem to see her hand, but bows with grave formality; and, after a word or two of commonplace civility—words which the beating of her heart will scarcely let her answer—he moves quietly away, and leaves the room.

So they meet again, and so they part. The locket which bears her name—that name with its quaint, sacred meaning, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another"—still hangs at his watchchain; but he has not forgiven her yet. He never will.

Has the Lord watched in vain?

* * * * * * *

Twilight again. The sky a pale apple-green, fading into blue in the east. One long bar of liquid gold low down on the western horizon. Above it a bank of grayish violet cloud fringed with fire. Far away, behind that dark clump of trees, a jingle of bells ringing for evening service. Indoors, a wood fire sparkling merrily, an open window draped in lace curtains, which rustle softly in the sweet, flower-laden breeze; and beside the window, Mizpah seated in a low chair, the broad tulle streamers of her white cap floating like a vail round her slight, rounded figure; her golden head resting against a stand of azaleas, white and

pink, in full bloom ; an open letter in her lap, and a flush bright as a moss-rose bud in either cheek.

There are steps in the passage, and the flush grows deeper. The bells keep ringing, but Mizpah's heart beats too loudly to hear them. The door opens, and she is on her feet, her beautiful eyes shining through dazzled tears, her clasped, quivering hands outstretched, her whole womanly form heaving and panting with silent, passionate gladness. Against the gold-green background of the sunset sky Gerald sees her standing, like some medieval saint. The next moment she is in his arms, folded down upon his heart as though he could never let her go again, and kissed, lips, hands and brow, as if the arrears of ten long Summers of waiting had to be paid in that one moment.

It is not for a long time that any sensible word is spoken. The bells have rung their joy-peals all unheeded, and up above the purple hills the moon hangs like a lamp of gold on high.

"My darling," Gerald says, "do you know, I could scarcely believe it when I got your letter this morning. I never deserved such an answer, Mizpah—indeed, I scarcely dared hope for one at all."

"Love does not go by desert," Mizpah answers, "and you see I could not help loving you, Gerald. It grew in me. Besides, I felt it would come right some day. But oh, I am glad it was not delayed much longer!"

MIZPAH. —"SHRINKING AWAY FROM HIM."—SEE PAGE 155.

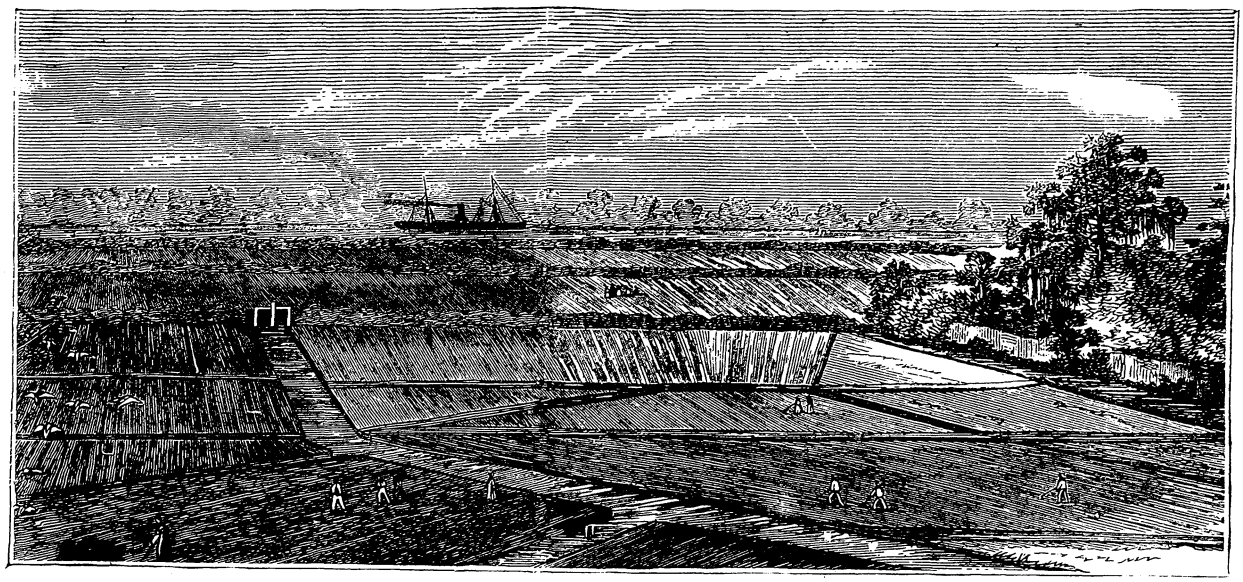
"Thank Heaven for my meeting your sister Minnie last week!" says Gerald, stroking the bright head fondly.

"And for your confiding to her your hatred."

"Hatred! I tried to hate you, love, but I never could."

"And I tried to forget you, but I never could. Ah, Gerald!"—nestling closer to him, and laying one hand on his locket—"you kept the name, but I kept the verse. Verily the Lord has 'watched between me and thee when we were absent one from another,'"

THEO. GIFT.



A RICE PLANTATION.

RICE.

In the Fields and Mills of South Carolina.

By Jennie Haskell.

It is in January, when the weather is dry and the wind high, that the planter sets his fields ablaze to burn off last year's stubble, as the first step toward planting a new crop. He has contracted with the laborers, summoned early in the month.

A house in good repair, an acre or more of rice land, corn land as desired, freedom to cut wood *ad libitum*, to raise cattle and other stock, is what the planter offers. In return, the negro gives one or two days in every week—the contract being for from eight to ten hours per day; but the task being generally completed by the industrious in four or five.

All extra work during the week is recompensed according to its character. For instance, for such work as hoeing, cutting, tying, he receives generally about $1.00 per acre. For all severe work, which necessitates great exposure to cold and wet, such as raising and repairing banks, etc., as much as $1.50—and for ditching in Winter, sometimes as much as $2.00 per day.

It is only in the swamps and margins of rivers that rice is produced in perfection; and a great outlay of money is required to drain these lands, and provide them with substantial dams.

The soil being entirely composed of vegetable matter, containing no sand whatever, burns readily, if dry. Indeed, it is sometimes used for fuel, like the peat of Scotland and Ireland. It is in land of this character that "sinks" most frequently occur; other rice-lands, such, for instance, as those composed of blue clay, being less liable to these dangerous accidents.

Suppose, then, the land well-drained and level, crossed by check-banks, inclosing about twenty acre fields, and separated from the river yonder by a high and substantial bank; the day is clear and cold, and the wind high; the sky as blue as blue can be, pales off toward the horizon,

PLANTING RICE.

HOEING.

and long, low-lying purple clouds crown the dark line of distant pines. The river seethes in the sunlight like blue fire. Up here, the higher lands and all uncultured nooks are yellow and white with feathery broom-grass, set in a frame of green and russet Winter woods. But down across the fields there is a crimson sheet of flame; a heavy cloud above, of blue-gray smoke; and a noise, as of the rush of many waters.

Should the soil be very dry, it may ignite, and often holes are burnt and check-banks injured. Frequently, the fire "gets away," and there is a roaring and crashing, and splendid blazing, through the woods. A glorious sight! but the birds fly, chattering, and shy-eyed rabbits scud, frightened, through the woods.

At this time hands are busy raking ditches, clearing away anything that might obstruct the free passage of water through the fields; and as soon as the fire has accomplished its work of cleaning, plowing begins, the mules being shod with leather to prevent them from bogging in the yielding soil. Work with the plow is continued until February or March, when the harrow takes its place, one man and mule harrowing from eight to ten acres per day. When the soil is sufficiently pulverized, trenching-plows are used, laying trenches of from fifteen to eighteen inches apart, for the reception of the grain.

Then immediately begins a picturesque procession through the fields—women scattering grain. Women, with skirts tied up about the hips till they barely reach the knee—great, thick-lipped, "Guinea Negroes"—some of them with dull, dark faces, and the sturdy limbs of beasts of burden; while others are lithe and stately, and would make an artist's fortune done in bronze or marble, with their strong, straight throats and well-poised heads, and their draperies lying loosely, fold upon fold.

Each of these sturdy-stepping creatures carries about a peck of grain in her apron or basket, scattering it by handfuls along the trenches as she walks—about two and a half bushels being allowed per acre. This is seed saved by the planter from the finest of his former crops, or bought at a high price, generally from clay lands, it being important that the seed should be changed each year.

These women are followed by the "coverers," carrying "covering-boards"—primitive implements, consisting simply of a board about two feet long, with a pole thrust through, as a handle, with which they turn the soil over the seed in the trenches, and level it somewhat. Some planters, however, do not cover their seed, but leave it in open trench. As soon as the seed is sown, the "trunks" are raised, and the fields flowed.

A "trunk" is a long box passing through the dam which separates the field from the river or reserve. This box has a door at either end, which can be raised from above, and also swings outward on hinges. When the field is to be flowed, the door next the river or reserve is lifted, and the weight of the water, as it rushes into the "trunk," causes the other door to swing outward on its hinges and remain open till the field is sufficiently flowed, when, the first door being lowered, the pressure of water ceases, and the inner door falls back into place. In the same manner, when it is desirable that the field should be drained, the inner door is opened, and the water escapes by forcing outward the door next the river or reserve.

The erection and repairing of these "trunks" is a matter of serious expense, anxiety and importance to the planter. The expense of building one "trunk" is about one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Many hands are required, and the work generally lasts about twelve hours, and is very tedious, as, when once begun, it cannot be left till complete. The planter watches with deep concern its progress. He feels then in the power of his "hands." Should they strike at low water, when the excavation has been made, with the next flow of the tide his bank may be washed through and his precious fields laid waste.

Rice being a water-grain, and salt being fatal to its growth, it is of the highest importance that the fields should be furnished with a full supply of fresh water. Thus, the plantations which lie along the banks of rivers whose waters are constantly fresh have a great advantage over those which lie further down, whose river supply is liable to be rendered unavailable at any time by an influx of salt from the ocean. These latter are thus rendered more dependent for their supply on the reserves. These are artificial reservoirs, supplied sometimes from sources twenty miles away, and covering from one to five hundred acres. When swollen by heavy rains, these safeguards often become destroyed; breaking their banks, and engulfing the tender crop.

Lovely lakes these are, to childish eyes gazing enchanted from their shadowy brinks. Not merely reservoirs to serve in case of need, but clear, wide-reaching pools, in whose brown depths lurk dreams innumerable, on whose cool bosom lie white, starlike things, that stir all sorts of sweet and holy thoughts. It is our own poor, toiling, sunny land; it is to-day busy and commonplace; yet what are all to-day's tame needs and toils to eyes that fill and dream and ponder here alone? There lies the lotus-plant, the lily of the Nile. The woods hum, stir and sparkle under the deep blue skies. They, too, seem full of dreams and lovely thoughts. Memories, tender and sad, peer up with wistful eyes from the heart of the shining pool; and new, strange hopes, and wonderful imaginings—too beautiful to last, no doubt—glow in the sunlight, and offer thanks to God in every chirp and rustle of the noisy woods.

Is life like this? the young eyes wonder, in their simple speculation. Is life like this?—a placid lake, starred with the flowers of faith and hope and tender love, golden here in the sunlight, and shaded yonder into softest gray, as it fades into the shadows of God's mysterious border-lands?

A great brown head upheaves among the flowers. It may bruise some spotless leaves, but it disappears directly; and though, if those eyes are keen, they may see long, sliding moccasins among the lily roots, they only dream on happily, noting how soon the sun drinks up the passing cloud, and how the lilies float quite calmly when the ugly head has gone. Sweet, childish eyes! however grave you be, you do not burn and sadden with the bitter thought of older hearts—that below the surface *must* lie the water-snakes and the savage, ugly head, however fair and smiling lies the lilied pool above. Is this like life? the childish eyes still wonder, as the water swells at the little feet.

But the planter's keen glance scans the spot with a very different air, as his lips express the wonder of his soul: Will this pressure break that bank?

For him this water holds no allegories—no dreams to delight him nor monsters to dread! Yonder lies his dread, in the bank in which he has detected one weak spot.

These banks must be inspected daily—repaired and strengthened every year. Neglect of these precautions has devastated whole plantations, and brought ruin upon the labors of a lifetime. It frequently happens that one or two hundred feet of an embankment suddenly sinks into the ground, as if from the shock of an earthquake. Then the planter's heart sinks too; and in haste all the force available is summoned, and the breach repaired. Yet often, even when the repair is thought complete, the water will percolate through the sandy soil, slowly but surely bent on destruction.

The sleepy watchman, nodding in the cold, with his horny feet stretched outward to the dying embers of his fire, starts up in haste; and the planter, warmly slumbering, frowning in his dreams over the fluctuations of the rice market, or standing, in the golden land of Somnus, with eyes aglow at the sight of vessels loaded with his grain, all safely harvested and threshed, springs into stern reality at the stealthy step, the cautious knock, the smothered call for "Boss! Boss!" for he knows that call may be to witness the destruction of all his hopes.

The first flow of the fields after the seed is sown, is called the "sprout flow," and it remains over the rice for about four days—longer if the weather is cold, but, at any rate, until the grain begins to germinate. Then must it be immediately withdrawn, for, should the rice sprout in deep water, it sprouts but to die. Woe to the planter, at this season, should a swollen river obstruct the working of his trunks; for his rice will perish before his eyes, and his work must be all begun again.

It is now that the Maybirds come, in black and white, ready for plunder—plucking the rice as it begins to sprout. The water-weevil, too, which eats out the heart of the leaf, and the ugly, black rice-worm choose this period, when the rice is young and tender, to commit their depredations. The only weapon to be used against these foes is water; and often it happens that the river is salt and the reserves are dry. In such a case, raising the trunks would be death alike to the rice and its destroyer.

There is a story told of a daring old Frenchman who, rather than leave his crop to serve as a feast for small and greedy insects, turned on the river water, salt as brine, to flow his field.

"You will kill your rice!" a horror-stricken friend exclaimed.

"I vill kill ze rice or I vill kill ze bogs!" answered he, in fierce determination; and, strange to say, he *did* "kill ze bogs," and his rice escaped unharmed. Yet this cannot be recommended as a good precedent to the inexperienced planter.

After the sprout flow is withdrawn, the soil remains dry till there appears all over the fields a faint green tinge, which, on nearer view, resolves itself into rows of needle-like blades, and it is then the trunks are raised again, and the water turned on for what is called the "point" or "stretch" flow.

This lies over the fields for thirty or forty days, during which time the green points seem to stretch themselves upward in a magical way, and lie along the water lazily, in long, green lines. When they are about nine inches long, the water, on which they rest, is gradually withdrawn, lest, left without a support, the rice should be prostrated to the ground. Should this flow remain over the field too long, the rice becomes what planters term "foxed," and is considerably injured.

Now begins the fight with the grass, that hypocritical foe, whose near resemblance to the precious grain may deceive the most experienced eye. And early in the season, too, appears the arch traitor "volunteer rice." This springs up of its own accord, and with most spiteful determination, the planter is apt to think—a wretched "poor relation," springing often from seed dropped twenty years before. This is of no value, and may be recognized by the red appearance of the grain within the hull.

The laborers, furnished with hoes, work busily between the trenches, and often the hoeing must be repeated, as, in this climate the growth of grass is so rapid that, in three or four days after being cut, it springs up again in defiance of hoe or hand.

In ante-bellum days these hoes were of uniform size—*i.e.*, from six to eight inches in width; but now, when the planter is, as it were, unable to control labor in any way, anything in the shape of a hoe is tolerated, and, consequently, rice instead of grass is frequently cut, and the crop much damaged. Indeed, this has been assigned as one among the many causes why the present production compares so poorly with that of former years; from twenty to thirty, and (very rarely) forty bushels to the acre being the rate of present production, while the same land, before the war, produced sixty, seventy and even as much as ninety bushels per acre.

But with the flowers of May, with the snowdrops upspringing about the wide-winged country house, with the gleam of humming-bird darting about the scarlet vines, with the song of the mocking-bird, the red-bird and the thrush—up from the fair, green fields there comes a subtle exhalation.

"We must be moving!" the planter says, as this strange, faint odor comes up from the river banks and floats, fraught with miasma, in through the open Venetians of the shady, pleasant rooms. Haste indeed must be made during the early days of May, to seek safety in the purer air of some higher inland situation, or the terrible fever, so closely resembling that which pervades the Pontine marshes of Italy, and is the curse of our coasts and lowlands, will lay its victims low, and grasp them with a grasp from whose pitiless strength there seems often no release but death! This fever-and-ague often enters the system before the move is made, and, however pure the air and high the site of the Summer residence, which seems as a refuge, it may suddenly appear, this hydra-headed malaria, in one of its dreaded forms. Or else it may lie latent during the sultry Summer days, and confront its victim even after the frosts of November have called him back to his plantation home.

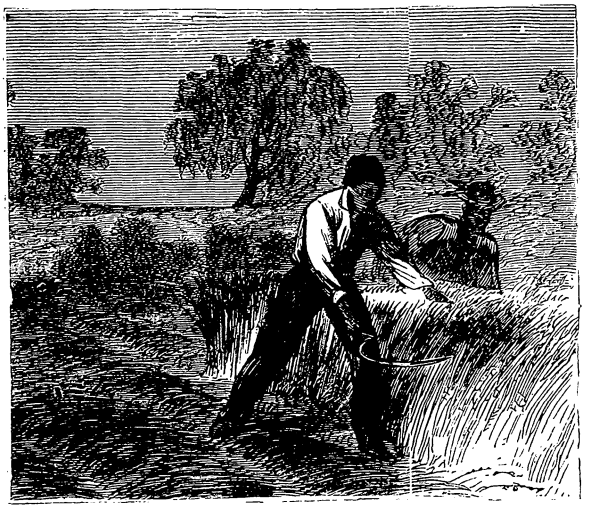
Some twenty years ago, when the negro was a part of the planter's property, and policy as well as humanity induced him to care for the slave and keep him in health and strength, it was pretty generally supposed that he was less liable to these attacks of fever than the whites, and was therefore better adapted to the labors of the rice-fields. Now, however, no longer guided by the light of a higher intelligence, the rice-field laborer, ignorant of the laws of health, careless and imprudent, is racked with chills and scorched with fever, and droops like the more gently nurtured white under the poison of the rice-land.

Liberty, indeed, is a God-given boon, yet we have often read of the man who, after being imprisoned for near a lifetime, shrank from the light and space that freedom brought, and sighed and longed for the pent walls that he had left for ever. Just so some of these ancient dames must feel, waiting at "pay-day" on the outskirts of the throng for the hard-earned wages that must go at once to buy them grist and bacon from the master's store.

"Dese ain't de good old slabery times!" they sigh, with an utter disregard of their dearly bought blessing, that fills with scorn the children of the third and wiser generation. Poor souls! and yet God keeps them, too, within the hollow of His hand; and, though they suffer now because they cannot understand, as yet, what He has done for them, no doubt upon their children's heads will fall the peace and plenty they have missed.

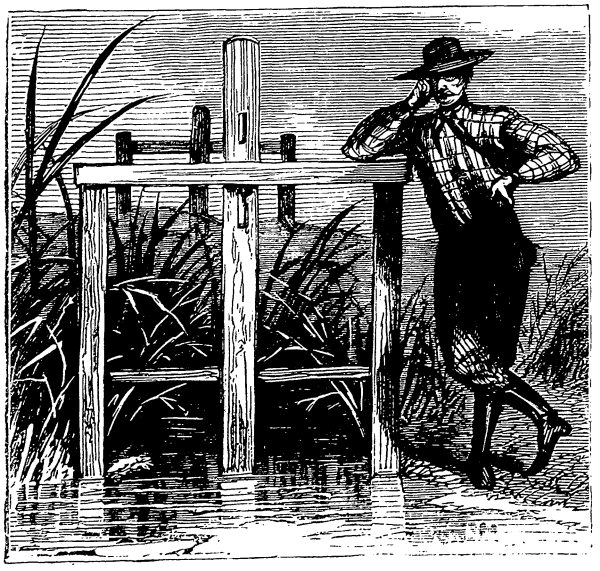
Deep among the aromatic pines the planter builds his Summer home, and it is generally rather rude and bare. Years ago he was the Crœsus of America. His broad acres brought him heaps of gold. Exposed, as now, indeed, was his crop, to danger from storm and flood, from bird and insect; yet, worked—and thoroughly worked—at less than half the present cost, with but little supervision from the owner, with the safeguard of immediate precaution and

WEEDING.

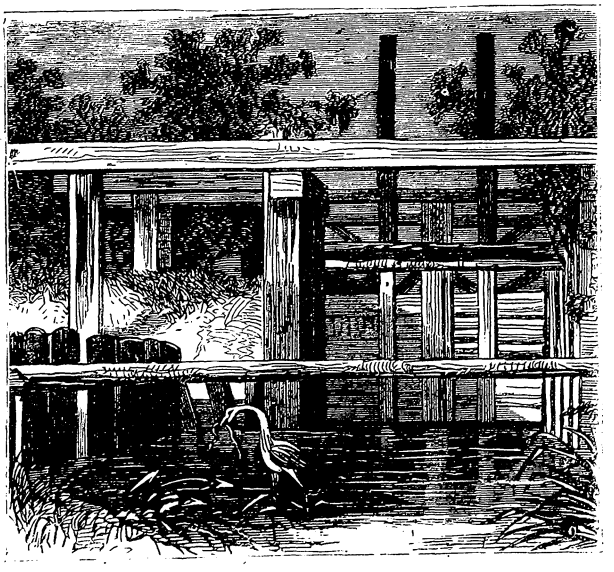


REAPING.

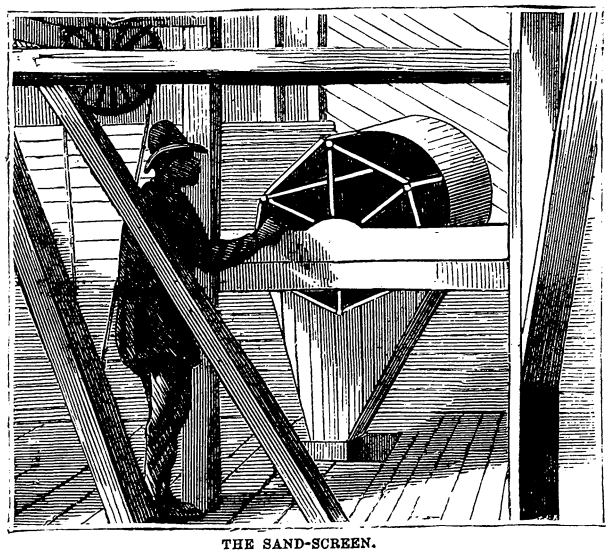
THRESHING.



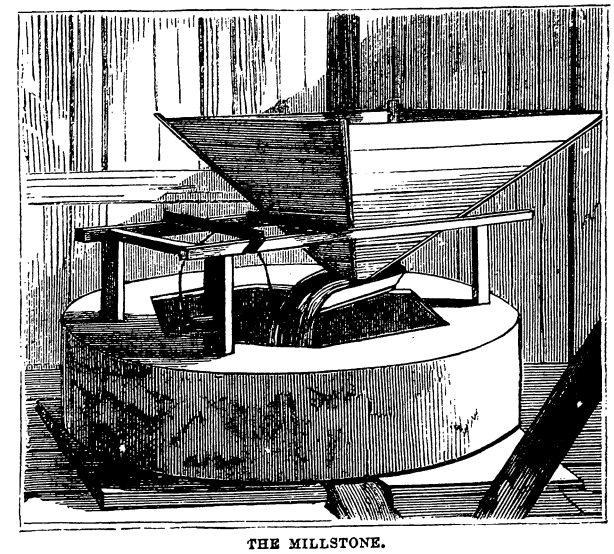
A TRUNK.



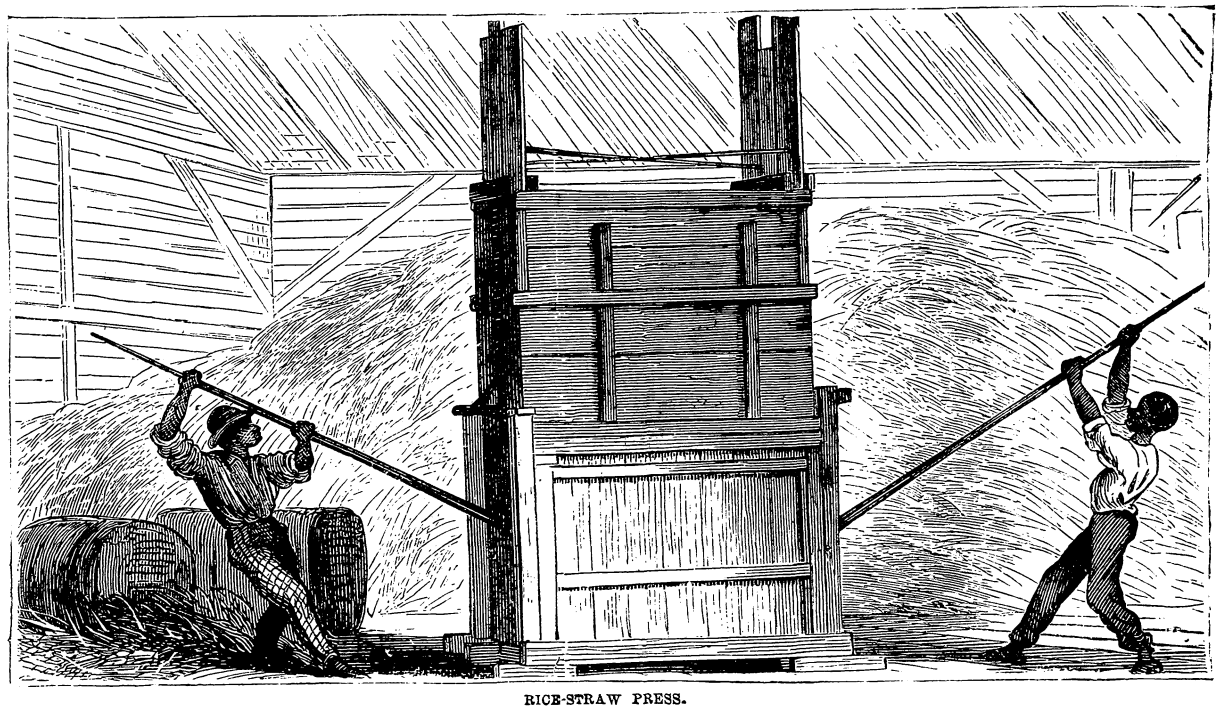
A FLOOD-GATE.



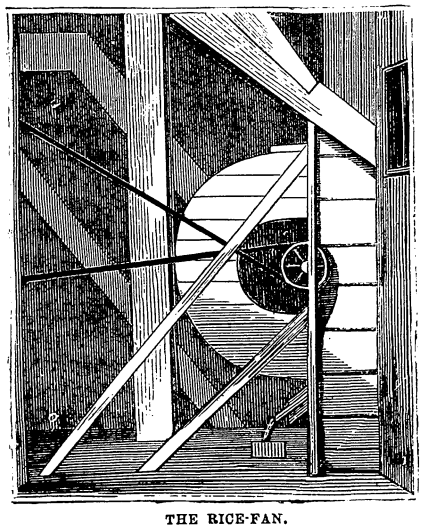
THE SAND-SCREEN.



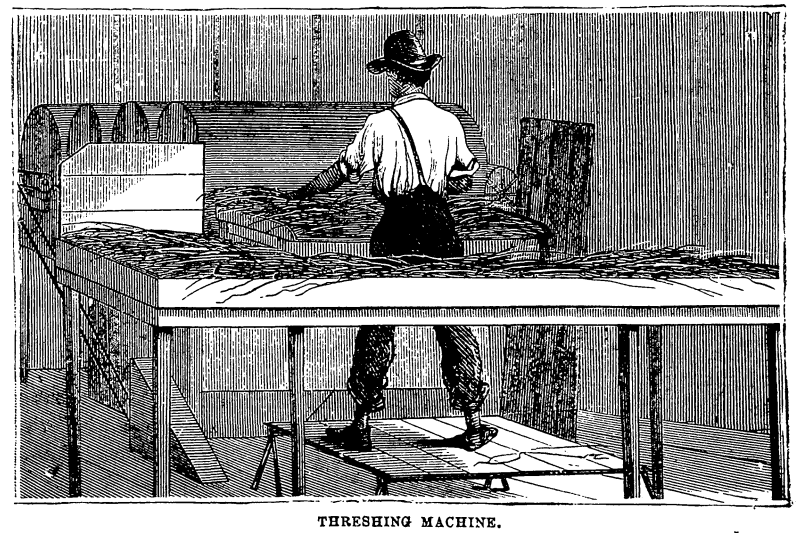
THE MILLSTONE.



RICE-STRAW PRESS.



THE RICE-FAN.



THRESHING MACHINE.

remedy should there be necessity for such, his income was not only rich, but safe. In those days his pineland home was seldom occupied; for his Summers were spent in sojourn at the watering-places of the North, or in wanderings on the Continent. Now, whole acres, once the pride of some honest heart, lie drowned and buried under encroaching waters; because while the planter, bravely struggling against want, strove hard for gold to mend his little break, his little break grew wide and deep—wider and deeper far than his resources were—and he is forced to yield his heritage back to the waters from whose grasp his fathers wrested it a century ago. Then is he glad indeed to find his pineland house still habitable; for there, with but few exceptions, he must dwell till the frost proclaims that he may safely return to his fields and cozy fireside.

Here, when the May move is made, begins the anxiety of the careful wife. Up at dawn, and off across miles of dew-wet country, through dreary pineland, past marsh and swamp, to the beautiful, death-dealing fields, baking under the Summer sun; and back again, long after nightfall, weary from toiling in the heat all day, through marsh and swamp again, through falling dew and deadly fog—what wonder that the planter droops, and falls, too often, a prey to the fell malaria?

After the "stretch-flow" is withdrawn, there follows a period of "dry growth," lasting also from thirty to forty days, during the sunny June weather, till often the ground is parched till it seems to crack with the heat. All this while the hoeing and picking of grass continue. During the "dry growth" a joint forms near the root, and when the plant has "tillered" thoroughly—that is, thrown out shoots—the planter knows that the time has come for the "harvest flow." This lies over the fields for about six weeks, till they exhibit, to an experienced eye, a ripe appearance. It is by the appearance of the lowest grain on the head that the degree of ripeness is judged. As it begins to solidify, the "harvest flow" is drawn away, and the cutting begins.

Each hand cuts about an acre per day, the implement used being called a "rice-hook."

Now the fields are lively indeed! Back have come the May birds, flocking to the feast in triste coats of brown, having changed not only garb and note, but also name; returning as the greedy rice-bird, small and dainty—expiating his crimes, served up by hundreds at the planter's table, slain by the shot of the "bird-minder." These birds are esteemed as a delicate morsel, and valued as such; but harsh indeed are the imprecations showered upon them, as they settle above the fields in clouds, bent on destruction. All day the mournful cry of the "bird-minder" and the report of his gun are heard, as he endeavors to guard the fields from this small but powerful foe. Indeed, the depredations of this little creature are far more serious than one would imagine, as it sometimes destroys from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the crop. Generally the arrival of these birds takes place on the 20th of September, almost to the very day. News seems to fly to them, in the far North, that the feast is ready, and down they come, twittering and greedy, to gorge themselves in the golden harvest-fields of the South. It is the milky substance which fills the hull before the grain becomes hard, which they draw out with their sharp little beaks, as the humming-bird draws honey from a flower, leaving only chaff in the yellow head.

As soon as the cutting is over the rice is tied into sheaves, if the day be clear; but should the weather be cloudy and damp it is left on the stubble, as it is less damaged, left thus, by moisture or sudden rains, than after tying. It is now that the heavy rains of August and the storms of September fill the planter's heart with anxiety. The precious crop may have passed unscathed through all attacks of bird or insect, may have held its own against the encroachments of grass and "volunteer rice" alike, only to be floated off to sea by a sudden flood, or to meet with ruin now, if stacked when damp.

Suppose the day clear, however—sunshiny and warm. All hands gathered in the yellow fields—men, women, and even children, tie up the small sheaves deftly, and stack them in the field, where they remain till removed to the barnyard.

Here comes into play that wonderful strength of the muscles of the neck, which enables the negro to carry on his head without inconvenience, burdens which, if unassisted, he cannot lift. All over the fields are the "lifters," engaged in assisting those who carry the rice, to balance huge burdens on their heads, and acre after acre thus yields up its sheaves.

It is in carrying these burdens that the women grow straight and strong; a *stooping* woman, except among the very old, being never seen on a rice-field.

Often, however, the barnyard lies some distance from the field, and then the sheaves are carried only to the nearest landing-place, where the great, wide-bottomed "flat" awaits its burden. High are piled the golden sheaves; splash! splash! go the oars; and the wild, irregular, yet monotonous chant of the negro rings out across the glittering water, in strangely melodious rhythm. It suits, somehow, the scene as Patti's silver trills could never suit it.

The mellow skies—low-lying; the warm, flat fields; the sombre, distant, dark-green pines; the water-fowl, which stand, one-legged, among the canes and rushes on the river brink, watching, with a curious air of wisdom, this great, wide, moving thing that breaks the wrinkled sheet of blue into bright and curling waves—the whole rich scene seems to find appropriate voice in this untutored melody alone!

Would the finest of to-day's fine gentleman—highly cultivated as to whisker, and fastidious as to gloves—make half so fine a show in a portrayal of this scene, as the rough, unkempt, and often barbarously ugly rice-field hand? Would his padded and "perfect-fitting" coat, show half the *character* of that ragged, patched, disreputable, dirty shirt and pants? Set him here with his glossy hat on his head, and this great oar between his small, gloved hands, and what a figure he would cut!

Yet he does very well in his place, on a Brussels carpet—his native heath. And just as truly is this rough, half-clad, and dirty creature, a very necessity of this scene—a feature which adds to its picturesque air far more than any perfection of form could add.

But oh, for the brush of Murillo, the magnificent and truthful, to immortalize these quaint, unconscious figures as they are; for not one of these wild and genuine rice-field hands but would glow on canvas with all the rugged charms of the much-painted peasants of Italy and France!

The sheaves are stacked, then, in the barnyard, in stacks some twenty feet in length.

But not now, as once, does the planter sleep in peace, secure in the faith of those about him. No mounting before the set of sun, and hastening homeward ere the dews begin to fall. Whispers have reached him that *rice thieves* are at work, and he must be watchful.

Miles off, among the pines, the negroes suppose the "boss" has ridden. The night is chill, for the year is waning; even the moon looks tired and very cold, the planter thinks, as he begins his lonely watch among the trees.

There, round the negro houses, burn great, cheerful

fires; dusky forms are gathered round them. They call across to each other—they laugh. As the flames burn fiercer, their spirits rise—they shout strange, wild plantation ditties. Small, impish forms circle within the crimson glow, or huddle and creep about the low door-sills, or over the dry pine straw.

But here, in the denser woods, there is only the pallid light of the moon—the rustle of some bird, or leaping squirrel; the croak of some hoarse, harsh-voiced frog; a pair of branching antlers through the gloom—a startled glance from two soft, liquid eyes; a bound, a crash, and off he goes!

A hideous laughter over his head—a mad burst of horrid mirth; yet the planter does not stir. It is no demon, but the laughing owl, he knows.

By-and-by, he hears low voices—a footfall smites his ear; his heart beats fast. He cocks his pistol in the gloom, and strains his eyes to watch. Two figures emerge into the moonlight: women, both of them—one far ahead. She calls back to the other in a smothered voice. There is a huge, yellow bundle on the head of each, that glistens in the moonlight. One step — one word, and each has dropped her plunder; and one has fled far out of reach; while the other, captured, pleads for mercy in an abject voice.

The trusty watchman is summoned—where was he? Far off—"'way 'cross de field!" Cæsar, the foreman, is called. The thief is proved to be the wife of one, and daughter of the other.

What redress has the planter? He dismisses all, yet what safeguard has he against like depredations? This is only one of the many evils against which the rice planter of to-day contends.

On many plantations the rice is threshed by means of flails, then winnowed by passing through the air on a windy day; but machinery has, in a great measure, superseded this method in some threshing mills.

In some threshing mills, the "beater"—which separates the grain from the straw—is fed by means of a rolling cloth, over which the rice passes. It is a curious sight to watch the negroes keeping it constantly supplied—many of them with cloths tied over their mouths, as the fine dust which falls from the rice causes great irritation of the throat and lungs.

In the threshing mill the rice is winnowed by means of a fan, and emptied into bins, where it is kept till ready for shipping; while the straw is carted away and sometimes pressed into bales in a simple piece of machinery called the "rice-straw press," and used as provender.

Should the vessel in which the rice is to be shipped be unable to approach the barnyard directly, the rice-flat comes into use again to convey the grain from the barn to the hold of the ship.

Now from the lovely plantations, with their noble avenues of live-oak,* with their ancient mansions set on swelling hills—from all the thousand exquisite sights and influences that have been around it from its first burial to its full glory in the harvest time—down the toiling river goes the rice, to be beaten and shaken and polished, away from the sunlit field, until it is fit for the market.

Yet we are loath to leave them, these dear plantations! Dear and beautiful and grand, though perhaps not now, as once, the scene of bounteous-handed hospitality and high festivities!

The sound of a horn, mellow and clear; the baying of dogs; the merry sound of manly voices, ringing through the still, fresh morning air, in the softened accents of the South; the clatter of high-stepping hoofs; gleams through the woods, of yellow and scarlet and blue, the bright coats of the "drivers," mounted, perhaps, on thoroughbreds.

What matters it that now the "thoroughbreds" are scarce? Shabby old "July" (whose costume will certainly wake no startling contrasts through the woods), knows the plans and intentions of every fine buck for miles around, and may be depended on to give the best "stand" to "old Boss."

What matters it that the day for the hunt must be chosen when work is "slack" or the weather forbidding? For the deer still steps, in lordly fashion, through the trees; still pauses, listens, gazes, as if fascinated by a spell; still sniffs the air, and starts, and darts away unharmed; or else leaps up, then falls and dies before the trembling hunter's eager shot. And still a spirit wakes within him, dilates his eye and fires his cheek, that causes even the rise and fall of the rice-market to fail of interest before the ardor of the chase. Yes, we are loath to leave them—these noble, merry woodland scenes!

The homesteads of the Ashley and the Cooper! How we might dilate on such a theme! Those ancient rooftrees that still bear the marks of arrows from the red man's bow; that still show the scar of British shot; that rang with mirth in times of radiant peace, and reeked with noble blood in times of war; that now, grim, old, neglected as they are, hold quaint and lovely stories of the past, and, in their battered grandeur, thrill the heart and dim the eye with tears.

But the rice has floated down between the banks, and now the town is reached. No space nor time remains to extol the beauty of its birthplace, and the *romance* of the rice must come to an end, as it passes from the fields and the friendly river to the harsh but necessary treatment of the mill.

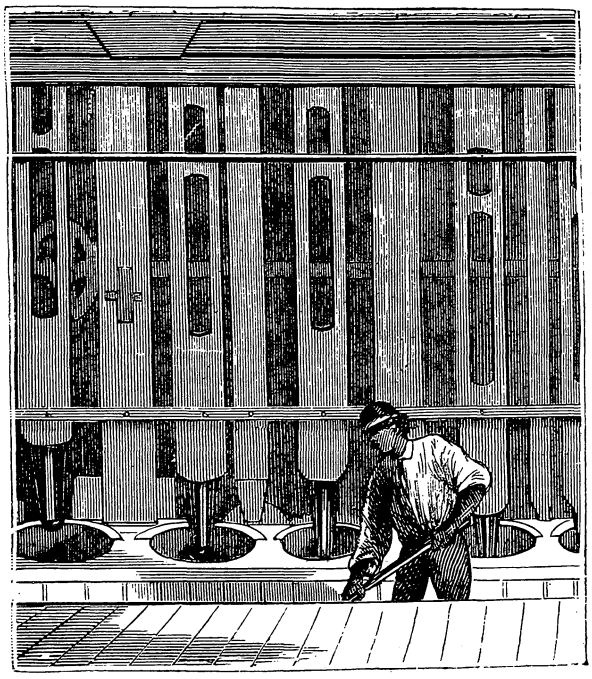
Rough rice formerly was measured from the hold of the planter's vessel in bushel tubs, then emptied into rush baskets and conveyed, on the heads of laborers, into the storehouse. This plan has now been almost entirely superseded by machinery. Either ship elevators are used to discharge the cargo, or a five or ten-bushel tub is lowered into the hold of the vessel and filled, then raised by a chain or rope (wound round a wooden drum and moved by friction wheels), and emptied into a box or "hopper," which delivers the rice into a screw—a method in common use in nearly all mills for conveying the grain into the storehouse.

This building is divided off into bins, holding from 1,000 to 3,000 bushels, thus enabling the miller to keep separate each cargo; there being a marked difference in the quality of the grain. Here it is kept till the planter orders it to be milled or "pounded.' Then it is conveyed into the mill proper, and then immediately begin the many processes through which it must pass before it shall be ready for market. First, the rice is conducted to the "sand-screen" by means of elevators. These elevators consist of peculiarly-shaped tin or iron cups, secured at equal distances to a rubber or leather belt.

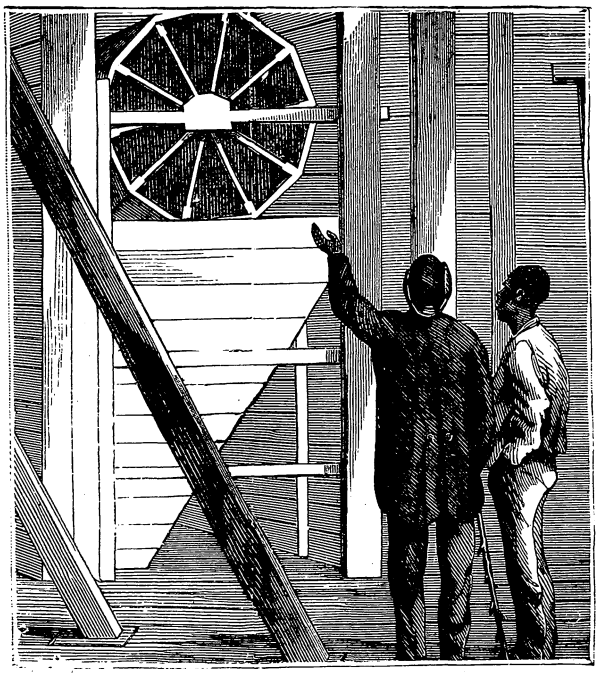
The "sand-screen" removes all foreign substances, such as sand, grass-seed, corn, peas, nails, etc., which may have mingled accidentally with the rice. Part of this screen is covered with fine-meshed wire, which allows the sand to escape; the remainder having wire of a larger mesh, through which the rice passes. It is then conveyed to the "millstone" to be hulled.

From the stone the rice is elevated; then passing over an inclined plane termed the "shaker," it falls before a fan, the blast from which separates the chaff from the grain, the

* One of which trees, on Cooper River, covers with its branches a quarter of an acre of land.



THE PESTLES.

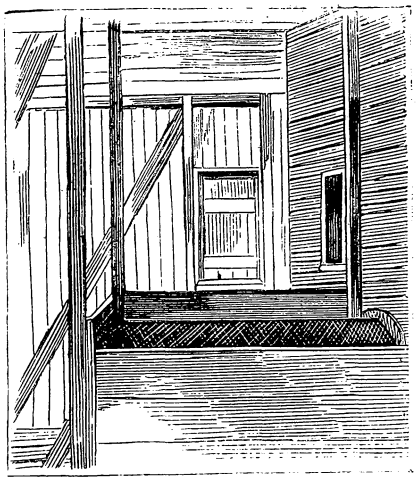


THE FLOUR-SCREEN.

former being blown into a large room, while the latter is received into the "ground-rice bin."

From this the rice is distributed into the "mortars" to be "pounded." This process removes the dark coating (called the flour) between the rice and hull, or chaff, and occupies from one to two hours and a half, according to the quality of the grain.

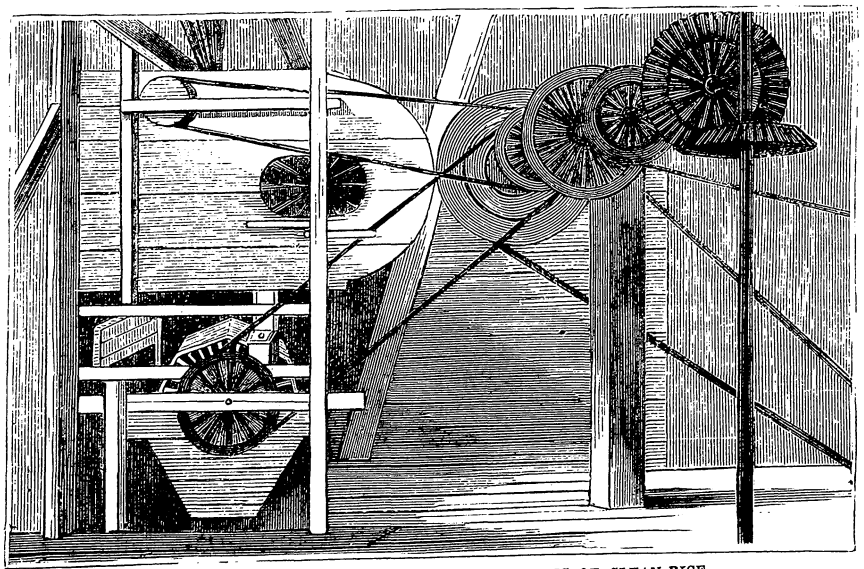
When sufficiently pounded, the rice is removed from the mortars and elevated to the "flour screen," where the flour is separated from the grain. This screen resembles the sand-screen, except as regards the mesh of the wire, and from it the flour falls into a large room, and then the rice is elevated to be again screened, in order to separate the different qualities of "clean rice" before the "polishing" process.



SECTION OF SCREEN.

This is performed by what are called the "brushes"—wooden drums, covered with sheepskin and inclosed in wire, and from the brushes the polished rice passes through the "spouts" into barrels, where it is packed. In some mills the "brushing" or "polishing" of the different qualities is done separately, making what is known in the rice market as—

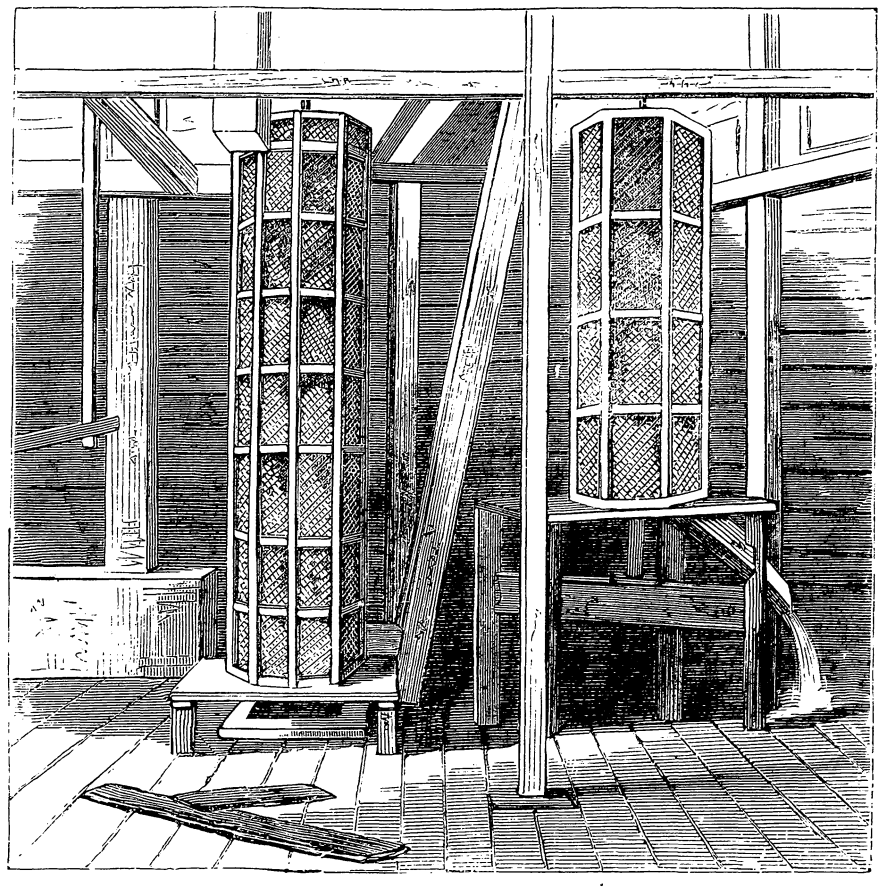
Head Rice—(Extra large grain.)
Whole Rice—(Whole grain.)
Middling Rice—(Broken grain.)
Small Rice—(Small particles of broken rice.)



SCREEN FOR SEPARATING DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF CLEAN RICE.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

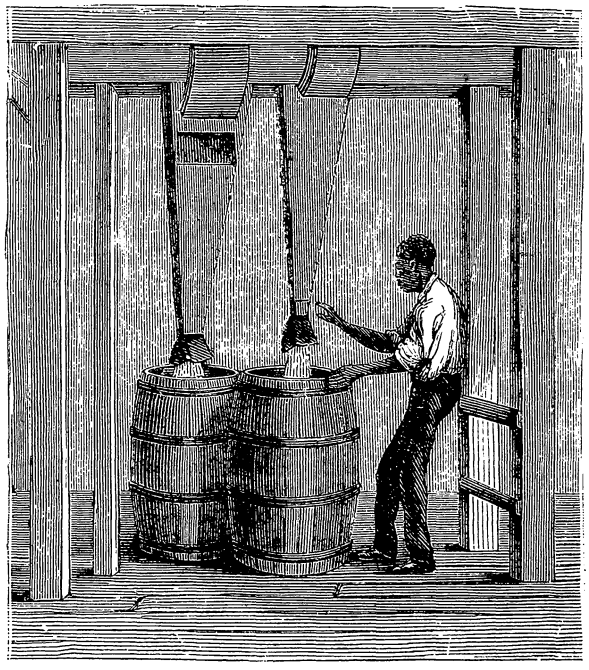
THE Sargasso Sea is situated in the north Atlantic, between 22° and 36° north latitude, in the comparatively quiet space which is bounded on the south by the great equatorial current, on the west and north by the Gulf Stream, and on the east by the Guinea current, which flows southward. Humboldt states that there are two principal banks, the larger of which lies a little to the west of Fayal, one of the Azores, the smaller nearer to the Bahamas. The situation, however, of the weed-banks varies in different seasons, according to the prevalent winds. Maury states



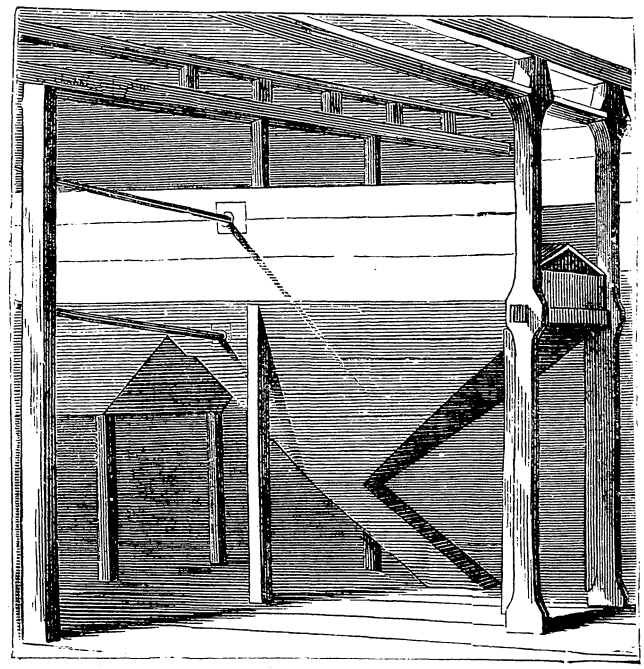
BRUSHES.

that "an area equal in extent to the Mississippi Valley is so thickly matted over with gulf-weed that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought that it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are generally to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. The sea-weed always 'tails' to a steady or constant wind, so that it serves the mariner as a sort of marine anemometer, telling him whether the wind, as he finds it, has been blowing for some time, or whether it has just shifted, and which way. Columbus first found this weedy sea on his voyage of discovery. There it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position, like the calms of Cancer, according to the seasons, the storms and the winds. Exact observation as to its limits and their ranges, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since."

Dr. Harvey says that he made the voyage across the Atlantic four times, and only once found gulf-weed in any quantity. It then occurred in ridges of great length, from ten to twenty yards in breadth. These ridges are separated by water, which flows between them like rivers or lakes. One fact respecting the gulf-weed, hitherto unnoticed by botanists, has not escaped the keen eye of the sailor—namely, that the plants rise a few inches above the water, the upper branches not being immersed; hence it is readily observed from a distance. It is this power of supporting the upper branches out of the water in an erect



THE SPOUTS.



THE CHAFF-SCREEN.

position—a very unusual power in sea-weeds—that enables the gulf-weed to "tail" to the wind, as before mentioned. Another peculiarity attending the floating weed is that no other marine plant has ever been found growing on it or with it. Small zoophytes and polyzoa are, however, often attached to it.

Although its vegetation is limited to one species, the Sargasso Sea is a great resort of animal life, and it lies within the northern limits of the wanderings of the sperm whale. The right whale sometimes crosses its northern boundary, where the water is cooler.

RAPID FULFILLMENT OF "PROPHECY."

About seven years ago a little book was published in the Netherlands by a person assuming the name of "Dr. Dioscorides," in which an attempt was made to picture the social changes which another century or two of invention would effect in the world. The book, after going through three editions in Dutch, and also receiving some notice in a German translation, was done into English in 1871.

One prophecy of what A.D. 2071 might have in store for us, has already been fulfilled in Prof. Graham Bell's telephone—five years instead of two hundred having thus sufficed for its realization. The conceptions of Dr. Dioscorides are so like the realities, that a few of his expressions are worthy of reproduction. "Arrived at my hotel . . . . methought I heard a kind of music, feeble yet melodious in the extreme. The sound approached as near as possible that of the human voice; but still the quality was altogether different. Besides, no artist, male or female, was to be seen in the room."

A small box on the table was found to be the source of the sound; and, taking the affair to be an ordinary musical box, the narrator gazes with no little contempt and surprise on a crowd of serious, enthusiastic men and women clustered round the table. Amazement and indignation result from his question as to the new "musical instrument"; and it is explained that, as the American papers had been writing in terms of most extravagant praise of a new singer, who was to eclipse at once Catalani, Malibran, Sonntag, Jenny Lind and Patti, the opera managers of Europe had hired one of the sub-Atlantic telegraph cables, in order to test her voice by means of the newly invented "telephon."

A glimpse of a possible phonograph is also afforded in this curious little book, in sundry slips of paper on which the results of the singing of the distant cantatrice are being recorded; and the narrator describes the enthusiastic exclamation of a musical editor, as he watches one of the curves: "Won't the connoisseurs be astonished when they *see* a tone like this!"

The trial being satisfactory, an ovation of applause was sent to the singer "by means of another telephon working in the opposite direction"; and the narrative closes, so far as this projected invention is concerned.

It may be of interest to watch if, within a few years, others of the scientific speculations of this Dutch prophet shall be fulfilled, such as "heliochromes," or nature-colored photographs; "energeiathecs," or stores of force; or the production of artificial light and heat for general instead of isolated use. The effort now being made in London to use the electric light for urban illumination is so far a step toward one of the novelties which this book pictures as being in store for the year 2071.

If you have intelligence, modesty best sets it off; if not, best hides your want of it.

A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

A blue mist wraps the peaked mountain tops,
And shrouds the valleys with a wreathed cloud
Of dewy vapor, till the glorious sun
His might puts forth, and with his radiant light
Dispels the haze, and a bright stream of gold
Pours forth, and gildeth all the smiling morn.

'Cross the heath-lands to the neighboring kirk,
Walk the farm-maiden and her stalwart swain;
She, with her snooded hair, in modesty
Down-looking, as the neighbors slow pass by;
He, reverent-speaking of the looked-for day—
Not distant now—when they their lives shall join
In sacred bonds.

Upon the western breeze
Is borne the fragrance of the wide-spread moors,
The pink-tipped gowan bends beneath their feet,
The harebells quiver, and the golden furze
Is thickly blossomed. See! they enter now—
That guileless pair—with all-becoming awe
(His bonnet doffed in silent reverence),
The old gray porch; and as come thronging in
The lairds and peasants—equal each man here
Unto his neighbor, in this holy place—
Chime out the bells, upon the soft Spring air,
Their clear-voiced summons to the House of God

LOANING A LOVER.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

My half-sister, Flossy Selmer, was a little fairy of ten when I was a staid girl of sixteen, and I think our lives would have had little to do with each other but that, about this time, Captain Selmer died, and left Flossy an heiress.

She had been her father's idol, and he left her in undisputed possession of eighty thousand dollars. I was only his stepdaughter; and I believe he never forgot that my mother had been another man's wife—but Flossy, bright and beautiful, the child of his old age, was all his own. He idolized her while he lived. When he died he left her the bulk of his property.

Then we three left the old seaport town where we had lived so long, and went to live at Linden Park, where there was a fashionable seminary, and Flossy was only a child then. But in a strangely short time she developed into a young lady—one of Holmes's real "golden blondes."

I was a blonde, too, with a difference. My old-fashioned name of Caroline had been abbreviated to Calla, which they said suited me. My snow-white face and yellow hair made me look not unlike the cool Ethiopian lily of our garden. And I was a full-blown lily of twenty-two Summers when Flossy was a rosebud of sixteen. She was all blushes, smiles and dimples. She wore pink ribbons—and there was not a male creature for ten miles around Linden Park that was not in love with her. Add to this the well-authenticated rumor that Miss Florence Selmer was an heiress, and you may imagine that, though but sixteen, she did not lack suitors.

The hen who had hatched a duckling was not more worried than was poor mamma. She was so afraid Flossy would be married for her money. Fortune-hunters were mamma's *bête-noir*.

"But I do not think you need be so much troubled," said I to her. "It isn't likely that Flossy will marry at present.

She is so young." I was sewing on my wedding outfit, and mamma was helping me.

"That is just it," she replied. "She is too young to know the importance of such a step, while she is of a marriageable age. I married your father at seventeen myself."

"Flossy is a born coquette," I answered, measuring a ruffle. "I don't think she cares for any one."

"Have you seen that Harley Ford?" asked mamma, after musing a moment over some lace she was matching.

"No. Who is he?"

"Well, he comes home from dancing-school with her sometimes. He goes there to take care of his little sister, he says. They live somewhere out of town. He is much older than Flossy—twenty-five, I should say, and just the kind of man to turn a young girl's head."

"How does he look? Do you think there is lace enough, mamma?"

"Plenty. Well, he has very affable manners—is dark and distinguished-looking. I don't think he's worth a cent, and I believe he is a fortune-hunter."

"Possibly. Flossy ought not to be allowed to pick up acquaintances everywhere."

"He goes in very good society, I believe. She expects to see him to-night at the Altringhams. I wish, Calla, dear, you'd go and take care of Flossy."

"If Mr. Elgin does not come I will, mamma."

I had become acquainted with Mr. Elgin while on a visit to New York the previous Spring.

He had visited us two or three times during the Summer, though it chanced Flossy had seen little of him, and that Fall I had become engaged to him.

Mamma said "he would be a very nice match for me." I think that was the reason. I was not much in love with Mr. Elgin, but I thought he would make a good husband. Of course I had had a girl's dreams of loving better than life, and being exquisitely happy; but, looking with sober eyes upon my surrounding fellow-beings, I saw that no one was exquisitely happy, and so I gave up my dream and made the best of realities.

Mr. Elgin was a decided reality. He was a handsome man, stout and florid, wealthy, and of good position—a better match than most girls with little beauty and no fortune would expect to make. Yes, I was engaged to Mr. Elgin, and we were to be married in the coming May.

It was only February when mamma and I sat making ruffles, matching lace and talking over Flossy's danger. Mr. Elgin was expected in the train that night, but he did not come until the following week.

I went to the Altringhams that night, and Flossy was very glad of my company. Nevertheless, Mr. Harley Ford and his sister Gracia called for her just the same that evening, and we entered the brightly lighted rooms together.

It was only a little neighborhood party. The Fords had been asked because somehow related. The house was lighted and full of flowers; there was music and refreshments, but I recollect nothing distinctly but the object of my attendance. I was certain that Mr. Ford very much admired my sister, and that Flossy liked him.

I told mamma so.

"I knew it!" she cried, excitedly, walking the floor of her chamber in a white wrapper, and looking like a dowager. "He'll elope with her the first thing we know!"

"Not to-night, probably, mamma, and we shall have time to think what is to be done to-morrow. I am very tired."

I could not tell why such a weariness and despondency had come over me. But I had felt that night that there was something in Flossy's bright eyes which I had missed—freedom of choice and enjoyment.

She was exquisitely happy in being admired. It never made me happy to be admired by Mr. Elgin, no matter how successfully my hair was dressed, or how nicely my dress fitted.

Only when Mr. Ford, looking over my cool, green robe, white face and yellow hair, whispered to Flossy, "Calla! Her name suits her!" Then a sweet, exquisite pleasure stirred my heart.

I did not wonder that Flossy liked him. He was very handsome and winning. In the core of my heart I said, "If I were Flossy, I *would* marry him!" Yet I lent myself obediently to mamma's plan.

"A man twenty-five years old—such nonsense! He is much more suitable for you, Calla, and I will tell you what must be done. Flossy will go to the dancing assemblies all the Spring, and Mr. Elgin will be here. You must leave him to her for an escort. Her expected brother-in-law—very suitable; and then this popinjay will be thrown out."

"She may have Mr. Elgin. But I don't think Mr. Ford will force himself upon her," I replied, wearily.

Mr. Elgin came the next week. Mr. Ford called that evening with some flowers for Flossy—mountain laurel—which he had found in great profusion in his walk.

"Tell him that Miss Florence is engaged!" said mamma, sharply, to the servant.

"Oh no, mamma!" I cried, rising and flushing. "Mr. Ford is a gentleman; we must treat him civilly. I will go down and excuse Flossy, and thank him for the flowers."

So noble, so gentle, so kind, so appreciative of the pure delight of the lavish blossoms—my heart acquitted him of every selfish motive in seeking Flossy.

"I shall have a share in them, Mr. Ford," I said, receiving the rosy, glistening clusters. "I shall put them in a great vase on the dinner-table, where we can all enjoy them."

"Do so. I am delighted that you, too, like them," he replied, looking at me earnestly.

What in my heart responded so cordially to those kind, questioning eyes? Why did the tiny cuckoo clock on the mantel peal two silvery half hours before Mr. Ford finally took his leave?

"Pretty well!" cried mamma. "I did not know you had so much art, Calla."

"What, mamma?"

"As to flirt with Mr. Ford."

"It will be only fair, if I am to leave Flossy *my* lover," I replied, with an uneasy laugh.

"Just the thing! You must flirt with him, and keep him out of her way. Meanwhile, Mr. Elgin will be your attendant."

This was mamma's plan. She had Mr. Elgin up in her dressing-room, talking with him for an hour that day, and in the evening he was on hand to go to the assembly with Flossy.

About eight o'clock Mr. Ford called, and I enjoyed his society without restraint.

It seemed as if everything worked like magic for mamma's wishes. Mr. Elgin always came back from the assemblies in good spirits—said they reminded him of his boyhood's days.

I had feared he would be a little bored by the simple, country gayeties. He had been abroad, and frequented much fashionable society.

Since he did not pursue Flossy, mamma became more gracious to Mr. Ford, and one day proposed inviting him to my wedding.

"No, no—not yet," I said, startled, I knew not why.

"Don't speak of my marriage before him," I added. "Do let me enjoy myself as well as I can now. I expect to be dull enough afterward."

Mamma stared, but I went away in a pet.

I seldom saw Mr. Elgin alone. He was at Linden Park as one of the family, and at times I forgot that I was soon to be flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. When I did realize it, a miserable depression settled upon me.

Before I could have anticipated it, the crisis came.

Mr. Elgin had become much abstracted—had scarcely spoken to me for three days, and I thought he had little taste for the company that filled the old mansion — for we had a visitation of country cousins.

Mamma depended on me to be kind to the bucolic youths and bashful girls who were quartered upon us for a week; and Mr. Ford, observing my efforts, came kindly to my aid, and talked cattle and crops with the men, and complimented the girls, until they were all in love with him.

He was passing cake and tea one evening, when he suddenly whispered to me:

"Where is Flossy?"

"I don't know."

"And Mr. Elgin?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Did you know that Mr. Elgin took Flossy to drive this afternoon?"

"No."

"He did. They have not come back, I think, and we are going to have a thunder-shower."

I went to mamma. At first she was not much alarmed; but when nine and ten o'clock came, and the wind blew like a hurricane, she walked about the room like one demented.

How strange that Flossy should have gone without asking leave! And where were they, to be absent such a length of time?

At about half-past ten a boy on horseback rode up to the door and delivered a note to mamma. It read as follows:

"DEAR MRS. SELMER: It will relieve your suspense, if not give you pleasure, to learn that Flossy and I are both safe and well, but will not return to Linden Park until to-morrow, as we have just been married. We are at the Templeton House. Say to Calla that I do not respect and admire her less than formerly, but I had not the fortitude to resist securing the golden prize placed within my hand. No man of the world would do otherwise than as I have done. I shall endeavor to make Flossy a good husband, and Calla must look out for a more faithful lover.

"Respectfully, ROBERT ELGIN."

LOANING A LOVER.—"'ELOPED!' SCREAMED MAMMA, HOLDING THE LETTER IN HER HAND. 'ELOPED!' I FALTERED. 'ELOPED!' CRIED ALL THE COUNTRY COUSINS."

"Eloped!" screamed mamma, holding the letter in her hand.

"Eloped!" I faltered.

"Eloped!" cried all the country cousins.

Only Harley Ford said nothing, but a strange light came into his dark eyes. He did not approach me until the confused household was in order—at twelve o'clock at night—and then he came to say good-night. He held my hand.

"Calla, you are free now. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I love you. Are you sorry for that?"

"No."

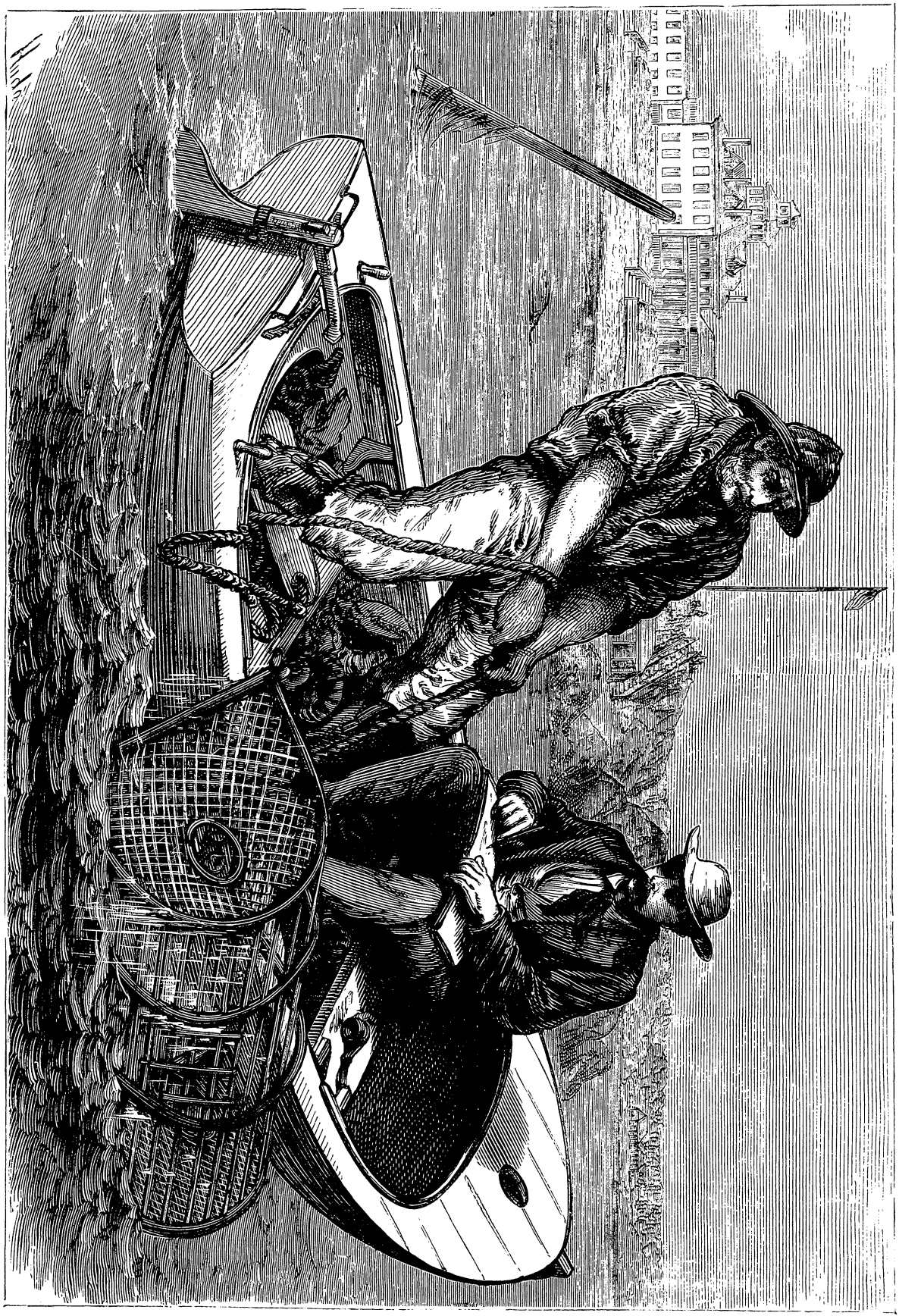
"Do you love me?"

"Dearly."

"Then there shall be a wedding at Linden Park, after all; for I am not a fortune-hunter, as has been reported, nor am I a poor man. I am sole heir to an uncle worth a cool hundred thousand. Not such an ineligible son-in-law your mamma will think—eh?"

Mamma was satisfied. So was everybody, I think. But I learned a lesson: It is dangerous work—loaning a lover.

PATIENCE is very good, but perseverance is much better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.



LOBSTER SALAD.—LOBSTER-FISHING OFF COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS BAY.—SKETCHED BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LOBSTER SALAD.

By Greville Fennell.

"My salad days! when I was green in judgment—cold in blood."
—*Shakespeare.*

Although the oyster is said to be the most incomprehensible of crustacea, as—

"It wears a beard without a chin,
And gets out of bed to be tucked in,"

the lobster in its turn claims its share of physical eccentricities, as may be gathered from the following description by a reverend lecturer:

"A lobster is a standing romance of the sea. An animal whose clothing is a shell, which it casts away from time to time in order that it may put on a larger suit. An animal whose flesh is in its tail and legs, and whose hair is in the inside of its breast; whose stomach is in its head, and which is changed every year for a new one, and which new one begins its life by devouring the old! An animal which carries its eggs within its body until they become fruitful, and then hides them away outwardly under its tail. An animal which can throw off its legs when they become troublesome, and can in a brief time replace them with others; and, lastly, an animal with very sharp eyes placed in movable horns."

This picture is far from overdrawn.

The tale of the lobster is lost in the mist of ages. "Antediluvial monuments" found in the East are said to portray the rude forms of the lobster, which perhaps might be difficult to determine from that of the scorpion. There is, however, but little doubt that its remote antiquity is sufficient to place it with other notoriously ancient creatures of the ocean.

Dr. Robert Blakey, adopting the antediluvian hypothesis of its then existence, says: "Only think of Adam and his immediate descendants regaling themselves on boiled lobsters, or indulging in the stimulating properties of the various forms of sauces! Who knows the part lobsters may have taken in the roystering and Bacchanalian revelries among the citizens of the Plains—how many convivial spirits were wont to gather in the evenings around its savory fumes, preparing to whet the appetite for more varied and sensual indulgences, ere their gluttony and other sins consigned them to divine chastisement! Speculations crowd on our mind in all shapes and forms when we think of the lobster feasts before the Flood."

In old cookery-books the lobster holds a high place as a soother of irritability, which is somewhat contradictory, when we know that the eating of them by some will bring a sort of nettle-rash out over the face and body.

Yet Belon tells us that Alexander the Great was so enamored of this shell-fish that his courtiers always endeavored to allay his periodical paroxysms of passion by furnishing him with lobsters, either in the entire state or as a sauce to other viands; and Cicero is said to have made one of his greatest triumphs of oratory after a repast of stewed lobsters.

The Emperor Vitellius, at a dinner given to his brother, placed eight hundred lobsters before his guests; but we are not told the number of the invited. However, they may be easily enumerated if they all had appetites equal to that of the Roman Emperor Maximinus, who, it is affirmed, devoured twenty large lobsters at one sitting.

Aristotle describes this fish, and pottery bearing its effigy has been brought to light in the excavations of the ruins of Herculaneum.

In "Thinges that Be Olde and Newe" (1611), we learn that Charlemagne and his private secretary, Eginherd, used to closet themselves every night to feast on this excellent dish, and that a severe punishment was inflicted on those fishmongers who presented stale lobsters for sale.

The Papal Court for centuries patronized the lobster, little cliques of lobster-supper eaters being common amongst the clergy; indeed, a Pope absolutely gorged himself to death on this luxury.

Bellinda ("Opera," Book VI.) recounts how "a celebrated general, who commanded the troops of the Church before the attack of Regusa, refused to go to battle unless his favorite dish of lobsters was served up to him."

Some excellent anecdotes are related of lobster eaters in "Old Faces and New Masks," including references to Lord Lyttleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, John Horne Tooke, Porson and others, which our space does not permit us to extract.

Dr. Parr once informed a friend that he "wrote some of his finest pieces after a supper on hot boiled lobsters and shrimp sauce."

Old Elwes, the miser, was well known for his partiality to this delicacy, and it appears to have been the only fish that could get its claw successfully into his pocket.

It is said of this penurious man, that at the famous sitting at whist held with the Duke of Northumberland of that period, and two other gamblers, which lasted for three days and three nights without the parties retiring to their bedrooms, Elwes lived almost solely on chocolate and lobsters. After paying the balance of his losses—eight hundred pounds—he rang the bell and ordered the waiter to bring him the tail of a good lobster, with which he set off to Harrow Common, where he resided.

There are several legends and miracles in which the lobster plays an active part, and it has greatly figured in caricature, while a few poems have been written to its honor, particularly that by *Punch* of "Lobster Salad," to the air of "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

Jeux-d'esprit are likewise sprinkled plentifully through our literature, but the one of the pert, punning Oxford waitress we have never met with in print.

The girl, getting impatient with a student who could not make up his mind what to have for supper, exclaimed, "Say, lad, you'll have a salad!" and was promptly and alliteratively answered, "Well then, Letty, let us have a lobster and a lettuce."

During the early period of its growth, the lobster casts the whole of its shell frequently—in the second year every two months—but as its size increases a new dress is less often required, till at last, when arrived at the fullness of physical dignity, its armor grows as it were rusty, and becomes coated over with parasitic shells.

Dr. Peard tells us that "the lobster only increases in size during the short period of molting, but this increase is so great that it is almost as difficult to believe the cast-off clothes ever fitted the large, fleshy mass lying languidly beside them, as that the gigantic Genie ever came out of the jar, the lid of which had been, in an evil hour, removed by the Arabian fisherman."

The place in which the spawn is produced is near the tail, where a red, coral-like substance may always be found. This mass, composed of atoms closely adherent, is, in fact, spawn too crude for exclusion.

When the pea is sufficiently ripe, the fish has the power to place her eggs under the protection of her over-arching shell, where they advance gradually to maturity; one lobster producing from 20,000 to 25,000 eggs each season.

The spawn is thus carried by the mother till nearly fit to commence independent life, and when cast off it soon gives birth to the young lobster, which grows rapidly, but passes through many changes before it assumes the form and color with which ordinary observers are most familiar.

Enormous as is the increase from a single female lobster, their numbers are considerably diminished by predatory fish, which devour them with great avidity and relish. But we are told that the mother protects her progeny to the utmost, and by no means ceases her care with the deposit of her spawn, but continues it in a very pleasing and interesting manner, longer than in most animals of a far higher grade of organization. Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen, during the season, the old lobsters with their young around them. "Some of these infants have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peeping out from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fisherman, when herself and young family took refuge under the rock; the rattling was, no doubt, to give the alarm. This is told by old and experienced men, without the slightest concert or question of collusion."

Who, after this, will not believe in the loves of the lobsters as willingly as in an oyster crossed in its affections?"

"The lobster's home," says Dr. Peard, "is in the purest water, beneath which he walks through brown and tangled forests of palmy weeds, a warrior in full panoply, ever ready to do battle with all comers."

It is here, in rocky ground and in the fastnesses such localities afford to a creature so frequently defenseless, he feeds, chiefly on the aquatic vegetation which surrounds him, chopping up *his* salad with the large claw, little conscious how his example may be followed by man, at a feast at which he may be the principal invited guest.

Lobsters are generally taken in pots made of willow twigs, and Cornwall Simeon tells us in his "Stray Notes" how he utilized—while in shooting quarters by some of the Western Islands—with great success a common drum net, and caught some very fine fellows.

Lobsters and crabs differ in their tastes. Lobsters will be attracted by almost any description of offal, the more putrescent the better; the crab will refuse to enter if the bait is not sweet and fresh.

Dr. Blakey says the lobster is considered an unclean eater, and is often called the scavenger of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on dead or living substances of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell, although no distinct organs for this office have been as yet detected. His carnivorous voracity leads to the animal's destruction. Baited traps made of strong twigs, like the common wire mouse-traps, are lowered into the water, and marked with a buoy, and these become the most effectual means of capturing this epicurean crustacean. In some parts strong bag-nets are used.

We have known lobsters occasionally taken in deep line fishing, but they generally fall off from their attachment to the bait if they are not most carefully lifted into the boat, being scarcely ever securely hooked.

In J. G. Campbell's "Life in Normandy," there is an amusing description of the sniggling of lobsters by the Normandy peasant girls; the cuttle or squid fish being thrust with a short twig into suspected crevices of the rocks, from whence lobsters tempted to follow the bait from the entrance are received in a landing-net in wait for them.

There is likewise a good description of a sort of picnic of gourmands, from which we summarize the following:

The lobster being fixed upon the spit (we should hope it has been boiled first), is basted continually with a sauce, which is a secret. As the heat touches the animal the shell slightly opens, and through these cracks the rich sauce enters, and amalgamates with the flesh within the shell. As the process advances the flesh dilates, and these cracks become wider; to prevent which, or perhaps to prevent the *plat* from being too rich, a choporlure of champagne is poured over it. The wine flows into the dripping-pan, where it is well-mixed with the first sauce; and the process of constantly basting is still kept up till the animal is thoroughly done, when it is served as hot as possible, the sauce being strained and sent with it; although this is scarcely necessary, for the great beauty of the dish is that the sauce and the fish are so intimately amalgamated within the shell, that it requires no addition whatever, being juicy, savory and super-excellent.

It is said that, in New York and London, lobsters are sometimes boiled and reboiled every day for a week or longer, to keep them sweet externally; but, notwithstanding this precaution, their inner parts lose first their firmness and consistency, then become watery, and ultimately putrid.

It is told that while an ambassador from India was staying at an hotel in London, from the balcony of which his daily habit was to watch the people along the Strand, he was persistently requested every morning by an itinerant fishmonger to "buy a lobster." At length this perseverance induced the nabob to ask the landlord, through his interpreter, to reward the man by his patronage, and the purchase was duly placed before him; but the flavor being so offensive, it had to be removed. The next morning, true to his habit, the man was again beneath the window requesting a like favor, when the enraged Indian poured upon his devoted head a volley of anathemas which, being translated, the man replied that it was the gentleman's own fault that the lobster was not fresh, for he had asked him every day for a week previously to buy it! The Indian is said to have been so pleased with so Oriental an excuse, that he regaled upon fresh lobsters every morning afterward.

We have mentioned that an immodcrate use of lobsters is sometimes attended with eruptions on the face, or a species of nettle-rash over the body; but we are inclined to believe that these effects proceed almost entirely from the meat of the lobster being in an unfresh state.

The best course is always to purchase the lobster alive; you thus insure its freshness. We say alive, for we do not mean only unboiled and in its blue-black armor, but when full of activity and vigor; for it may be that, although unboiled, it has met a natural death, the date of which is unknown, either in the well-boats, or in the wooden trunks or baskets in which they have been confined *en masse*.

All writers and practical men agree that favorable localities for the lobster may be rapidly found out, and that the demand is of late becoming greater than the supply; and that the time must arrive, if we desire to renew our lobster resources, when practical water-farming will be applied to the cultivation of the lobster and other crustaceans.

Dr. Peard urges an immediate attention to this subject, and after giving instances of the rapidity with which lobster-beds may be deteriorated, tells us: "The only experiment in lobster-farming with which we are acquainted, was made in 1866 by Mr. Hart, at Hayling Island, Hampshire, who early in that year placed about two dozen lobsters in a small pond, supplied at Spring-tides with water from the neighboring estuary. I visited the nursery in the Autumn, when I saw thousands of infant lobsters. From causes with which we, perhaps, are not acquainted, the brood perished during the Winter.

Mr. Hart was perfectly aware that the experiment could scarcely have been tried under more unfavorable circumstances. The pond seemed to want all that we are accustomed to consider essential to lobster-life; yet the old fish spawned, the young ones grew, and all promised fair, till either the frost or the want of some indispensable conditions killed them.

"But who can say this attempt has been in vain? It proved that lobsters can be domesticated, and has left no doubt on our minds that under more favorable circumstances lobster-farming will prove a great success."

Many persons give a preference to the male or cock-lobster, as possessing flesh of a more firm and delicate flavor, and as presenting also a more pleasing appearance to the eye; but the majority of really accepted *bons vivants* are in favor of the hen.

The common way of testing the freshness of a boiled lobster is to try the spring of the tail, which is strong and elastic if the fish be fresh, but slack and loose if otherwise.

The lobster season is presumed to come in with Summer, picnics, and races. The cracking of lobster-claws is generally in full force from March until the end of August, but there are those who affirm this to be an error alike unjust toward mankind in general, and the stomach and palate of the epicure in particular; inasmuch as it is after August that the adult lobster casts its coat, acquires an inordinate appetite, and rapidly attains flesh and condition, with a fullness of flavor which far surpasses its gastronomic attractions during any other period of the year. It is then, and then only, that a lobster offers the highest excellence and nutrition, and is deserving of all that has been said in its favor.

But, on the other hand, there are those, equally entitled to be heard, who assert that there is no particular season for molting, which, they say, varies with the temperature of the water it inhabits, and other influences. Therefore they urge that there are no just grounds for maintaining, like the Dutchman's song in favor of drinking, that it is not always in season.

We are, however, inclined to believe that vegetable, and not altogether animal, influences exert the greater effect upon the selection of the lobster season; for do we not often think first whether a lettuce can be secured, and then of the lobster?—the crisp and fresh salad, so grateful and cooling to the human interior, throwing the mind from the garden into the shop of the fishdealer.

Is it not the season, likewise, when the Alderney cow takes *her* salad?—crops the luxuriant meadow, and converts the herb of the field, by Nature's wondrous alchemy, into rich and luxurious cream, thus blending in our imaginations—if not in the bowl—the essential conditions of a concoction which no man was ever bold enough to refuse when left alone with it, and seldom when in company.

But if a caution be necessary before partaking of this most delectable of all refections, it would be—after the manner of the house-painter—"Beware of the oil."

True cream is certainly to be preferred, but it is not always to be obtained, and then oil is resorted to; but be sure that it is free from taint, or you will deprive your dish of all aroma, and your lettuce of all succulence. Rather do without than render the whole intolerable to any palate but that of a Laplander. Tastes differ.

> "Every one to their opinions;
> Some like apples and some like ignions,"

is a vulgar but a very true axiom.

LOBSTER SALAD.—THE YOUNG LOBSTER MERCHANTS.

THOSE who have resources within themselves and dare to live alone, want friends the least, but know how to prize them the most.

'HALF BLOTTED OUT.—"TAKING IT UP CARELESSLY, I FOUND, WITH A START, THAT IT WAS ADDRESSED TO MYSELF, AND IN HARNESS COGHLAN'S WRITING."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

HALF BLOTTED OUT.

By Annie Thomas.

WE had been married six years, and I was—my glass and men's attentions told me—a more attractive woman than I had been when Geoffrey Spalding persuaded me to be his wife after a six weeks' acquaintance.

Our marriage, hasty, ill-advised, based on "no solid foundation of mutual esteem," as all our friends on both sides kindly observed, had turned out very well on the whole.

My husband had discovered that all the women in the world were not to be cowed, snubbed, kept in check and expected to be patiently grateful if he were not in an irritable mood, after the manner of his old-maid sister. And I had discovered that my husband, excellent though he was morally, was extremely difficult to dwell with in peace unless I restrained myself, and gave in to him on all occasions.

There had been no romance in our marriage, hasty as it had been, and there was very little love in our union. Nevertheless, we jogged along together tolerably well, and if in a burst of wounded feeling, occasionally, I yearned to break my bonds, the world was never the wiser for it.

To a passionate, intense nature, such as I was blessed or cursed with, the want of sympathy I experienced from my husband was a terrible trial. I wanted no maudlin, semi-sentimental expression of it from him, but it galled and fretted me perpetually that he should so fail to understand me as to jar upon my moods, and fail to understand them upon all occasions, however antagonistic they were in reality to him and his interests.

Nevertheless, in spite of the many incongruities of our marriage, and the many points of disunion and disagreement between us, our marriage was not an absolutely unhappy one. I strove with all the power and might within me to learn the great lesson of forbearance with a nature that was less liberal, lavish and warm than my own, while on his part he was restrained from any strong manifestation of ill-temper against me by religious feeling, and a deep conviction of the necessity of self-government.

Additionally there was the bond between us of a deep affection for our three children, and as we had many minor tastes in common, such as a love for horses and dogs, and old oak and china, our union was, as I said before, not an absolutely unhappy one.

My husband's occupation—he was a lawyer, and had a moderately good practice—took him away from home during many hours of every day, as our house was in Kensington, and his chambers were in Gray's Inn.

After the manner of the majority of wives in our grade of life, I was naturally alone a great deal, and so, as my children grew out of babyhood, and monopolized less and less of my time and attention, I took to weaving romances and writing them. At first I did this without any special aim, but after a time I got my stories accepted by two or three of the leading magazines, and so gradually I came to be looked upon as a professional writer, and found my way into literary society.

All this time, though I wrote of love and life, and poured out daily page after page of passion and pathos, I in reality knew very little about these things. I was accustomed to be sought by men, and to be flattered by them, for I had the art, they said, of throwing the ball of conversation back quickly, and I had also the winning power of a prompt appreciation—that power which men who have done anything worthy of appreciation are so ready to recognize. But my flirtations were of the colorless, cool order that stop short of interest. I moved along my path in life so prosaically, that my heart never gave one throb the more at the approach of any human being.

But all the time I was conscious in a vague kind of way that there was within me a wealth of passionate feeling, and that, like poor Guinevere, I yearned for "more warmth and color" than brightened my existence. There was something unfulfilled—some possibility of the high enjoyment of a happiness that had never come in my way about me. I went on living my daily life, performing my daily duties, going on smilingly enough through the routine work of my career as wife, mother, and mistress of a household. But only the Creator who created me knew how I felt the vacuum in my loveless life—how I pined for the "warmth and color" that makes at one and the same time the blessing and the curse, the glory and the shame, of many a woman's life.

It shone out upon and scorched me at last—shone out in a matter-of-fact, unromantic way that did not prepare me for the danger to come. I had gone to a friend's house one night to meet a number of the confraternity of letters, and was getting through the hours much in my usual way, when there came a little stir in the assembly, and I heard murmurs around me that roused my attention and interest. Two men were ushered into the room, and were impressively received by our hostess, herself a well-known writer of fiction, a warm admirer of talent in whatever guise it presented itself before her, and a universal favorite in society.

I looked at them with lazy interest for a minute or two. They had been announced, the one as Count Oscar de Riviere; the other as Mr. Harness Coghlan.

The unmistakably Irish name of the latter fell pleasantly upon my ears, bringing with it, as it did, thoughts of a land that I had been brought up to love almost as a living thing, and I turned to one of the men with whom I was in conversation with the inquiry:

"Which of those two is the Irishman?"

"The tall, handsome fellow, I feel sure," was the reply. "Come, Mrs. Spalding, your natural enthusiasm ought to have made you decide on the instant that the honors of the best appearance belonged to the representative of the 'first flower of the earth'; the little fellow with the light hair is the count for any money."

"I am very glad," I said, simply; just as I always express my gladness when an Irish horse wins the Derby, or an Irish greyhound takes the Waterloo Cup. It comes as natural to me as breathing, to rejoice in every score, however small, that Erin makes. Therefore I did feel satisfaction now at this one of her sons being the handsomest and most distinguished man in the room.

Presently, I knew it would come, and so I waited patiently for it. The first step toward intercourse with him was taken by his friend the count being introduced to me. For more than an hour we talked together out on a quiet seat by the window, and all the while, though he spoke fluently, and in a cultivated way, about many things that interested me, I longed, yearned, pined for the moment to come when his friend should take his place. All too soon for my future happiness that moment came.

It was the young, light-haired, foreign count, after all, who introduced him to me. He brought Harness Coghlan to me, and almost before the echo of our names had died off his lips we were saying to each other: "I have been wishing to know you all the evening."

The next moment he offered me his arm, and led me

into a retired corner, where we could chat undisturbed. As we went along, he said to me, in that wonderful, superb manner of his, which was frank, and fiery, and overwhelming, without being in the least degree flippant or impertinent:

"Now for a strong flirtation! I thought, just now, that it was my usual luck, and that I should not be able to get to know the one person in the room who attracted me."

"Everything comes to the man who waits," I laughed, and he replied:

"*Does* everything? Ah!" (as one of my friends called to me from the drawing-room), "don't go back—stay with me!"

"You darling Irishman!" I said, lightly; for I only wanted the intellectual and sympathetic enjoyment of the hour; and he replied:

"You charming Englishwoman! If ever a man's soul was set on fire at first sight, mine is by you to-night."

"I am not an Englishwoman," I said, quickly, ignoring the latter part and latent meaning of his speech. "My father was an Irishman, and he taught me to love the country, and all connected with it, as carefully as my dear Scotch mother taught me religion."

So we went on, for the remainder of that night, absorbed in one another, deaf to the remonstrances of the friends who tried occasionally to intervene: he winning me, every moment, more and more by an unintentional display of a brain-power that I could but admire, and I pleasing him, I suppose, by the fervent ardor with which I strove to respond to every call he made upon my intelligence.

Need I tell how it went on till he became the motive power, the ruling object of my life? I saw him again the next evening, when I had a reception at my own house, and again we seemed to find it impossible to keep apart from each other.

What has love to do with brain? Before I had known Harness Coghlan a week, I loved him better than my life or my honor. That I did not forfeit my matron's crown was due to God's providence, not to my prudence. I worshiped him, believed in him, admired him more than language can express.

Weak, vain, unsubstantial as it all was, the memory of the sound of the voice in which he used to pour out his promises and protestations still rings in my ears. He offered me the devotion of a life, the fidelity of a man of honor toward a woman who has lost her high estate for *his* sake, the abnegation of his official career in Ireland—all, everything—if only I would give him all my heart, all my thoughts, all the passionate love of which he had discovered me to be capable.

What a struggle it was to refrain from tearing off the mask, and showing to the world the mad, desperate love that filled my heart! How I got through the round of my daily duties when he was absent from me was a marvel to me then, and is a mystery to me now.

I lived in a state of feverish excitement, in a palace of fancy, in which bright visions were for ever being flashed before me of the joyous future I should have when he could give me more of his society.

I drugged my conscience, and refused to listen to its pricks when it told me that such love as mine must lead to madness and to crime. I tried to forget that I was a wife. But I failed, and still more signally did I fail when I strove to forget that I was a mother.

The thought of my little innocent, beautiful children would drown even his passionate pleadings. The remembrance of the debt I had incurred to them would blur the lovelit future he painted for me if I would be only all his own.

Fate, with a kindness I did not deserve, parted us, too, at this juncture, and there was little danger in the correspondence which had to be so guardedly worded.

But still, by allusions which none but I could understand, by quotations which might have been written in a dead language, as far as other people's comprehension of them went, but which were full of a most glowing meaning to me, he kept the fatal flame alight.

Over and over again I made the resolution to fling free of this passionate slavery, whatever the effort might cost me. Over and over again I broke these resolutions, and hugged my cherished chains more closely still.

During those days of delirium, how eloquent I became in my entreaties that he would not permit any of the interminable official complications to hinder him from coming back to the sphere to which I was condemned. How I girded against the series of accidents which he said prevented him from returning to the one presence which made his life "a glory," he said! How long the days were that intervened between the dates which he constantly fixed as the very latest he should arrive at, and the receipt of the letters in which he fixed them! How mechanically I went through my work, and my social and domestic duties! How dull and tame everything was, and how pitiably I relied implicitly upon him!

At length he wrote and told me of a journey he was compelled to take—a "a journey almost in despair," he said, for it would delay his coming to see me for several days, and the business which took him upon it was not congenial.

A sad, foreboding spirit seemed to brood over this letter, and I was in such strong and thorough sympathy with him, that my heart grew sad and foreboding too. The pillars of the slight, unsubstantial, glittering palace of love and romance which we had erected together seemed to me to be tottering. And jealously, after reading and re-reading his letter, I wrote and adjured him to tell me, for God's sake, if there "was a woman in the case."

His answer was an earnest, hearty, almost indignant protest against the unfoundedness and injustice of my suspicion. My letter had hurt him, he said, and nothing but one, tender and trusting as of old, could remove the sting. Accordingly, I wrote the tender and trusting effusion, and steeped my soul in a stronger sense of security than ever concerning him.

Nevertheless, I ached at the necessity which still delayed his coming, and tried in vain to stifle a vague fear that some soul-sickening result would eventuate from it.

A few days elapsed, and no tidings from him reached me. I chafed and fretted sorely at the withdrawal of the almost daily excitement his letters had been to me. I hungered for the post to come in every two or three hours, and my heart went down to fearful depths when each double knock heralded a fresh disappointment.

It—the well-known missive directed to me in the dearly-beloved handwriting—was handed to me at last one morning, when, luckily for myself, I chanced to be alone.

The first few lines were, it struck me, strangely unlike those he usually wrote. But, before I had time to feel more than a transient pang of surprise at this, the blow that deadened every other pain I had ever felt in my life fell!

Without his even having given me a single word of preparation for the disclosure which he must have felt all along must be made at some time or other, and which, when made, he must have felt would half kill me, I came upon these words of doom now:

"We reached Chester safely two nights ago; then met Mrs. Gray" (Mrs. Gray was the friend at whose house I had first met him). "She is to dine with us *en-famille* to-night. She seemed

A CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.— SEE PAGE 181.

much astonished when I mentioned my wife to her, and asked if Mrs. Spalding knew that I was a married man. I said 'No; marriage never came upon the tapis in conversation with Mrs. Spalding,' and added that I had no desire to publish my misfortunes."

This to me! This from the ardent lover of my life, who had vowed to me in the deepest, most tremulous tones of passion that he had met his fate in meeting me, and that for the return of my love he would devote his life to me while it lasted! This from the man who had scoffed at the idea when I had questioned him of being "engaged"! This from the man who, when I had spoken of the pain the mere possibility of his ever marrying gave me, had vowed before God that I should never be given that pain! This from the man whom I had endowed with every noble, heroic, plucky, fiery and frank quality! This from Harness Coghlan, the Irish god of my matured imagination—the passion of my life!

I shall never forget the agonizing sensations I endured, nor the most paltry details of the scene in which those sensations assailed me. My first impulse was to secure myself from the possibility of observation by locking the door. My next was to place my trembling limbs on a sofa, to try and clear my dimmed vision, and to re-read the terrible lines which had crushed me, in the hope (ah! how vain I felt this hope to be all the time!) of finding out that I had made some mistake.

"He is only trying me; he has written this in fun to see how much I love him, how much I will stand."

But though I told myself this, I knew all the while that I was cheating myself, and that at last Harness Coghlan had told me the truth.

In my anguish and despair the thought rushed in and exaggerated every pang, that *I* had been false to my marriage vow, at least, in heart. But I almost acquitted myself in the paroxysms of my jealous wrath, as I told myself that he had been doubly false—false to his wife, and false to me as a friend.

Yet through all my rage I loved him still, and words failed me, and my pen faltered, when I tried vainly to indite some bitter sentences of reproach and abnegation to him. The hardest thing I could bring myself to write was: "I trusted you so thoroughly!"

Such mental agony as I was enduring invariably tells upon the physical powers, and I found myself growing more and more languid, more and more incapable of the work that it was needful should be done for the welfare of my children. I could not paint the loves and joys, the disappointments and woes of others properly, while I myself seemed but a mass of memories, and every memory was of him.

By-and-by there came another note from him—a brief, unhappy little note, though there was nothing definite in it. He declared himself to be "out of humor and out of spirits," and all my soul melted within me at the thought of his sufferings on my account.

I painted a little picture of renewed relations between us, established on a firm, friendly, honorable footing. I told myself that this honorable realliance would bring peace to my heart, and never a blush to my cheek. I told myself that I would love him as a brother, rely on him as a friend, urge him on to every high endeavor, sympathize with him as only a woman who had loved him could sympathize.

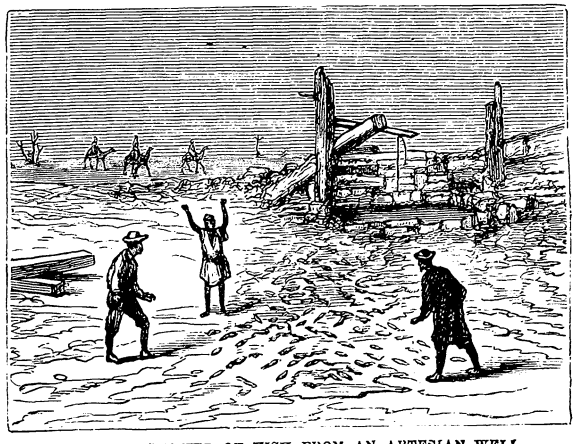
When I had told myself these things sufficiently often to have learned my lesson well, I wrote to him, seeking to put before him the fact that, though all passion had been crushed out of me, I had a warm, tender interest in him still; begging that friendship—pure, simple and straightforward—might take the place of love that was born of these things, and reminding him "that, though now all danger was over, it was only mean natures that would forbear from expressing an honorable regard for one another still."

How eagerly I waited for a reply to that appeal! How impatiently I longed to be able to justify my ill-fated love for him, by receiving a few words of response to my warm prayer that we stand upon a higher, nobler, safer platform! How I nursed my belief in his integrity still, in spite of all that had gone before! and I told myself that, at length, when this man should stand in friendship only by my side, I should be able to look husband and children and the world in the face with an unclouded conscience.

It never came! The letter that I longed for never reached me, and I was left a prey to uncertainty and conjecture. The desperate doubt assailed me now and crushed me to the earth, that he had never loved me, that he had only striven to win, in order to try his power over me; and that I had been the victim of a threefold delusion and cheat!

Can any erring, but not fallen, sister-woman of mine sympathize with me when I confess that this was the bitterest drop of all in my bitter cup?

I grew so gloomy and self-contained, so unutterably sad



A CURIOUS SHOWER OF FISH FROM AN ARTESIAN WELL. SEE PAGE 182.

and silent, that my youth seemed to vanish altogether, leaving me a careworn, middle-aged-looking woman, on whom the world thought, pityingly, the cares of the family and of the household sat too heavily.

All my vivacity was gone, all my love of society, all my enjoyment of intellectual intercourse; and this was the work of the man who had made "me his toy without loving me," I told myself hopelessly, not "angrily." I was far too heart-sick and life-sick to feel anger against any one.

I hailed with almost pleasure a proposal that my husband made to me some time after the last flicker of hope had gone out, that I should accompany him to Chester, where some law business called him.

We reached the beautiful, picturesque, un-English-looking old city in time for him to go out and transact some portion of his business before dinner that night; and while he was away, I amused myself by inspecting some of the quaint old carved furniture that I found in my bedroom. Especially a bureau attracted my attention, and I found myself giving all my energies to the discovery of secret drawers and spring-flaps.

THE ACTRESS AND THE METHODIST PREACHER.—"LADY, PARDON THE FREEDOM OF A STRANGER, BUT WOULD TO THE LORD THEY WERE ALL LIKE THEE."

Presently a little drawer shot out unexpectedly, and I saw lying in it a letter addressed, sealed and stamped. Taking it up carelessly, I found, with a start, that it was addressed to myself, in Harness Coghlan's writing. Opening it quickly, I found these words, written hastily evidently, and half blotted out by the way in which the letter had been folded while the ink was wet—half blotted out, but still clear and comforting to me:

"My Darling, my poor injured, I can never see you again! You innocently suppose that I, who descended to deception for the first time in my life, for the sake of winning the love that you would have withheld from me had you known of *that other's* claim—you innocently suppose that I could keep a brother's true heart, and play a brother's honest part to you! It is not so! I love you too well to delude myself into the belief that Platonism could ever reign in the place of the passion which burst into my soul the first time I saw you, and will remain there, fresh and hot as ever, while I live. My lost love, but *my* love for ever and ever, good-by.

"Harness Coghlan."

With a cry of thankfulness that I had been the one to find the letter, I bent my head and my heart in perfect submission at last to the Fate which had parted us, but which had been powerless to do more than half blot out our love.

THE ACTRESS AND THE METHODIST PREACHER.

During Mrs. Jordan's short stay at Chester, England, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt of forty shillings had increased in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds.

As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume: "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable."

The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated, as Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with her children followed her; and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch, dropping on her knees, and, with much grateful emotion, exclaiming:

"God for ever bless you, madam! You have saved me and my poor children from ruin!"

The children, beholding their mother in tears, added their cries to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold but with a strong feeling of sympathy.

The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes. However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and, stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound-note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied:

"There, there, now it's all over. Go, good woman; God bless you! Don't say another word."

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happpened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting

scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and, holding out his hand, exclaimed with a deep sigh :

"Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord they were all like thee!"

The figure of this man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable rather the worse for wear covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humor, retreating a few paces, she replied :

"No, I won't shake hands with you."

"Why ?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil."

"The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed ; and do you think I can behold a sinner fulfilling the commands of my great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love ?"

"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say ; but—I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player."

The preacher sighed.

"Yes, I am a player, and you must have heard of me—Mrs. Jordan is my name."

After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and, with a complacent countenance, replied :

"The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of His Spirit ; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together. The offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded arm-in-arm to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying :

"Fare thee well, sister. I know not what the principles of thy calling may be. Thou art the first I ever conversed with ; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee!*'"

A CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT—THE HINDOO THROAT FLUTE.

The Hindoos have a number of musical instruments, some of which claim a high antiquity ; but there is one which is extremely curious, not so much from its form or structure as from the fact that it is played neither with the mouth nor an air-bag, nor with strings nor by striking. It consists of two small silver trumpets, with a very delicate apparatus within. There are no holes as in a flute.

When the Prince of Wales was in India, the Baboo Kally Prosonno Bannerjee played on these instruments before him, and excited the greatest interest, completely puzzling all to conceive how he really produced the sounds ; for he did not place the mouth of the trumpet to his lips, but to his neck. Some thought him a ventriloquist, and that the trumpets were merely used to create a false impression.

It proved, however, that the delicate apparatus was so sensitive that the variations of sound were produced by the variation in the quantity of air propelled through by the pulsations of the neck, being greater or less according to the pressure on the mouthpiece.

Nothing could be more curious than to see the performer and to hear the soft, sweet musical sounds that issued from the silver trumpets.

A CURIOUS SHOWER OF FISH FROM AN ARTESIAN WELL.

It is recorded that on several occasions, when those convulsions which precede violent volcanic eruptions in the great range of the Andes have shattered its enormous masses, and opened deep subterranean chasms and fissures, not only tufa and water have been vomited forth, but also *fishes* in very considerable quantities. Many of the artesian wells which have been opened by French engineers in the waterless districts of Algeria have furnished examples of a similar nature.

When the water rose to the surface of the Aïn-Tala well, which is one hundred and forty-five feet in depth, some small fish were discovered among the sand thrown out at the well's mouth. They did not exceed a couple of inches in length.

The male was distinguished from the female by transversal bars. Though these little creatures spent their lives in the darkness, their eyes were regularly formed. It will be curious if artesian wells sunk in the Staked Plains will show the same phenomenon.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

I have lately seen an old horse at Bourn, in Lincolnshire, says a contributor to the London *Field*, on the history of which I can thoroughly rely, and it is so remarkable that I think it worth publication. I have seen the horse myself, and, as far as personal observation goes, I can thoroughly indorse the story.

The horse is aged twenty-two ; of the old, short-legged coaching stamp, and has been in the possession of the present owner upward of sixteen years, during which period he has only had three days' rest, not excluding even Sundays. His work has been to run a heavy mail-cart from Bourn to Swayfield, a distance of fourteen miles, including the return journey, every day, and one day a week, two miles extra.

The horse leaves Bourn between six and seven in the morning, and reaches Bourn about seven in the evening. During his recreation at Swayfield, the horse is kept in further exercise by working at the plow and other work upon a farm. He is without blemish, and in capital condition.

His work for the last sixteen years has been so uniform that the horse knows the particular places he has to stop at on given days of the week ; for instance, he persistently stops at the barber's shop on Tuesdays and Fridays, and six days a week he stops at a draper's shop for parcels, and on Sundays he won't stop at either place. His owner is so fond of him that, with a sort of feeling of Tom Moody, he hopes that he and his horse may be buried together.

A Natural Theatre.—A natural theatre exists in the Blue Mountains, not far from Cañon City, Oregon. Passing through some rifts of rock similar to a grand staircase, a regular stage is reached, raised some forty feet from the floor, and having an overhanging arch with "flats" and "flies," and spaces for dressing-rooms on each side, while the back is regularly shaped for the reception of scenery. In front rise ledges suggestive of the different tiers of seats in the auditorium. There is not a sign of vegetation about the "Temple," as it is called ; all is bleak, bare and towering.

ABOUT A SILVER BELL.

By Frank H. Converse.

AM as free from any taint of superstition as any busy, matter-of-fact woman can possibly be, regarding presentiments and warnings as forerunners of dyspepsia, and the claptrap of modern spiritualism as two-thirds charlatanism and one-third credulity.

In no way, however, do I attempt to account for, theorize upon or explain away the facts which I have written down at the oft-repeated solicitation of brother Frank, who must have inherited from his remote Huguenot ancestry the tinge of supernaturalism in his nature — a tinge, however, which, thank goodness! is only manifest in the belief which he shadows forth in his favorite quotation:

> "There be more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than thy philosophy dreams of——"

And I'm sure it's a fortunate thing that I am so constituted, for my husband is not a rich man, and I don't know that we should ever have owned a roof over our heads—unless it was a *very* humble one—if he hadn't inherited what is known by the townspeople as the "Old Hazeltine Homestead," where we have lived for almost twelve years.

And when I tell you that the house, with its live-oak frame, was built almost two hundred years ago by "wicked Sir Harry Hazeltine"—so the family record calls him—that there is one chamber with a bent and twisted hook in the middle of the ceiling, where Sir Harry hung himself, and another, in the unused part of the house, where somebody rocks a cradle and croons a weird lullaby on stormy nights, you will at once see that anybody troubled with weak nerves, or naturally timid, would be in perfect misery to live there.

Especially when in Winter the wind howls and shrieks through the empty rooms, and the rats—of which there are legions—make such a racket behind the wainscoting that you would think the house was coming down.

But don't think I'm silly enough to make all this a preamble to a ghost story. Dear me! No, indeed! I'm no believer in such things, as I told you before.

As if, when our Heavenly Father has taken a soul from earth, it would ever want to come back again when it has once entered that place where there is no more death, and all tears are wiped away! Nonsense!

No. What I'm going to here record for Frank's special benefit, concerns a bell—a quaint-looking affair of solid silver, with an ebony handle—on which is carved a horribly evil face, that even I don't care very much to look at; as the Scotch say, it doesn't look "canny."

You see, after we moved in, and had got fairly set to rights, the first thing I did was to send for Mrs. Kelly, and institute such a house-cleaning as I'll venture to say the place hasn't known for a century at least; and such quantities upon quantities of rubbish as were unearthed—why, Harry says that an antiquarian would go wild over some of the things.

I remember there was a musket and an old cavalry sabre in one closet, with "Colonel George Hazeltine, from his wife, A.D. 1770," on the scabbard, and Harry, who is a perfect epitome of genealogy, told me a beautiful story about this ancestor of his; but I haven't time to tell it here, or to speak at length of the moth-eaten regimentals, the brocade silk dresses, the toilet fixings, and I don't know what all, that we unearthed; and do you believe that the silly fellow wouldn't have a thing destroyed, but had them all packed away in an old chest in the attic.

In cleaning and oiling an old buffet of carved oak that has stood in the dining-hall since the house was furnished—for Harry has the bill of the London merchant who furnished the house in 1670, and sent part of the furniture over in a vessel called the *Good Intent*—I found a sort of secret closet about a foot square, and in it was this bell.

I didn't think much about it at the time, but when Harry came into the room I took it from the mantel and showed it to him.

But such a look as Harry gave me, and turned whiter than a sheet.

"Good heavens, Bessie!" he said, and his voice shook like a man with a chill, "where did you discover that cur—that curious thing?" but he was going to say something worse than "curious!"

I told him, of course, and after a little he told me that this was an heirloom which had been in the family for generations—that all sorts of strange notions were prevalent regarding it.

Oh, dear, I can't begin, and don't want, to tell half the horrid stories in connection with it; and I saw that he really felt so—well—nervous about it, that finally I set it away on the highest shelf in the china-closet, behind the preserve-jars.

As I did so, I suppose my hand trembled a little, and it struck the strangest clear, metallic sound—one perfectly indescribable—like nothing that I have ever heard, before or since.

All I could think of for the moment was the sound of the first stroke of the church-bell which tolled the years of mother's age on the day she died.

But I said nothing, and, as if by mutual consent, neither Harry nor myself made reference to the matter for more than two years afterward, Baby Edith being then about ten months old.

We were in the habit of using our sleeping-room, which was nearly over the large, old-fashioned hall, as a sitting-room in the evening, it being more easily warmed than any of the others, though it was a very whispering-gallery of strange sounds that came echoing through the long corridor with startling effect upon windy and stormy nights.

But I had become accustomed to regard them with as little concern as Harry himself, who had been born and brought up in the old house.

I remember it was the second week in January of last year, as Harry finished reading our evening chapter in the Bible, and I listened to the regular breathing of little Edith, I remarked, half-laughingly, that the white woman was rocking her cradle with more than usual emphasis, for in the occasional lulls in the storm without the monotonous sound from the chamber in the unoccupied portion of the house, from whatever cause it proceeded, was unusually distinct.

"Perhaps," said Harry, dreamily, with the strange, far-off look that I always notice when he falls into his legendary mood, "it is because this is the anniversary of the night that wicked Sir Harry——"

Just then, in the hall below, came, as clearly and distinctly as though it had been in our own room, the ting-a-ling of a bell—not regular, but quick and hasty, as though whoever or whatever rung it was in a great hurry.

Poor Harry turned white as marble, and I, affecting a coolness which I by no means felt, said:

"Either some one is playing a practical joke, Harry, or else there are burglars in the house,"

I knew in my heart that the last conjecture was the height of absurdity.

Ting-a-ling! came the clear and strange sound, again repeated, and unmistakably from the bell of which I have spoken—this time even more hastily rang than before.

Now Harry's war record—for he was three times promoted for personal bravery in action—is conclusive evidence enough that it was not physical fear that so wrought upon him that he sat as if paralyzed for the moment, until I took his revolver from over the mantel and walked toward the door, saying, though inwardly I was quaking with an indefinable sense of fear:

"Well, Harry, if *you* won't go down-stairs, *I* will."

With an exclamation, he jumped to his feet, snatched the

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

My own Fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise!
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide?
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasp'd in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own Fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth?
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallow'd hearth—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth.
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth,
That glads my own Fireside!

revolver from my not unwilling hands, and, thrusting me back, went down the front stairs in about four bounds, not waiting even to take a lamp. I heard the door open in the dining-room—a strong smell of smoke rolled up the stairway, and I heard Harry call out:

"Don't be alarmed, Bessie; stay where you are for a few moments; there's no danger."

Of course I didn't mind him, but snatched baby from the crib and ran swiftly down-stairs, to find the dining-room full of smoke, and Harry dashing water on the floor and wainscot, which was now smoldering, and in a few moments—thanks to there being three tubs of water in the kitchen in readiness for the wash-day—the fire was entirely extinguished.

"A coal must have snapped from the fireplace in some way," said Harry, as he wiped his smoke-grimed face, "and caught the dry oak floor."

This was the only way that we could account for it, and it was a mercy that we were not burned alive in our beds, for, as Harry said, the old house was as dry as tinder, and with the gale then blowing, it would have been an impossibility, had the fire gained a few moments' more headway, to have extinguished it.

Of course, conjecture as to the warning of the bell was simply futile. There was no one but ourselves in the house—not even a sagacious dog—and as rats are not in the habit of taking a bell from the upper shelf of a remote closet, opening a heavy oak door and kindly notifying the inmates of a house that it is on fire—*I*, at least, was completely nonplussed, and as for Harry, why, I couldn't get a word out of him on the subject.

ABOUT A SILVER BELL.—"IN CLEANING AND OILING AN OLD BUFFET OF CARVED OAK THAT HAS STOOD IN THE DINING-HALL SINCE THE HOUSE WAS FURNISHED, I FOUND A SORT OF SECRET CLOSET, ABOUT A FOOT SQUARE, AND IN IT WAS THIS BELL."—SEE PAGE 183.

I took the trouble next day to look at the bell, though I confess I didn't touch it, and there it was exactly as I had left it, while the ugly little face on the carved handle seemed to leer at me in such an impish manner that I turned away with almost a shiver.

Well, after a time the feeling wore off—two years went swiftly by; Harry got a position as cashier of the Easton National Bank, little Joe was born, and we were as happy a family as ever lived.

One night—ah, me! shall I ever forget it?—baby Edith, who had been unusually quiet during the day, came to me,

and laying her golden head in my lap, said: "Baby *so* tired. Please, mamma, rock baby to sleep."

So I took her in my lap, noticing with a thrill of alarm that her cheeks were fever-flushed and her hand hot, and when Harry came I posted him off for the doctor.

Well, it's all right now. God knew best; but one evening the following week our little one lay with only a feeble pulse of life beating in the tiny heart; and, as we hung over her in dumb agony, from the hall below came that warning sound, this time slowly and regularly struck, as one would toll a bell.

But it brought no sense of fear—only a wild surging up of bitter, angry feelings against God Himself—a feeling which I trust He long ago forgave me, for He knows how, after the first pangs of bereaved motherhood, I surely repented my sinfulness.

It was a long, long time after the patter of Edith's little feet had ceased to echo in the old house, and her childish voice was hushed for ever, before life again for us took on the semblance of the happiness which we had known; yet in God's time we began to think of our Edith as only removed from us a little space—a tender flower transplanted into God's garden that should be restored to us in the hereafter.

Only once afterward did we hear the warning sound—it was the night that Harry's only sister died in Santa Barbara, where she had lived for many years in constant expectation of, and perfect readiness for, the coming of the death angel; and by her husband's letter, making due allowance for the difference of time, Mary passed away on the very hour that we heard the stroke of the bell.

As I said in the very beginning of this sketch, I attempt no conjectures, offer no explanations as to that which I have written—I only know that it is a plain statement of facts which have actually occurred.

And as to the legend connected with the bell itself, that it has been for five centuries a harbinger of warning to the Hazeltine family, and that a terrible curse is invoked upon the person who would destroy or make away with it—all of which is written on parchment, with a date of a century ago, and in Harry's possession—I regard it in the light of all other similar legendary nonsense.

Yet the coincidences are undeniable, and Frank regards them with such wonder that I have written this almost for his special benefit alone, though it would be just like him to have it printed.

HANS AND THE DEVIL-FISH.

A True Story of the Indian Ocean.

"Hans, did you ever see an octopus?"

"Not that I know of. I never heard tell of them, as I can mind. Queer sort of name, isn't it, sir?"

We were lying at anchor off Batavia, after a longer trip than usual, and I was reading some copies of the *Times* which had been sent out from home during our absence, and had accumulated to a good heap while we were away. Of course the newest papers were looked at first, so it was only on this afternoon, when my work was done and the sun too hot for us to go ashore, that I had come upon the discussion concerning the existence or non-existence of the "octopus" which had appeared in the columns of the *Times* some months before.

Hans was a weather-beaten old sailor, a Dutchman by birth, who had been in the ship much longer than I had, and was known for as steady a hand as a man need wish to have under him. There was no shirking at the wheel when he was there—no need to be watching him every minute to see that the vessel was not easing from her course, or luffing up the wind and liable to be taken aback, as I found was necessary with some of the men, who would have had her on a reef and a hole through her bottom rather than take the trouble to keep her up and do their work as they ought. There was not an officer who did not think himself in luck when old Hans was at the wheel during his watch, nor a man on board but liked and respected the rough but kind-hearted and honest old tar.

"Well," I replied, "that is the scientific name; I dare say we should call them something else. But I'll see if I can find any description of the creature." And I turned over some other numbers of the newspaper, as I continued: "The doubt seems to be about their size, not their existence."

"There's bigger things in the sea than people thinks on as hasn't seen them," replied Hans, seriously, as he shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, and leaned a little further over the bulwarks, watching the clear water which lay beneath us in the wonderful transparency which belongs to the Indian Ocean.

"Ah! here's the account of it. A sort of devil-fish, I fancy. But how about a devil-fish being enough to kill a man first and eat him afterward?"

"Is it devil-fish they mean by that queer name?" asked Hans, lifting himself up.

"I think so. Listen to what they say."

And I read out the description.

"That's him," said Hans, who had listened attentively—"there ain't no doubt; but why doesn't they call things by their right names? People would know what they was talking about, then. I told you I'd never seen one, didn't I, sir?"

"Yes," I replied.

"But I have—and the Lord grant I may never see another!"

And there was not the smallest doubt that Hans meant what he said from the very bottom of his heart. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness of his words; and, besides, he was in general a very reverent, God-fearing man, never using words which he had better have left alone, nor making a joke of religion.

I saw at once that there must be a yarn worth hearing; but Hans was very unwilling to tell it.

"I go all of a crawl when I think of it, even now; and it's eight years since it happened."

"Never mind that," I urged. "It can't hurt you now, you know; and when people in England are disputing about the size of the creature, it's worth something to hear a story from a fellow who has seen one."

"Seen it? Ah, and felt it, too!"

And Hans drew himself together with a shudder.

"Felt it? By Jove, you ought to know the rights of it, then!"

"None better. Look here, sir," he continued, "if you wants the yarn, you shall have it; but I ain't fond of telling it to anybody. There's been some as have doubted whether it were all true; and when a chap has had as close a shave as I had, somehow it goes agen him to have folks disbelieve what pretty nigh cost him his life."

"I quite understand that, Hans; but you've never told me an untruth yet, and I don't believe you're going to begin now."

"Thank you, sir," said the old fellow, looking pleased. "Well, if you'll wait a minute, I'll tell you all, just as it happened."

He rolled away across the deck, and went below, but soon came up again, with a leather bag in his hand. I had seen it before, and knew he kept his treasures in it; so I

put aside my newspapers and settled to a comfortable smoke while listening to the story, which Hans told as follows:

"Some few years ago—it was about '66, I reckon—there was a very bad time out in these parts. I don't know how it happened—though perhaps you do, sir—but trade seemed altogether at a standstill. Some firms sent their men adrift and laid up their ships, for it was no good fetching things when there was nobody to buy them when they was fetched; others held on and did a little bit here and a little bit there, pottering in and out among the islands for a log or two of mahogany or sandal-wood, or a bird's nest, or whatever came handy. But there was nothing doing to speak of, and the town was full as it could hold of men that had much better have been afloat.

"I was sent adrift early. I was not sailing for this firm then, and, as I was pretty well off when I got ashore, I didn't trouble myself for a few weeks, for I'd chanced on a boarding-house where the grub was good and they made me comfortable; but as time went on, and there came no chance of work, I didn't like it—and, what was more, the missus at the boarding-house didn't like it either. She had need to be sharp with such a set of beach-combers as was about then, and I'm not blaming her; for when the money goes the welcome goes with it, all the world over—and mine had nearly come to an end, and my berth wasn't what it used to be. I stirred about to see what work I could find, but there was nothing in my line. Owners were afraid to risk their money, and a good many had hard work to keep on at all, and I could not hear of anything moving in the way I was used to. But after a while I was told of a small craft that was going out to pick up a cargo for the China market—nests, sharks, dogfish, anything they could lay hands on; and, though I didn't half fancy the lot on board, I got shipped and went with her.

"The skipper was a native, and we'd two chaps that it was all I could do to put up with—Europeans they were, too, but I'm blest if they hadn't turned Mohammedans; and to see them a-bowing and a-scraping to the Prophet, and carrying on their games about Mecca, and all that bosh, it were enough to turn a fellow sick—and them born Christians, too! However, I kept a quiet tongue and said nothing, though it would have done me good a score of times to tell them a bit of my mind.

"At the fishing grounds we had very fair luck, and got a tidy lot of sharks besides."

"What did you get them for?" I asked.

"Bless you, sir, them Chinamen will eat anything! The nastier it is, the better they like it. Dried shark and pickled fins fetches lots of money out there. But of course the nests was what we looked to make profit by; and the skipper took a run for the islands.

"But we hadn't any luck to speak of till he got a private word from a Singapore boat of a cave in one of the islands that ships did not often go near, not knowing there was anything to go for. We should never have heard of it, only the skipper, being a Singapore man himself, got the hint from his friends.

"It was a pretty place when we reached it, that island was—or, more properly speaking, there were two; and we dropped anchor between them, in what looked like a bay, though there was a narrow passage right up at the far end. There were lots of swallows flying about, but where to find the cave and their nests bothered us altogether. We looked far about from the sea, and then went ashore and worked along the cliffs, and wherever there was a dark place one of the Cingalese went over to search; but not an opening could we find, and the skipper got wild to see the birds, and know there was a prize close by and not be able to find it, and after a day or two he offered twenty dollars to any one who could discover the entrance.

"The ship was anchored, and there was nothing doing, except that the divers were after pearl-oyster and coral, or whatever they could find underneath; so we men used to go prospecting, and one day I got leave, and took a little bamboo boat—we'd a lot of 'em aboard, packed one inside the other—and went off to see what I could do.

"I rowed right up the bay to the end, and found a narrow little bit of water that took a turn round a steep rock and then brought me into wide water again. I hadn't gone far in it when a chap hailed me from the shore; so I ran in, and found he was one of those Germans who spend all their time in getting birds and beasts and flowers and insects. There's lots of 'em about the island, sir; and they go pretty nigh off their heads if you show them a beetle that is out of the common, no matter how ugly the brute may be. I never could see no reason in such goings on; but I had noticed before that they are wonderful soft about telling things that other people would want to keep to themselves, same as they are wild to get hold of what we should be glad to let alone. So, after we had had a little chat, I asked him if he'd dropped across any caves or openings about there.

"'Oh, yes,' he says, quite willing. 'There's a large one not far off. I passed it only last night, and should have gone in, only I hadn't got any gun, and there was something queer-looking out of it; but I shall be round there again soon.'

"'Shall you?' thinks I. 'Then I'll just go and look round first.'

"He told me where it was, and away I went, thinking I was sure of the twenty dollars reward.

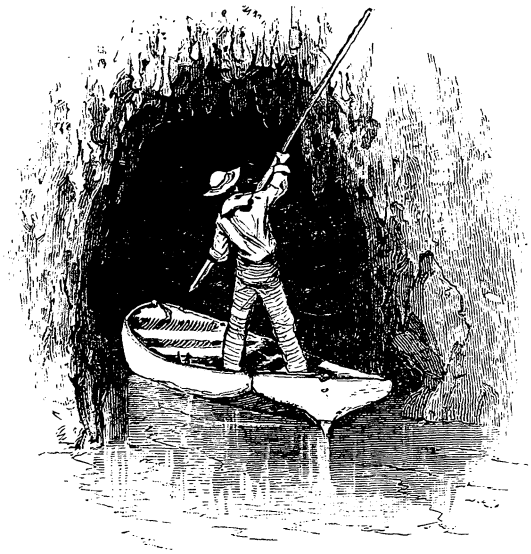
"The opening was not a large one, but as soon as I ran the boat inside I could see that it was a big place, and no mistake about it being the one we wanted. There were nests stuck on the walls, and nests hanging from the roof; and before I began knocking these down I stopped to think whether it would be safe to keep it all dark and make a venture myself when we got back again to Batavia—for those nests fetch a lot of money, you know, sir. It was very tempting, but it was not very safe; so I made up my mind to let it out, and began knocking down nests with my pushing-pole. It was not a very long one, though, and the cave was high; so I did not trouble myself to get more than just enough to show the skipper that it was all right. And then, feeling hot and tired, I sat down in the boat and looked about me.

"It was a real pretty sight. The sides of the cave were covered with some hard, shining shells that looked like glaze, and the way all sorts of different colors shone about on it was wonderful—it puzzled me to tell where they came from; but there wasn't one you could mention but was shimmering and shining in that cave, the same as they do on a mackerel's sides when it's took out of the water.

"The sea was still as a pond, but very deep, for there was no seeing to the bottom, even in that clear water; but it looked so cool and pleasant that I thought I'd take off my clothes and give them a rub, for they were not very clean.

"There was a ledge of rock on one side, something like a shelf; toward the entrance it got very narrow, and came to nothing. The other way it became wider, and led to the back of the cave, where there was a sort of beach, which ran further up than I could see; for it was darkish there, being a long way from the opening.

"I got out on this ledge and stripped, and soon had my things washed nice and clean. Then I thought I would take a swim, so in I went, splashing and diving and



HANS AND THE DEVIL-FISH.—"I BEGAN KNOCKING DOWN NESTS WITH MY PUSHING-POLE. IT WAS NOT A VERY LONG ONE, THOUGH, AND THE CAVE WAS HIGH; SO I DID NOT TROUBLE MYSELF TO GET MORE THAN JUST ENOUGH."—SEE PAGE 186.

carrying on like a child. It were good fun, sir, that were, but it weren't fun when I came up again and looked about me; for my boat, that I'd left fastened to the ledge, was gone—gone clean out of sight, as if it had never been there at all.

"It made me feel a bit queer, and I rubbed the water out of my eyes, thinking I must have got blinded like; but no—look as I would, there was no boat, and nothing to show where she'd gone.

"It takes a long while telling, sir, but it wasn't ten seconds after I was out of the water before I was down by the stretcher I'd jammed into a crack of the rock; and I weren't none too soon, for the rope was just slipping off the end when I fished it, the stretcher itself being all bent down on one side, though I'd put it upright when I got out of the boat.

"There was no doubt now where she'd gone. She'd gone down, and I began hauling in my rope, bothering all the while what she'd gone down for; and I'd plenty of time to think about it, for, haul as I would, the boat never stirred. There she was, hard and fast, and I might as well have been pulling against the living rock, for all the good it did.

"It was not exactly a comfortable fix to be left in that cave without the chance of getting out again, and when I found I could not stir the boat, I began to think I might have to stay there a goodish while; for, though some of the crew would be sure to find it, or the German to look round in a day or two, I didn't make up my mind to waiting for them till I saw there was no chance of getting out any other way.

"Just behind where I stood the waves had made what we call a wind-hole, but it wasn't so wide as a common chimney, and it would take a longish jump to get to it, and no good then, for it narrowed at the top till you could only just see the light coming through.

"I was looking round, thinking I'd fasten the rope safe, and then go up to the beach end, when I felt a jerk, and, before I could pull, up came the boat again, close to my feet.

"'You're come as you went,' says I; 'but now I'll keep you safe.' And I stooped down to lay hold of her, when there happened the awfulest thing that I ever heard or dreamed of.

"Straight up out of the water, not three feet away from me, rose two great, dripping arms. There was never a splash, never a bit of noise, but for the drops of water falling back again into the sea; but higher and higher those awful things came up out of the water, a clear eight feet, and then they turned themselves and bent toward me.

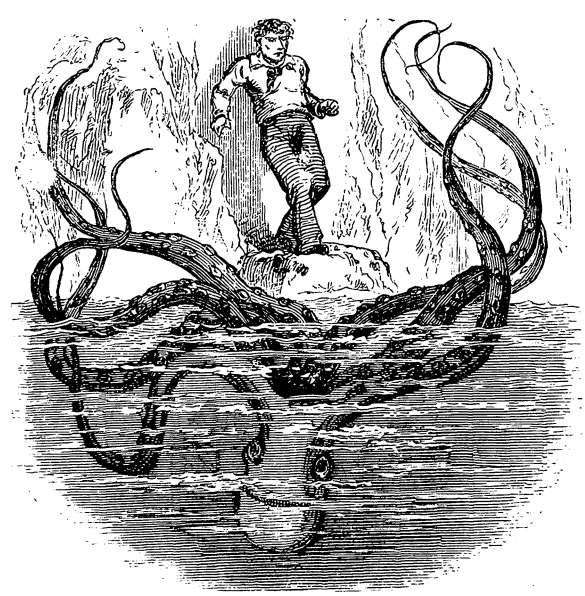
"I gave a yell, and jumped back, for they seemed as if they'd almost touch me. I was scared out of my senses with terror; and, instead of turning to the right, which would have led me to the broad edge, and so on up to the beach, I sprang to the left; and there I was, standing on a bit of shelf, the rock behind me slippery as glass, and straight below me the still, green water, looking as beautiful as you can fancy, and those two horrible arms waving and creeping nearer and nearer.

"If once they touched me, I was a dead man—I knew that well enough. I don't think I should have been scared to die if it came straightforward—by drowning, or any regular seaman's chance; but to be drawn into the water by those horrible, clammy arms, and pecked to pieces almost before I was dead by the creature they belonged to—it took the heart out of me, sir, I don't deny.

"I kept backing close against the rock, edging away as far as ever I could, when up came the beast itself, and I could see his cruel beak, and the frightful look of him as he put his arms closer toward me. With another scream—for I was off my head with fright—I turned and made a spring at the windhole. However I reached it I don't know; but it was my only chance, and somehow I did it. Up I went, sweep-fashion, but I could not get far—it was too narrow, and, squeeze and push as I might, I could not get on.

"Ever so far above me I could see the sky through the opening at the top of the hole, and some bits of grass and leaf waving about against the light, ever so pretty. I wasn't thinking of such things, but I took notice of them for all that, and can see them now, if I shut my eyes, just as they were growing then, when I did not think I should ever see sky or grass again.

"I suppose I had been in that hole about ten minutes, for I'd done all I knew to get on, and gave it up as a bad job, and was thinking that if I was out of the creature's way I might stick there a good bit, and then, perhaps, drop and make a run for it at the far end of the cave. But



HANS AND THE DEVIL-FISH.—"I GAVE A YELL, AND JUMPED BACK, FOR THEY SEEMED AS IF THEY'D ALMOST TOUCH ME. I WAS SCARED OUT OF MY SENSES WITH TERROR."

HANS AND THE DEVIL-FISH.—"AND THEN I KNEW THAT THE CREATURE HAD GOT HOLD OF ME AT LAST, AND THE HORRIBLE ARMS WERE CLINGING AND SUCKING AT MY LEG."—SEE PAGE 186.

it was a desperate chance, sir, for those beasts don't give up a thing when once they have set themselves to get it. They will stop and wait as patient as you like, but you don't tire them, and they'll stop and watch you go down before them, sheer wore out and beat.

"I was thinking of this, when something cold, soft and sticky touched my foot. For a moment I did not think what it was; but up it came, slowly, crawling above my ankle. And then another cold, soft, sticky thing got round the other side, and climbed above my knee, and clung to me tight—tight as death. And then I knew that the creature had got hold of me at last, and the horrible arms were clinging and sucking at my leg!

"I screamed then, sir. How I did scream, and how I tried to kick them off and get my leg free! I might just as well have tried to kick off my skin; close as my skin they stuck to me, and swayed as I kicked, always loose and easy, but still with a steady pull toward the sea. They did not drag hard; the creature seemed in no hurry—he knew he'd got it all his own way, and was willing to take his time. But, though the drag was not powerful, it never loosed the strain, and I had to cling to the rock, and get my elbows on a ledge, and bear against it.

"How long I staid there I don't know—it seemed hours and hours, but it couldn't have been long—not many minutes, I suppose; and all the time I was screaming like a woman might have done, for the horror of it, when the light at the top of the hole, and the sky and the waving grass, were shut out, and I was all in the dark.

"'Hallo! Who's there?' hailed a voice; and then I knew that our skipper was up aloft, and help near.

"I told him as well as I could, for I was pretty nigh beat, and the creature was pulling now with a harder strain.

"'Caught by a devil-fish!' shouted the skipper to his men; and his voice came to me as from a long way off. 'Hold on to him!' he cried to me, putting his mouth to the hole. 'Don't let him go—we'll be down in a minute.'

"And so they were; for the Cingalese took a dive from the top and were up at the entrance of the cave almost before he had done speaking. The others weren't long after 'em—they were round in the whale-boat pretty quick, and never a sound did I hear like the music of the beat of their oars, that brought me help and life.

"But the Cingalese and Malay fellows were afraid to tackle the brute, though it takes a lot to frighten those divers, they being accustomed to queer things under water; but when they saw what had got me, not one of them would venture into the cave. They harpooned him at last—got one from the whaleboat—and then cut him up with creases and swords."

"It was lucky for you that help was near," I remarked, as he paused.

"You may say that, sir; but it has always seemed to me something more than just luck."

"You are right, Hans. But how was it they were on the cliff just then?"

"They'd gone prospecting for the cave, just as I had, and had come to the windhole as they worked along the top of the rocks. The skipper was for one of the men trying to get down it, but they said it was no use; and while they were talking they heard me scream."

"So that was the end of the octopus—he was cut up by the divers?"

"Yes, sir—cut up and taken to the China market with the other things, and the skipper gave me half of what he sold for; so, with that and the twenty dollars for finding the cave, the trip turned out pretty well for me. Can you guess his weight, sir?"—and Hans looked at me inquiringly.

"No," I said; "what was it?"

"Four hundredweight, or rather over," replied the old man, slowly, as he untied the leather bag, which all this time he had been holding. "Look at these, sir," he continued, as he took out three or four brownish-gray things, rather like small tea-saucers in shape, and measuring three inches in diameter, and then another, looking like the dark beak of a large bird—hard, horny and sharp.

I took them in my hand and examined them.

"What's the size of that, sir, do you reckon?" said the old man, watching me attentively, as I turned over the beak-shaped thing.

"Three or four inches across, by seven or eight from root to point."

"Right you are, sir—four by eight, that's it. Not a nice thing to have buried in your flesh, and sucking you to pieces."

"Why, what is it? And what are these?" and I took up the gray saucers.

"That's the creature's beak, and those are the things on

HANS AND THE DEVIL-FISH.—"THEY WERE ROUND IN THE WHALE-BOAT PRETTY QUICK; AND NEVER A SOUND DID I HEAR LIKE THE MUSIC OF THE BEAT OF THEIR OARS."

his arms that he holds on by—sort of suction, you know, sir."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed.

Somehow, until then I had listened to the story without exactly believing it—a certain allowance for sailor exaggeration had lingered in my mind; but as I held these relics, it suddenly flashed upon me what manner of creature it must have been in life, the dried remains of which were yet so terrible.

"When we had got the brute on board," said Hans, "I cut those off him. I doubted if them as didn't see him would believe the bigness of him if it weren't for them."

"I dare say not—I don't think I did," I answered, still staring at the horrid beak and strong, tough suckers, and realizing, as I gazed, the enormous power of the spider-like creature, with its eight gigantic arms covered with those dreadful instruments.

"Well, Hans, you had an escape!" I said, at last, as I gave back the relics.

"Indeed I had; and if ever a man had cause to thank the Lord for saving him from a horrible death, I had that day when the devil-fish got hold of me."

And the old fellow reverently lifted his cap as he looked up to the deep blue sky above us.

* * * * * * *

While we were talking, our "old man" had passed along the deck, and that evening at dinner he said to me:

"Was Hans telling you his devil-fish story this afternoon? I thought I heard a word or two as I passed."

"Yes, sir," I replied; "and a very queer story it is."

"But none the less a true one," said the captain. "I happened to come across the skipper he was sailing with a few months after he had told me the adventure. I don't generally take much heed of sailors' yarns, but he was so accurate in his description of the cave—I have been there twice myself—that it made me curious to know whether he had exaggerated the rest to make a good yarn; so I got the skipper to talk about it, and his account of the creature tallied exactly with Hans's, and one of the Malays who had killed it was present also, and bore him out. They did not know I had heard about it from Hans, so it was independent evidence, and proved the truth, or else I had my doubts, I'll own."

"So had I, till I saw those remains; but the truer a thing is the stranger is it. What would people at home say to it?"

"I don't know, Roberts; but when you have knocked about these seas as long as I have, you will know that there are queerer things in them than any one could invent. Anyhow, there is no doubt that Hans's story is true, and, though shore-going folk may doubt, you will not find it hard to be credited by any old sailor in the Indian Ocean."

HOW GREAT MEN WORK.

One of the most interesting chapters in literary history would undoubtedly be that which should record the whims and eccentricities of men of genius when engaged in the active pursuit of their calling. First, because it is always pleasant to know how works, which have taught and delighted whole generations of readers, have been produced; and, secondly, because such little personal traits, if not directly instructive, are, at any rate, suggestive and curious. But, strange to say, this chapter remains unwritten; and among all the "curiosities of literature" these, the greatest of all its curiosities, are, by some inadvertency, passed over unnoticed.

Such an omission is very much to be regretted, for the author possessed singular qualifications for the task, as well from his enormous reading as from his custom of collecting and noting down such minutiæ when he encountered them in scattered biographical or autobiographical notices, where alone they can be found.

The methods of authors in the course of composition have been singular, and, though no two of them have worked alike, they have, most of them, illustrated the old proverb that genius is labor, and that few great works have been produced which have not been the result of unwearied perseverance as well as of brilliant natural powers.

Some men have undoubtedly possessed astonishing facility and readiness, both of conception and expression, as we shall presently see; but, as a rule, the writings of such men, except in the case of Shakespeare, are not so valuable as they might have been, and are marred by crudities which might otherwise have been finished beauties—by deformities which should have been graces.

First among the sons of literary toil stands Virgil. He used, we are told, to pour out a large number of verses in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in pruning them down; he has humorously compared himself to a she bear, who licks her cubs into shape. It took him three years to compose his ten short "Eclogues"; seven years to elaborate his "Georgics," which comprise little more than 2,000 verses; and he employed more than twelve years in polishing his "Æneid," being even then so dissatisfied with it that he wished, before his death, to commit it to the flames.

Horace was equally indefatigable, and there are single odes in his works which must have cost him months of labor. Lucretius's one poem represents the toil of a whole life; and so careful was Plato in the niceties of verbal collocation, that the first sentence in his "Republic" was turned in nine different ways.

It must have taken Thucydides upward of twenty years to write his history, which is comprised in one octavo volume. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his work three times before he could please himself; and John Foster, the essayist, would sometimes spend a week over one sentence. Addison was so particular that he would stop the press to insert an epithet, or even a comma; and Montesquieu, alluding in a letter to one of his works, says to a correspondent, "You will read it in a few hours, but the labor expended on it has whitened my hair."

The great French critic, St. Beuve, expended incredible pains on every word, and two or three octavo pages often represented a whole week's incessant effort. Gray would spend months over a short copy of verses; and there is in Waller's works a poem of ten lines which, he has himself informed us, took him a whole Summer to formulate.

Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Hume and Fox have all recorded the trouble they took. Tasso was unwearied in correcting; so were Pope and Boileau. Even Macaulay, with all his fluency, did not disdain the application of the file; and there are certain passages in the first chapter of his history which represent months of patient revision.

But it is now time to reverse the picture, and to mention meritorious pieces produced against time and with extraordinary facility. Lucilius, the Roman satirist, wrote with such ease, that he used to boast that he could turn off 200 verses while standing on one leg. Ennius was quite as fluent. Of Shakespeare we are told, "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we (the editors of the First Folio) have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

When the fits of inspiration were on Milton, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with the fast-flowing verses;

but we must remember that the poet had been brooding over his immortal work for years before a line was committed to paper.

The most marvelous illustrations of this facility in writing are to be found in the two Spanish poets, Calderon and Lope de Vega. The latter could write a play in three or four hours; he supplied the Spanish stage with upward of 2,000 original dramas, and Hallam calculates that during the course of his life he "reeled off" upward of 21,300,000 lines!

Of English writers, perhaps the most fluent and easy have been Dryden and Sir Walter Scott. In one short year Dryden produced four of his greatest works—namely, the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," his share in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "Religio Laici." He was less than three years translating the whole of Virgil. He composed his elaborate parallel between poetry and painting in twelve mornings. "Alexander's Feast" was struck out at a single sitting. Indeed, he says himself that, when he was writing, ideas thronged so fast that the only difficulty he had was in selection.

Everybody knows the extraordinary literary facility of Sir Walter Scott—how his amanuensis, when he employed one, could not keep pace with the breathless speed with which he dictated his marvelous romances. If we can judge from the many original MSS. of his novels and poems which have been preserved to us, it would seem that he scarcely ever recast a sentence or altered a word when it was committed to paper. The effect of this is, that both Dryden and Scott have left a mass of writings valuable for the genius with which they are instinct, but defaced with errors, with grammatical blunders, and with many pleonasms and tautologies, the consequence of their authors not practicing what Pope calls—

"The first and greatest art, the art to blot."

Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Horace Walpole wrote nearly all the "Castle of Otranto" at a sitting, which terminated, not by mental fatigue, but by the fingers becoming too weary to close on the pen.

Beckford's celebrated "Vathek" was composed by the uninterrupted exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, during which time the ecstatic author supported himself by copious draughts of wine. What makes the feat more wonderful is, that it was written in French, an acquired language, for Beckford was, of course, an Englishman.

Mrs. Browning wrote her delightful poem, entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a long, elaborate romance in a difficult metre, in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type.

It is comparatively easy to understand the rapidity with which these compositions were produced, because, being works of imagination, couched in a style essentially bold and free, choice phraseology, careful rhythm and copious illustration were not so much needed; but when we learn that Ben Jonson completed his highly-wrought comedy of the "Alchymist" in six weeks, and that Dr. Johnson could throw off forty-eight octavo pages of such a finished composition as his "Life of Savage" at a sitting, one is indeed lost in bewildering admiration, and perhaps half inclined to doubt the author's word.

However much we may wonder at feats like these, we should not forget Sheridan's witty remark, that very easy writing is generally very hard reading; and comfort our commonplace selves with the thought that, in nine cases out of ten, genius in literature is like genius in practical life, little else than honest, indefatigable labor fortunately directed.

The wise Lord Bacon has observed that prodigies, of what kind soever they may be, belong to what is monstrous in nature; and as they are not produced in accordance with the laws which determine man's condition, ought neither to be sought out nor imitated.

A DOUBLE ESCAPE.

José Mendez was a thoroughbred *vaquero*. But, though José possessed all the good qualities of a *vaquero*, we are glad to say that he lacked their bad ones. His little ranche on the borders of the Chattapultec, was a model of cleanliness and propriety; and Donna Josepha Mendez, his buxom little wife, was one of the most contented women in Mexico, and one of the prettiest, too—at least so thought José as he wended his way through the wood on his way home.

José was particularly thoughtful on this particular day; and it was doubtless this particular thoughtfulness that caused him to lose his way.

"*Caramba!* For the last ten years I have wended my way through the forest of Chattapultec, and have never missed the road; and here I am in the lurch, and it begins to rain to complete my misery. *Santa Maria!* Louis, *you* ought to have known better!" growled the swarthy *vaquero* as he dug his heavy spurs into his horse's flanks.

It may here be mentioned that Louis was a dutiful mustang, and had carried José Mendez easily and safely during the greatest part of its existence.

The night was "as dark as pitch." Not a glimpse of the moon was to be seen, and, as José carefully dismounted and proceeded to lead his horse, a blinding flash of lightning caused the animal to rear and plunge frantically.

"This won't do!" grumbled José. "I must put up under some tree, or I shall be losing Louis as well as my way."

No sooner said than done. Carefully fastening his horse to a neighboring tree, he placed himself under the shelter of another one, and awaited the outbreak of the storm. The rain now poured down in actual floods, and the vivid lightning blinded poor José at every flash. The tall trees rocked and fro in the terrible wind, and many came crashing down in awful ruin, giving the storm more of the effect of an earthquake than of a gale.

The immense vines which form the mass of the undergrowth in a tropical forest were torn from their supports, and lashed about like giant whip-thongs in the hands of mighty demons.

In the midst of the storm, poor José became aware of the presence of another refugee beneath the shelter of the friendly tree. A pair of fierce, burning eyes were watching him with horrible intensity, while a murderous-looking mouth repeatedly opened to give forth a deep, low growl. It was a jaguar—the "American Tiger," as it is sometimes called.

José hastily prepared his rifle for immediate use, and anxiously awaited the lull of the storm. As long as the gale continued he knew he was safe—but he dreaded its end.

Suddenly the wind ceased as suddenly as it began, and José hastily lifts his rifle to his shoulder. Aiming at the animal's forehead, he is on the point of firing, when, with a fierce roar, a second jaguar springs from a branch over his head, and engages his first adversary in mortal combat. Over and over roll the fierce jaguars. The whole forest is filled with their fierce growls, as each terrible animal strives for the mastery.

José thought that it was quite unnecessary to wait for the termination of the combat, so lightly vaulting over the back of Louis, he soon disappeared in the darkness. As

A LOUBLE ESCAPE.—"AIMING AT THE ANIMAL'S FOREHEAD, HE IS ON THE POINT OF FIRING, WHEN, WITH A FIERCE ROAR, A SECOND JAGUAR SPRINGS FROM A BRANCH OVER HIS HEAD, AND ENGAGES HIS FIRST ADVERSARY IN MORTAL COMBAT."—SEE PAGE 191.

luck would have it, he happened to ride in the right direction, and was soon safe in his comfortable ranche, breathing the history of his double escape into the ears of his sympathizing partner. José never forgot the night of the storm, and as he wends his way homeward in these latter days he is particularly careful not to lose his way.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW BROUGHT ABOUT.

About a week previous to the anniversary on which Ralph Desborough received that letter, Charles Reeves had been stopping at the old house on the Hudson.

He was in the library, reading aloud to Mr. Harrington and Mabel Jordan, when Waters appeared, to say that one of the clerks from Mr. Nesbitt's office wished to see him.

"I wish Nesbitt and his clerks were at the bottom of the Red Sea!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington, vexed at this interruption. "It seems to me that we are never quiet here without some of them coming after you, Charles."

"I suppose Nesbitt has sent to remind me that I ought to be in town to-morrow," said Mr. Reeves. "There is a meeting of the Board of Directors of that Long Island Asylum——"

"There, there!" broke in his cousin. "Some philanthropical business, of course—don't explain—George is a nuisance!"

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"WATERS OPENED THE DOOR AND PEERED IN. RALPH WAS KNEELING BY THE BED. GILBERT HARRINGTON'S HAND STILL RESTED ON THE YOUNG MAN'S HEAD."

Mr. Reeves and Mabel both laughed, for nobody was more interested in such matters, or gave more liberally, than Gilbert Harrington, though he had a horror of being called a philanthropist, declaring always that it was only another name for humbug.

"I will go and find out what is the man's errand," Reeves said, rising.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Harrington. "If you do, he'll keep you for an hour! Let him come in—he has a letter probably; anyhow, there can't be any secret. What George wants is to get money out of you, or both of us, for some of his trumpery societies."

"And I dare say he'll manage to have it from the pair of us," said Mr. Reeves, laughing.

"Because we are two fools!" said Gilbert Harrington. "Eh, Mabel?"

"I should scarcely give you the name on that account," she replied, with a smile.

"That's because you're a goose!" cried he, merrily.

"Really, Miss Jordan, he makes us out an interesting trio," remarked Mr. Reeves. "And I'm keeping Waters a monument of patience in the doorway all this time!"

"Waters is as silly as the rest of us!" rejoined Mr. Harrington, "else he'd have gone after George Nesbitt's Mercury."

"I was waiting for my share of the compliments, Master Gilbert," returned Waters, composedly.

"Well, you have had it; so now you can tell that tiresome creature to come in here. And, Waters——"

"Yes, sir!"

"Before the fellow goes away, be sure you give him some lunch; philanthropists' clerks are always half-paid and half-starved!" added his master, mischievously.

Waters retreated with a chuckle, and Mabel and Reeves were laughing at some fresh whimsical speech of Mr. Harrington's when the messenger appeared—an elderly man, who had been in George Nesbitt's employment for many years.

The two gentlemen both spoke kindly to the hard-worked fellow, whom Harrington always called "the philanthropist's *âme damné*"; but it was only necessary to look in his face to see that he was either ill or had come upon some painful errand.

"Hallo!" cried Mr. Harrington, in his abrupt way. "What's up, Lampson?"

"I've—I've a note for Mr. Reeves, sir," he answered.

"God bless my soul! I thought George Nesbitt must be dead, at least!" added Harrington, "you look so woe-begone; but he can't be, I suppose, since he has written."

"A note from Mr. Bourne, sir," rejoined Lampson. "Mr. Nesbitt is very ill."

"Ah, I am sorry to hear that!" Harrington exclaimed, in an altered voice.

Mr. Reeves opened the letter which Lampson had handed him; glanced down the page, and his face grew as troubled as the messenger's own.

He looked up and saw Mabel watching him; he knew by the look in her eyes that she had perceived his distress, and that her first thought had been the same as that which flitted through his mind—the necessity of being careful how he broke the news which had come, to Mr. Harrington.

A ball of worsted which Mabel held, dropped from her hand, and rolled to Mr. Reeves's feet. As he stooped to give it to her, she whispered:

"Not about *him?*"

Mr. Reeves comprehended that she was thinking of Ralph Desborough; he shook his head.

"What are you two doing?" called Mr. Harrington. "Charles, you have bad news of some sort! Out with it! Don't try to break it gently. I hate broken things, from news to china."

"Nothing that can affect you personally, Gilbert, except through your sympathy for an old friend," rejoined Mr. Reeves, quickly.

"Who is it?" Harrington asked. "Not Bourne?"

"No—George Nesbitt. He is very ill—had a kind of fit yesterday, it seems," Mr. Reeves answered. "Isn't that it, Lampson?"

"Yes, sir."

"But that's not all," said Harrington.

"No! It sounds incredible, but Robert Sloane has disappeared——"

"Ah, and money with him, of course!" interrupted Mr. Harrington.

"It appears so. Here is Bourne's note; you may as well read it—you would have seen the tidings in the newspapers, anyway," said Mr. Reeves.

"You and Mabel are always coddling me and trying to keep bad news away as carefully as nurses do wind from a baby!" cried Mr. Harrington, half laughingly, half testily. Then he looked at the young girl with the tender expression his face always wore when he regarded her, and added:

"I'll stand it from my pretty Mab—she does it so softly; but not from you, old Charles—you're awkward about it, as a man always is."

"Read Bourne's letter for yourself," said Reeves, putting the epistle in his hands.

Mr. Bourne was an old friend of the two gentlemen and of George Nesbitt. A distinguished lawyer, and one of the most crotchetty of men existing; with a heart as big as his brain.

His note was thoroughly characteristic.

"DEAR REEVES: Another pious man has qualified himself (apparently) for State's Prison! At this rate, very soon, if one wants the solace of a little religious society, one will have to seek it in Sing Sing!

"Yesterday morning poor George Nesbitt was taken suddenly ill—had a sort of fit, and was carried home. His wife sent for me, knowing that important business had to be transacted to-day—the money he hold for the Long Island Asylum paid over, etc. When I got to the office, Robert Sloane, the saint, was absent—gone to the prayer-meeting in Liberty Street, said the clerks. I waited, not being willing, heathen though I am, to disturb a man under such circumstances. Time enough elapsed for all the human race past, present and to come, to be prayed into a state of grace, but no Sloane appeared

"Inquiries (of course instituted too late) prove that the blessed Robert has levanted, safely too—may be in Paradise for what I know; and if he has gone there I am not likely to encounter him.

"But poor Nesbitt is very ill; things seem in a terrible state—the asylum people are clamorous, so are scores of others! I am at my wits' end, and send for you. Come at once. A receiver must be appointed—you, no doubt. Of course nobody thinks of accusing poor old George; but already, hasty as the look over matters has been, it is apparent there is something wrong—in fact, very black.

"Best regards to Gilbert; tell him I never have and never will forgive his leading that queen in our last game of whist! All the pretty speeches your dull imagination can invent to that most charming daughter of Eve—Miss Jordan.

"As ever, yours argumentatively,

"PHILIP BOURNE."

Mr. Harrington gave the note to Mabel, and while she was reading it he and Reeves asked a few questions of the clerk, who was devoted to George Nesbitt and inclined to be lachrymose—a fact which irritated Harrington so excessively that he stopped short in his interrogations, rang his hand-bell, and said, when Waters appeared:

"Take Lampson to get some luncheon—he's tired. The carriage at once—Mr. Reeves wants to catch the noon train."

As the two men left the room, Mabel laid the letter on the table.

"It's a bad job, apparently," added Mr. Harrington, "eh, my dear?"

"You know I do not like Mr. Nesbitt," she said, abruptly.

Her two listeners gave a simultaneous start, and looked strangely in each other's faces.

"I didn't mean to say that," Mabel added, in a little confusion. "Of course, I am sorry for his illness—and his troubles."

"Of course," responded Mr. Harrington, rather dryly. "Charles, hadn't you better eat a morsel before you start?"

"Thanks, no. We breakfasted so lately that I have no appetite yet."

Again he and his cousin exchanged an odd glance, then shook their heads—the sudden suspicion their minds had conceived was absurd.

After Mr. Reeves's departure, Gilbert Harrington made no mention whatever of the painful matter which had called him away, and Mabel was careful not to revert to it, aware that the invalid was often obliged, for the sake of his own physical comfort, resolutely to put troublesome reflections aside.

For her own part, Mabel positively dared not dwell upon the wild thought which had sprung up in her mind—that in some way through the exposures which must follow an investigation of Nesbitt's affairs, good was to come to Ralph Desborough! She was quite shocked at her own wickedness when she discovered that her suspicions pointed, not to Robert Sloane, but Nesbitt himself! George Nesbitt, who, from youth up to the present time—a period of almost forty years—had borne a character for philanthropy and piety which would almost have entitled him to saintship, if such honors were accorded mortals during their lives—although, stanch Protestant that he was, the bare suggestion would have appeared a huge Papistical sin in his eyes.

So the day passed and the evening. The next afternoon instead of the letter of explanation which Mr. Harrington had expected came a telegram, saying merely that no daylight had yet dawned upon the confusion, and that George Nesbitt was still in a very precarious situation—out of the

question that he should be disturbed by talk in regard to any business matter whatsoever; above all, that he should be informed of what was now an established fact, the criminal flight of his trusted friend and clerk, Robert Sloane.

So that evening, Mr. Harrington and Mabel tried to talk cheerfully with one another and put by the strange thoughts that, engendered in Mabel's mind had, by some inexplicable law of magnetism, found their way into Gilbert Harrington's.

But as the girl was about to bid him good-night—Waters had already looked in to hint that it was time for bed—Mr. Harrington could bear the solitude of his reflections no longer; years and illness had rendered the wonderful self-control of by-gone days very difficult.

"My dear," he said, as Mabel bent over him to kiss his forehead—a habit that had grown up during her long illness, beginning with her delirious hours when she fancied him her stepfather, "my dear, what did you mean yesterday?"

She understood at once.

"I don't know," she answered. "It seemed something stronger than my own will that spoke. I have been so guilty since! Dear Mr. Harrington, I deserve a good scolding—you ought to give it to me!"

"I can't," returned he; "and more—what you said haunts me like a nightmare! Oh, Mabel——" he paused, grasped her two hands, and continued in a voice which sounded all the more impressive from its quiet, "if I have misjudged him!"

Mabel cried out:

"He is innocent—I would stake my soul on that! See, I understand—we have never mentioned his name. I tell you he is innocent!"

She dropped on her knees by the old man, pressing his folded hands against her cheek; careful even in the midst of her excitement to appear calm; he careful to restrain his own emotion from the same reason—the fear of physical consequences where he was concerned if he yielded in the least to the tide which swept over him.

Mr. Harrington bowed his head till it rested against her shoulder, and said, softly:

"My dear, you won't be startled by what I want to say?"

"No," she answered.

"I think I have not long to live. I am very well—in better health than ordinary; but I think the end is near. Wait!"—She had stirred quickly—"You ought not to grieve. I believe you love me; and, child, I love you very dearly. Ought I to tell you the whole?"

"There is no need," she whispered; "I know!"

"Danforth's daughter!" he said, in a tone of such love and tenderness that the sound was like a balm to her wounds. "I loved him better than I ever loved any human being, and his daughter is part of him. My dear! my child!"

"Uncle Gilbert!"

She said nothing more, but he comprehended all the exclamation meant, even to forgiveness of her father's sin.

Not another word passed between them. Mabel heard a sound at the door, and rose as Waters entered to ask some question.

The next day brought a brief, hurried note from Mr. Reeves. He found matters in a worse state even than he expected, and poor George Nesbitt was still in a state so precarious that even if the doctors would have permitted him to be talked to in regard to business matters, he would not have been able to comprehend.

So the second day passed; but during the evening Mr. Harrington said:

"My dear, there are two or three little things you can do for me in town. I wish you would go down in the morning—take Samantha Dawson with you. My real reason is to have news about this shocking business. Just drive to the office and see Charles Reeves."

Samantha, in spite of the stern practicality on which she prided herself, had a weakness for shopping; so she was mightily pleased when Mabel told her of the expedition they must undertake, though she was careful to hide her satisfaction.

"That's always the way!" she said. "Just because I'd laid out for to-morrow work enough for a week, I must leave it all. Wal, there ain't nothing to be said. Ef Mr. Harrington wants you to go, why go you must, and me too—so don't say a word. And, law me, Mabel! ef I *could* pick up such a bargain in the way of a cloak as Joanna Maria Bones did last week, why that would be a stroke of good luck sort of thrown in promiscuous."

So the next morning Mabel and the old maid went to town, and, after fulfilling her other commissions, and delighting Samantha's soul by procuring for her a marvelous "bargain" in the way of a Winter wrap, she told her friend that they must oblige Mr. Harrington by seeking Charles Reeves.

"Wal," said Samantha, who, in her secret soul, always cherished the idea that if she chose she might become the legal possessor of that gentleman, "ef we must, we must! I reely couldn't go by myself, not even to oblige Mr. Harrington; but taking you with me, I don't mind so much, though it's the sort o' thing I can't ever make up my mind is precisely decorous—and men are so quick to think they've only to ask to marry any woman they meet! Hows'ever, that's neither here nor there; ef we're going, the sooner we get under way the sooner it'll be over."

Mr. Reeves was very cordial in his greetings, and flattered Samantha considerably; still he looked so worn and pale that Mabel was troubled.

"I wish there was something I could do to help you," she said; "you know I have plenty of leisure and am a very good accountant."

"Thanks, a thousand times," he answered, with a sad, yearning smile, as he gazed at her beauty, "but I think we need not bother you with this dreary business."

"I am sure I could be of some assistance about looking over the books—I know most of that comes on you," she persisted; and said so much that at last Mr. Reeves replied:

"Then, since you are good enough to wish it, there is something you might manage for me."

"Ah, now you are kind and friendly!" she said. "Tell me what I may be trusted to do?"

"I have discovered some private books of poor Nesbitt's—I doubt if they will throw much light on affairs, still they must be looked over. I will not put them into the hands of the people who are assisting me, and I have not yet found time to inspect their contents," he explained. "Now, if it would not be too tiresome——"

"Please don't finish!" she interrupted. "Let me have the volumes."

"I can send them up to the manor."

"No need, unless they are very huge affairs."

They were not; a couple of memorandum-books and a sort of ledger; so when Mabel went home she took the volumes with her.

There was no good news to carry Mr. Harrington; and, though Nesbitt was rather distasteful to him personally than otherwise, he was too sympathetic not to grieve over the troubles which had befallen his old acquaintance.

That night, after Mr. Harrington had retired, Mabel

began her task in the quiet of her room. Samantha was somewhat inclined to grumble at this undertaking of what she styled "double duty," and announced her intention of sitting up as long as Mabel worked, but allowed herself at length to be persuaded to behave reasonably and go to bed. Indeed, it was to be said for her that, in spite of occasional "little humors," she was less actively troublesome than a good many people with her desire for ruling.

"I ain't above taking advice, ef you be," she said finally, as she caught Mabel's eye, and received a smile and disapproving shake of the head, "so I'll take yours, and all the quicker that, somehow, I'm clean tired out to-night."

"The wonder is that you are not every night, my dear," Mabel answered, "for it seems to me that you never sit down."

"Mabel, it's wicked to tell stories! I sat down all the way to York and back, not to mention the carriage-driving we did while we was there," said Samantha, looking preternaturally serious, then beginning to laugh with enjoyment of her own joke.

As Mabel laughed too, the old maid betook herself to her room in extreme delight. Like most unimaginative persons, a jest was unusual with her—life was a serious business.

After she had reached that stage of the disrobing process where she had crowned her tresses with one of the marvelous nightcaps in which her soul delighted, she put her head out of her door to add:

"I only want to see Joanna Maria Bones's face when I show her my new jacket! It beats hers all hollow, and cost less. Good-night. Now, don't work there till morning."

This time she disappeared finally, and the only further reminder of her propinquity which reached Mabel was an occasional sound somewhat resembling the faint toot of the old-fashioned coach-horn. The most virtuous person cannot expect to monopolize all the virtues, and Samantha possessed one failing—she did snore most abominably.

Mabel sat at the table and pursued her task; and all the while in her mind that undercurrent of hope made itself perceptible to her beneath the absorption of her faculties. Some good, in some fashion, was to come to Ralph Desborough. A wild, fairly insane hope, she knew; still, it kept its hold, and would neither be silenced nor reasoned away.

The ledger first occupied her attention. Here George Nesbitt appeared to have been in the habit of keeping a private account of sums he gave in charities—of amounts paid asylums, societies for the indigent; and, besides these, a space was devoted to the workings of his ordinary business, which had been on a sufficiently large scale to have made most men consider that they had no leisure to devote to the needs of other human beings. But George Nesbitt had found time for all.

Mabel toiled on. Nothing of the confusion which Mr. Reeves had, to his astonishment, discovered in the books of the house, was perceptible here; everything was plain and straightforward, and Mabel came to the conclusion that Reeves's idea was correct. He had said to her:

"I am convinced that poor Nesbitt trusted Robert Sloane so completely that he left off the habit even of looking at the ledgers. Sloane made him out abstracts once in so often, and that was all. More and more George neglected his own business to attend to his charities; and I begin to fear that he was a much less practical man than we all supposed."

It was very late when Mabel put the ledger aside and prepared to retire to rest. Well, who could tell? Perhaps before Mr. Reeves had finished his investigations, some light would be thrown on the matter she had so much at heart. Of course it was folly—worse, a sin—for her to venture to dream that George Nesbitt could ever have been guilty of wrong toward any human being; still, that the villainy from which Ralph suffered had arisen out of his transactions with Nesbitt's house was a matter of conviction in her mind against which it would have been useless for her to attempt to struggle. But it must have been Robert Sloane's work—that seemed clear. Positively, she was a wicked woman to have let her personal antipathy toward the good man, George Nesbitt, influence her to such a degree that when the news of his misfortunes had reached her she had been ready to call them crimes, and expect the discovery of his evil-doing to set Ralph right.

The next day as usual she devoted her time to Mr. Harrington. In the afternoon, when she was in her room dressing to go for a drive, she had occasion to open the drawer in which she had placed the three volumes. She glanced at one of the little memorandum-books which she had not examined on the previous night. Her eye fell upon a page at random—certain items attracted her attention. Just then a servant knocked at the door to say that Mr. Harrington was waiting. She left the volume carefully open at the leaf she had glanced at, and hurried away.

"You look a little pale, my dear," Mr. Harrington said, as they got into the carriage.

"The air will remedy that," she replied, laughingly; "you know a little exercise is all the rouge I am obliged to use."

She was rather quiet, but perfectly cheerful and composed; contriving to make Mr. Harrington talk by asking some questions about his travels of former days, and as she had that rare faculty of being a good listener, and able to draw a companion on by her graceful appearance of interest, the old gentleman was beguiled into narratives so long that when they reached home he said:

"My dear, I haven't been so loquacious in ages! I am sure you are a witch—nobody else ever deludes me into so much chattering."

A little party had been invited to dinner, and as the gentlemen played whist afterward, it was late when they took their leave. Then Mr. Harrington found himself in a sleepless mood, and wanted to be read to for a while; so that altogether it was long past Mabel's time for retiring when she entered her room.

Samantha was sleeping the sleep of the weary. Mabel closed the door softly between the rooms—she wanted to be quite alone. She had tried all the evening to keep her thoughts away from the subject; she endeavored now to restrain any excitement. It might all be an error—she should know very soon.

She opened the drawer, took out the volumes, and began comparing the notes in the page of the memorandum-book with entries in the ledger of the same date. She tried a similar comparison with other entries—she went through the third little volume.

One thing stood proven—her presentiment was fulfilled! George Nesbitt the philanthropist was a swindler and a cheat; not the victim of his trusted clerk, Robert Sloane, but his confederate; and Sloane had no doubt taken advantage of his employer's udden illness to flee before the inevitable exposures arrived.

At last she came upon Ralph Desborough's name, both in the memorandum-book and ledger, and there were discrepancies in the accounts similar to those she had discovered in many other places. She knew that he could be righted!

Early in the morning she woke Samantha—she had de-

cided on her own course. She could not go to town without exciting Mr. Harrington's suspicions that something was wrong; Samantha's absence need not even be known to him.

By ten o'clock the books and her letter of explanations were in Charles Reeves's hands. Two days elapsed, and then Mr. Reeves came to the house. Everything was clear—George Nesbitt had mended sufficiently so that conversation was possible. Finding his guilt discovered, he did what so many of his ilk have done during the past ten years—he made full confession. Since he could no longer carry on his villainies, he elected to appear in the character of an interesting penitent.

Ralph Desborough read the letter which proved that his innocence was established—read at first in the almost uncomprehending way in which men do news so marvelous—a record that tells of an awful blow is easy enough to understand!

There was no mention of Mabel Jordan—she had made both Mr. Harrington and Reeves promise that there should be none. Ralph wrote to Mr. Harrington:

"Do not talk to me about forgiving you. The word can have no meaning as addressed by me to you! I confess that I would have died a thousand deaths sooner than have made any effort to convince you of my innocence (had such efforts been possible); but I loved you just as dearly—I could not help it.

"To return at present would be out of the question; I have undertaken work which must be finished. Indeed, I may as well say, frankly, that I cannot believe it would be right for me to go back to your house on the old terms. This year of real work has convinced me that, for the sake of doing the best I can in my art, it is well that I should feel the positive pecuniary necessity for exertion.

"You will understand what I mean. I think after a little you will agree with me. But the moment I can come to you, I most certainly will; of that you can be certain——"

He got no further in his epistle. There came a sharp ring at the door—a telegraph messenger this time.

The dispatch was from Charles Reeves, and contained terrible tidings. If Ralph hoped to see Mr. Harrington alive he must start at once. A frightful accident had occurred. Mr. Harrington's lawyer had been spending a couple of days with his client; the two gentlemen had gone out for a drive. The horses took fright and plunged over an embankment. The lawyer was picked up dead, and there was no possibility that Gilbert Harrington could survive more than a brief length of time.

At the close of the second day after receiving that telegram, Ralph Desborough reached the old manor-house.

Waters appeared at the door as the carriage drove up. As he flung his arms about Ralph's neck, he answered the question Desborough had been powerless to ask.

"He is alive still—conscious just now."

A few instants more and Ralph was kneeling by the dying man's bed.

"I thought God would give me one more look in your face," Gilbert Harrington murmured. I tried to make atonement—at least—I— It is growing dark! Miriam's boy—bless——"

His head sank upon Ralph's shoulder—he was dead!

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

When the carriage which brought Desborough drove up to the door, Mabel was seated beside Mr. Harrington's bed. She had cautioned Samantha to be on the watch and let her know the instant Ralph arrived, not only that she might prepare the dying man, but have time to escape before Desborough entered the room.

She heard the door open, looked up, and saw Samantha standing there with a hand uplifted in warning. But softly as Samantha came in, Mr. Harrington caught the sound.

"He has come—my boy has come!" he said.

"Yes," said Mabel, bending over the bed.

"Kiss me, my dear," he murmured. "God bless you, my darling! What should I have done without you this long year? Go now—I must see Ralph alone. Kiss me again—I will send for you later."

Mabel hurried away into the side passage toward the flight of stairs which led to her apartments in the wing. She could hear Ralph Desborough's step on the marble floor of the entrance-corridor—hear his voice addressing eager questions to Waters.

She was conscious of a quick, confused thought that what she felt must be like the feeling a spirit passed from earth might have when, on the confines of the new world it is entering, it hears the voice of some being known and loved on earth.

Samantha was close behind; she passed her strong arm round Mabel's waist, and helped her up to her room. But Mabel would not permit her to remain.

"Go down," she said; "be ready to let me know if I am needed. Mr. Harrington may want me again soon."

So Samantha went back, passed through the library and entered the apartment next Mr. Harrington's bedroom. Waters was watching there. Samantha crept up to his side, and the pair waited in silence. The door of the sleeping chamber was closed; the sound of voices could not penetrate from one room to the other; but when the clock on the mantel showed that half an hour had passed since the interview began, Waters could endure the suspense no longer.

"I must look in," he whispered to Samantha.

The spinster nodded, and kept her stand, leaning against a table to support herself; for a sudden, chill fear shook her.

Waters opened the door and peered in. Ralph was kneeling by the bed. Gilbert Harrington's hand still rested on the young man's head; but one glance told Waters the truth.

His groan of anguish warned Samantha that all was over.

"Get him away," she whispered. "I must go tell Mabel—then I'll come back."

She hurried up-stairs.

Mabel was sitting in her boudoir, little Nettie Graves beside her—little Nettie, who had been visiting at the house for a week.

"He is gone," Mabel said, as Samantha appeared. "I knew I should not see him again."

Samantha could not stop, and she felt that for a little the sweet soothings of the child would comfort Mabel better than any other companionship.

As she was crossing one of the lower halls, Samantha met Mr. Reeves. He had gone out into the grounds for a little fresh air about the time he knew Ralph would arrive. His innate delicacy told him that Desborough should be spared meeting any one except Waters until he had seen his adopted father.

The doctor had expected Gilbert Harrington to last at least until the following morning, so the death seemed sudden, in spite of the whole household's having known it was near.

When Samantha and Mr. Reeves reached the bedroom, Waters had already led Ralph away. The old man came back presently. No hands but his own should touch his master, he declared, and of course his wish was respected. Samantha waited in the adjoining apartment, to be of

service if he needed it. Mr. Reeves wandered aimlessly off through the house, heavy-hearted with grief at the loss of the relative and friend who had been for so many years his most intimate associate.

The discovery of George Nesbitt's villainies had been a great shock. Besides all these troubles, there was a consciousness that the dream which had sprung up unconsciously in his soul during the past months must resolutely be crushed and put out of sight for ever, and the necessity was fraught with great pain. He recognized his own folly in having allowed his heart to cheat his reason as it had done, and with a man of his determination no weak regrets or repinings would render his task more difficult; but life looked cold and dreary since he had learned that the beautiful hope which seemed suddenly to have brought back the freshness and brightness of youth could find no realization.

So he roamed about among the twilight-shadowed rooms, absorbed in his melancholy reflections; dreading, too, his first interview with Ralph Desborough, which must unavoidably be painful to both; hoping at least the young man would have the generosity to believe that his part in the occurrences of the last year had been dictated by a strict sense of duty, in which no personal animosity mingled.

After a time one of the servants interrupted his dismal meditations. The ordinary needs of human existence must go on, though we may stand in the midst of sorrow and death, and certainly no household was ever one of more general mourning than this; there was scarcely a domestic who had not lived in Mr. Harrington's service for years, and, though a strict master, he had been invariably a kind and just one.

Dinner was ready, the man came to say. Miss Jordan had sent word that she could not come down.

"And Mr. Desborough?" Reeves asked.

"He is in his room, sir. I didn't know what to do. I was waiting to ask Waters, but he is still in there," with a wave of his hand toward the apartments that had been Mr. Harrington's.

"I think you had better go up and tell Mr. Ralph—he ought to try and eat something after his journey."

Presently the footman came back. Mr. Ralph would have some soup in his own chamber. He had dined early in the day—he found himself tired—he sent his compliments to Mr. Reeves.

"I am afraid he can't forgive me yet," was Charles Reeves's thought. "Well, well, no wonder—I must be patient. He will later—he is too impulsive and warm-hearted not to do so later."

So he went away by himself into the great dining-room, which looked so dismal to-night, and tried to eat his dinner—always a doleful process when it must be accomplished in solitude.

After a while Waters entered, and the two broke down for a little in the attempt each made to comfort the other in this mutual grief.

Mr. Reeves at last persuaded the faithful creature—friend rather than servant during these later years—to swallow a few morsels; then sat waiting while Waters went to inquire after Desborough.

The old man came back to say that Mr. Ralph would not come down that night. Then Samantha stole in with news of Mabel, and after that Mr. Reeves retired to his own room, to sleep if he could.

It spoke volumes for the largeness and nobility of Charles Reeves's nature that, in the midst of his pain, he was able to be glad Fate had again brought the young pair within reach of one another, and that, without doubt, an opportunity would offer for the clearing up of the cloud which had separated them. They would be happy—he was glad to think this, and his self-abnegation was so complete that he did not even reflect, as most men would have done, that, considering his own state of mind, he was showing fairly generosity in his satisfaction for what awaited them.

So, in the seclusion of his chamber, Mr. Reeves wore out the evening hours; in hers, Mabel Jordan fought her battle with contending emotions—grief at the loss of her kind friend, her relative—she could call him so now in her thoughts—and the agitation caused by the reflection that she sat once more under the same roof with the man to whom she had given her heart—under the same roof, yet divided more effectually by his belief in her treachery than if the sweep of a continent had spread between them.

Toward midnight Ralph Desborough went to bed, but his nerves were so unstrung by the fatigue of travel and the suddenness of the shock which greeted his arrival that he found it impossible to rest.

It seemed hard and cruel that at least a few hours of communion could not have been granted—only just time for those brief, broken words—that long, eager glance of love—and then all over! In this first rush of grief, Ralph reproached himself bitterly that he had not hastened back the instant he received Mr. Harrington's letter; yet he had the comfort of feeling certain that no anger had mingled with the resolve which caused him to wait, and he knew that his present feeling was both morbid and useless.

What he had to do was completely to put aside the recollection of the last year's estrangement—to remember only the kindness and affection he had received from childhood from the dead man—to recollect that he had given full measure of tenderness and gratitude in return. Later, there would be consolation in these reflections—he knew that—however unavailing they appeared at this moment.

To lie still was out of the question; he rose, partially dressed and returned to the room which had been his study in former days. After a while the door opened softly, and Waters appeared again.

"I beg your pardon," he said, halting on the threshold; "I saw the light, so I knew you were up, Mr. Ralph."

"I hoped you were asleep long ago, poor old friend," Desborough answered.

"I went to bed, but I couldn't lie there. Every time I dropped into a doze, I seemed to hear him call," said Waters, with a sob in his voice. "Please let me stop with you?"

"Come in, come in! I can't sleep either, and I shall be glad of your company," Ralph said.

He made Waters sit down in an easy chair close to the hearth, fanned the smoldering fire into a blaze, for the old man's hands were like ice, forced him to drink a glass of the wine which had been left on the table, and soothed him by tender, loving words, putting aside his own sorrow with an unselfishness which few of his age would have been capable of exhibiting.

"It seems more than I can bear, Mr. Ralph," moaned Waters; "I was older a good bit than he—I never thought to outlive him."

"You must try to find patience by remembering how much worse it would have been for him to be left," Ralph answered. "He was so entirely dependent on your care—nobody could have taken your place."

"Maybe not — maybe not; yes, I'll think of that," Waters replied. "'You're hands and eyes and memory to me,' he would say sometimes."

"And you were, Waters! You gave him more than duty and faithful service—a brother could not have cared for him more devotedly."

"I tried, dear boy, I tried—I know I may say that!" returned Waters. "And he's gone; and now what is there left for me to do? It seems hard that I can't go with him! Maybe you'll think I'm getting childish, but I can't help feeling that he'll miss me. I understand his ways so well, it seems as if he must need me at every turn."

"Perhaps it won't be for long, dear old man; you must have patience," Ralph said, "and since you are kept here, there must be a good reason."

"Ay—perhaps; I was telling myself that a while ago," sighed Waters. "Oh, dear boy, what a comfort to have you back—to see you in your old place!"

Ralph stroked softly the wrinkled hand laid upon his arm, but did not speak.

"It's no good going back over it yet," Waters said.

"No good whatever," Ralph replied, understanding the train of thought which had caused the words.

"But there are some things I must tell you—he bade me in case he had not time," continued Waters. "He had a dread you might get here too late. 'I'm afraid I shall be punished by not having another look at my boy's face,' he kept saying."

"Don't, don't!" Ralph interrupted.

"Yes, I'm a fool to torment you, when what I wanted was to find something that might be a comfort."

"You must try to let me comfort you now," Ralph said; "after a while you shall take your turn."

"And I need a little," Waters answered, with a piteous quiver in his voice. "I've never been the same since—since—I mean this last year has aged me dreadfully. But, after all, what can I expect? When a man gets past threescore, every week counts like a twelvemonth."

Ralph comprehended the full significance of the unfinished sentence—it was the trouble in regard to himself which had aged Waters. He knew the greatest kindness he could show the old man was to speak a word or two which should prove that the events of the past year had in no way changed their relations.

"I know what you mean," he said. "We needn't talk about it—there's no good; but I always knew, from the very first, that down in your heart you at least did not believe, in spite of all the proofs."

"No, I didn't, dear boy—never, never! I held my tongue—I had to. I didn't write to you—it was forbidden. But I knew, Ralph, I knew that Master Gilbert and I would both live to see the truth come out—I never doubted that. Why, I should be dead months ago if I had."

"I was always sure of you, old friend," answered Ralph, trying to speak cheerfully, in the hope of helping Waters back to composure; for the wrinkled face turned toward him was working piteously, and every labored breath was a sob. "I knew you were such an obstinate old fellow, and loved me so well, that no matter how much your reason might be convinced, down at the bottom of your heart you would believe in me all the same."

Waters laid his poor, tired head for an instant on Ralph's arm, and sobbed uncontrolledly. Then he looked up and said:

"There, that has done me good. Now I shan't act like a demented old baby any more. I needn't go away, need I? You ain't too tired to let me stay?"

"No, no. If you can't sleep, stop here. Perhaps after awhile we shall both feel like going to bed."

They sat silent for a little. Waters's thoughts went wandering back, as the thoughts of aged people will, even in the absorption of grief, to years long vanished—to the days when Gilbert Harrington was young. He began abruptly to tell Ralph of things that had happened—proofs of Gilbert's courage and good heart. He gave glimpses of the awful shadow which had obscured his youth—living under his father's roof an exile from his father's heart; and out of the bitterness of his own experience Ralph was able to understand what the effect of such trouble must have been on Mr. Harrington's whole after-life.

Waters paused abruptly; he found himself close to a forbidden subject. The falsehood of the girl Gilbert had loved, the horrible treachery of Gilbert's most trusted friend—and he remembered that the pair had been Ralph Desborough's father and mother.

In his haste to get away from these perilous disclosures, Waters began to speak of Gilbert's brother, Danforth Harrington, and the name brought to his recollection the story he had set out to tell—the fulfillment of his master's commands.

Poor Waters was so exhausted, physically and mentally, by sleeplessness and grief, that he forgot Mabel Jordan's name had not been mentioned. Once it came up in his mind, he kept following the thread of his reflections, scarcely aware whether he was thinking, or speaking to Ralph, and the first words the young man heard were:

"She has been like an angel in the house! Talk about my being hands and eyes to Master Gilbert! I should have given out long ago but for her! Why, actually, sometimes I could have been jealous of the way she could soothe him, if I hadn't been ready to worship her for that and all her goodness."

Ralph, also sorely fatigued in mind and body, sat for an instant, wondering what Waters meant—whether he had himself been so absorbed in his own thoughts that previous explanations had escaped his ear. Then he said, almost peevishly:

"I don't know what you are talking about, Waters! I'm so stupid—I haven't caught a word till now! Who helped him—who is it you mean?"

"Why, Miss Mabel," returned Waters, in a weary tone that held a faint surprise—almost a querulousness too. You must be familiar with the griefs and troubles of others to understand just what I wish to convey; the fatigue of explaining, the partial wonder, partial irritation on the part of the sufferer, that the listener cannot follow every word or thought.

Ralph's fingers closed like a vice over Waters's arm; he said, hoarsely:

"Who—who?"

The sound of his own voice—the old man's sudden movement, brought back Desborough's self-control, and he added:

"I think I was dozing. What did you say?"

"I was telling you about Miss Jordan," said Waters; "but let it go for now; you are so tired, dear boy!"

"Miss—did I catch the name?"

"Miss Jordan."

"Ah!" returned Desborough, "I am awake now! Go on—go on! What were you telling me about her?"

"Miss Jordan—Mabel Jordan—yes! Such a comfort as she has been to Master Gilbert all these months!"

"Here—living here in this house?" Ralph asked, releasing Waters's arm and leaning back in his chair.

"Yes; Mr. Reeves went for her as soon as we heard."

"Ah!" ejaculated Ralph, and a swift recollection of that terrible day when the tempest seemed to burst at once from every quarter across his sky, turned Ralph fairly dizzy with pain and wrath.

"She was very ill after she came," continued Waters; "lying at death's door for weeks. We all learned to be fond of her then—indeed, she is more like an angel than a woman——"

"And she is here now?" Ralph interrupted.

"Of course! And Miss Dawson has been housekeeper."

"Samantha Dawson here too — and Charles Reeves?" exclaimed Ralph. "Well, it only lacks George Nesbitt to make the list complete."

"Dear boy, you don't think what you are saying!"

"Don't I? Perhaps not; but no matter. You wanted to tell me something—I am listening."

"I am sure Master Gilbert tried to bid me tell you—I know he did; anyhow I must. I feel certain there are some letters in existence; if you had come on them not knowing, you might have spoken to Mr. Reeves—the secret will never go beyond you and me now."

"I have nothing to do with her secrets," muttered Ralph, and old Waters, catching only the last words, rejoined:

"Ay, ay, we will keep it between us. Well, it's not a long story. You have heard of master's brother, Danforth—he that died when you were a chlid?"

"Yes!"

"Miss Mabel was his daughter, and besides, her mother was a connection of——" Waters paused an instant—"of a person Gilbert had been very fond of."

In his delicacy the old man refrained from adding that the person he meant was Desborough's own mother.

"Mr. Harrington's niece!" Ralph exclaimed.

"Ah, that is just the secret we must keep! It was a wicked affair! Danforth had deceived the poor creature by a mock marriage—we found some of her letters after he was dead."

"The villain!"

"Don't, dear boy—he has been so long gone to his account!" said Waters, pleadingly. "I always loved him—nobody could help it! Well, he was about ruined, and he got a chance to marry money. Then he let the poor girl know the truth."

"And left her and her child?"

"She went away it seems—I don't rightly know how that was. Anyhow, before Danforth's marriage could come off, he was struck down with fever. They sent for his brother. Master Gilbert and I went to him at once. He lived a week, but he never had his senses clear enough to tell us anything connected, though his conscience troubled him sore and he raved about the mother and child—begging us to find them."

"And Mr. Harrington tried?"

"Of course, but it was no use—the poor soul had hidden herself too carefully. I suppose she wanted to save her child from ever hearing the truth. So we hunted and got on a wrong track, and believed that she and her baby died in Memphis. It was the name which deceived us—Jordan—it is common enough, you know."

"But I don't understand how you discovered your mistake after so many years," observed Desborough.

"Dear boy, it was you!" cried Waters.

"I?" returned Ralph, in wonder.

"I thought master might have told you that in his letter."

"He told me nothing about—this young lady."

"You see Charles Reeves was writing for him—he did not want to raise any question in Charles's mind—that must have been it."

"Very likely. But I don't see——"

"Why you sent Miss Mabel's photograph; you found it in some village up in Vermont."

"Ah, now I understand!" Ralph said, and fell to thinking how far off that day looked; he seemed to have lived a whole life since then.

So he had unconsciously helped Mabel Jordan to a friend—a home! If she knew the fact, it must be very bitter to her to reflect that the man she had deserted in his trouble had been the means of doing her this service. Yet perhaps, after all, she would not heed—no, she was too cold, too selfish to give the matter a second thought!

"The picture was the living image of Danforth," continued Waters," and to make us certain, there was the name—it had been her mother's; Danforth used to say it over and over in his fever."

"And do you think Mr. Harrington ever told her how he came to find where she was?" Ralph asked.

"Nay, that I can't tell; once she came, nothing was said. We were to go on as if she had been always here, was master's only remark to me; you know how silent he was, how he hated going over things and having explanations; they only made people uncomfortable he always insisted."

"But to her? He must have accounted to her in some way—a perfect stranger sending for her."

"Ay, ay; he did tell me that while she was ill. He wrote to her, engaging her as amanuensis—when he found about Miss Dawson he took her too. He said to Miss Mabel that her mother was connected with his family—troubles or misunderstandings had separated her from her connections; he had never known her personally. Then, by the time Miss Mabel got well, it seemed natural to her to be here, so I think. I don't believe she ever asked questions."

"It is no matter; we have nothing to do with what passed between them," Ralph said, wearily.

"No, dear boy, only——" Waters hesitated, but Ralph did not attempt to aid him, and after a little the old man said, in a tone which showed that he had retreated from some thought that had been in his mind, to a new subject: "There is a provision for her in the will, no doubt. After the truth about Nesbitt came out, he had Smith up—oh, if they had not persuaded him to go out to drive!" moaned Waters. "There, I must not think. Let me talk; it keeps me steady."

"And me too, dear old man!"

"Oh, Mr. Ralph—Mr. Ralph! How I lived without you all this year, knowing——".

Thus far Waters got; then broke off to exclaim, "What a fool I am!"

"I wouldn't have used that word to express your state of mind," Ralph said, with an attempt at a smile.

Waters pressed his hand and went on.

"What was I saying? Yes, he had made a new will while he was bitter against you; but oh, Ralph, he never ceased loving you—no matter what he tried to think, he loved you always!"

"Yes, yes—I know!"

"Well, after we knew the truth, what Nesbitt had done—and, God forgive me, Ralph, I feel as if a whole life in prison was too little for him—then Gilbert sent for the lawyer. He was so pleased when I went to tell him that Mr. Smith had come. I had to go to Albany for master that very day. I started just after Mr. Smith got here. The last, last thing Mr. Harrington said to me when we were shaking hands—you know how he treated me, Mr. Ralph!"

"As you merited, my good old friend!"

"Well, he said: 'Now we'll set our boy right again, Waters. When you get back it will all be settled.'"

Waters choked back a sob, and went on, quietly:

"It was only ten o'clock when I left the house; I got back at four. Miss Dawson, she happened to come out on the terrace just as I came up, and she told me that master and Mr. Smith had gone out to drive—that she and the young lady had been signing papers. Why, after all, now I think, if Miss Mabel witnessed the will, her name couldn't be in—ah, I know why."

Waters paused again, shut his eyes for an instant, then said, in a slow, difficult voice :

"And while Miss Dawson and I stood there talking, the news came. It's all like an awful dream since. He spoke as we got him in bed ; then he went into a stupor. He roused up, after a few hours, to tell me what I was to say to you. Then, unless when he was alone with Miss Mabel, he did not talk much till toward the time for you to get here. He knew us all, but he didn't talk much, except to say your name over and over, to ask if the train oughtn't to be in, to call out that it would be too late——"

"Don't, Waters, don't !"

Again they held each other's hand in silence for a time. At last Waters said :

"Just one thing, Mr. Ralph—I ought to tell you."

"Yes," Ralph answered.

PUTTING UP THE BRACKET.

"You see, for a whole year your name was not mentioned ; then, there was so little time. But, from something he said to me that morning before I started for Albany, I gathered—this is what I meant when I said I understood why she was not in the will—I gathered that master believed that you and she would come together——"

"Never!" Desborough interrupted, in a voice hard as iron.

"Then it won't hurt—I was afraid," Waters went on. "You see, I knew what Gilbert did not. I'd discovered from the first that Charles Reeves was dreadfully taken with her. Only the day before we found all out about Nesbitt, I'd seen Charles and her in the garden together, and—well, it was easy to guess that Mr. Harrington was mistaken in his hope; but I hadn't the heart to undeceive him."

"Neither Miss Jordan's affairs nor those of Mr. Reeves are anything whatever to me, Waters," returned Ralph Desborough, coldly.

"Dear boy, you mustn't think any harsher of Mr. Charles than you can help," urged Waters. "Only this morning he was talking to me. He felt all that trouble about you more than you could believe. He's a stern man, is Charles Reeves, but upright and honest as any creature living."

"I am sure of it. I think I could like him better if he were not such a strong impersonation of justice," said Ralph. "But don't let us talk about him at present. He never liked me——"

"Oh, yes, Ralph!"

"Well, then, he liked me against his reason—he always doubted me. I respect him; I have no hard feeling toward him. He did what he believed to be right. For his private judgments he is no more to blame than I am for mine. Indeed, neither is of any consequence; the courses of our lives need not cross hereafter."

Waters sighed, remained silent; and when he spoke again it was upon other matters.

Ralph Desborough told the truth—he did not blame Reeves. The one person whom he could not forgive—never meant to forgive, he admitted to his own soul—was the woman who had doubted him. She had forsaken him in his trouble and disgrace, had usurped his place in Gilbert Harrington's home and heart—basely taken advantage of the circumstances to render herself all in all to the invalid, utterly reckless what might be the fate of the man she had so little time before promised to love and trust for ever. No, he would never forgive her.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEETING OF MABEL AND RALPH.

IT was nearly morning before Desborough could persuade the old servant to go to his room and try to rest. Ralph himself made no attempt to sleep; he sat by the expiring embers until the day broke and the sun rose, then he went out into the recesses of the wood which stretched for acres back of the house, wandering about there till Waters came in search of him with eager entreaties that he would return to the house and eat some breakfast.

While Ralph was still at table, Mr. Reeves entered the room. He was accompanied by the rector, and the presence of the old clergyman rendered their interview less embarrassing.

Ralph rose from his chair and greeted Charles Reeves, if not with any special show of cordiality, at least with a manner perfectly free from rancor or hard feeling, and then turned to shake hands with his old friend, Mr. Morgan.

"I am an early visitor," the clergyman said; "I only meant to inquire how you all were; but Reeves saw me and would have me come in."

"It is I who have breakfasted late," Ralph replied. "It must be nearly ten o'clock. I went out for a stroll in the wood and forgot how the time was passing."

"Positively, Ralph," Mr. Morgan said, "it seems to me you look taller than ever, though you are rather past the growing age! He towers over us both, Reeves, yet we are a pretty good height, too."

"He certainly looks a good deal older," Mr. Reeves answered, then felt that he had made an unfortunate remark as he caught Ralph's bitterly significant smile.

The rector went on talking, sufficiently aware of how matters stood between the two men to know that until they had arrived at some better explanation, conversation must be difficult between them. He had known no more than Mr. Harrington's other friends of the real cause of estrangement between Desborough and his adopted father; but when the discoveries of Nesbitt's villainies established Ralph's innocence, Mr. Harrington told the rector that the trouble had been caused by that bad man; and without explaining the charge which had rested on Ralph, had shown Mr. Morgan plainly how sorely grieved both he and Charles were that they ever allowed themselves to doubt the boy.

The rector had too much delicacy and tact to speak now, but he hoped later to convince Ralph that whatever grounds of injury he might feel he had toward Reeves, the latter was his sincere well-wisher, and deeply lamented any harsh judgments he might have entertained during the past twelve months.

Presently Mr. Morgan took his leave, offering to come back and dine with them—a proposal which was gladly received by both. Mr. Reeves accompanied the rector to the outer door, and they stood conversing for a few moments.

"I am afraid he cannot forgive me," Reeves said; "it is no wonder; but I wish I could make him understand how I feel."

"Better go at once and tell him so," the rector answered. "Ralph was always a hot-headed boy, but a better-hearted one never lived. I can't bear to have any estrangement between you now. You both stand so entirely alone in the matter of family, that you will need each other during these sad days."

Mr. Reeves went back to the breakfast-room, meaning to follow the clergyman's advice, but when he reached it, Desborough had disappeared—to avoid any private conversation, Reeves felt confident. He must wait with what patience he might; to force his society upon Ralph just now would, perhaps, only increase the difficulty of the situation.

As Ralph was passing down the side corridor, Samantha Dawson came out of one of the rooms where she had been indulging her passion for dusting and putting in order. She had a feather brush in one hand, and a towel in the other.

She caught sight of Desborough, and in her confusion, dropped both her burdens; scarcely knowing what she did, she stepped back and tried to shut the door; but the handle of the brush prevented her. Then, in an instant, she was so heartily ashamed of her own fright, that she rushed into a towering passion. She flung the door open again with a good deal of unnecessary violence; stooped to pick up her implements of warfare, and stood erect, very red in the face, but grim as a Hindoo idol, just as Ralph came opposite her.

"Good-morning, Miss Dawson," he said, quietly.

"Oh—oh—good-morning!" returned Samantha, in such a flutter between dread of him and anger at herself for the sensation, that she gave a rather hysterical laugh, as she

added, "I didn't know you would remember me, Mr. Desborough."

"I am not likely to forget you, Miss Dawson," he replied, and walked on down the corridor.

Samantha retreated into the room she had been arranging, and sank into the nearest chair, panting for breath, but grasping her feather-brush like a truncheon.

"Land's sake!" she muttered; "ef his eyes didn't go right through me like two pen-knives! Wal, I know one thing—Mabel and I shan't trouble him after the funeral. Off we go! I'll pack up to-day. I'm sure I didn't mean no harm. Ef I misjudged him, let him come like a man and set it right. I ain't obstinate, anyhow."

Samantha managed to get up a feeling of injury, and that did her good; for her conscience had been very troublesome during these days since she learned what a wrong she had done Desborough by her misconception of Mabel's state of mind the day they left their home.

Ralph pressed on. The sight of the woman had carried him back to that dreadful day at Hillside. His suffering and passion were so acute, for a little, that he seemed suddenly to have been flung back into the very midst of the tempest. But the emotion was only temporary. Soon pride came to his aid; he only wondered that he could be stirred to any emotion by those recollections. He had been taken by surprise—that was it. But this would not happen again; he was prepared now. Mabel Jordan herself might appear—her presence would cause him no thrill, whether of anger or pain. The events of that season were past and dead; Mabel Jordan was dead along with them, so far as he was concerned.

Then, one after another, such of the old servants as he had not seen on the previous night came to pay their respects—to tell of their grief for the dead man—the comfort it was to have Mr. Ralph back—to know that he would stay.

Again Ralph wandered off into the depths of the wood. He wanted to be free from intrusion—to have leisure to think. Ever since listening to old Waters's story, one determination had grown stronger and stronger in his mind. Mabel Jordan was Mr. Harrington's niece—his rightful heiress, morally speaking. If a dozen wills were to be found leaving him, Ralph Desborough, the fortune, not one penny would he touch. A score of wild plans flitted through his brain, but none were practicable, since none could effect his purpose without betraying to Mabel Jordan the disgrace of her birth, and *that* she must always be spared. He was forced at length to admit that he could do nothing. He could not bring the fortune within reach of the person to whom, according to his views, it rightfully belonged; but at least he would not accept it. He should feel, not as if he were defrauding Mabel Jordan, but as if he were her dependent.

Well, it was useless to think. If he could discover that Charles Reeves had any suspicion of her birth—— Ah, no thought was necessary. Charles Reeves would be the heir if he, Ralph, refused. He knew nothing about law, but this seemed certain. Mabel Jordan would become Charles Reeves's wife, so the matter of the money would be easily settled. It belonged to the girl, and she would have her rights. He had nothing to do with the matter beyond refusing to receive a penny of Gilbert Harrington's inheritance.

To rest, to keep still, was utterly out of the question. Waters again found him out in the course of the morning. Mr. Reeves had desired Ralph to express his wishes concerning various details connected with the funeral and other matters.

"The person to decide everything is Charles Reeves," said Ralph. "He must know the dead man's wishes—who else should?" Then he realized how his words must sound, and hastened to add: "You understand, my dear old Waters—make them let me alone!"

So after that Ralph was troubled no more.

"It's only cruel, Mr. Charles," said Waters. "He's nigh heart-broken, and that's the truth. Leave him to himself—it's the one kindness we can show. Even when he was a little chap, that was all you could do for Mr. Ralph when he suffered."

So the day wore on, bringing with each hour a more terrible feeling of unrest to Desborough. Sometimes, when in the depths of the forest, he would be seized with a feeling that something demanded his presence in the house, useless to argue—go he must. Then, once within doors, the horrible sense of oppression returned with such strength that he found it impossible to remain, and again he would commence his aimless march.

Above stairs, Mabel Jordan wandered about, seeing no one but Samantha and little Nettie Graves, as incapable of taking repose as Ralph himself. Twice, as she chanced to pass a window, she caught sight of him; each time it seemed as if body and soul rent asunder in the shock. If she dared seek him, if she could only tell him the truth—only make him believe that her conduct in their last parting had not been dictated by the motives which he must ascribe to it! If that could be, it seemed to her that she would rest content, and demand nothing more of life in all time to come.

Samantha watched her, but did not venture to open her lips to offer either comfort or counsel. She comprehended perfectly that, added to Mabel's grief for Mr. Harrington's loss, this finding herself so near Ralph Desborough was a trial almost too hard to be borne.

"And he," thought Samantha, growing more angry each time she remembered her own undignified appearance in their encounter of the morning—"he's a-going about as stiff as Gog and Magog, speaking to nobody except Waters, a-treating Mr. Reeves as ef he was the dust under his feet! Don't tell me! He's prouder than a brazen image, and harder, too, else he'd be ready to go on his knees afore that dear angel and say he knowed whatever she did was from a sense of duty, and well done, too."

The lack of logic in Samantha's reflections did not disturb her in the least. She knew what a terrible wrong Ralph Desborough had suffered; all the same she blamed him, now that he was free to approach Mabel, that he did not come at once, instead of causing her fresh pain by this present line of conduct.

Ralph was returning to the house through the glory of the sunset. He had reached the flower-gardens and stood looking about, when he heard a child's voice call:

"Oh, Mr. Ralph! Mr. Ralph!"

Out from behind a thicket of laurestina, bounded little Nettie Graves. She rushed up to him and seized his hand.

"Don't you remember me?" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad to see you; I've been trying all day to speak to you."

"Of course I remember you! my little Nettie! How you have grown!" Ralph said, sitting down on a bench and drawing the child toward him.

"I've been here for a week, visiting Miss Mabel," explained Nettie. "The man that came to see about Miss Mabel's house brought me with him. And oh, I'm so glad to see you—and you've not seen Miss Mabel! She's a'most sick in bed—ill, I mean," amended Nettie, with a recollection of the correct use of words strong upon her even in the midst of her excitement.

"You look as much like an apple-blossom as ever, my

little Nettie," said Ralph, ignoring her last remark. Although the sight of the child roused bitter thoughts, he could not help feeling very tender toward her. Her presence was at once a pleasure and a pain; she belonged to those beautiful days which had ended in such terrible night—belonged to that season as the flowers, or any other lovely thing in nature had done—she had no part in its suffering.

They sat there and talked a few moments. Nettie, child-like, for the moment forgot the dreadful impression made on her by Mr. Harrington's accident and death, in her joy at meeting Mr. Ralph again.

She told him all about her home matters—how fearfully she had missed Miss Mabel; a fever she had caught in the Summer; her pet cat's death; her lovely garden planted with flowers Miss Mabel had sent—a thousand little details which were of vast consequence to Nettie; and her eagerness enchained Ralph's attention as no grown person's conversation could have done.

She had climbed upon his knee in her spoiled favorite fashion. Suddenly she put her lips close to his ear and whispered:

"Why haven't you been to see Miss Mabel? I thought you were such friends! I asked her this morning if she didn't wish you would, and she didn't answer—she just kissed me and went away. I'm sure you can't be angry with her about anything, 'cause she's so good! And Samantha Dawson heard me ask and was quite savage, and told me little girls that ask questions always went to destruction! But, law me, I don't mind Samantha! She must scold when she's troubled—that's her way," added Nettie, philosophically.

Ralph put the child down rather abruptly, and rose from the bench—her innocent chatter hurt him like the prick of tiny knives.

"I must go in now," he said; "I have something to do. I'll see you to-morrow, Nettie."

"And you like me—and I'm your little maid always?" pleaded Nettie.

"The dearest little maid in the world," returned Ralph, and stooped to kiss her forehead, but checked himself—Mabel Jordan's treacherous lips might have pressed the child's brow just before! He patted the curly head, and would have passed on, but Nettie held fast to his hand, and walked with him up the veranda-steps, and into the house.

The child was talking still; Ralph heard her voice but paid no heed to her words, immersed in the reflections which her presence had roused amid the chaos of his mind.

"Come in here," she said, pushing open a door. Then he heard her exclaim: "Miss Mabel, here is Mr. Ralph!"

Nettie disappeared, closing the door behind her.

Ralph stood perfectly still, looked full in Mabel Jordan's face for a minute, then turned and was going away in silence.

She started up from her seat, finding a sudden strength in the purpose which animated her.

"Wait," she called; "only a moment—wait!"

He stopped, froze her anew with the cold wrath in his eyes, and made answer:

"A year ago we agreed that the earth was wide enough to give us both a place. You can have nothing to say—if you had, there is nothing that I would hear."

"Only this," she said. "I did not know—the day when you came—I did not know what had happened! I never learned until a short time before your innocence was proved——"

He interrupted her by a low, dreadful laugh. She shrank back as if he had struck her—sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

A very devil of wrath seized Ralph Desborough—wrath rendered the more pitiless by the awful pain which tore at his very heart-strings. She hoped even yet to deceive him—he was the heir—a far richer man than Charles Reeves, she believed.

"Explanations are not worth your making," he said; "you and I died to one another a twelvemonth since! Your memory is so utterly obliterated from my soul, that your past treachery moves me no more than this present poor, unavailing falsehood, whose motive is so clear."

With these cruel words upon his lips, he left her.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE DEAD MAN'S ROOM.

SAMANTHA DAWSON had been standing where every word of that brief conversation between Mabel and Ralph Desborough was distinctly audible, having entered from an inner room just as Ralph appeared from the hall. She would have retreated, but her gown caught on the door-knob, and she was afraid of making a noise. She stood still, hidden from view by a great Chinese screen.

She heard Ralph depart. Peering out—her face, in its agitation, almost as grotesque as the countenances depicted on the marvelously painted silk which concealed her—she saw Mabel leaning back in her chair with closed eyes, sighing now and then, her hand pressed against her heart, like a person suffering severe physical pain.

Samantha managed at length to extricate her dress. She crept back through the door by which she had entered, closing it behind her.

"I wouldn't have the poor dear know I heard for Injin ingits!" she muttered, betraying a delicacy of sentiment one would scarcely have expected her to show. "Oh, that Desborough chap! a nether millstone ain't harder. Maybe he isn't bad in the way I thought, but he's worse than ef he was—Lucifer ain't prouder! Oh, ef he should ever have a fall, he needn't look to me to pick him up—I can tell you that, Mr. Ralph Desborough. Ef I could punish you I would, you may be sure."

And Samantha fairly shook a clinched hand at vacancy, with a scowling, wrathful face and a repressed, fiery intonation that proved she meant every word.

As she passed on down toward the housekeeper's room, she met little Nettie Graves coming along, with a bunch of Autumn flowers in her hand.

"Oh, Samantha!" said the child, running up to her; "Miss Mabel and Mr. Ralph are having a talk—I came away."

Samantha seized the small maid by the shoulder, and gave her a shake—some relief to her feelings she must have!

"Oh, you've made me drop half my flowers!" cried Nettie. "Don't, Samantha—you hurt! Why, you ain't angry, are you?"

Samantha recollected herself, and released her hold.

"No, I ain't angry," she answered. "Pick up your weeds and come on."

"I was going to give them to Miss Mabel——"

"You jest let her alone!" interrupted Samantha. "She's gone to her room, I dare say. Maybe she'll sleep, if we don't disturb her."

"I thought she would be so glad to see Mr. Ralph," said Nettie.

"I don't want to hear about any Mr. Ralphs!" cried Samantha, savagely. "Now see here, Nettie Graves, you mind this—don't you speak of him again, that's all!"

"Why, Samantha?"

"Be still! I ain't angry with you, child; but jest you pay attention to me. There's things little folks can't understand; but you can keep your tongue quiet—and you will, I know, for you're a good little soul."

"Yes; I ain't bad, I think," said Nettie, her eyes very wide open with surprise. "But it's so queer, and you look so—so—oh, I don't know how you look, Samantha!"

"And it's no matter!" retorted the spinster, with difficulty refraining from giving the child another shake. "Now don't be a worry! We are all tired out; and just remember, if you want to be nice to Mabel, you'll leave her alone, and not talk to her about—about anybody."

"I won't," said Nettie, and said not a word more, though she thought in her childish way that perhaps she understood matters better than Samantha, after all; but, with a discretion many grown people would have failed to show, she gave no utterance to her reflections, and if the old maid had shaken her to bits, would not have given a hint that it was by Mabel's express wish she had led Mr. Ralph into the room.

"Come along with me, and leave Mabel to herself," continued Samantha, relenting toward the obedient little soul, and feeling conscience-stricken at her own severity. "I'll give you some jelly-cake—I'm sure you're hungry; if you ain't, you can eat that, else you wouldn't be a human child."

Nettie was a thoroughly human child—not a little monster of mental precocity—and for the moment both sympathy and wonder faded from her mind in the beatific anticipations roused by Samantha's proposal.

Mabel Jordan sat for a long hour where Ralph Desborough had left her. After the first emotions of grief and shame, any person watching her would have said that she looked and acted like a woman deciding upon some resolution which she had all along meant to carry out if her attempt to soften Ralph Desborough should fail.

She rose and began walking up and down the room; the face was so sombre and stern that one might have fancied anger for a time had its place in her reflections. But that expression faded; the stern, fixed resolve alone remained; nothing beyond, save the appearance of physical fatigue, which dimmed her eyes and left heavy lines about her beautiful mouth.

At last she left the apartment. As she was traversing the corridor, Charles Reeves came out of the breakfast-room, and, at sight of her, came quickly forward with extended hand.

"How are you?" he asked. "I have scarcely seen you since—since it all happened! You seem very tired."

"I am tired," she answered, quietly; then added, with a faint smile and in a lower voice, "I was, I mean; I believe I am rested now."

"You look pale and worn," he said, studying her face with eager eyes; for during all this dreary time he had never once forgotten what it must be to her—this finding herself under the same roof with Ralph Desborough. He had wondered so much if they had met, and what the meeting would bring about; and somehow, as he looked at Mabel, a conviction fastened itself upon his mind that the interview had taken place, and produced no effect save that of additional misery to the poor girl. "I am sure you have not even stirred out on the terrace."

"No," she replied—paused—then added, "I think the air would do me good; perhaps you will give me your arm if you are not busy."

"We are none of us busy now," he said; then remembered that he was already straying toward painful subjects. She had a white Shetland wool shawl hanging across her arm; Samantha, with her usual carefulness, had insisted on her taking it as she came down-stairs.

"It's warm weather still, if you please," said Samantha; "but you've been shut up in this room a'most twenty-four hours, and any change might give you a chill; a cold at this time of year ain't to be laughed about."

As Mr. Reeves took the shawl and threw it over her shoulders with some remark about the evening air, Mabel recollected the old maid's words—she had had "a chill," verily!

Again that look of fixed resolve settled on her features and darkened her beautiful eyes. She accepted Mr. Reeves's arm; they passed out through the side entrance, and walked up and down among the shrubberies, which, in that direction, came quite close to the house.

From an upper window where he chanced to be standing, Ralph saw the pair walking slowly to and fro—Mr. Reeves's head bent toward his companion—an earnest conversation evidently going on between them.

"She means to lose no time," he thought. "Since her little plan where I was concerned failed so signally, she returns to her former idea! If she were an older woman it would not seem so unnatural. But to see a young girl so calculating, so determined to have money and position, is more than revolting!"

Yet his bitter reflection hurt him as if it had been uttered by another. He turned away from the window, marveling at his own weakness, which prevented his despising the sordid creature as she deserved; ready to curse his folly that even now the sight of her had power to move him either to anger or pain.

The evening and the night passed; the next day came. On the following, the funeral would take place.

Except at table, Ralph had not seen Charles Reeves, and then the rector and their old friend, Mr. Bourne, who had come up from town, were present, and as soon as possible Ralph left the three together.

No one troubled him; he was left to wander about in solitude, except when Waters came to try and offer or receive a little comfort. Even the poor old man's companionship was a sore trial to Desborough in his present state of mind; but he could not have the cruelty to give a hint of that—so Waters, more fortunate than the rest, found a little means of consolation.

Mabel Jordan remained shut up in her own rooms; there was something about her manner which perplexed and troubled the watchful Samantha, but she forbore to annoy her by question or remark, and kept herself as busy as she could.

Little Nettie Graves had shared Mabel's bed; this morning she told Samantha that she was going to send the child down to stay with an acquaintance in the village until after the funeral.

"It is cruel to keep her shut up here," Mabel said; "I wrote a note to Mrs. Ames, and she is going to send for her; Nettie knows the children, and will be contented enough."

Samantha offered no objection, for she perceived that the child's absence would be a relief to Mabel, and she privately cautioned Nettie in advance that she was to accept the decision without demur; and the wise small woman obeyed to the letter, much as she disliked the idea.

"I s'pose we shall be going too, Mabel, as soon as—it is all over," Samantha said, as she came back up-stairs after

consigning Nettie to the care of the person Mrs. Ames had sent. "You—you don't mean to stay here?—of course we couldn't, only long enough to pack up."

"Stay here!" repeated Mabel, in a voice so strange that Samantha fairly started. "You must be mad, I think!"

"You see, you haven't said a word! I don't want to bother, but I ought to know," Samantha continued.

"I thought we had spoken of it," returned Mabel, more quietly; "I remember now—I was speaking with Mr. Reeves. Don't mind if I seem cross, Samantha—please don't!"

"As if I should—but you couldn't be if you tried!" exclaimed the old maid, apparently making awful mouths at Mabel, but in reality trying to keep back her tears. "I'm only afraid you'll be sick after all you've gone through."

"There's no danger," Mabel answered, the momentary pathos gone from voice and face—the unnatural composure which so alarmed Samantha returning again. "Yes, we will go away! The old house is empty; we can stop there till I decide on my plans. I can't talk now, Samantha—please don't trouble me!"

"Of course I won't! There, there—try to rest! It won't take me long to pack—I'll do it to-morrow. The day after—shall we start the day after, Mabel?"

"Yes, yes! Now go away, like a good soul."

"And don't worry yourself trying to think," said Samantha; "we shall do well enough."

"I don't need to think," returned Mabel; "I thought it all out last night—nothing shall stop me!—I mean—there is nothing to think about," she added, hastily. "I can have a school at Hillside, or get a situation somewhere else. Oh, my head aches, Samantha—I can't talk!"

So Samantha went away and left her to herself, stealing up at intervals during the morning to bring Mabel food or see if she slept, but careful not to disturb her.

While alone, Mabel spent the time pacing to and fro in the rooms. When she heard Samantha's step she would lie down on the sofa or bed, and pretend to be asleep, in order to avoid speech; but the instant she was free from observation her measured march began again, and the stern resolve deepened, deepened always in her face.

So the day wore on; once, toward evening, when Samantha entered upon one of her visits of inspection, Mabel said to her, suddenly:

"Do they set up with the—I mean, you know!"

"No, no," Samantha answered, immediately beginning to whisper, as she invariably did when speaking of anything connected with the dead man. "It seems sort of heathenish to me, but they say things are always managed so nowadays. He's lying covered with ice—they keep the room shut—nobody watches."

"There is no need," Mabel said, with a shudder. "Don't talk about it—I don't know why I asked."

In the evening Samantha came up-stairs and remained; all her duties, real or fancied, were completed, and in any case she could not have endured the idea of Mabel's sitting there alone. The old maid's active fingers tingled with a desire to be at the knitting or sewing which always occupied them when she sat down to rest; but somehow she felt it would seem wicked to busy herself in that way now—like working on Sunday, or something dreadful of that sort.

Occasionally she could not refrain from attempting a little desultory conversation with Mabel, who was still lying on the sofa; and at last the girl cried, almost fretfully:

"Don't whisper, Samantha—it's dreadful!"

And Samantha thought:

"She's nervous. I never knew her to be so about death afore—but she is! Wal, no wonder, I suppose!"

After awhile the spinster went into her own room, leaving the door open, and attempted to read the Bible a little. Samantha was not much given to reading anything, not even the good book, and she soon began to grow sleepy. The fact which made her feel wicked again, considering the volume she held—though, as she had selected a chapter of Chronicles, composed principally of long lists of the dreadful names of dreadful Hebrew kings, her tendency to drowsiness was scarcely a reasonable matter for remorse.

She was roused from a doze by Mabel's voice, and when she opened her eyes, the girl was standing in the chamber.

"I wish you would go to bed, Samantha," she remarked; "you had your head almost in the lamp."

"Will you go, too?" Samantha asked; feeling somewhat obstinate in her sleepiness, as very tired people will.

"Yes, I am going at once; but I can't sleep if I know you are up—I shall be expecting you to set yourself on fire."

"We'll both be better off in the Land of Nod," said Samantha, ignoring Mabel's last remark, which she regarded as derogatory to her dignity.

Mabel bade her "good-night," and left the room. She was closing the door, when Samantha called out:

"Mercy's sake, Mabel, we never have that shut—what on earth are you thinking about?"

"I did not think—that was it," replied Mabel, and went away.

Retiring to rest was a lengthy occupation with the spinster; each article of wearing apparel had to be put in a particular place; her stockings virtuously folded and laid close to her shoes beside the bed, in case an alarm of fire should rouse her suddenly—Samantha had lived all her life with that expectation before her eyes. Then she must examine every corner, and the furthest recesses under her couch, lest there should be a robber hidden there. Then the pillows and bolster must be turned over, to make sure no venomous creature of the reptile tribe had taken up his lodgings beneath.

Samantha read so little that what she did read left a deep impression on her mind. Many years before she had shivered over an account of a lady left alone in a house who had discovered a man's hand protruding from beneath the valance of her bed—a hand she had recognized as that of a famous robber, with only three fingers and a thumb—fingers and thumb well known by description to the police of the French city where the incident occurred, and to all lovers of the marvelous who dwell therein. About the same time, Samantha had read of a man in India who got into bed and was greeted by a hooded snake that crept out from under his pillow and turned its coils about his neck, and in the morning, when somebody came to waken the unfortunate gentleman, he lay there strangled and—to quote the account Samantha was fond of giving—"A-seemin' to smile; only his tongue jest stuck out a little from the chokin', and the goby panelly went a-hissin' and a-twistin' away, as well satisfied as if he'd been the best-behaved member in the meetin'-house."

When her multifarious preliminaries were ended (being somewhat nervous she had a fright from mistaking a black ribbon for the snake, and her own slipper for the robber's foot) she went through Mabel's study and peeped into the girl's room. Mabel was already in bed—asleep perhaps, for she neither moved nor spoke.

For a long time Mabel lay quite still. Hours passed; the clock at last struck twelve—then one. As the stroke resounded, Mabel flung off the counterpane and rose—she had lain down without undressing. A light was burning in her boudoir—it had become a habit since the accident to Gilbert Harrington which resulted in his death. She stole

softly to the door of Samantha's chamber—stood there and listened; the deep, regular breathing she heard proved that the spinster was sleeping soundly. When she had convinced herself of this, Mabel went back through the boudoir, took up the lamp which sat there, opened the door that gave on a staircase leading into the side-hall that connected with the room in which the dead man lay. She stood listening for an instant, then closed the door behind her, and cautiously descended the stairs.

Ralph Desborough had spent the evening in his own apartment; Waters, completely tired out, had come in to bid him good-night, and then gone away to bed.

Ralph heard the closing of the house; later, heard the steps of Charles Reeves and Mr. Bourne ascending to their chambers. Then all was still—that awful stillness of a dwelling in which death reigns. Sleep was as far from Ralph's eyelids as it had been during his two previous nights. Once during the day he had lain down and forgotten himself for a little, but that was all the rest he had had. The clock in his study sounded the hours until it had struck once beyond midnight. An unconquerable longing came over him to go down into the room where the dead man lay; it might quiet his mind to look again on the face so peaceful in its eternal slumber.

A lamp was burning in the great entrance-hall—another in the corridor which ran along by the rooms Gilbert Harrington had occupied. Ralph knew that there were no watchers; the body lay in the bedroom; the door was locked, but the key left in its place. He descended the stairs, passed through the corridors to the further door, opened it, and entered the chamber. A shaded lamp cast a faint light through the apartment—showed the bed—the motionless form stretched thereon.

Ralph turned down the sheet, so that he could see the face, and seated himself, hidden by the curtains so that, even if any person had entered, he would not have been visible.

He remained there for some time. A feeling of rest came over him. It seemed almost as if the still figure on the bed were asleep, and he watching, as he had once done some years before, during an illness from which Mr. Harrington had suffered.

Whether he only lost himself in old memories, or really dozed, Ralph never knew. He was roused by a slight sound in the adjoining room. His first thought was that the undertaker's man, whom he knew to be sleeping in the house, had entered.

He waited, heard the noise again, rose, and went cautiously toward the door which led into the study, his slippered feet making no echo on the heavy carpet.

The door was of glass; curtains hung before it on either side, but so imperfectly adjusted that Ralph could look into the next chamber.

He saw Mabel Jordan standing before the safe in which Mr. Harrington had kept his valuable documents. It was open. The girl evidently knew just where to look for what she wanted. Out of one drawer she took a little package of letters; out of another a paper recognizable, by its shape and seals, as a will.

Ralph stood there and saw her take these—saw her shut the safe, put the keys in the drawer of a table, and disappear through the door which led into the passage.

He let her go. He perfectly understood what work she had been at—a full consciousness thereof struck him—but he let her go.

Mabel Jordan mounted the stairs and entered her boudoir. As she set the lamp on the table, she looked up and saw Samantha standing like a white-robed ghost in the door of her own bedroom.

"Mabel!" the woman groaned.

The girl rushed forward, pushed her back into the chamber, whispering, in an awful voice:

"Hush—for your life and mine—hush!"

Samantha retreated, horror-stricken, before the strange glare in her eyes. Mabel followed her into the room and closed the door behind them.

(To be continued.)

AN AUGER WHICH BORES SQUARE HOLES.

To SEND a verdant youngster in search of a drill wherewith to make a square hole, is one of those time-honored workshop jokes, the freshness and originality of which is perennial with succeeding generations of perpetrators. But the laugh is now over, or at least it is on the side of the victim; for, incredible as it may appear, this apparent impossibility has been accomplished, and in a way so simple and so easy that any one may prove the fact for himself. As may be supposed, the invention excited more genuine astonishment among the mechanics gathered at the Exposition than any of the other wonders there displayed. There was a constant crowd surrounding the inventor, watching him bore hole after hole square, and puzzling over the very simplicity of the provokingly simple solution of the problem.

All that is required is an ordinary hand drill-stock. A stationary one with a chuck below for holding the work, the inventor, Mr. Julius Hall, of London, uses; but he says a common brace will answer—"anything, in fact, will do that will properly hold the drill."

The tool itself is the usual form of three-square drill, so that it will be seen that no special apparatus at all is required. Clamp or chuck this drill in its holder so that "it will wabble," and you have the whole secret. Instead of making a round hole, as it undoubtedly will if tightly grasped, when loosely held it produces a square one. Why it should act thus is at first to all appearances an impenetrable paradox, and even after the rationale is discovered it scarcely seems quite clear.

A LAWYER'S FIRST ADDRESS.

THERE are few mental tortures more terrible than that which a young lawyer, constitutionally timid, suffers when for the first time he rises to address the court and jury. No nightmare is more frightful than those twelve men, honest and true, presided over by the frowning majesty of the bench. They are, then and there, all the world to him, and a horrible world it is to his brain, bewildered by the sight and a natural diffidence.

Mr. K—— tells of such a scene which was turned into a triumph by the will-power of the young man and the sympathy of the court. He says:

"I remember the agony with which the confused novitiate arose the second time, having been but a moment before compelled to take his seat, in the hope to collect his routed thoughts. His second essay was not more fortunate than the first. He stood silent for a brief space, and at the end was enabled to say:

"'Gentlemen, I declare to Heaven that if I had an enemy upon whose head I would invoke the most cruel torture, I could wish him no other fate than to stand where I stand now.'

"Curiously enough, the sympathy which this appeal brought him seemed almost instantly to give him strength. A short pause was followed by another effort, which was completely and even triumphantly successful."

LOVE'S SEASONS.

By William Brough.

'Twas Spring-time! I met her. To see was to love her;
New hopes and new life in my heart seemed to rise.
All nature looked fairer; the bright sun above her
Shone brighter—she lent him new light from her eyes.

'Twas Summer! I woced her. The corn-fields were turning
To gold, as the sun his fierce rays on them shed;
Yet fiercer the flame in my breast that was burning,
More golden the halo love shed round her head.

'Twas Autumn! I won her. The fields, heavy-laden
With harvest, rich joys to the reapers impart;
Yet richer *my* harvest—my own dearest maiden
Safe housed, garner'd up in the depths of my heart.

'Tis Winter! I've lost her. All cheerless around me—
Cold, death-like, the earth is with snow shrouded o'er;
And Despair in his cold, icy fetters hath bound me;
My young heart is frozen, to throb never more.

Of Monseigneur Asinari, a distinguished Roman Catholic prelate, and at one time Papal Nuncio at Brussels, who recently died, the following anecdote is related: On his way to Rome, after he had fulfilled his mission to Brussels, his carriage was stopped by brigands. After they had pretty thoroughly rifled the persons of the prelate and his attendants, the chief asked him if he had anything more. "Joseph," said the bishop, turning to his servant, "did you give him the money that you had hidden?" alluding to $40,000 in gold which had been concealed in the bottom of a trunk amid a lot of soiled linen. The worthy man considered it a crime to lie even to a brigand.

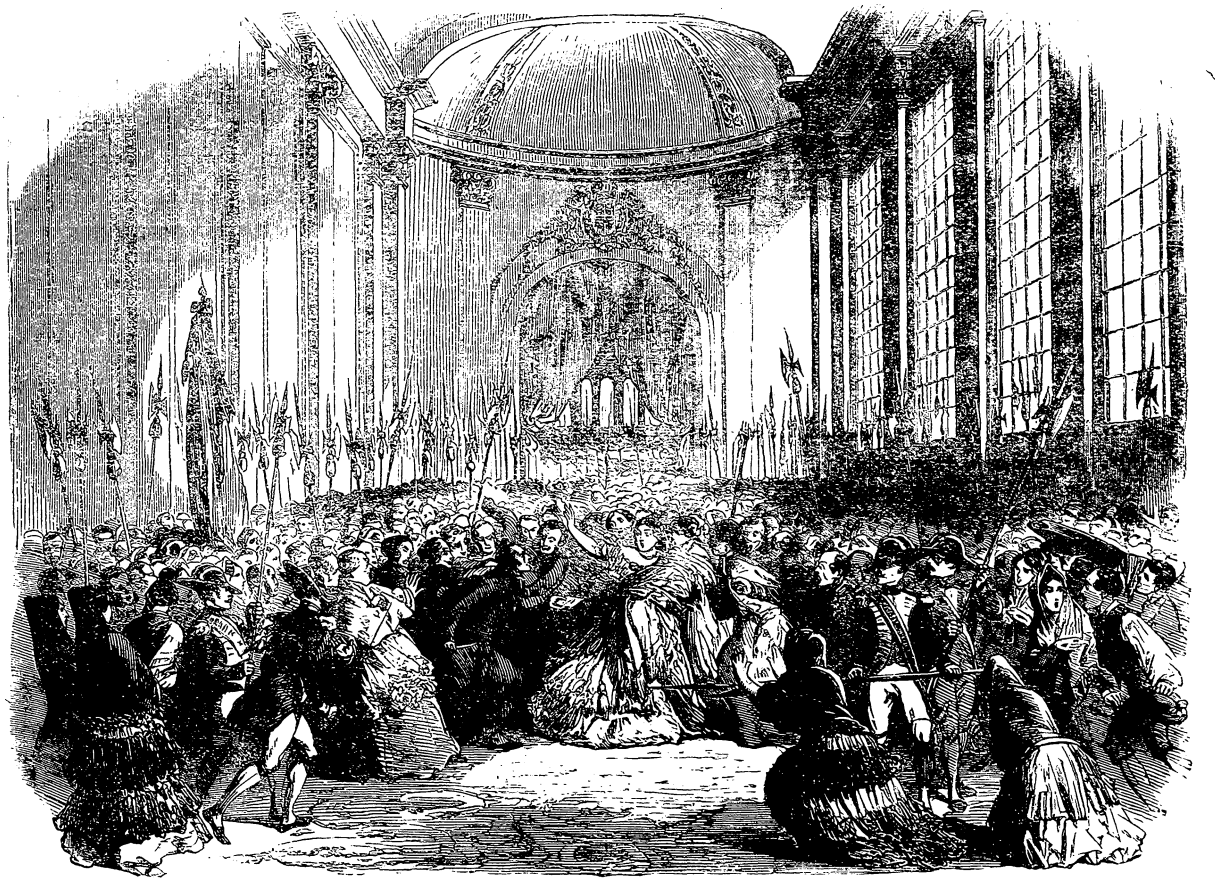
SOME MODERN REGICIDES.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Regicides, "king-killings," we suppose have occurred for about as long as there has been such a person as a *rex*, or ruler, in the world. We shall here use the word in a sense somewhat limited on the one hand, and somewhat extended on the other: meaning thereby to include attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, made by private individuals upon the life of some ruler or other person holding a high position in the Government; and excluding cases in which, as with Charles I. of England, Louis XVI. of France, and Joachim Murat of the Two Sicilies, the ruler was put to death under forms of legal process. There were doubtless regicides much earlier than any which have been recorded in written history. Perhaps the earliest thus recorded is that of Eglon, King of Moab, who came to his death some fourteen hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, at the hands of Ehud, the "left-handed Benjamite," as told in the third chapter of the Hebrew Book of Judges. The assassination of Sisera, the captain of the host of Jabin, King of Canaan, by Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, a century or so later, would come within our category of regicides.

A few perpetrators of regicide have got to be, in a manner, canonized in history. Thus, Ehud, who struck so well and surely that his dagger, a foot and a half long, was buried, blade and haft, in the fat paunch of the Moabite king, ranks in Hebrew story among the great deliverers of Israel; and Deborah the Prophetess, in her magnificent ode on the overthrow of the Canaanite horde and the assassination of Sisera, extols Jael. "Blessed above women" (so runs the ode) "shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera: she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead. . . . So let all thine enemies perish, O Jehovah: but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Even to our day schoolboys have not ceased to shout Akenside's sounding lines which tell "How Brutus rose refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate, and Rome again was free!" And there were not a few in their own days who regarded as martyrs such assassins as the "gentle and pious" James Melville, who ran his sword twice through the body of the Scottish Cardinal Beaton, protesting, meanwhile, that he performed "this work and judgment of God, not from any hatred to the person" of the supplicating ecclesiastic, "but only because he had been and remained an obstinate enemy to Christ and his Evangel"; or François Ravaillac, who thrust his dagger into the heart of the Fourth Henry of France; or Baltazar Gérard, who shot down the great William the Silent of Orange—for the doing of which his family was ennobled and richly rewarded by Philip of Spain. And we have no doubt that had Anthony Babington and his fellow-conspirators succeeded in their plot for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth, there would have been no lack of those who should have eulogized the noble work which they had accomplished. But in these later times of ours, assassins, whether actual or only in intent, find few to applaud them, even though they



ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN, IN 1856.

have struck at the life of a king or a president, or a minister of State.

The year 1848 was the opening year of what may be styled "the revolutionary period" of the century—a period which has quite likely not yet come to a close. The thirty years which have passed since then have been marked by an unusual number of attempts at regicide. We propose here to pass in review some of the most notable of these, following mainly the chronological order.

To most men the revolutionary outbreak of that year came like a thunder-peal from a clear sky. Only in the previous year, a leading German publishing house put forth the prospectus of a new Encyclopædia, to be conducted on a vast scale. "The era of war in Europe," said the editor, "has passed. Henceforth, the peoples of Christendom will have only to study the arts of peace, and to devote themselves to the acquisition of knowledge. We, therefore, propose," etc. The steamer which reached New York, early in March, 1848, brought over copies of a leading English magazine, containing an elaborate paper on the existing state of Europe, in which it was gravely affirmed that there was no danger of outbreaks, except on the side of France; and that as long as the wise Louis Philippe lived, peace was assured there. That same steamer brought newspapers which told how the Government of the misnamed "Citizen King" had tumbled down at a touch, like a child's toy-house of cards; and that the poor old monarch, disguised, and under the name of "John Smith," had barely escaped with life, and was an exile upon British soil. The revolutionary flame spread like a prairie-fire, and before three months had passed after those February days, it seemed as though every throne in Europe was tottering to its base.

Among the various regicidal attempts made in the early Spring of 1848, was one upon the Duke of Modena, who was formally deposed and put in prison for awhile. He at length made his escape; but the next year, the Italians being sorely worsted by the Austrians, the Duke was restored. The wheel of fortune having taken another turn, ten years later, by the triumph of the Franco-Italian alliance over the Austrians, the Duke of Modena was deposed by a decree of the National Assembly, and in 1860 the Duchy was formally incorporated into the dominions of Victor Emmanuel, who, in another fourteen years, was to become King of Italy.

The uprising in Modena was on the 20th of March. Two days before that, a tumult broke out in Berlin, and for some days it appeared as though "King Cliquot," as the bibulous Frederick William IV. was irreverently styled, would be the last king of Prussia. Nothing in the story of the great Parisian uprising of 1789, as told by Carlyle, exceeds in dramatic interest this Berlin uprising of 1848. King Cliquot had up to the last year held the most exalted ideas of the extent of his royal prerogative. "The Crown," he said, when opening the Diet in April of that year "must govern according to the laws of God and the land, and in its own free and unbiased resolution, and not according to the will of the majority." He scouted the very idea of any compact between prince and people, based upon and defined by any formal constitution. "If," said he, "there are, anywhere, peoples who find content in such things, it may all be well enough for them; but no power on earth will ever succeed in moving me to change the natural relation between prince and people into something conventional or constitutional; and once for all, I will never suffer a written sheet of paper to force itself in between our Lord God in Heaven and this people, in order to rule us with its paragraphs. As in the camp the command can only be vested in the will of one, so can the destinies of this country be guided only by one will." And this one will was to be that of the worn-out King Cliquot, who before many years more was to become insane, or rather hopelessly idiotic. But behind this feeble, arrogant, childless sovereign, was his austere brother, the Crown Prince, or heir-apparent—the same whom we of late years know as the Emperor of Germany, and who, at that time, was the man in all Prussia most thoroughly unpopular with the people.

Notwithstanding the arrogant words of King Cliquot, a year had not passed before the revolutionary tide was surging around his palace, and he so far yielded to the popular demand as to issue a proclamation in which some considerable concessions were promised. But the popular voice demanded that the troops should be withdrawn from the capital; and to urge this, a deputation of citizens went to the royal palace on the 18th of March. They were followed by a large and constantly increasing crowd. Admittance was refused to the deputation, and the troops undertook to drive the crowd from the public place. Naturally there were tokens of dissatisfaction. All at once the troopers began to use their sabres against the people; and the infantry, ordered by nobody knows whom, opened fire upon the dense masses.

In a moment all was confusion and uproar. "Treason!" shouted the military. "They are murdering us! Revenge!" rose from the populace. The firing began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and in an hour came to be general all over the city. The troops attacked the people indiscriminately, wherever they found a group of them assembled, using artillery with fearful effect against the masses. Barricades sprang up as if by magic everywhere. In the finest street, the Unter den Linden, alone, there were seven or eight—all formidable, and one assuming almost the aspect and proportions of a regular fortification. This was defended by a large body of citizens, and toward evening was attacked by an entire regiment of soldiers. At last, by a sudden and overwhelming rush on the part of the defenders, the massive barricade was hurled bodily over upon the heads of the troops, who were trying to scale it, and assailants and defenders lay pell-mell among the ruins. The soldiers were vastly outnumbered, and no longer having the advantage of military discipline in their favor, were slaughtered almost to a man, their arms being seized by the citizens. In one quarter, the people got possession of two cannon, which they used with fearful effect against the military, who were advancing in close order down the narrow street. Toward evening a regiment of Swiss sharpshooters openly fraternized with the populace; and taking post behind a barricade, were busy in picking off, one by one, the officers of their former comrades. Louise von Muhlbach thus describes the general aspect of the struggle: "A bloody fight began, soon spreading in every direction; but having for its fields the neighborhood of the royal palace, and the Breiten-strasse and the König-strasse—two of the most busy and thickly-peopled streets of Berlin. The earth shook from the thunder of cannon. From three o'clock in the afternoon the fight raged everywhere. Every man capable of bearing arms was ready to work, according to his strength and means, to stir up the people, to erect barricades, or to defend them, with such weapons as they could secure. Arms were indeed wanting; only a few had them of any kind—the great mass had nothing but stones. With these they defended themselves. Women dragged them in baskets to the barricades or to the roofs of the houses. The very tiles were torn off and piled upon the roof, from which the women hurled them down upon the heads of the troops below. In the König-strasse and the Breiten-strasse vitriol and boiling-water were used against the soldiers,

who, in their turn, struck down every one whom they could reach."

Toward evening there was a momentary lull in some quarters, and the Royal Princes rode through some of the streets, endeavoring vainly to restore order. The Crown Prince was seized by the populace and subjected to great personal indignity. One can only wonder that he should have been able to escape with his life. The lull was only partial and temporary. Firing was renewed, and kept up until five in the morning. By this time it was clear that the advantage was wholly on the side of the people. Suddenly a great shout was heard from the very centre of the city, which was soon re-echoed to the remotest suburb. General von Möllendorff, the military commandant, had been captured by the citizens and taken to the guard-house, where, with a pistol at his forehead, he had been compelled to sign an order for the immediate withdrawal of the soldiery. Bearing this order in their hands, a deputation of the citizens made their way through the lines of the soldiers, and demanded an audience of the King. This time there was no refusal. "With the all-powerful words of experience and conviction," says a rather courtly narrator, "they placed before His Majesty the heart-rending condition of his residence, and prayed him, of his own free will, for his own sake, to withdraw the troops." There was something of irony in this; for just at that time the King had as little exercise of any free will as can be conceived. After no little hesitation the sovereign succumbed, and signed the order for the immediate withdrawal of the troops. Had he done otherwise, it is more than likely that there would have been an actual regicide. As it was, not a drop of royal blood was shed. Only of the common people, citizens and soldiers, some six or eight hundred were killed outright. Before night fell, every soldier had been marched out of the city, guarded by strong companies of the burgher-guard.

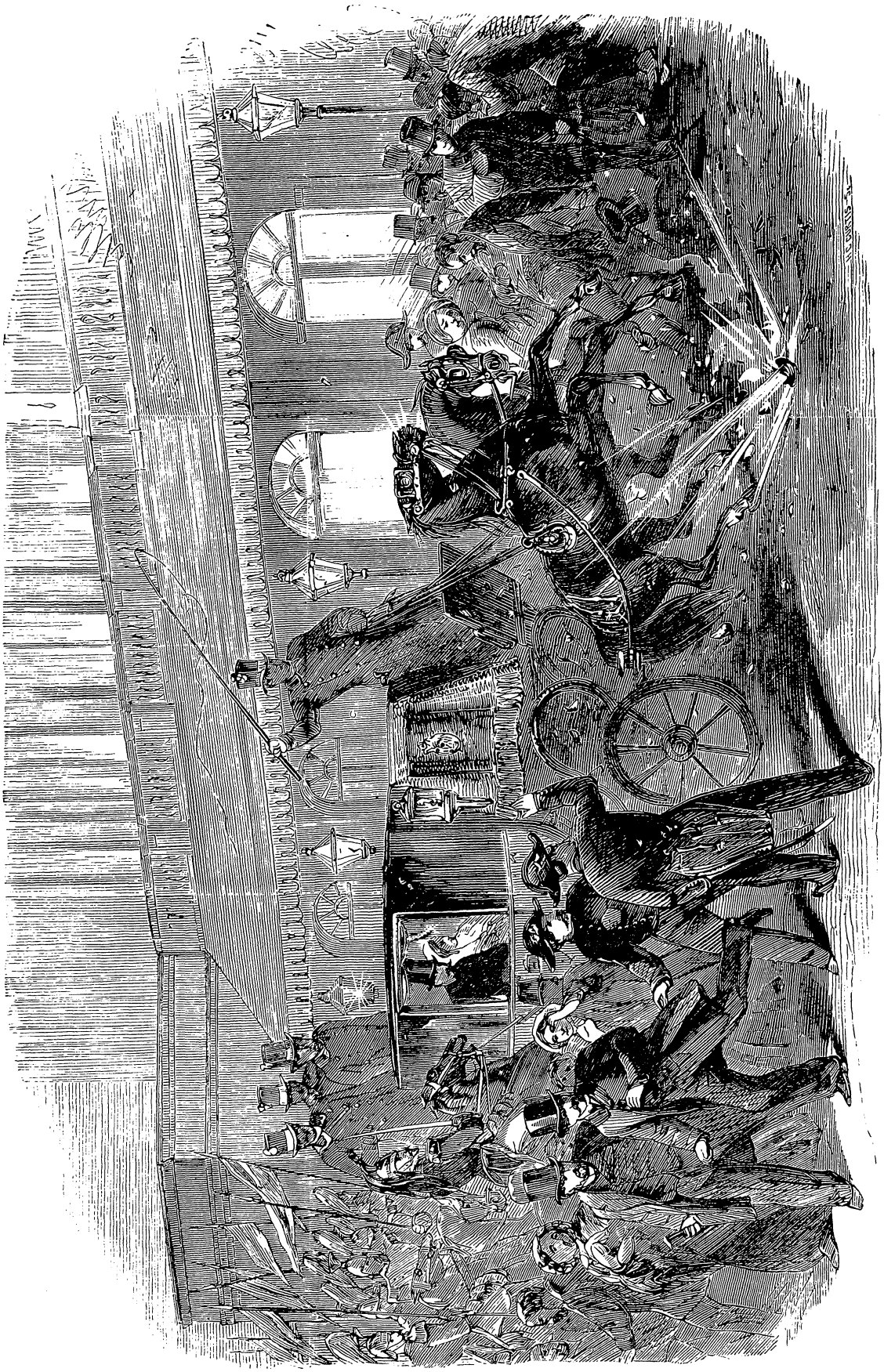
Early next morning a great crowd thronged the palace, bringing with them the bodies of a score of those who had been killed. These bloody corpses were laid at the foot of the grand staircase. For a little the multitude stood in solemn silence. All at once a cry was raised, which was re-echoed by thousands of throats: "The King and the Queen! Let them come down!" The King came out upon the balcony. "Come down here!" was shouted, "and bring the Queen with you." "She is too unwell to come," pleaded the monarch; but the demand was thundered still more loudly. In a few moments the King and Queen stood side by side on the balcony. "Off with your cap!" was now shouted; and the poor King, all unnerved, stood bareheaded by the side of his trembling consort. "Now come down here," sounded up from below; and, hand in hand, the royal pair slowly descended the great staircase, amidst the profoundest silence, which was broken by a stern voice exclaiming: "That is your work!" "That is your work!" rang from thousands upon thousands of throats. Then again there was deep silence. A strange revulsion of feeling had come over the multitude, and in a few minutes they all dispersed, carrying with them the corpses of their friends and neighbors. Strange to say, when the King rode publicly the streets the next day, he met with a favorable reception.

On the third day after the massacre a solemn funeral service was celebrated over the bodies of one hundred and eighty-seven victims. An immense platform had been erected in the open space upon which the great Neuen Kirche fronts. The church was draped in evergreens, and from the lofty pillars of the portico hung folds of black crape. All the surrounding streets presented only a sea of heads. All the guilds were out in full force, and all were armed. After a solemn service, in which prominent parts were borne by a Protestant clergyman, a Catholic priest, and a Jewish rabbi, the one hundred and eighty-seven coffins were borne in procession toward the royal palace, accompanied by most of the civil authorities. It was noticed that Alexander von Humboldt walked in the procession. The King and several of his ministers stood upon the balcony of the palace during the entire three hours that the long procession was passing by. The bodies were then taken beyond the city gate to an open field, in the middle of which a large circular pit had been dug, and a platform erected, upon which stood the friends of the dead and the civic authorities. Here further religious ceremonies were performed, after which the coffins were deposited in their common sepulchre, and volleys of musketry were discharged, when the vast concourse quietly dispersed. It is said that there were more than twenty thousand armed students and citizens present, and that there were more than a quarter of a million of people in the streets; but not a single policeman or gendarme was visible, and there was not the slightest attempt at disorder. A more singular finale to the bloody transaction of three days before was never enacted upon earth.

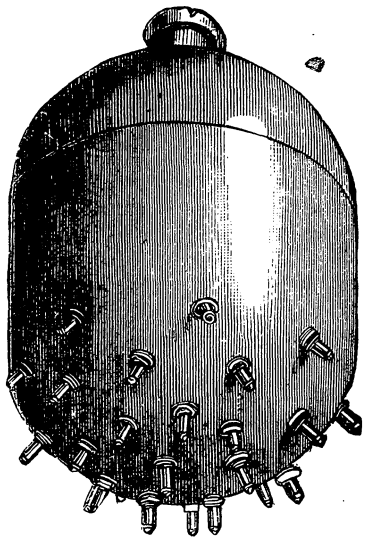
On the 15th of November, 1848, a popular tumult broke out at Rome, which was hailed by the revolutionists all over Europe as the precursor of the downfall of the Papal authority. Pius IX. became Pope June 16th, 1846, and commenced his long pontificate with the purpose of instituting extensive reforms in the ecclesiastical and civil administration. His first thought was by gradual steps to effect the creation of a confederated Italy, at the head of which the Holy See should be placed; and from the beginning he declared that he could yield no portion of his authority as a temporal prince, the giving up of which would trammel his independent action as Head of the Church. Actuated by the noblest intentions, he was yet wholly unversed in the conduct of political affairs; and it was not long before he found himself involved, by implication at least, in measures the necessary results of which he failed to perceive, and called upon to solve complicated political problems, while the revolutionary spirit was raging around him, and his own chosen counselors were in almost undisguised hostility with each other.

The revolutionists for a while claimed the Pope as one of themselves; but after the February outbreak they began to make demands to which the Pontiff could not agree. Early in the Summer, Mazzini put forth from Paris the programme of his own political scheme, which aimed at the establishment of an Italian Republic in which there should be no State religion, and from the civil government of which the Pope should be excluded. Pius was often heard to declare that he was in the position of a child who had learned the magical formula by which an evil spirit might be evoked, but had not learned that by which it might be laid. It were long to tell of the manifold difficulties by which the Pope found himself beset. Finally, early in the Autumn, he formed a new ministry, at the head of which was Count Rossi.

This Pellegrino Rossi was in many respects a notable man. He was born at Carrara, in 1787, and in 1809 became Professor of Law in the University of Bologna. In 1814 he held office under Murat; and after the expulsion of the French from Italy he went to Geneva, where he lectured upon jurisprudence, and was chosen a member of the Council and a representative in the Diet. He also published an extensive work on the Penal Law, which is still held in repute. In 1834 he was sent on some mission to France. Here he became intimate with Guizot, through whose influence he was appointed to a professor's chair in



ORSINI'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON III., IN 1858.



ORSINI'S BOMB.

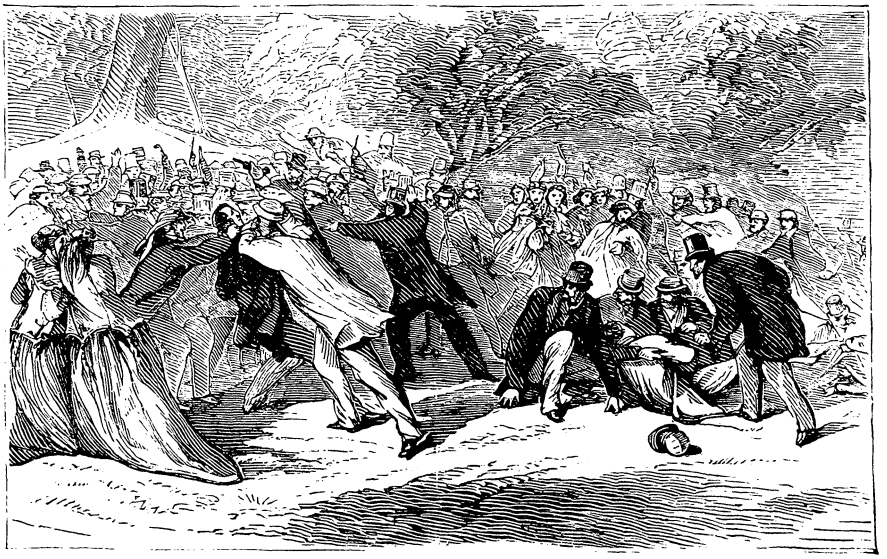
THE VICEROY OF EGYPT REVIEWING HIS TROOPS AFTER THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM IN 1868.

the Collége de France. Five years later he was made a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, by whom, in 1845, he was sent as ambassador to Rome, where he soon rose to high favor with the new Pope.

Rossi, while devotedly attached to the papacy, was strongly in favor of a confederated Italy under a constitutional monarch. His appointment as head of the papal ministry was received with great favor throughout the provinces; but was wholly obnoxious to the revolutionary clubs in Rome. The Roman Parliament was to be convened on November 15th. On the previous day the *Contemporaneo* newspaper, the revolutionary organ, said: "Rossi is commissioned to make the experiment in Rome of the Metternichs and Guizots; . . . amid the laughter of the people he will fall."

ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IN 1867.

That very night, at a meeting of the clubs, a member was chosen by lot to assassinate the minister the next day. Rossi was not without warning. Early in the morning the confessor in the Church of the Jesuits received a letter begging him to meet a person in the church at once, who had urgent matters to communicate. When the priest arrived there he was accosted by a stranger, who told him that Count Rossi was doomed to die on that day; but if the priest would hasten to him, perhaps it might not be too late. The priest found the minister on the point of leaving for the Chamber of



ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND IN NEW SOUTH WALLS IN 1868.

Deputies, and made known his mission. Rossi hesitated for a few moments; then, saying, "The Pope's cause is God's cause. I go to fulfill my duty," he entered his carriage. A quarter of an hour later he was just entering the Chamber, the staircase to which was densely thronged. A young man drew a stiletto. One thrust was enough. The keen blade pierced the throat of the victim, and in five minutes he was dead.

All Rome rose in tumult. In the evening the carabineers and the populace paraded the streets with banners, on which was inscribed, "Blessed be the hand which felled the tyrant." Before noon the next day 30,000 people surrounded the Chamber of Deputies, demanding that the delegates should compel the Pope to appoint a democratic ministry. The deputies went in a body to the Quirinal, and presented the demand. The Pope replied that he would think of it. At three o'clock the *généra'e* was sounded, and before sunset the palace was completely invested by 6,000 civic guards and troops of the line, who had already fraternized with the people. The Swiss guards fired from the windows, and the fire was returned from the street. Cardinal Palma, the Secretary of the Pope, was shot through the head while standing by the side of the Pontiff. The insurgents sent a delegation to the Pope, announcing their ultimatum, which he might have an hour to consider; if he refused, the palace would be forthwith stormed, and all found therein, his Holiness alone excepted, should be shot.

The Pope finally consented to appoint the ministry demanded, which was wholly composed of the most violent revolutionists; and for a week he was virtually a prisoner in the palace, without the least power in civil matters, and very little in those purely ecclesiastical. But on the 24th, disguised as a servant, he made his escape to the residence of the Bavarian Ambassador. Thence, assuming the garb of a simple priest, he was conveyed out of the city in the carriage of the ambassador. He rode to Gaëta, seventy-two miles from Rome, on the Mediterranean, where he was received with acclamation. But he did not consider himself safe even here, and proposed to take refuge in Spain. The King of Naples hearing of this took ship, with his queen, for Gaëta, and persuaded the Pope to abandon the project.

The incidents of this brief but stormy period mark an important epoch in the career of Pius IX. From a half radical he came to be a thorough conservative. From Gaëta he issued a manifesto, protesting against the doings of the revolutionary government which had been forced upon him, and called for aid from all the Catholic powers of Europe. The Roman Constituent Assembly thereupon proclaimed his deposition from the temporal sovereignty, and proclaimed a republic. The Catholic Powers took sides with the Pope. In April a French force sailed for the mouth of the Tiber, and marched upon Rome, while the Austrians and Spaniards appeared in the southern provinces. Rome capitulated on July 1st, 1849, and the Papal Government was reinstated; but the Pope did not return to the city until about the middle of April, 1850, his "exile" having lasted almost a year and a half.

On February 2nd, 1852, an attempt, almost successful, was made to assassinate Isabella II., Queen of Spain. The character and antecedents of this woman were so singular as well to deserve a few lines by way of introduction to this attempt at regicide. Her presumed father was Ferdinand VII., King of Spain. Her mother certainly was Maria Christina, the fourth wife of Ferdinand. They were married in 1829, Ferdinand being then forty-five years of age and Christina twenty-three. The King had no children by any of his previous wives, and it was assumed that his present union would be equally fruitless. In case he died without heir, the Spanish crown would have devolved upon his brother Carlos, four years his junior. Between the two there was about as much affection as usually exists under such circumstances. But, to the astonishment of all men, in nine months, lacking a day, the Queen gave birth to a daughter. Ferdinand had no doubt that he was the father of the infant, and, in his joy, abrogated the Salic law in virtue of which males only could succeed to the Spanish crown; and this infant, when three years old, was proclaimed Queen of Spain. Hence arose, in time, what are known as the Carlist wars in Spain, with which we have here nothing to do. Two years later Christina gave birth to another daughter. But by this time the Queen-mother had come to be notorious. It was no secret to any one except her doting husband that she had become violently attached to Ferdinand Muñoz, one of her household guard—a handsome man of low birth, whose parents had kept a little tobacco shop at Tarancon. Ferdinand VII. died September 29th, 1833, and in his will appointed Christina guardian of his daughter and regent of the Kingdom during her minority; and she accordingly assumed the reins of government, in the holding of which she underwent innumerable difficulties. In 1840 she abdicated the regency in favor of Espartero, and took up her abode in Paris. Four years afterward the regency of Espartero was overthrown; Christina returned to Madrid, and in October, 1844, she was publicly married to Muñoz, whom she had created Duke of Rianzares. On the 28th of December, 1848, appeared in the *Official de Avisos*, the Government organ, a notice that "On this day, at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, in the year 1833, Donna Maria Christina de Bourbon was married to Don Fernando Muñoz." By comparison of dates it appeared that Queen Christina had married her obscure paramour only three months after the death of her royal husband, Ferdinand VII. What reason there may have been for the public announcement of this secret marriage fifteen years after it had taken place, and four years after there had been an open and public marriage, has never been divulged.

In 1846 Isabella, already of age, was married to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, and at the same time her sister was married to the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe of France—a double marriage which gave rise to no end of scandal, for it was generally supposed that the husband of the Queen could be such only in name. However that may be, early in 1852 Queen Isabella gave birth to a daughter; and on February 2nd, attended by her husband and the principal members of the Court, she set out from the palace to the Church of Our Lady of Atocha, to give public thanks for her safe delivery.

The Queen had left her private oratory in the palace, and while passing through a gallery was approached by a venerable-looking man in clerical robes, who held out his hand as though he had some memorial to present. As she held out her hand, he drew a dagger from his breast and struck with all his force, exclaiming, "Take it! You have now got enough!" The weapon struck her in the right side, below the ribs, piercing through several folds of her velvet mantle and the stays underneath, her entire dress being soaked in blood. The Queen exclaimed, "My babe! let them take care of Isabel!" But when the confusion had subsided the infant was nowhere to be found. The nurse who had been carrying it had fainted; but some hours after the child was found in the gallery in the arms of a halbardier, who had picked it up without knowing who it was. The Queen's wound, though apparently severe, proved to be of no very serious consequence.

The assassin was seized on the spot and taken to prison.

He seemed perfectly cool and defiant. His first question was whether the Queen was dead. Upon being told that she was not, he expressed great surprise, for he thought he had hit hard enough. The accounts given of the man are somewhat contradictory. What seems clear is, that his name was Martin Merino; that he was a priest of the Franciscan Order, to which he had been admitted in 1813; but that he had subsequently laid aside his priestly functions and served in the Carlist ranks. It is not certain whether he ever afterward officiated as priest, although at the time of making the attempt he wore full clerical attire, as though he had just been celebrating Mass. From papers found at his residence it appeared that he had long had in mind the assassination of the Queen-mother, of Isabella, and of her minister Narvaez. The weapon used was a Spanish knife or poignard of the celebrated Albacete manufacture. The cutlers in this Spanish Sheffield have long worked upon patterns derived from the Moors, and are accustomed to inscribe Arabic characters on their blades, without the least idea of their meaning. Upon this blade was the following inscription in Arabic: "With the help of Allah I hope to kill my enemy."

When brought to trial he affirmed that he had no accomplices, and averred that in attempting the life of the Queen he wished "to wash out the opprobrium of humanity by revenging, as far as he could, the stupid ignorance of those who think it is fidelity to bear with the infidelity and perjury of kings." He was tried, and condemned to death by the garrote. But by canon law a priest cannot be put to death so long as he remains in Holy Orders; he must be degraded from these, and then handed over to the civil power; and, as the Church, as such, sheds no blood, this handing over must be accompanied by a request that no punishment involving life or limb shall be inflicted. This formal ceremony of degradation was duly gone through in the case of Merino, in the presence of a great throng of ecclesiastical and civil spectators, the Bishop of Malaga officiating.

When the time came the regicide was brought in, arrayed in full clerical robes, as if he was about to say Mass. He knelt at the feet of the bishop, and the cup and patera containing the consecrated elements were placed in his hands. The bishop took them from him, saying, "We take from thee the power of offering sacrifice to God, and of celebrating the Mass, both for the living and the dead." Then, with a sharp knife, the bishop scraped the tips of the criminal's fingers, which had been touched with holy oil at the time of his consecration, saying, "By means of this scraping we take from thee the power of consecrating and blessing which thou receivedst with the unction of the hands and the fingers." Then, one by one, the sacerdotal vestments were removed, and with them all the graces signified by them. When, last of all, the stole was taken off, the bishop said, "Thou hast thrown away the sign of the Lord figured in this stole; for this we take it from thee, making thee unable to exercise any priestly office."

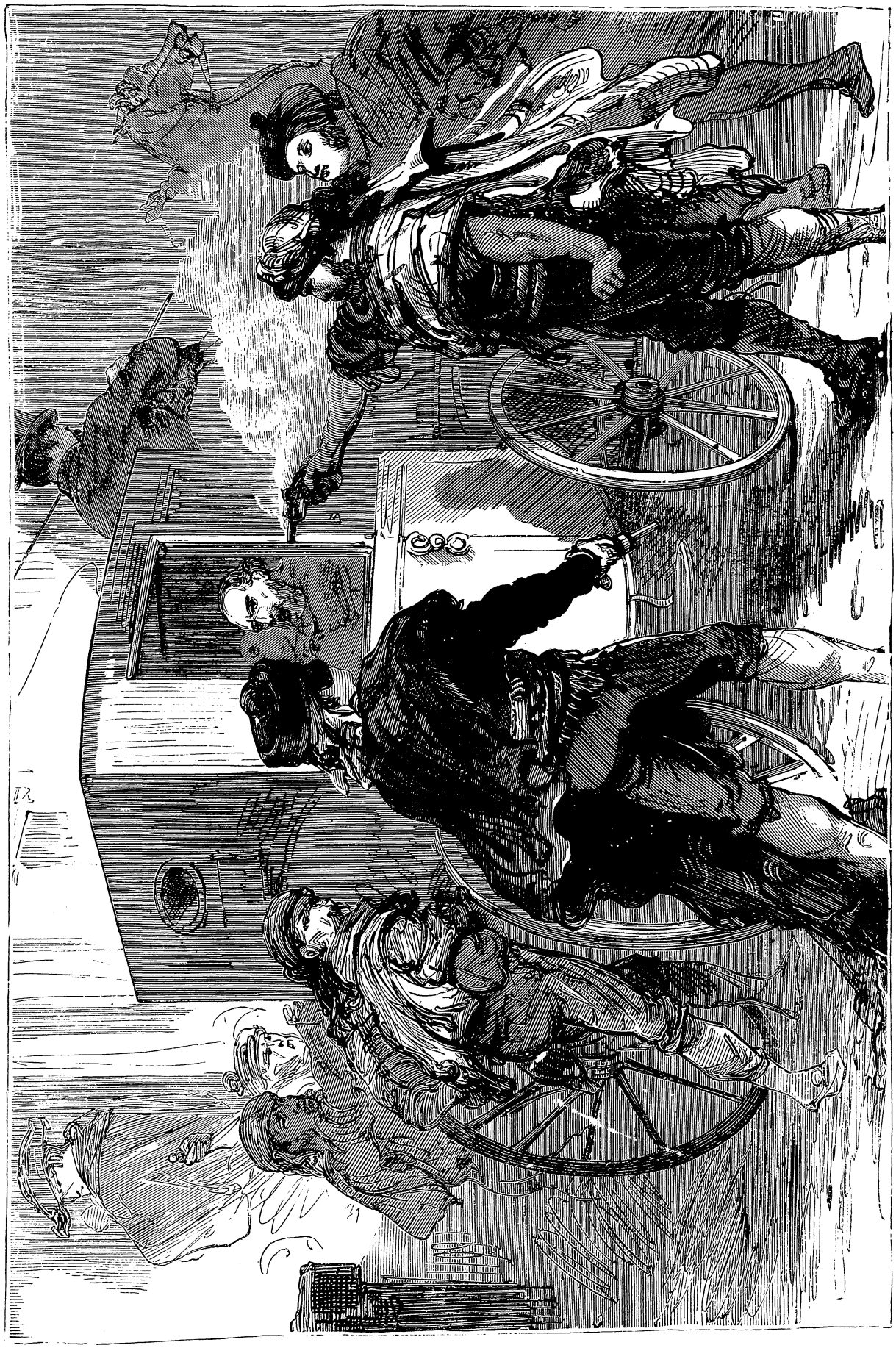
Having thus been degraded from the priestly office, he was in like symbolical manner deprived of all the lower Orders which he had received. On coming to the first tonsure, the bishop said, "By the authority of the Omnipotent God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and our own, we take from thee the clerical habits, and we strip thee of the adornments of religion, and depose thee, and despoil thee, and strip thee of every clerical Order, benefit and privilege; and as unworthy of the ecclesiastical profession, we return thee with ignominy to the secular habit and state." So saying, the bishop cut off a little of the assassin's hair; after which a barber clipped the rest so close that no mark of the clerical tonsure could be distinguished.

During all this time the criminal acted with the utmost effrontery. At one time he exclaimed, pettishly, "Let us hurry up, for I am getting cold"; and when the barber was clipping his hair he said, "There, now, don't cut so very close. It's cold weather, and I don't want to get an influenza." When the whole ceremony of degradation had been gone through with, the Bishop thus addressed the civil functionary: "We pronounce that the secular arm receive into its *fuero* him who is present, despoiled and degraded of every clerical Order and privilege"; adding the prescribed formula, which, under the circumstances, sounds oddly enough: "Señor Judge, we beseech you, with all the affection of which we are capable, that, for the love of God, for the sentiments of lenience and mercy, and for the intercession of our entreaties, you punish not this man with danger of death or mutilation of limb."

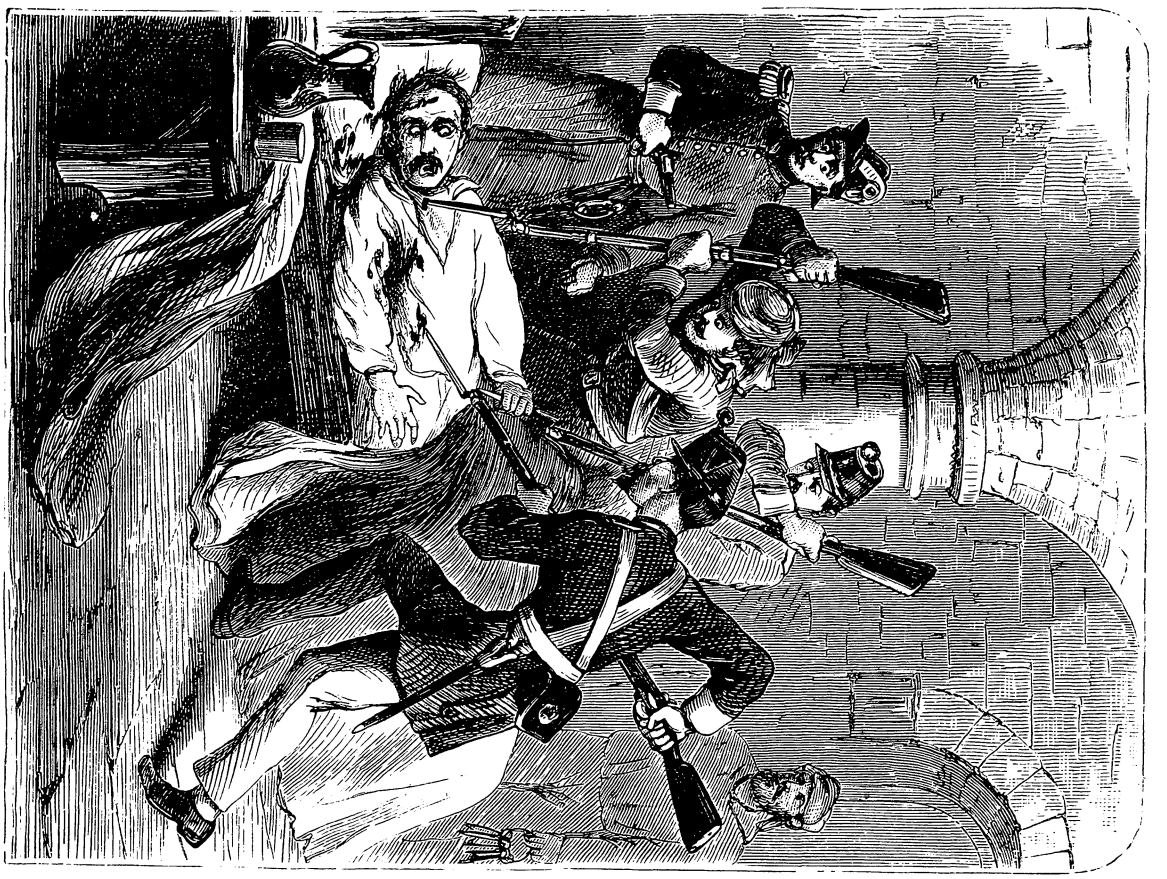
At the utterance of these words, Merino put his thumb to his nose, making the vulgar Spanish gesture which says, far more emphatically than words can do, "Humbug!" And when, afterward, the Bishop addressed him earnestly and pathetically in view of his impending fate, Merino sneered, "*Que me degen en paz* (Won't they leave me at peace)!" He was forthwith taken to the place of execution, mounted upon an ass, and attired in a yellow robe and wearing a cap, spattered over with red blotches as though they were stains of blood. It is said that soon after his condemnation he addressed a letter to the Queen, professing the utmost contrition. Be this as it may, at his execution he never apparently lost his cool effrontery; and made an attempt to harangue the crowd, but these were kept at a distance by the soldiery, so that the dying words of the regicide were inaudible to them.

Among all European rulers of our day there was no other one who seemed so likely as Napoleon III. to become the victim of assassination. Republicans of every shade could not but regard him as a renegade from their cause, and when, by the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, 1851, he became virtually Emperor of the French, he was looked upon by the Red Republicans as their special enemy. To the Italian refugees he was especially obnoxious, for it was directly through him that the short-lived Roman Republic was overthrown, and the Pope re-established in his temporal power; and assassination is looked upon with far less aversion by the Italians than by any other people of Europe. We append the most notable attempts made to assassinate him:

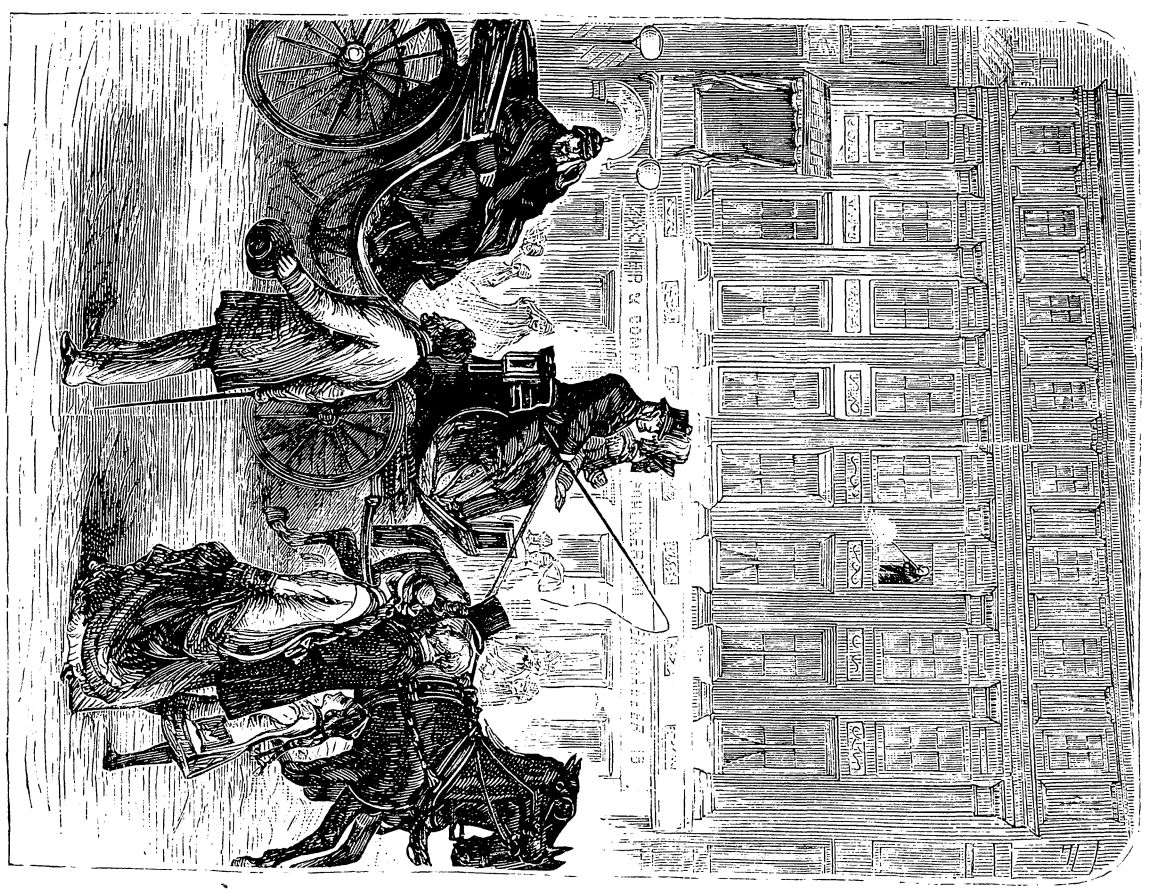
On the evening of January 14th, 1858, the Emperor and Empress were proceeding in a carriage to the Opera, attended by a guard of soldiers. They were passing along the Rue Lepelletier, in which the Opera House stands, when a terrific explosion took place, by which the gaslights were extinguished, leaving the street in total darkness. As soon as an examination could be made, it was discovered that several iron shells filled with some explosive mixture had been flung in the direction of the carriage, which was much shattered. The Emperor and Empress were unharmed, but General Roguet, an aid-de-camp, who was also in the carriage, was wounded. The fragments of the shells flew in every direction, wounding several of the bystanders, two soldiers being fatally injured. Several arrests were made, and it was not long before the details of the dastardly plot were unraveled. The chief of the conspirators was an Italian refugee named Orsini, who had a few months before escaped from the fortress of Mantua, where he had been held as a State prisoner by the Austrian Government. He went to England, where, under some plausible pretext, he procured the shells, which were said to be of his own invention, to be manufactured. His accomplices were two other Italians,



THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL PRIM AT MADRID, IN 1871.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT BALTA OF PERU, IN 1872.



NOBELING'S ATTEMPT TO KILL THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY, IN 1878.

Rudio and Pierri, and a Spaniard named Gomez. All four were present in the Rue Lepelletier when the attempt was made, and on the persons of all except Pierri were found shells like those which had been thrown. The desperadoes were brought to trial and convicted. The three Italians were sentenced to death, and Gomez to the galleys for life. The sentence of Rudio was, however, commuted to life-confinement in the galleys. Orsini and Pierri were executed on the 12th of March.

The session of the French Chambers was opened on January 18th, four days after the attempted assassination. In his speech the Emperor thus referred to the affair : "I cannot conclude without alluding to the criminal attempt which has just taken place. I thank Heaven for the visible protection with which it shielded the Empress and myself, and I deplore that so many victims should be made when only one life was aimed at. Yet these plots bring their lessons with them. Firstly, they prove the weakness and impotence of those who have recourse to such desperate means ; secondly, that no assassination, even if successful, ever served the cause of those who hired the assassin. Neither those who slew Cæsar, nor those who assassinated Henry IV., derived any advantage from their crime. These attempts neither shake my security in the present, nor my faith in the future. If I live, the Empire will live with me ; and if I should fall, my very death would only strengthen the Empire, for the indignation of the people and of the army would be an additional support to the throne of my son."

Some months before this attempt a plot against the life of Napoleon was detected, though no actual attempt was made. The conspirators were three Italians, named Tibaldi, Bartoletti, and Grilli, who were brought to trial August 6th, 1857. An attempt was made to prove that the real framers of the plot were no other than Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, and the Roman Republican, Massarenti. The evidence against Mazzini consisted of some intercepted letters signed "Joseph," or "Giuseppe," that being the Christian name of Mazzini ; but the charge was certainly far from proven. Grilli made a confession to the effect that, being in a tavern in London, and without money, Massarenti assured him that Mazzini would give fifty gold Napoleons to any one who would assassinate the Emperor. He agreed to make the attempt in conjunction with the two others ; and that when they were all together, each of them received the fifty Napoleons, Mazzini telling them, "You will acquaint yourselves with the Emperor's habits, and will strike the blow whenever you find a favorable opportunity." The weapon used was to be the dagger. The confessions and statements of the prisoners were quite contradictory, but there is no reasonable doubt that the men were hired to commit the murder by some refugees in London, but that when they got to Paris they were in no hurry to earn their pay, but preferred to enjoy themselves. The three ruffians were found guilty—one was sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years, and the others to transportation. The most singular part of this transaction is what followed. Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and Massarenti were cited to come over from London and stand trial ; of course, they failed to put in an appearance, and were tried in their absence according to the forms of the French courts. They too were found guilty, and sentenced to transportation. In 1860, another abortive attempt was made upon the life of the Emperor by an Italian named Græco.

On February 18th, 1853, a determined attempt was made to assassinate Francis Joseph, the young Emperor of Austria. About noon His Majesty, who had been walking upon the ramparts of Vienna, stopped to observe some troops who were performing their military exercises below. Suddenly a young fellow sprang up, and struck the Emperor from behind with what appeared to be a common table-knife. He evidently aimed at the vital point where the spinal column joins the base of the skull ; but he struck too high, and the knife glanced off against the skull, inflicting only a slight wound just below the ear. He endeavored to repeat the blow ; but Count O'Donnell, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, was close by him, and throttled the assassin at once. The Archduke Regnier wrote a rather long account of the affair, of which we give only a few of the main points :

"I was sitting," he says, "reading in the palace, when my chasseur rushed up, exclaiming : 'His Majesty is coming up-stairs bleeding—he must have had a fall !'" With all due respect, we suggest that the chasseur imagined that His Sacred Majesty had been imbibing too freely. "But," continues the Archduke, "I told him to get linen and cold water, and rushed out, just as His Majesty entered the antechamber. He said to me, 'They have been playing their Milan tricks upon me.' I was almost petrified when he showed me his handkerchief soaked with blood, which he had been holding to the back of his head. O'Donnell and I washed the wound with cold water. It was on the back of the head, and about an inch in length. There was a stream of blood down the shirt front, and spots of it all over the dress. His Majesty told me that he received a blow on the head like the shot of a pistol, which made his eyes flash ; and when he looked around he saw O'Donnell with a man on the ground, whom he had half strangled before anybody else could come up."

It was evidently apprehended that this attempt had some serious political purpose ; for, continues the Archduke, "Everybody was in commotion, everybody in despair. The lines were immediately closed, the railway stations occupied, the troops consigned to their barracks, and two batteries telegraphed for. At the *Te Deum* there was an immense crowd, and everybody showed the warmest sympathy. . . His Majesty is getting on well, but there are symptoms of a slight concussion of the brain. He sees quite well with the right eye, but the left is quite dull. The physicians say that he will have to remain eight or ten days perfectly quiet in bed, without occupation or much talking."

The young Emperor clearly had a very narrow escape, for the blow had been given with great force, and had it not missed its aim by an inch or two would have done its work. His Majesty's exclamation, "They have been trying their Milan tricks upon me," referred to some attempts made there at a rising against the Austrian domination in Italy, concerning which we find the following paragraph in the newspapers of the day : "According to the latest accounts from Milan there was still great difficulty in obtaining access to or leaving the city. Baron Martini, the military commandant, has threatened to punish severely any person raising cries, singing or whistling in the streets. Two persons have been condemned and hanged—one for having taken up arms against the soldiers at the Josa-gate, the other for having two muskets in his shop, and having been seen with the insurgents in the Rua Bottonato. . . . Marshal Radetzky has taken the opportunity to declare that 'the inhabitants of the Lombardo-Venetian territory have allowed themselves, with a few laudable exceptions, to be intimidated by the infamous revolutionary party, instead of openly and loyally making common cause with the Imperial Government'; and accordingly Milan is treated with as much rigor as if the events of March, 1848, had been repeated—indeed more ; for on that occasion no capital executions took place, whereas now thirteen persons have been shot or hung. Among the persons arrested

were a number of women and young people not more than fifteen years of age. Some of them were helping to make a barricade, others were distributing wine and brandy to the revolters. . . . The Austrian Government has ordered all the natives of Ticino resident in Lombardy to quit the Kingdom, the workmen in twenty-four hours, landed proprietors and others within three days. About five thousand Ticinese will suffer by this measure." Clearly, although the Emperor Francis Joseph was a rather well-meaning young man, it was quite time that the Austrian enforced domination in Italy should come to an end.

The would-be assassin of the Emperor proved to be Joseph Libeny, a Hungarian by birth, twenty-two years of age, short of stature, and slightly built. His statements, upon examination, were not wholly consistent with each other. He said that he had formerly been a hussar servant of Count Nicholas Esterhazy, but for the last two years had been working as a journeyman tailor in Vienna. He declared that for three years he had entertained the design of striking a blow at the Emperor "in order to let the people know what a Hungarian could do for his country, oppressed by *gendarmes* and policemen. For a week I have walked up and down the bastion to catch the Emperor. However," he added, "I did not wish to kill, but only to wound him." He averred, when taken, that he had no accomplices ; but as he was marched off to prison, he kept shouting : "*Eljen Kossuth!* (Long life to Kossuth)." He was duly tried, found guilty, and hung.

One would suppose that Queen Victoria would be the very last sovereign against whom assassination would be attempted ; yet four distinct attempts of this kind have been made. The first was in June, 1840, only four months after her marriage, by a crazy lad named Oxford. The second was in May, 1842, by John Francis, who was sentenced to be hanged for the offense ; but his punishment was commuted to transportation for life. The third was in July of the same year, by a man named Bean, whose only punishment was imprisonment for eighteen months. The fourth was in the Spring of 1872, by a lad named O'Connor. The Queen was riding through the private gardens of Buckingham Palace, when the young fellow made a rush upon the carriage ; but he was caught and throttled by John Brown, the favorite Scottish attendant of the Queen. "I gripped him tight," said the stout Caledonian, "by the scruff of the neck." Being brought to trial, he pleaded guilty of a misdemeanor, and the sentence was deferred until it could be decided whether he was of sound mind. He said that he was an Irish gentleman ; that his life was not a happy one, and that he would gladly sacrifice it for his native land. He was, moreover, a republican. He had at first intended to use firearms, but upon second thought he came to the conclusion that if the Queen should be killed, the Prince of Wales would ascend to the throne, and so the monarchy would still remain ; and that therefore it would be better to attempt by intimidation to effect the object he had in view, which he explained to be to frighten Her Majesty into resigning the crown. Medical experts pronounced the fellow to be perfectly sane ; but as there seemed to be some question as to this, and as no harm had been done, he was ultimately let off with a protracted imprisonment.

On March 12th, 1868, a determined attempt was made at Clontarf, New South Wales, upon the life of Prince Alfred Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria. He had visited a picnic, when an Irishman named O'Farrell suddenly discharged a pistol at him at very close range, inflicting a slight wound in the back. The would-be assassin was brought to trial, found guilty, and hung on April 20th.

We find recorded two attempts to assassinate the Czar Alexander II., of Russia. The first was made on April 16th, 1867, by one Démetri Karakozoff. This was frustrated by the promptness of a peasant named Komisaroff, who was ennobled in consequence. The second attempt was made June, 1867. The Czar had gone to Paris to visit the French Exhibition, and was riding in a carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, in company with the Emperor Napoleon. A Polish refugee, named Berezowski, pulled out a double-barreled pistol and discharged two shots almost simultaneously, the second barrel bursting and wounding him in the hand. The first shot struck the horse ridden by one of the guards, and the blood was sprinkled over the two Emperors. There was some suspicion at the time that the attempt was merely a sham, got up for the purpose of exciting the popular enthusiasm, and we find no statement of what became of Berezowski ; but the balance of evidence is in favor of the opinion that this was an actual attempt at regicide.

General Juan Prim, Count of Reus, and Marquis de los Castillejos, was no king, nor the son or father of kings ; yet as he was a king-maker, and indirectly the overthrower of one empire and the creator of another, his assassination may properly find a place on the list of regicides. He was born in 1814, and quite early took a prominent part in military and civil affairs. In 1862 he commanded the Spanish forces in Mexico ; but being opposed to the designs of Napoleon, he withdrew. In 1864, he headed the revolution which drove Queen Isabella from the Spanish throne, and became president of the Council, and commander-in-chief of the army under the regency of Serrano. The Spaniards were looking about for some foreign prince who would accept their crown. Prim at last fixed upon Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a kinsman of the King of Prussia ; and although the Prince ultimately declined the offered dignity the jealousy of Napoleon was aroused, and the Franco-German War broke out ; an indirect result of which was the creation of the Empire of Germany. In the Summer of 1870, Prim prevailed upon the Italian Prince, Amadeus, to become King of Spain, a measure which gave rise to great discontent. On December 28th, 1870, Prim was driving through one of the most public streets in Madrid. An assassin sprang from the crowd and discharged a pistol with sure aim. Prim was fatally wounded, and died four days after, at the very moment when the new King was landing upon Spanish soil.

It was not long before an attempt was made upon the life of the new monarch. Half an hour after midnight, on July 12th, 1872, Amadeus and his queen were returning from the theatre to the palace. Near the end of the street through which they were driving, a couple of coupés had been placed so as to partially block the way ; behind these a band of conspirators had secreted themselves. As the royal carriage approached, they separated into two groups, one on each side of the street. When the royal carriage was close by, shots were fired from either side ; the carriage was somewhat pitted, and one of the horses was killed. But the coachman, lashing his horses to their utmost speed, cleared the obstruction, and none of the occupants of the carriage were injured. The King became weary of his dangerous dignity, and in February, 1873, very wisely threw up the post, and returned to his native Italy.

King Alfonso, the successor of Amadeus, has also had occasion to know that his life stands in danger from the assassin. On the evening of October 25th, 1878, he was driving through the broad Calle Mayor of Madrid, when a young man of three-and-twenty, named Juan Moncasi, a cooper by trade, fired a pistol at him, without, however,

hitting his mark. The man was at once seized and taken to prison. He admitted that he was a member of the International Society, and that he had come to Madrid for the express purpose of killing the King. He was put to death by the garotte, January 4th, 1879.

Three weeks later a similar attempt was made upon the life of the young King Humbert, of Italy. On the 17th of November he was making a state entry into Naples, when he had gone to pay his respects to the Sultan. In the evening of that day he was riding through the streets, which were brilliantly illuminated. Suddenly two shells were flung from the upper story of a building. One of them struck the dashboard of the carriage, where it hung suspended; the other missed its aim, and was found lying in the street. These shells were of copper, each having sixteen wire points projecting from it in all directions.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY O'CONNOR, IN 1872.

a poorly-dressed man, Giovanni Passanante by name, rushed to the carriage, and endeavored to stab the King with a dagger. Signor Cairoli, the Chief of the Ministry, seized the assassin by the hair, and received a slight wound in the thigh, while His Majesty, who was unhurt, belabored the fellow with his sheathed sword. Passanante gave no reason for his regicidal attempt, except that he did not like kings.

On September 22d, 1868, the Viceroy of Egypt arrived at Alexandria, on his return from Constantinople, whither Neither of the shells exploded, and nobody was hurt. Next day the Viceroy held a public review of his troops, and received the congratulations of the people upon his escape.

Among the notable regicides of our day, mention must be made of the murder of Radama II., King of Madagascar. He was the son of that Queen Ranavalona, whose long persecutions of the Christians of Madagascar furnishes one of the most striking chapters in the modern history of missions. Ranavalona died in August, 1861, after a reign of

thirty-three years. Her son had been supposed to be secretly in favor of the new faith, and great hopes had been entertained of him. But it soon appeared that these were not to be realized. His imperious mother, though acknowledging him as her destined successor, had allowed him no share in the government; and he contracted habits of intemperance, and seems to have become half insane. Not long after his accession, he announced that he was about to issue a decree permitting individuals and even villages, who had a quarrel with each other, to fight it out, upon giving public notice of their intention; and if death ensued,

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE AMADEUS OF SPAIN, IN 1872.

HOEDEL'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, IN 1878.

like that of a felon, to a village six miles away, and burned; a rude hut being subsequently erected over the spot. His Queen, who took the name of Rasoherina, was proclaimed sovereign in his stead. One of her first acts was to issue a decree giving perfect freedom of religion to all her subjects.

Of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, on the evening of Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, we shall give only the barest outline. The war of Secession had been only five days before brought to a virtual close by the surrender of the army in Virginia, under General R. E. Lee. Two days after this, the

the slayer should go unscathed. The nobles remonstrated, but without effect; and a tumult broke out. The King shut himself up in his palace. On May 12th, 1863, a few malcontents, apparently favored by the Queen, burst in and seized the King, "Do not hurt me," he cried; "my person is sacred!" "We do not know that," was the reply; "but we do know that you have brought ruin upon the kingdom." The Queen begged that they would spare his life, but her request was not granted. A cord was passed around the neck of the victim, and a black mantle thrown over his head. Strong hands twisted the fatal cord, and when the cloth was removed, there was disclosed the blackened and distorted features of the dead King. When night came, the corpse was dragged,

POPULAR DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE IMPERIAL PALACE, BERLIN, AFTER THE EMPEROR'S ESCAPE.

President made a public address, in which he developed plans for the restoration of perfect peace—plans which would probably have met the cordial approbation of men of every section and party. On the evening of Good Friday he went to the theatre in Washington, accompanied by his wife and a few friends. While the comedy was in course of performance, an actor, named John Wilkes Booth, entered the President's box, and placing a pistol close to his head, fired. Then, before any one could interfere, he leaped upon the stage, brandishing a dagger, and shouting, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*—the South is avenged!" disappeared behind the scenes, and made his escape through the stage door. The President was never for a moment conscious after receiving the wound, and died early the next morning. At almost the same moment Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, who was confined to a sick-chamber, was attacked by an accomplice of Booth, named Payne, and received a dangerous wound. It was soon found that the plot, of which Booth was the concocter, included the murder of others of the chief civil and military officers of the Government. There appear to have been nine of the conspirators, some of them most likely not knowing its full extent. Eight of them were tried by a military commission, and found guilty. Four were hung, and the others sentenced to long imprisonment. Booth had broken a bone of his leg in leaping upon the stage, but he managed to mount a horse which was in waiting for him, and made his way into Maryland, and subsequently crossed the Potomac into Virginia. Pursuers were, however, upon his track, who came up with him on the 26th of April. He had taken refuge in a barn; and refusing to surrender was shot, dying in a short time. It is but right to add that there is not the slightest reason to suppose that any person belonging to the late Confederate Government had any sort of complicity in this assassination.

It is almost impossible to keep a record of the numerous political assassinations perpetrated within a few years in the various States of South America. We briefly note only a few of the most notable. In 1871 Melgarejo assumed the government of Bolivia, but was soon killed by his own son-in-law. He was succeeded by Moralez, who was in turn killed by his nephew. In 1875, Moreno, the President of Ecuador was assassinated, and in 1877 Don Gil of Paraguay shared a like fate.

But perhaps the most notable of these South American assassinations took place in Peru near the close of July, 1872. Don José Balta, the President, was seized and imprisoned by General Tomas Gutierrez, the Minister of War, who proceeded to have himself proclaimed Dictator. But a new election for President had been ordered, and the majority of votes appeared to be cast in favor of Don Manuel Pardo. Gutierrez attempted to get hold of him, but he took shelter with a foreign ambassador. Zevallos, the first Vice-President, took refuge on board a man-of-war lying in the harbor of Callao. Meanwhile the partisans of Pardo took up arms, and some sharp street-fighting went on in various places, the result being that the partisans of Gutierrez were generally worsted. Gutierrez had two brothers, Silvester and Marcellina, the former of whom was in command at Lima. On the morning of July 25th he left the palace for the railway station; but just as he was on the point of entering the train, some one stepped up and shot him through the head, killing him on the spot. His brother, Marcellina, on learning of this, rode off to the fort where President Balta was confined. He made his way, with a guard of fifty men, to the room where Balta lay upon a sick-bed, and shot him through the heart; one of the soldiers at the same time cutting the dying President across the face with a sabre. As soon as it was known in Lima that Balta had been murdered, the populace rose and made an attack upon the dead body of Silvester Gutierrez, which lay in the Callao Railway depot. They pelted it with stones, and finally mutilated it in the most terrible manner. Some cut off his ears, nose and fingers, declaring that they would keep them, in memory of one of the most cowardly and treacherous families in Peru.

Tomas Gutierrez in the meantime gathered what men he could, and shut himself up in the strong fort of San Catalina, near Lima, whence he made a requisition for a forced loan of $300,000, giving the banks two days to pay it over. Congress in the meantime declared Pardo the President. All these events took place between the 22d and the 26th of July. On the evening of that day Tomas Gutierrez was accidentally hurt in the hand; and went to a drug-store to have his wound dressed. He was recognized by the populace, who burst open the doors, fired upon him, stabbed him, and completed their work by crushing him with paving-stones. The corpse was stripped naked, and dragged through the streets to the public square, where it was hung to a lamp-post until morning; then it was taken into the palace. Meanwhile, on the previous day Marcellina Gutierrez had been killed at Callao by his own men, and his body was hung to a lamp-post. The bodies of the three Gutierrez brothers were, on the next day, placed on a pile of lumber in front of the cathedral; fire was applied, and the three bodies were soon reduced to ashes. Pardo assumed the Presidency, but came near sharing the fate of Balta, a desperate attempt to assassinate him having been made in July, 1874. While this is going through the press General Prado was killed at the very door of the Senate, which he was about to enter as President of that body.

The aged Emperor William I., of Germany, has, during his life of more than fourscore years, been several times in danger of assassination. Two such attempts have been made during the year which has just come to a close. On the afternoon of May 11th, 1878, the Emperor, accompanied by the Grand Duchess of Baden, was driving along the Avenue Unter den Linden, the finest street in Berlin. All at once two shots from a revolver were fired at the carriage from the sidewalk; finding that the distance was too great for his aim, the perpetrator rushed into the middle of the Avenue, fired three more shots in rapid succession; he then threw the weapon away, and tried to make his escape. The bystanders soon laid hold of him, and handed him over to the police. He gave his name as Max Hoedel, and denied that he had fired at the Emperor at all. Being out of work, he said, he had intended to shoot himself in the presence of the sovereign and the public, hoping thereby to draw attention to the lamentable condition of the working people of Germany. But his averment was clearly contradicted by the testimony of eye-witnesses, who saw him aim directly at the Imperial carriage. Three weeks later, on June 2d, another and almost successful attempt upon the life of the Emperor was made, also in the Unter den Linden. The would-be assassin proved to be Dr. Karl Edward Noebling—a man of thirty, of good family, excellent education, and very considerable scientific acquirements. After traveling somewhat extensively, he arrived at Berlin a year before; here, and apparently at a still earlier period, he became intimate with the revolutionary fanatics, and formed a deliberate plan of killing the Emperor; whether his political associates were privy to it, is uncertain. At all events, he seems to have undertaken its execution alone. Having a second story apartment overlooking the street, he awaited the time when his victim should, as was his custom, be driving past. The piece which he discharged was heavily loaded with shot and

slugs, of which thirty or forty took effect upon the person of the Emperor, wounding him in the face, head and arms. It is certainly remarkable that of so many wounds, some of them quite serious, no one, or even all of them together, should have proved fatal.

THE DEVIL'S FRUIT.

POTATOES were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, eighty or ninety years ago. At first the people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did, and found potatoes.

A curious legend attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the North, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil, being in partnership, took a lease of the farm on the Martoun estate, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm; the devil furnished the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year, Sir Michael was to have all that grew above ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year the shares were to be the opposite way.

His Satanic Majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly overreached in his bargain, for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land in the first year with wheat, and planted it with potatoes the second; so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat-stubble and potato-tops. And this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued until he had not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil.

In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into that country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples and disregarding the roots.

TREED BY A TIGER.

IN the year 1857, after an enforced idleness of some months, the result of a severe attack of typhoid fever, I was agreeably surprised at the receipt of a letter from a relative in the timber trade, which requested me to undertake the duties of agent for the purchase of teak in Burmah. Foreign travel, and more, the excitement of killing large game, had always been my ambition, so I lost no time in making preparations for leaving England.

My station was to be Moulmein, in Tennasserim, then under the control of Major Fytche as Chief Commissioner. I soon found that my agency was no easy task, as the trading ability of the native merchants was of higher order than my own; and that I had much to learn before I could say I understood the business.

However, by the help of a friendly American, who was established there in another line of business, I found, after a time, that I had sufficient leisure for the exercise of my proclivities for sport, and at a day's distance I could get a shot or two at deer—my business not thereby neglected.

My American friend, who was a capital shot, proposed a longer excursion up the course of the Saliveen River; and, with a couple of servants, we started on Pegu ponies, provisioned for a week.

At the end of the second day's journey, my companion became ill with fever; and at his earnest entreaty, I left him behind with one servant, determined to go on for another day into a region where deer were said to be found in abundance.

To my annoyance I discovered when I halted for the night, that my servant had left behind my friend's rifle, and had only brought on my own smooth-bore. It was a single barrel of large calibre, with which I had won many a pigeon-match in England. True, I had my friend's bullet-mold in my bag, but it was too small for the bore of my fowling-piece, and I was compelled to content myself with the expectation of such chances as swan-shot would afford me.

Shortly after noon the next day, as we were cooking dinner, a native informed my servant that a deer had been killed during the night by a tiger a few miles off; and, having been disturbed, it was certain he would return at nightfall to the carcass.

There was no time for deliberation. With some compunction, I sacrificed a pewter goblet that years before, in my school-days, I had won in a sculling-match at Henley. With this I cast a dozen bullets, and fitted them to my smooth-bore by stitching up each in well-oiled fragments of one of my gloves.

I started, with the native as a guide, and just before sundown I was comfortably seated on the broken branch of a tree, at about thirty feet from the ground, with two small boughs conveniently placed as rests for my feet. It was a splendid position, and perfectly safe. I had the carcass of the deer dragged to a spot about twenty yards distant, so that with my back against the body of the tree, the end of the broken branch on which I sat astride formed a good rest for my fowling-piece. My guide left me and returned to my camping-place.

When the sun set it became too dark to distinguish the bait, but I heard unmistakable sounds of the tiger's presence. Those who only know the deep silence of a forest in England, would be amazed at the night-sounds to be heard in a tropical jungle. Low moans as of a human being in intense pain, seemed to float in the air; and several times a weird, unearthly shriek made my flesh creep. The noise of the water-fowl on the river, only about sixty yards in front of me, was unceasing.

After some weary waiting, the moon rose, and I began to calculate my chances for a pot shot. Presently I saw, or I thought I saw, the beast's head; and judging as well as the imperfect light would permit, the position of his shoulder, I fired. A fearful growl, and a rush into the jungle, told me that my shot had not been a deadly one. In a few minutes the tiger returned to his meal, and I saw him from time to time turn round to lick his side—he was evidently wounded.

Before I had time to observe this, I prepared to re-load, and found, to my intense mortification, that I had either dropped my bag of bullets or had left them in the hands of my guide, who had held my gun whilst I climbed the tree by the aid of a gigantic creeper. I had now nothing to do but wait till daylight, when all felidæ retire into the thick jungle.

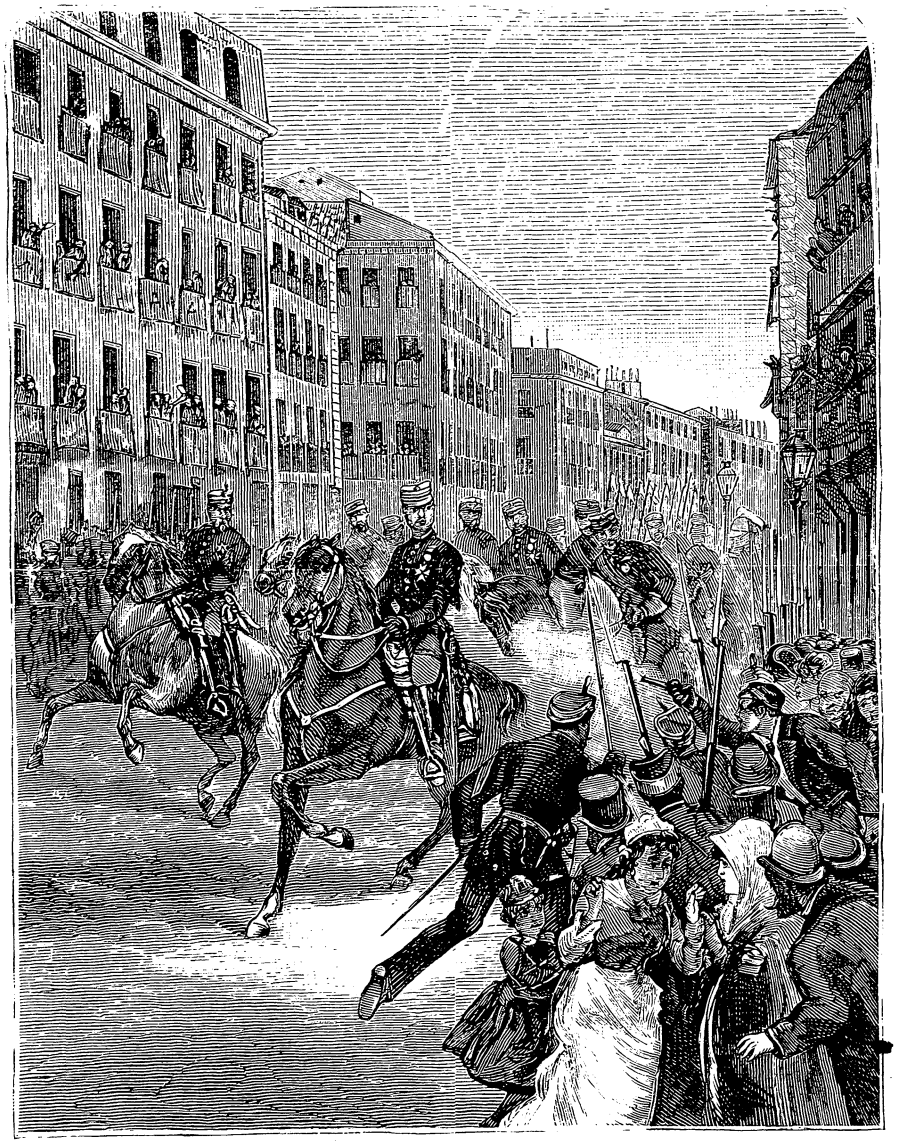
The night became cloudy, and I had only to wait patiently. As daylight slowly came, a thick white mist in snow-white clouds covered the ground, with only occasional openings that gave a passing glimpse of the tiger. To my horror he did not retire, but lay still and watched me. I was defenseless, and he appeared to understand and appreciate my helpless condition.

I dreaded the return of my servant and guide to certain destruction. I racked my brain to remember such words of Burmese as would enable me to shout a warning, but in vain.

I searched my pockets, and made a mental inventory of my store of missiles. A couple of swan-shot in a corner of my pocket, a heavy gold curb chain, an old steel swivel seal,

and a large steel pencil-case comprised the whole. I loaded with the chain and the two swan-shot first, and fired steadily at the left side of his head, which was exposed to me for a moment between the clouds of white mist. His growls were terrific, yet he stirred not; and it was nearly an hour before I could get a shot at him with the steel pencil case and seal.

By this time, however, the mist had so far cleared off, that I had a fair and steady shot behind his left shoulder. It was a fatal one, for in two minutes his death-struggles were over. The pencil-case had entered his heart; and by the time my servant and guard had arrived with my pony, I had half skinned him. The chain had fearfully mutilated his head, and destroyed the sight of his left eye, but had missed the brain. My first shot had gone quite through his flank, without injuring any vital part. I was recalled shortly afterward, and my first task in England was to get the fragments of my chain made into a ring, which I always wear. The tiger's skin is now on my library hearth, and I am often reminded, as I look at it, of the joke of my American friend, who used to declare that I am the only man he ever knew who had been treed by a tiger.



ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN IN 1878.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT OF ITALY, IN 1878.

DON MANUEL PARDO, PRESIDENT OF PERU.

DOOMED.

By Etta W. Pierce.

The clock in the hall was striking twelve when a knock echoed on my chamber-door. The voice of Miss Dynock fluttered in through the keyhole.

"Get up, Hetty," it commanded, briefly; "your sister is dying!"

I sprang from the bed where, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, I had thrown myself, all dressed, an hour before. My head was still confused with dreams of the school from which I had just been summoned. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. Emily's illness and the journey of the previous day rushed back on my memory. Alas! I was at home, in the old cottage which had once been a parsonage, and outside the moon was shining on the gray stones of the churchyard, where five daughters of the house already slept, and now—now—Emily, the last one left to me—was dying!

DOOMED.—"I LOOKED, AND SAW STANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED SHE WHO HAD ONCE POSSESSED THE LITTLE ROOM — SHE WHO HAD JUST BEEN LAID AWAY IN THE GRAVEYARD ACROSS THE GARDEN-WALL—MY SISTER EMILY."

Miss Dynock entered, her sallow face paler than usual.

"Be calm," she said; "Emily is conscious, and wishes to speak with you. Do not disturb her with any outcry."

"Why was I not sent for before?" I cried, resentfully. "It was my right to be with her—to nurse her. And to think that you never sent for me till yesterday!"

"I acted according to Emily's instructions," replied Miss Dynock, dryly. "She did not wish you to know of her illness. Remember, I was her friend and playfellow before you were born."

"That may be," I sobbed; "but I am something nearer yet—her sister, her only one, and you have not treated me fairly, and I will never forgive you!"

I broke away and ran to Emily's chamber, and falling on my knees, took up one bloodless hand from the coverlet, and carried it to my hot, quivering lips. "Emily!" I cried; "Emily, I am here!"

Propped by pillows, she lay, her long hair, grown thin and lustreless from sickness, straggling loose on her shoulders. A faint, rattling breath had superseded her cough. At the foot of the bed stood the doctor. The midnight moon shone into the pretty, orderly room, and the night-lamp's light fell upon Emily's wasted face, which was full of calm composure.

"Martha Dynock has promised to stay with you, Hetty," she began. "You will find her an admirable person. You are but eighteen—too young to live on here alone. Moreover, with such tendencies as you inherit, you can never expect to be strong. Martha is just my age, and she will take my place and be to you an elder sister."

A soft step crossed the carpet, and Miss Dynock appeared on the other side of the bed.

"You have a message to send to Philip Kent," she prompted, as Emily leaned back exhausted on her pillows. I felt the bloodless hand in mine tremble slightly.

"Could I have lived till Autumn, Hetty," said Emily, "I should have married Philip. He is on his way from Pekin even now, and is likely to arrive here at any hour. You do not remember him, for you were a mere child when he went to the East." No, I did not remember him, scarcely his name, for Emily, extremely reticent by nature, had never talked to me of this lover who, for ten long years, had been toiling and broiling in another hemisphere for the future which she, after all, was never to share.

"He does not know that I am ill," she proceeded. "He will be utterly unprepared for news of my death. Martha is his cousin. She must help you to comfort him. He went to the East for my sake. We were both over-young, and I was ambitious for Philip. But it was a mistake. These weary years of waiting have shortened my life. And

now he will come, and you will see him. Martha will see him, but I shall be dead. Hetty, Hetty, do not let him forget me!"

"What can I do?" I sobbed.

"Anything—anything which will keep me in his memory! I could not rest in my grave should Philip forget me. Do not tell him that I grew faded and old. Let him think of me as I was ten years ago. I am glad to die before he comes. Remember, Hetty," murmured Emily, as the rattling breath in her throat grew fainter. "I lay this charge upon you: do not let him forget me. Do not let him cease to love me. *Remember!*"

We buried Emily in that dreary family row. It was an unspeakably gloomy day in the late Summer. Mist and rain darkened the sky. The graveyard was full of little pools, in which my feet sank ankle-deep as I walked with Miss Dynock after the coffin, and watched it as it was lowered into the sodden earth. The old pastor who had taken my dead father's place in the parish drew me back from the open grave.

"It is too wet and cold for you here," he said. "Take her away, Miss Dynock. She is the last of seven, remember."

Martha Dynock pulled my hand through her arm, and we turned and splashed homeward.

I followed Martha Dynock's tall, stiff figure into the musty old parlor, took off my mourning hat and shawl and wet overshoes, and sat down there with some of the neighbors, who had met to condole with me.

"Hetty," said Deacon Pratt's wife, "you see how unsartin' life is. Consumption usually makes a clean sweep through a family. You are just the age your sister Drusilla was when she died. She was the prettiest girl in the town; but what of that? Beauty won't save a body. All flesh is grass."

"Miss Dynock must steep you some boneset tea!" cried another. "I thought I heard you coughing out there by the grave. Boneset and flaxseed, and a nip of elecampane root, is what you want. All the Fox family drop like overripe fruit."

"And Emily so near marriage!" put in a third. "How sad! There's just room for one more grave in the row; did you notice? Deacon Pratt called my attention to it. Well, we must be resigned, Hetty. Is Martha Dynock goin' to stay with you? She's a dull, moping body. I never could understand why Emily was so fond of her. Everybody knows she was in love with her cousin Philip ten years ago."

Then they all went away and left me alone with the rain and the gruesome twilight, and my own thoughts.

"And I do not want to die! I do not want to die!" I kept sobbing, with white lips, to myself.

Miss Dynock came in with lights.

"Will you have tea in this room?" she began to say, when we heard the street door, always left unfastened, open suddenly.

A step crossed the hall. On the threshold of the parlor a man stood, looking in upon us.

He stood, flushed, hurried and eager. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and he had a tawny, outlandish look, a rich russet beard and a pair of superb blue eyes, the sweetness and kindness of which gave the lie direct to his resolute, cold mouth.

At the first glance, also, I knew that Emily's lover, Philip Kent, stood before us. I started up with a cry.

"Philip!" screamed Miss Dynock.

He looked, not at her, but at me. Before either could speak he strode across the room, opened his arms, and snatched me passionately to his breast.

"Emily, my darling! my darling!" he cried, in a voice quivering with love and joy unutterable; and he bent his tall, fair head and kissed me on the mouth.

Shall I ever forget that strange, terrible moment, that wild caress which, meant for the dead, fell on my dumb and unresisting lips?

I pushed him from me. I looked up, frightened and horrified, into his bending face.

"Stop!" I cried. "I am not Emily; I am Hetty. You come too late. Emily is—is—oh, tell him!" I sobbed, turning to Martha Dynock; "tell him—*I* cannot!"

Martha Dynock rushed toward us with a ruffled—yes, enraged air.

"How d'ye do, Philip?" she burst out, sharply. "Have you quite forgotten *me?* You come to a sad house. Emily Fox was buried to-day. Hetty and I have just returned from her funeral!"

He stood for a moment, then reeled back a step and fell into the nearest chair. I could not look at him. I ran to a corner of the room, and crouched down there and hid my face.

"*Dead!*" he cried out, wildly.

"Yes," said Miss Dynock. "She breathed her last three days ago, of consumption. I could never get her to write to you of her failing health. She did not want you to know it. She would not acknowledge it to any one. I was her nurse and companion, and I am to live here henceforth with Hetty. You remember Hetty? She was a child when you went away."

He sat like a man utterly overwhelmed.

"*Dead!*" I heard him mutter, for the second time, as if he did not comprehend the word.

Martha Dynock stood in the centre of the room and watched him with strange, gloating eyes. I know not how long the awful silence remained unbroken, but at last he staggered to his feet, with a face like death.

"Where have you buried her?" he groaned.

"Come, and I will show you," said Martha Dynock; and she snatched up a shawl and flung it over her head, and they started out together.

I saw them cross the garden and enter the graveyard. The gate creaked behind them, then all was still.

"God pity him!" I cried, from my full heart.

At the end of an hour Miss Dynock came back, dripping and alone.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Out there—with *her*," she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Oh, Miss Dynock!"

"Don't be alarmed. His heart will not break. A man's grief is rarely lasting. Come, let us have our tea."

I slept in Emily's room that night. It was a morbid fancy of mine, no doubt, but I seemed to be nearer to her there than elsewhere. In the wardrobe were her dresses. Her writing-desk, full of Philip Kent's letters, stood in a corner of the room. Over it hung her portrait. I went up to it, and looked sadly into the pictured eyes.

"Oh, Emily, dear," I said, "how I wish that you could come back and comfort Philip Kent! Did you love him very much? Yes, yes; for you could not help it. Where are you to-night? Do you know how utterly lonely and desolate we two are—he out yonder by your grave, I here, in your forsaken room?"

"Good-night," called Miss Dynock, dryly, as she passed the door at that moment.

I put out my candle, crawled into the white bed, and, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, fell asleep.

I dreamed of Emily and of Philip Kent. About the middle of the night I awoke.

Outside, the moon was struggling in a bank of white vapor. A feeble glimmer filled the chamber. Before my eyes were fairly open, I became suddenly and instinctively conscious that some extraordinary presence was near me.

I looked, and saw standing at the foot of the bed she who had once possessed the little room—she who had just been laid away in the graveyard across the garden wall—my sister Emily!

She stood wrapped in white—a strange, luminous white—from head to foot. On either side of her bloodless face hung down her thin, faded hair. One skeleton hand was stretched out to me in an attitude of menace, the other clutched the draperies on her wasted, pulseless bosom. Her eyes—her wild, unearthly eyes, burning like living coals in their sunken sockets—were fixed upon my face.

For one terrible moment I lay, voiceless, motionless, frozen with horror. I tried to shriek, but in vain. Slowly she swayed over the foot of the bed. Her extended arm moved and pointed to the window. I heard a hollow whisper flutter across my pillow:

"*You, too, are called!*"

I sprang up on my pillow.

"Emily, Emily!" I shrieked.

She waved me away. I saw her fading out before my eyes. I sank back on the white bed, senseless.

At last I returned to consciousness, and ran into the passage to knock at Miss Dynock's door. She opened to me, looking sleepy, surprised, and outrageously ugly in undress.

'Good Heaven! what is the matter, Hetty?"

"I have had a dreadful dream!" I gasped.

I could not tell her more; and she let me creep into bed beside her, where, for the rest of the night, I lay, sleepless, shaking, shuddering.

When Philip Kent came next day I was lying on a sofa in the old parlor, feverish and ill. He entered the room with Miss Dynock, and seemed to fill it at once with his kindly presence.

"What is the matter with her?" he demanded of the family doctor, who was just making his exit.

"She has sustained a great shock in her sister's death," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "There's a slight inflammation of the chest, also. Look out for her, Miss Dynock. You know the stock from which she springs."

Philip Kent came up to my sofa. By daylight he looked to be a handsome, well-bred man of thirty, with a brown skin and a foreign air, both the result of his long residence in the East. His face was a little haggard and his eyes blood-shotten, as if he had passed a sleepless night. At sight of me he drew his hand quickly across his forehead.

"I feel like a man in nightmare," he cried out to Miss Dynock. "It is impossible to believe the thing you tell me. It cannot be!"

"You see a family resemblance, nothing more," she answered, sharply.

Choking with silent tears, I put out my hand to him. He took it in both his own and held it fast.

"How sorry I am for you!" said I.

"And I for you," he answered, in a shaken voice. After a few moments he added, "I was to have been your brother; still consider me as such, and command me in all things. I am inexpressibly grieved to find you ill."

These were simple words, yet they warmed and comforted me strangely. He looked around the room, then said, in a voice firm with sudden conviction:

"You ought not to remain in this house twenty-four hours."

"This is Hetty's home, Philip!" cried Miss Dynock. "She will remain here because she must. She has no other shelter!"

He opened the window, and seizing a handful of the rank vines which darkened it, tore them down from the glass.

"Then pull away this rubbish and let in the sun," he replied. "It is plain, Martha, that you have never studied the laws of health. This room is like a tomb. You yourself, Martha, look woefully pinched and faded in its trying atmosphere."

A flush overspread her sallow face; her eyes snapped.

"Thanks for the compliment! Emily planted those vines with her own hand. She trained them with great care. I confess I have not the heart to destroy her work."

His hand dropped from the wrecked mass of clusters and tendrils. A spasm overspread his face. He closed the window.

"It was this place which killed Emily!" he said, abruptly.

"No, it was phthisis," dryly corrected Miss Dynock; "though moping and fretting for you hastened the disease, no doubt."

I lay twisting a loose braid nervously round my hand. I felt as if Emily's ghost stood at my elbow, impelling me to speak. At last I made a little sign to Philip Kent.

"I want to talk to you of Emily," I faltered; "of her death, of what she said to me in her last moments. I want to ask you never, never, *never* to forget her."

"And do you think such a request necessary?" he said.

"I cannot help it. I am charged to keep you in remembrance. She could not rest in her grave, she said."

And then the memory of the night rushed over me in an overwhelming way, and I broke into hysteric sobs.

"You little fool!" muttered Miss Dynock. "I told him all that last night in the graveyard! I told him that Emily's absurd jealousy begrudged him freedom even after her death. She was supremely selfish always. I told him that it was not the handsome girl of ten years ago we buried yesterday, but an ugly querelous, worn-out woman, whom he would never have recognized."

I was petrified with indignation. Emily had particularly requested that we should not mention her changed looks to her lover.

"How could you, Miss Dynock?" I cried; "how *dared* you?"

"I always dare to tell the truth," she answered.

Philip Kent took up his hat and walked out of the house.

For three long, weary weeks I lay upon my sofa, suffering no pain, but daily growing weaker. The doctor termed my malady a stubborn cold. Philip Kent pronounced it nervous depression, but I knew better—*I was called!*

He was very kind in those days—Philip Kent—kinder than any one I had ever known in all my life. His brown face and sonorous voice made, at last, the only brightness of the dismal days.

"It is all for Emily's sake," said Martha Dynock.

I knew that, but was none the less grateful. Often he begged to carry me out, but to this Miss Dynock would never consent.

From his presence I drew my courage and hope. Miss Dynock and the cottage could suggest no thought to me but of death; but to Philip Kent I turned as instinctively as some poor, perishing plant to the sun.

Four weeks after Emily's burial I was one night sleeping in my own chamber, when the striking of the village clock on the other side of the graveyard awoke me suddenly.

With the impression that some one had called my name aloud, I started up.

It was there! I knew it, even before I turned my eyes to the foot of the bed.

For a moment I thought I should never breathe again. I looked at it; it looked back at me. Then it freed one hand from its ghostly draperies, and pointed through the window to the graveyard without. For one awful moment it stood thus; sight and sense failed me—I fainted.

The next day Philip Kent was not allowed to see me.

"What has happened to her?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing," said Miss Dynock.

"Has not she received a fresh shock since yesterday?"

"No. You see how closely I guard her."

I dropped my white face and was dumb.

One afternoon when, at my own request, I had been left alone, I arose from the slippery horsehair sofa, and stole out into the graveyard. The rusty gate creaked as I passed through. I stumbled through the nettles and blackberry vines till I reached the family lot. There I knelt down and laid my face on Emily's grave.

"Oh, Emily!" I sobbed, "why do you torment me? I have tried, I try still, to keep you in his memory. I do, indeed! Leave me in peace. I have lived such a little while! Oh, I cannot die! I cannot die!" A step came hastily through the grass to my side. Somebody bent over me—lifted me up.

"Hetty!" cried the shocked voice of Philip Kent. "What are you doing here, Hetty?"

"Leave me alone," I answered, struggling with the arm which held me. "I am doomed! I am doomed!"

He gathered me up to his side, and wrapped his cloak around me.

"Hush! hush! You are *not* doomed! You need only to be removed from these associations to become well and strong. You have no settled malady."

I pointed to the vacant corner.

"Do you see that? It is waiting for *me*. I have been warned. In two months I shall lie here."

"Hetty, Hetty, what do you mean? Neither in two months nor in two score years, please God, shall you lie here! I will take you far from this place. Here, by Emily's grave, I ask you to let me save you. Be my wife, Hetty, and leave this place for ever."

He kissed me again and again on brow and eyes and mouth. For one rapturous moment I lay powerless in his embrace; then, with a despairing cry, I broke away.

THE CAT "PATCH."—"THE CURTAIN BEING SHAKEN, OUT DROPPED A MOUSE."—SEE PAGE 230

"Oh, let me go!" I cried. "You must not say such things! You must think only of Emily! I dare not listen to you—I dare not!"

"Hetty, I began by loving Emily in you, and now—I know not how it is—you two seem merged in one. She lives in you, and my love for you is my loyalty to her!"

"Oh, stop!" I shuddered. "You deceive yourself. Why do you talk to me of love? Death is bitter enough without that. Here is my grave waiting for me, and I shall fill it before the snow falls!"

He held my hands and looked into my eyes.

"I cannot be angry with you, Hetty," he answered, in a voice of infinite tenderness, "for I see that you are wild with excitement. I have but one question to ask of you. Do you love me?"

Love him? Yes, in spite of all the treachery to Emily which such a confession implied, I did, and told him so with bitter tears.

Martha Dynock was down on the parlor hearth, coaxing the parlor fire into a blaze as we entered.

"You are imprudent, Hetty, to be out such a night," she said.

Philip Kent seized my hand, and led me forward to the fire.

"WEE."—"HER HUSBAND SPRANG FORWARD TO SUPPORT HER TREMBLING FORM. JUST THEN THE DOOR OF THE CABINET OPENED, AND A LITTLE FIGURE IN WHITE RUSHED OUT, EXCLAIMING, 'OH, MAMMA, IT IS I—YOUR LITTLE WEE!'"—SEE PAGE 231.

"Martha," said he, "if you have any influence with Hetty, use it now. I love her with all my soul and strength. I wish to marry her and take her abroad; and she drives me wild with talk of treachery to Emily. Speak to her. She will die if she is not removed from this place, and swiftly. Persuade her to listen to me."

Martha Dynock stood like a stone, as gray and rigid, staring first at him and then at me.

"Has it come to this—so soon?" she cried. "And you dare appeal to *me* for help! Philip Kent, you traitor!"

"Martha!" he cried out, in angry amazement.

"Don't speak to me!" she gasped. "I hate you! How dare you talk of love to a creature marked for the grave? And you ask Hetty to outrage her sister's memory, to think of you and marriage! And Martha Dynock is the same to you now that she always was—a stick, a stone, an ugly woman!"

I did not wait to hear more. She had loved him a long time, no doubt. I left him confronting her and fled to my own chamber.

He came no more. Philip Kent had left me with her to die!

One dismal twilight, as I was creeping down the stair, in the dark hall at its foot Emily appeared suddenly. She lifted to mine her face. She raised one shadowy hand with the old stern, warning gesture, and with a great shriek I fell headlong down the stairs, and there I lay till Miss Dynock found me and carried me to my sofa.

"I have been warned for the third time. I am going to die *at once!*" I cried.

"It is my duty, Hetty, to call the minister to talk with you about your soul. You look unusually bad to-night. It's plain to me the end is not far off."

She lighted the lamp, tucked me up on the sofa, and went out, locking the door behind her—that is, locking me into the cottage.

A step in the garden-walk aroused me. I ran to the window. I cautiously lifted the sash and peered forth, and lo! the blue eyes of Philip Kent looked steadfastly into mine!

"I cannot let you in," I called, "for the door is fast, and Miss Dynock has the key."

"I watched her," he answered. "I do not want to come in. It is you who must come out to me, Hetty. Put on your hat and jacket—a thick one, mind. Do, darling!"

"The door is fast, I tell you."

"But here is the window."

I forgot Miss Dynock, I forgot Emily's ghost, I forgot that I was going to die. I put on my hat and walking-jacket, and, scrambling over the sill, dropped into his outstretched arms.

"Have you missed me, Hetty?" very humbly and lovingly.

"Oh, so much!" I answered.

"How thin you have grown!—how pale! I have been watching the cottage all the week for a chance to see you."

He drew me through a side gate into the darkening village street. I looked around, and saw near us a carriage. Before I could speak, Philip Kent lifted me in, and took a seat beside me. The next moment we were rolling rapidly down the street.

"But I am in a wrapper!" I cried, in sudden dismay; "and my hair is dressed like a mandarin's. I really cannot go! Besides, Miss Dynock has gone to bring the minister to talk with me about my soul!"

A quiet laugh stole into his eyes and rippled round his lips.

"Your wrapper does not matter in the least, and your hair is superb. As for Martha and the minister, let them cultivate the goodly gift of patience, for I do not intend to bring you back for hours to come."

"What are you doing?" I cried out. "Where are you going?"

He pressed my face against his breast and kissed me.

"My darling, I am running away with you! I am going straight to Springfield to be married! You shall never again see Martha Dynock, or that abominable cottage and its graveyard, till you are my wife!"

I sank back in the carriage and began to cry. He soothed and coaxed me, and kissed my tears away. Just as the moon rose we entered Springfield, and in a quiet parsonage parlor I stood up, in wrapper and loose braided hair, and was made Philip Kent's wife.

"My darling," he said to me, "I have been planning this for days. I could think of no other way to save you. Left to Martha, you would have died in a month."

"I shall die as it is!" I cried, despairingly, as I flung myself into his arms. "I am called!"

And then I opened my heart and told him how Emily's restless wraith had haunted me, and how I had seen it that night for the third time. Perplexed at first, he soon grew furious.

"Let us go back to the cottage at once!" he cried, "and talk with Martha Dynock."

In the old parlor, Miss Dynock and a score of neighbors were in solemn consultation over my mysterious disappearance.

"Martha," said Philip, going up to his cousin, "you are relieved of all further care of Hetty, for she is now my wife. You have done your utmost to kill her. You have personated Emily's apparition three times before her, in the hope, no doubt, to shorten her life. Shame! shame! Confess the trick at once to Hetty, and so satisfy her as to the warnings she has received."

Well, there was a scene, but in the end Martha Dynock acknowledged all. I am strong, I am happy; and Philip and I both feel that Emily knows of our love, and rejoices in it.

THE CAT "PATCH."

THE capability of cats for opening doors, ringing bells, etc., is perfectly well known. There was a cat named Patch, who was a great adept in these arts. One evening she came out of a bedroom in a state of great excitement as the occupant went in, mewed and fidgeted about, went up to an unlighted candle, though there was a fire in the room, back to the lady, and then again to the candle, and would not be contented until it was lighted. Then she drew particular attention to the window-curtain, reaching up with her paw as far as she could, and touching it. The curtain being shaken, out dropped a mouse, which Patch immediately seized and carried off. She had, probably, previously brought it into the room, as she was in the habit of doing so with her prey, and on two or three occasions dead mice were found deposited in the bed.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—Teach your daughters and your sons alike, next to honor, next to the love of home, to love their country. Then, when her need comes, if come it must, in any struggle, her honor will be as their own, and life itself will not be too dear to offer for her sake. Who that remembers a battle, a husband or son sacrificed; who that ever saw a soldier die, or stood in any silent city of the country's slain, or in a churchyard where the village heroes rest, can ever make our country seem again a vague or visionary thing?

"WEE."

By Mary E. Quackenbush.

MIDSUMMER day, with glaring sun, drooping flowers and drowsy hum of bees. A long, curving road, into whose yellow sands the wheels of a solitary vehicle sunk deeply. A queer-looking wagon, indeed—heavy and cumbersome—and on it were painted, in bright red letters, "Haines & Hook, Traveling Mediums."

On the outside seat of this conveyance were two men. The driver was a large, burly fellow, with bold, black eyes, bushy beard, red face, and thick, short neck. His companion was a spare, little man, with yellow complexion, steel-gray eyes, thin lips, and a cool, calculating expression. His clothes were spotlessly neat, and now and then with the tip of his gloved fingers he would brush off every stray bit of dust that chanced to settle upon his hat.

These two worthies were "Messrs. Haines & Hook."

Inside the wagon were two women. One, whose face was of a dead whiteness, save the dark purple rings around her closed eyes, was lying upon a bed made of blankets and bundles of clothing. The other, and younger of the two, was seated by the little window of the wagon, busily engaged in eating peaches and reading a French novel. This was Mademoiselle Zuleika Decknatelle, a devotee of Terpsichore, whose active limbs and agile movements were one of the prominent attractions that Messrs. Haines & Hook offered to the admiring public.

But perhaps we ought to have told who the first mentioned woman was—the invalid.

She was Madame Haines, who, to increase the corpulency of her husband's pocket-book, nightly fell into a clairvoyant state, in which she said and did many wonderful things.

She was naturally of a delicate constitution, and the strain on her nervous system was terrible—day after day to diligently practice those arts by which she deceived her audience, and night after night to be thrown into a state contrary to nature. Besides this, there was the fear of making a mistake and thus exposing herself to the ridicule of those who had come to see her perform and to critically watch and weigh every act, intent upon procuring a clew to her peculiar condition.

Should such a discovery be made, nothing but cruelty and abuse could she expect to receive at the hands of him who had, but didn't deserve, the sacred title of *husband*.

Poor Madame Haines! Little comfort had she in her life. When the crown of maternity seemed about to be given to her, she welcomed it eagerly, thinking what a source of comfort the new little life would be to her.

But vain were the poor woman's hopes. The little heart beat but a few faint pulsations after it was born, and then it ceased, and the unstained soul went back to heaven.

"Better the young 'un is dead," said Dan Haines, when told of the event. "What with nussin' and fussin', Car'line couldn't a-carried on the business."

And scarcely had the poor woman recovered her strength ere she was hurried off on another tour.

"Zuleika," said madame, in a feeble, panting voice—"Zuleika, isn't it very warm?"

"Fearful," was the reply; "but," looking out of the window, "it looks as though we were coming to some woods. There we can stop and rest, and I'll hunt up a spring and get some water for your head. Does it ache yet?"

"Not so much as it did, but it's bad enough."

The sandy road now changed into a mossy one. Instead of the glare of the sun, there was the cool shade of trees. Instead of heated air, there was the refreshing breeze of waving cedar-boughs.

The wagon stopped. The two women alighted. Madame Haines took her seat upon the moss-covered trunk of an old, fallen tree, and, with half-closed eyes, drank in the beauty of the scenery about her.

Brisk little mademoiselle kindly brought her a cup of ice-cold spring-water, and a huge burdock-leaf full of luscious red raspberries.

The two men refreshed themselves with crackers, cheese, and the contents of a big black bottle; and then, stretching themselves on the ferny sward, they proceeded to enjoy a good smoke—Haines with an old clay pipe, and Hook with a fragrant cigar.

Suddenly both started to their feet; for, close by them, right out of the thickest part of the woods, came a little four-year-old child, blue-eyed and golden-haired. She hastily passed by the men, and, going straight to Madame Haines, said:

"Where's my mamma?"

"Who is yonr mamma, and where does she live?" inquired madame, when she had somewhat recovered from her astonishment.

"Why, mamma is just mamma," said the child, perplexedly.

"But what is her name?"

"Papa calls her 'Mary, dear.'"

"Where does she live?" asked mademoiselle.

"Oh! in a pretty house, about forty-eleven millions of miles from here. I walked all the way——" proudly.

"What made you come to the woods!"

'I 'spect it was naughty of me to do it"—and the white lids drooped over the violet eyes—"for nursey told me that I must never go outside the garden-gate; but oh! I saw such a bu'ful butterfly, and I chased and chased him until I couldn't find my way back home, and now I am so tired and hungry, and I want my mamma so badly!"

While the two women were questioning the child, Hook was gazing at her most attentively.

Suddenly he tapped Haines on the shoulder, saying, in a low tone:

"Well, Dan, here's a haul."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, haven't we both agreed in the opinion that we need a new acquisition for our business?"

"Yes, but I'll be darned if I know what you're driving at."

"Only that this child is just what we want for a new sensation. She is remarkably handsome, and by a little art we can make her into a perfect angel—one that will draw crowds. Do you see?"

"Yes. To sum up, you mean to take the brat along. How are we to manage about her folks. She belongs to a wealthy family—one can see that by her looks—and they'll be apt to make a fuss about her, 'specially if they think she's stolen."

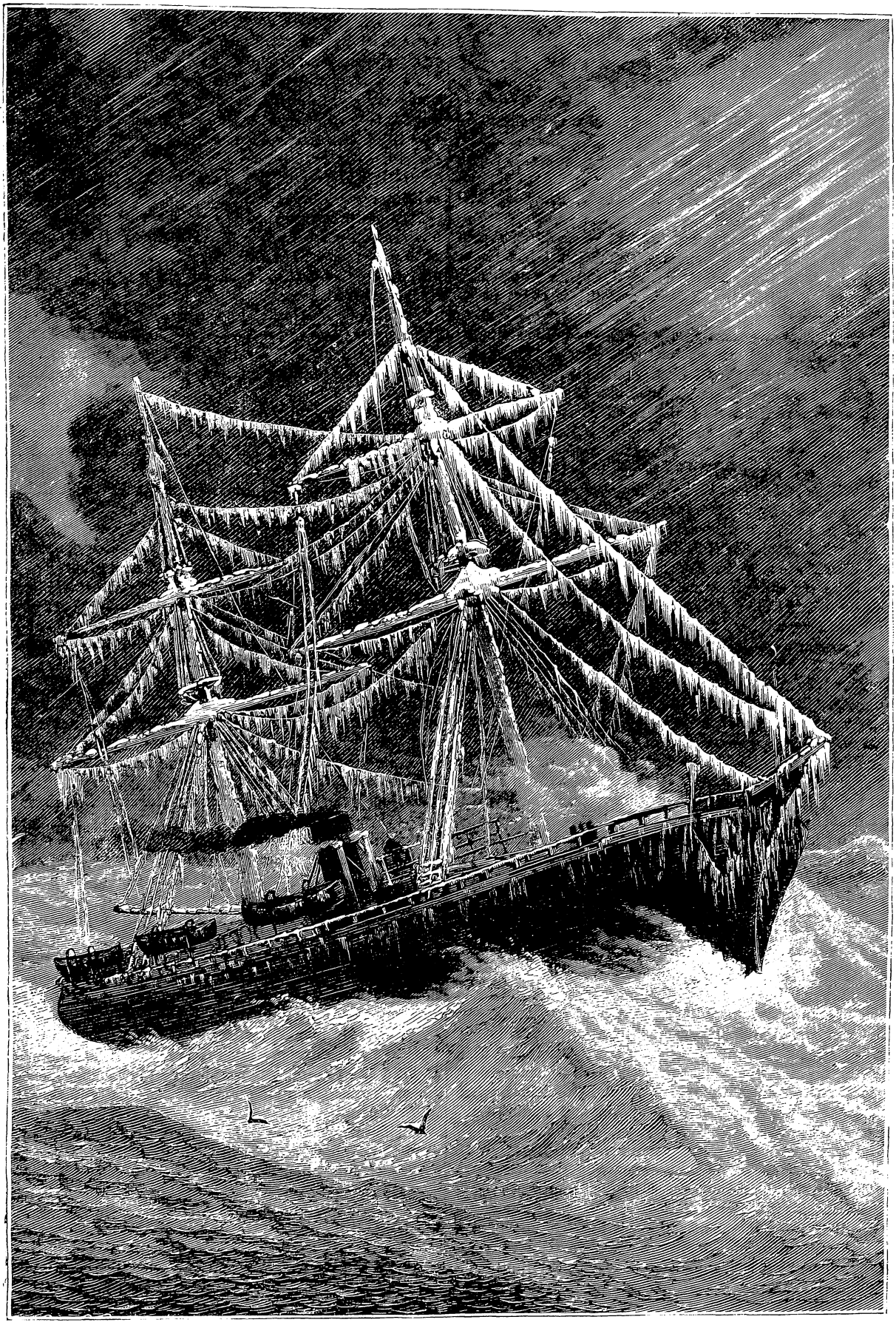
"They won't think so if we toss that little hat of hers into the river where it will float upon the waves, causing people to think that the wearer is drowned."

"Hook, you're a trump!" exclaimed Haines, bringing his hand down upon the other's shoulder in a manner that made the little man wince.

Then Haines added, in rather worried tones:

"But what'll we do about our women-folks? They're so soft-hearted that they'll think the brat ought to be sent home to its ma."

"Leave that to me, said Hook, daintily pinching off the



WINTER PHENOMENA AT SEA.—SEE PAGE 235.

ashes from his cigar. "I can pretend that I have made inquiries about the child, and that no one seemed to have any claims upon her. Having their minds set at rest, the women will only be too glad to take the child along."

Yes," rejoined Dan, chewing his quid of tobacco meditatively. "Women allers makes fools o' themselves over young 'uns. They've done it ever sence Eve babied Abraham by givin' him apples."

"Never heard of that, Dan," said Hook, laughing. "I'm afraid your Biblical knowledge is rather confused."

"Humph! p'raps 'tis," grimly.

* * * * * * *

Two years have passed. Things have gone well with Messrs Haines & Hook. The former is as big and burly as ever, but his clothes are of a finer texture, and the studs on his broad, expansive linen bosom are diamonds of the purest water. Hook is as neat and natty as ever. His complexion has not lost its lemon hue, nor his eyes their cool, sinister glitter.

There are four new acquaintances to the company now—Miss Bates, a blind lady who plays on the harp and sings Irish melodies; Mr. Toots, a vealy looking youth, who possesses the remarkable faculty of untying any ropes with which he may be bound; Mr. Darby, a long, lank Massachusetts man, who can calculate mathematical problems with wonderful rapidity; and last, but not least, "Wee," a child four years of age, remarkably beautiful and fragile in appearance.

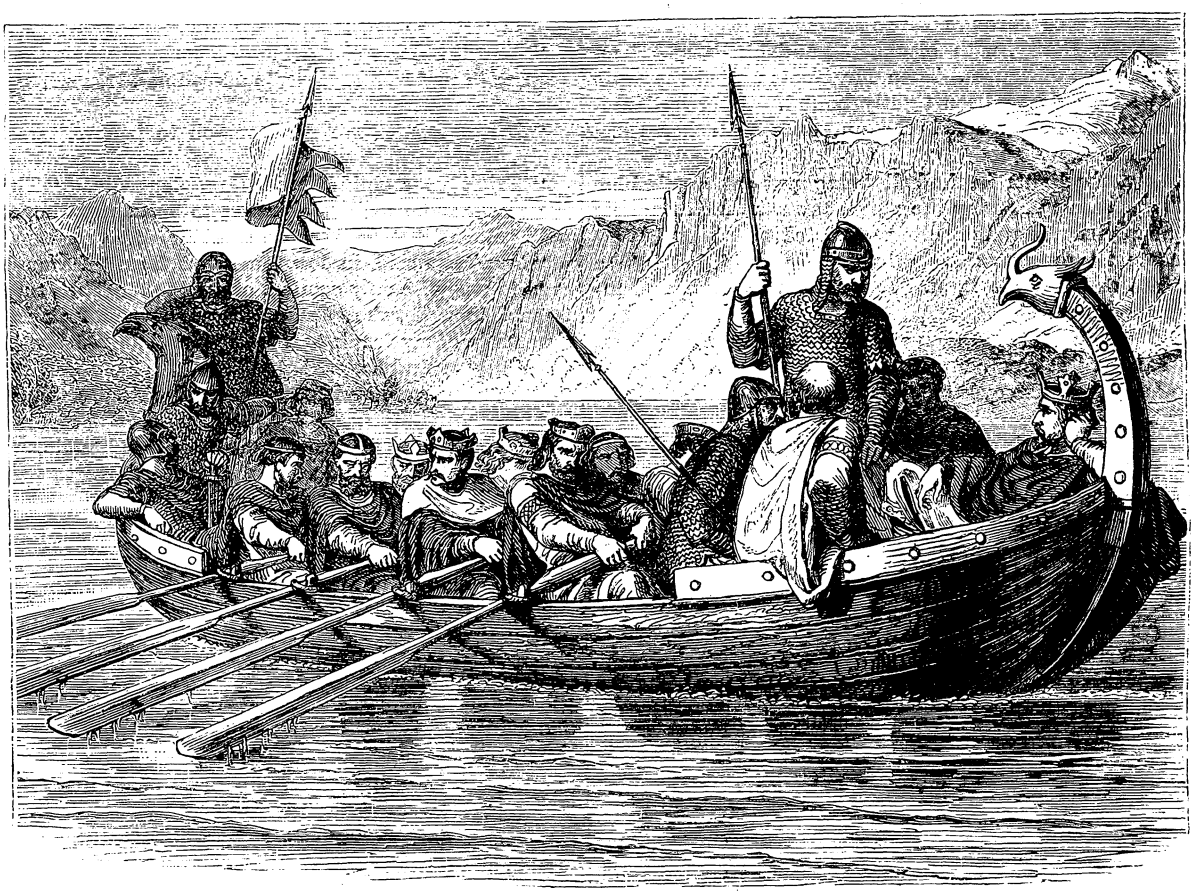
No one knew that there was such a person belonging to the troupe. Indeed, it was Messrs Haines & Hook's greatest fear lest any one should know, and, consequently, it was in the night-time that the child was smuggled from place to place.

The poor little thing liked fun and often longed to play with the children in the hotels at which they staid; but black and lowering were Dan's brows when she timidly asked permission.

"Lookee here, young 'un," he said, roughly, pulling one of her long yellow curls, "if I ketch you showing yourself to anybody—man, woman or child—I'll—I'll skin ye!"

She feared Dan as she would a horrible monster, and, indeed, she had good reason, for his treatment of her while training her for the stage had been extremely brutal. Not even the tears of madame nor the angry expostulations of mademoiselle could save the child from many a hard word and cruel blow.

"M'am'zelle," said Wee, one day, as they sat in their private room at a hotel, "ma'm'zelle, where do you suppose my mother is?"



KING EDGAR ROWED ON THE DEE BY EIGHT TRIBUTARY KINGS.—SEE PAGE 235.

Mademoiselle let fall the scarlet rosette she was sewing on her slipper.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed, in feigned astonishment. "Why, she is in the next room, lying down."

"I don't mean Madame Haines," said Wee, with an imperious stamp of her little foot. "She is not my mother, as you very well know, ma'm'zelle. I remember my own mother—she had lovely blue eyes and hair just like mine, and oh, such a sweet smile! And I remember meeting you and madame in a place I scarcely know where, only there were trees and wild flowers."

"Well, *petite*," said mademoiselle, in tones half terrified, "don't say anything about this to Dan Haines."

"Never fear that I will," rejoined Wee; and then she added, musingly, her head on her hand: "But, ma'm'zelle, I feel that some time I shall see my own dear mamma

again. Oh! I hope it will be soon!"—and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"*Pauvre petite,*" said mademoiselle, soothingly. "Don't cry. Indeed, you mustn't, for it will make you sick and nervous, so that you cannot act well to-night, and Haines is particularly desirous that everything shall go off well, as many of the first families in L—— are coming to see us."

Evening came. The large hall at L—— was crowded, for the fame of Messrs Haines & Hook and the "Spirit Child"—for Wee was so designated—had spread abroad.

The entertainment was varied. Professor Hook—as he was now called—opened the performance by a short lecture on chemistry, illustrated by experiments that terrified the elderly ladies and delighted the small boys of the audience.

After him came mademoiselle, who executed her finest *pirouettes*. Then the blind lady sang, plaintively, "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls."

Next Mr. Darby, with blackboard and chalk, added up long columns of figures. Then Mr. Toots untied the ropes with which he had been tightly bound. Afterward Madame Haines entertained the audience with her usual performance.

Lastly, the lights in the hall being put out, a pale-blue mist was seen to envelop the stage, toward which the eyes of the awe-struck audience were directed.

The mist grew roseate in hue, and then faded into a delicate amethystine light. Low music, sweet and plaintive, was heard.

Suddenly a white cloud was seen to float downward from the ceiling. It gradually parted, and there, with sweet, pale face, dove-like eyes and snowy wings, was the "Spirit Child."

Even the most skeptical person in the audience could not help feeling a thrill of awe and admiration as he gazed on the beautiful vision.

A minute passed, and then mist, cloud and child faded away, and the sharp, metallic tones of Professor Hook were heard, saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, please examine this cabinet. Observe it well. You see that there is no one concealed within. Now I close the door, and if any of you desire to hear anything concerning your deceased friends and relatives, come up here and whisper your inquiries into this little orifice in the panel of the door of the cabinet. Fifty cents for the privilege."

Many people flocked up, and came back pleased or puzzled by the ambiguous answers they had received.

A tall, elegant-looking lady, dressed in deep mourning, her face pale and worn with mental suffering, was sitting in the rear end of the hall. She arose, saying to the gentleman at her side: "Harvey, I'm going up to ask one or two questions."

"It is all nonsense, Mary," he said, pityingly. "There's nothing in it but chemistry or machinery. But we will go up if it will make you feel any better. Take my arm, dear."

The crowd was now nearly all departed, and when the gentleman, Mr. Fair, and his wife reached the platform, they found no one there excepting Professor Hook, who said, with an obsequious bow, "Just in time, sir. The spirit of the saintly child was just about taking its departure."

Placing her lips to the little, heart-shaped orifice in the door, the lady whispered, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Tell me about *Wee*, my lost darling!"

Hook, with his hands in his pockets, and a bland smile on his face, listened, expecting to hear the usual rigmarole about "angels, harps, and shining shores"; but what was his surprise when a child's voice, strong, clear, and full of life, rang out, crying:

"Oh! mamma, mamma! I knew you'd come!"

Mrs. Fair threw up her hands in wonder. Her eyes were shining with joyful surprise. Her husband sprang forward to support her trembling form.

Just then the door of the cabinet opened, and a little figure in white rushed out, exclaiming:

"Oh, mamma! it is I—your little Wee!"

"God be thanked!" cried the lady, clasping Wee in her arms. "Harvey, it is our long-lost child!"

"What the deuce is all this?" exclaimed Haines, coming upon the stage, followed by madame and mademoiselle. "What's the brat been up to now?" he inquired, turning toward Hook.

That gentleman smiled, saying, in his calm, deliberate tones: "Keep cool, Haines, my boy."

"Blow it! How can a fellow keep cool when the Old Harry's to pay? I say, sir," addressing Mr. Fair, "what do you want with that child?"

"It is ours, we have good reason to believe," was the reply.

"'Tain't your child!" said Dan, doggedly. "There's the mother," he added, pointing to madame, who stood with pale and agonized face.

"Dan," she said, in low tones, but firm, "I cannot lie even to keep the only comfort of my life!" Then turning to mademoiselle, she continued: "Will you look in the lower tray of my trunk, and bring me the little bundle of clothing you find there?"

Zuleika obeyed, and soon returned with the object of her search.

"There," said madame, unrolling the bundle, while Haines stood, black and scowling, beside her, "these may aid you in determining whether the child is yours or not. She wore them when we first got her."

The bundle contained an embroidered white dress, a blue silk sash, and a merino sack. In the pocket of the latter was a coral necklace, upon whose golden clasp were engraved the words: "*Baby Louise—From C. F.*"

"It is—it is my child!" cried the lady. "These are the clothes I made with my own hands, and this necklace is the same that your sister Carrie gave her, Harvey."

"Well," said Mr. Fair, turning to Messrs. Haines & Hook, "the proof is plain that the child is ours, and the question now is, will you give up all claims to her, or must we resort to legal means?"

"A feller ain't a-goin' to give up what rightfully belongs to him, and I tell you——"

"Dan," said Hook, tapping him upon the shoulder, "I want to speak with you a minute," and he led him to the other side of the stage.

"Now, Dan," continued Hook, in low tones, "the best thing we can do is to give up the child directly; for, don't you know, man, that they can take us up for kidnapping?"

"The deuce they can!" Haines exclaimed. "Well, fix it yourself, Hook, and have us get off the best we can."

And turning on his heel, he abruptly left the hall.

"Mr. Haines has agreed to resign all claim to the child," said Hook, blandly, as he returned to the group at the other end of the stage.

"And well he might," said Mr. Fair, grimly. "He may thank his stars that he got off so easily—and you, too," he added, looking sternly at Hook, who for once lost his elegant composure, and slunk away.

"Mary, my dear," continued Mr. Fair, "you are thoroughly tired out by this excitement, and our little daughter, too, looks as though she needed rest. Come, let us go

to our rooms. It is fortunate that the hotel and hall are in the same block."

"It is but a step, I know," said Mrs. Fair. "Still, Wee ought to have something to wrap around her. Has she a cloak, Madame Haines?"

Madame brought Wee's outer garments, and, as she aided Mrs. Fair in wrapping up the child, she said, in low, beseeching tones:

"Won't you please let me see her sometimes?"

"Certainly. You shall come and see her whenever you choose. May God bless you for your kindness to her. And, my poor friend"—reaching out her hand in true womanly sympathy—"remember that, should you ever need a home, ours will always be open to you. And you, too"—turning to Mademoiselle Zuleika, whose tears were making white channels down her rouged cheeks.

"God bless you, ma'am!"

* * * * * * *

We will close our story by saying that "Wee" is now an beautiful and accomplished lady, with a home and a husband of her own.

The nurse who takes care of her children is an elderly woman, in whose mild eyes and gentle smile we recognize Madame Haines. Her husband deserted her soon after Wee had been restored to her parents. A few months later, she heard of his death in a drunken affray at New Orleans. Remembering the promise that Mrs. Fair had given her, both she and mademoiselle went to her and received aid and sympathy.

Mademoiselle is now the head of a flourishing millinery establishment, and madame is, as we have said, living happily in the beautiful home of "Wee."

THE WITCH OF THE GLEN.

By Arthur Matthison.

Withered and aged,
Yellow and sere,
Crawling on slowly,
Lonely and drear;
On through the wildwood,
Silent, alone,
Stealthily creeping
Witch, hag and crone!
Witch, say the timid,
Hag, the more bold—
Crone, unto Satan,
The Evil One, sold!
As she plods onward,
Bent o'er her staff,
Suddenly soundeth
A shrill, horrid laugh!
And the black raven,
Ill-omen'd bird,
Hoarse, wild and shrieking,
Is shrinkingly heard
By peasants returning
Home from the wood,
Who cross themselves quickly,
Fearing no good!
Then the fierce raven
Whirrs his strong wings,
Lights on her shoulder,
Dark counsel brings—
Brings the black message
The old witch doth crave—
Malignant, triumphant,
She wends to her cave.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits the most glorious triumph.

WINTER PHENOMENA AT SEA.

The storms that sweep over land often wreathe our leafless trees in beauty, and the morning light reveals to us a fairy realm, where every object is enveloped in a crystal covering that gleams and glitters with every ray that falls upon it.

At sea the vessel, driven by wind or steam, shifting with each roll of the billows, and tossed more violently in the raging tempest, with every cord and spar at one moment strained to utmost tension, and the next suddenly collapsing, affords more rarely an opportunity for frost and water to employ their artistic handiwork. The steamship *India*, a few Winters since, was, however, the sport of such a storm. The ice-imps played fantastic tricks with the good ship. They festooned her with frost-flowers, and bejeweled her with ice-gems, and draped her spars with magnificent point-lace of the most delicate workmanship ever spun by the looms of the wizard weavers that work in the arctic gnomeland. From the yardarms they hung huge icicles five feet long, so that the sailors walked the deck warily, for fear that the great, glimmering spear-heads might fall and transfix them as they passed. The whole ship was ice-clad and festooned, and when the driving, icy rain had passed, and the darkness, in which the ship looked spectral, vanished, the glancing sunlight of morning threw dazzling hues from the countless prisms and crystals, making a spectacle that few ever witness, even among those who tell wondrous tales of the sea.

SAXON EDGAR'S ARROGANT TRIUMPH.

The old city of Chester, in England, has its traditions and legends of the past. As in all such old-time places, some of these stories are founded on fact, exaggerated and heightened by the popular and local vanity, and in some cases the whole is a sheer fabrication.

Chester was a famous place in the days of the Heptarchy, after having been lost and taken in the final struggle with the Britons. Here Ethelwolf held a parliament, and received the homage of the tributary kings, from Berwick unto Kent. Alfred wrested it from the Danes, but left it in ruins. King Edgar, brave and active, made it the great naval station of England's power on the sea.

It is stated in the annals of the time, that Edgar sailed with a great fleet to Chester on the Dee, and that eight kings, or sub-kings, as they are called—Kenneth, King of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumbria, Macchus of Anglesey and the Isles, the three Kings of Wales and two others, repaired thither at his command to do him homage. But "his puerile vanity," says Mr. Sharon Turner, "demanded a more painful sacrifice. He ascended a large vessel, with his nobles and officers, and he stationed himself at the helm, while eight kings, who had come to do him honor, were compelled to take the seats of the watermen, and to row him down the Dee; a most arrogant insult on the feelings of others whose titular dignity was equal to his own. Edgar crowned the scene, and consummated his disgrace, by declaring to his courtiers that his successors might call themselves Kings of England, when they could compel so many kings to give them such honor."

Be Happy.—Seek pleasure whenever you can consistently do so. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

A STRANGE DILEMMA.

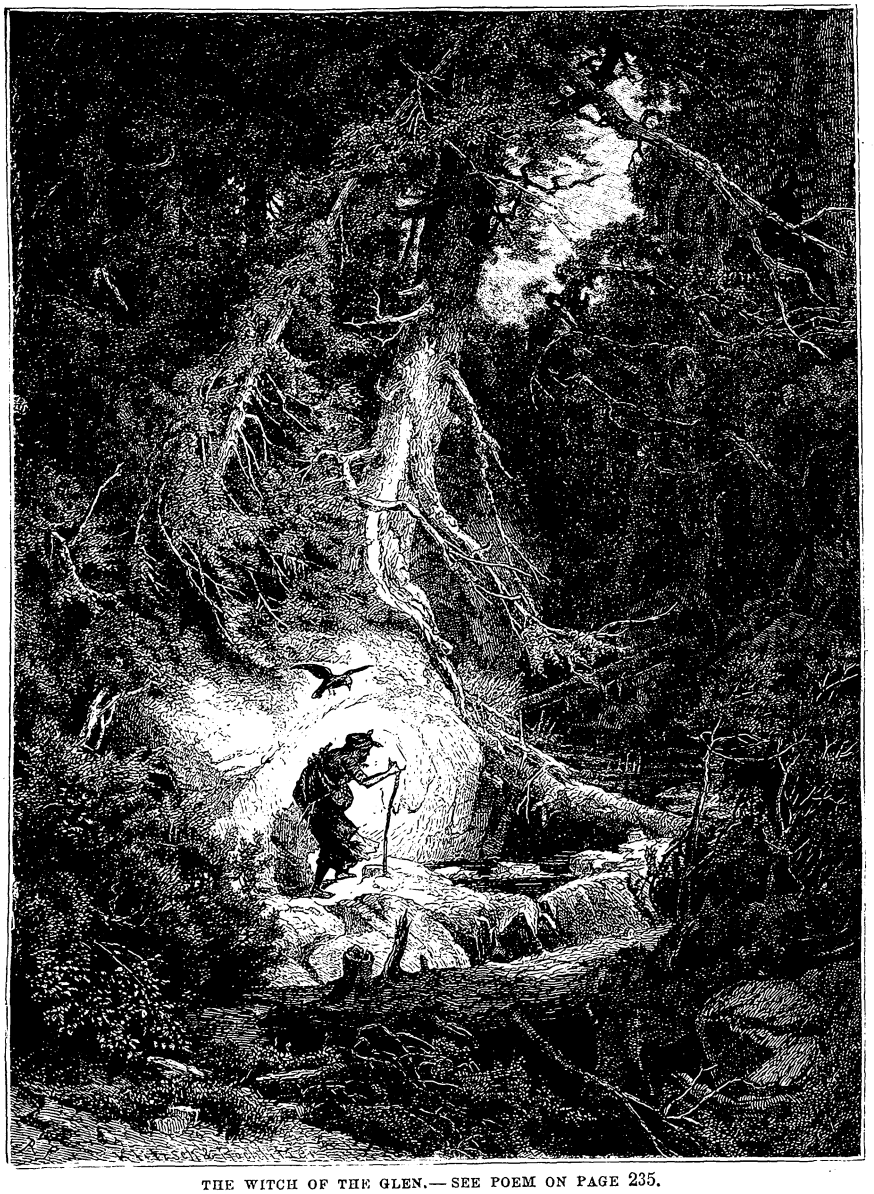
By Walter Edgar McCann.

CHAPTER I.

ALICE LYNTHORPE.

The curious story I am about to relate has reference to the time when I was special agent in the post-office at B——, and illustrates how many social dramas are daily worked out, involving the most intense emotions and interests, without anybody being the wiser except the actors themselves.

In our office there was employed among the lady clerks a Miss Alice Lynthorpe. She was not handsome; but there was something in her quiet, sweet ways so attractive to me that, meeting her very often in the course of my duties, I speedily found I had fallen in love with her. Her pale, sad face won my sympathy; I instinctively knew she was unhappy, and it was not difficult to guess at the cause—she was poor, and her salary was not sufficient to meet her wants.



THE WITCH OF THE GLEN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 235.

She soon learned intuitively that I admired her, as I perceived, to my chagrin, by the growth of a colder bearing toward me. Such little attentions as I ventured to show her were discouraged, and sometimes I thought she desired to avoid my presence. At such moments I withdrew; but she could not fail to perceive with what reluctance and pain.

At length the attitude she forced me to assume was that of a distant and melancholy adoration. She saw that I was suffering from her coldness, and pitied me. It is not in woman's heart to continue cruel long in a case of this kind, and insensibly she softened till we were the best of—friends.

Her friendship, I fancied, was but the mask for a more flattering feeling, and one afternoon, after my long patience, I summoned sufficient courage to speak.

I told the story of my love in the best language I could command, and she listened, pale and downcast, without a word or gesture of interruption. We were walking side by side in a quiet street, both on our way homeward, and none who saw us would have guessed the momentous tenor of our talk.

When I had finished she said:

"I believe you do love me, Mr. Thorne; but I can never be your wife. The time when I should have married has gone by. Do you not see that I am too old? I am past thirty—my character molded, my ways fixed—and such a step would be next to madness."

"I fear this is not your real objection, Alice," said I, in the low accent of pain and mortification. "I am plain and unattractive, and you could not learn to love me."

"Plain!" she replied, with a sad smile. "I am afraid you mock me, Mr. Thorne. Who could be any plainer than I? No; it is not that, Heaven knows! I will tell you something. I have a sister some ten years younger than myself—a child in the ways of the world—whom I love so well that I have long ago determined to devote my life to her. I have no future but what is allied to hers."

"Could she not live with us?"

"Impossible. You do not understand our strange situation. I have always seemed a mother to her, without a thought in which she had no share; and if she but dreamed another could come between us, her heart would break."

"And yet *she* will marry, some day."

I observed that she started slightly at this speech, and for a minute there was a short silence between us—

A STRANGE DILEMMA.—"SUDDENLY SHE CAST A SHARP AND STARTLED LOOK ABOUT HER—FELT A LETTER SHE PICKED UP, AS IF TO DISCOVER ITS CONTENTS—AND TORE IT OPEN!"

perhaps, on her part, an interval of reflection. Then she returned:

"There is the possibility, of course. But, dismissing all that, I must thank you, Mr. Thorne, for thinking so much of me as to ask me to be your wife—I never dreamed any one could like me enough for that; but I must decline."

I tried to reason with her, but her mind was evidently made up; and when we parted that evening I went home with a sad heart. A sense of oppression weighed upon my spirits—a presentiment of evil, soon, unfortunately, to be realized.

On the mantelpiece lay a letter from my brother. I knew the handwriting as well as my own. I had received such missives from him frequently; but this one I hesitated to open, I knew not why. After turning it over a number of times, I at length broke the seal, and these were the contents:

"DEAR EDWARD: I am in great trouble and distress. Come to me at once. ALFRED THORNE."

"'I HAVE BEEN DISSIPATED AND A GAMBLER—TO-DAY I AM A FORGER!' IN SPITE OF MYSELF I SHRANK FROM HIM."

CHAPTER II.

MY BROTHER'S TROUBLE.

I WENT to his boarding-house without delay. He was in his room, lying on the bed, his face hidden in the pillow. At my entrance he looked up, and, poor fellow, I saw that he had been shedding tears.

"Well, Alfred, what has happened?" I asked, assuming a calmness that I certainly did not feel.

"I am ruined!" he groaned. "When I have told you all, you will disown me, Edward. I know your character too well."

It is true that I had the reputation of being a man of peculiar justness and integrity. I was proud of the fact. Sometimes I recollected with a thrill that never once in my life had I deviated in the smallest degree from the straight line of honesty and truth. Many people thought me cold and hard; but if I had the flintiness of crystal, I had also its spotlessness.

When my brother spoke, my face assumed a sterner and colder look in spite of me. He noticed the change of expression, and clasped his hands in agony across his breast.

"I see that I may expect no pity," he said.

"What have you done?" I asked. "I know of old how imprudent and thoughtless you are, Alfred. This is plainly some folly far worse than any you have ever committed before. I am tired of assisting you, and I tell you plainly that I shall not even listen to a word you have to say unless you promise to speak with the utmost frankness. How many times have I helped you to pay all your debts, only to find out the next day that they were not all? How often have I extricated you from difficulties of other sorts, merely to discover that I had lifted you out of one quicksand to enable you to get into another?"

"It is true," he replied, despairingly. "But there is a climax in everything, and I have arrived at mine. The worst you can imagine of me would not give you an idea of the real fact. I have been dissipated, and a gambler; to-day I am a forger."

"A forger!"

In spite of myself I shrank from him. That frightful antipathy I had always felt for a criminal now came between me and my brother like a spectre. Next to the horror with which I had always mentally contemplated a murderer—the man who had stolen life—was the horror with which I viewed the man who had stolen money. For me, "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal" had been almost the same thing. And there lay my only relative on earth, a forger by his own confession!

"For several weeks I have owed considerable money," he went on. "My creditors—I dare not say who they are—had nearly driven me wild. This morning something occurred which made it necessary for me to choose instantly between dishonor and suicide—and you know what a coward I am. My employer, John Oakwood, is a man something like you—of an integrity almost pitiless and habits as regular as the motions of the planets. He has never owed a dollar in his life. A bill came shortly before noon from the West. The man who sent it wrote that a check for the amount would be of no use to him where he was, and that he desired currency by express. Mr. Oakwood gave me the money, and desired me to remit it without delay. I did not do so. I used the money, and sent a check by mail instead—which I had forged."

"Why did you do this?"

"To gain time. I intended to fly. A long time must ensue before the discovery of my crime, and I had retained sufficient of the stolen money to bear me out of reach. By this time I should have been far away; but who can guard against fatality? That which we must always foresee is the impossible. On my way to the train I fell and broke my ankle, and here I must lie and patiently await the officer who is to come and arrest me."

A sob broke from him. His abject misery was terrible to witness. He was a forger—that is to say, a villain—but I could not put aside the remembrance that he was also my brother. We had grown up together, and I recalled how my poor mother had loved him. I could almost see her now—a pale and sorrowful phantom—beside the bed, imploring me to save him.

But what could I do? I knew that in less than a month the false check would reappear, and all be discovered. For the moment I was crushed and stupefied.

I sat there talking with him probably half an hour longer. When I went away I said, "I will do what I can." This, in my secret heart, I knew meant nothing at all. But my brother was evidently comforted already.

CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER.

AFTER tea I returned to the office. The lights were burning brightly, and all the clerks busily engaged in sorting the mail. My duties called upon me to be constantly moving about, and, so to speak, everywhere at once. I was a man of reserved habits; but how I now longed for some one I might confide in. Advice would be of no use to me, because nothing could be done; but I might have had comfort; and now I thought how precious a wife would be—a second self with whom I could talk, and who would truly sympathize.

This reflection led me at once, of course, to think of Miss Lynthorpe. In trouble and perplexity a woman of her stamp is an angel from heaven. Like myself, she would shudder at the robbery; but, with her practical sense, she could take into consideration the extenuating circumstances, and could pity.

In this reverie about her I was insensibly led in the direction of her room. The door was open, and I saw that she had returned, and was already engaged in the duties of the evening. I stood in an oblique direction from her, and she did not perceive me; but I could study all her movements, and even the expression of her face.

On either side of her was piled a great quantity of letters, and while her head bent over each as she took it in her hand to read its address, her forehead was contracted and her whole being absorbed in the work. All this was perceptible in a single glance and in an instant.

Suddenly she cast a sharp and startled look about her—felt a letter that she picked up, as if to discover its contents—and tore it open!

I was thunderstruck. A cannon-ball hurled against my chest could not have confounded me more. I turned white, and uttered a cry like a wounded animal. This alarmed Miss Lynthorpe, and through a mist I saw her hastily hide the violated letter in her bosom.

In my ears, like the roar of a cataract, a voice cried: "That woman has just robbed the mail!'

Strange to say, at the very moment I saw this terrible act I loved her more than ever. Such are some of the contradictions of passion. What torture is there to equal jealousy? A man is wronged, and the woman he adores confesses it, and at the very time she wrings his heart and he is ready to tear her to pieces in his fury, there mingles with his hatred a thrill of love for her which makes his soul shudder.

This woman, then, was a thief, and I had the evidence

before my eyes. My heart went out to her with an infinite pity, and this world can offer me nothing which I would not have forfeited to have her crime undone. But with my sorrow and affection there was something else asserting itself above both—and that was duty. I advanced into the room.

"Miss Lynthorpe, you have just concealed a letter in your bosom, and I arrest you for robbing the mail."

Her fright was equaled by nothing except my horror the moment before. Her eyes became dilated, and her under-jaw dropped. She gave a quick gasp, like a person stabbed to the heart, and mechanically drew back a pace or two.

"Come, give me the letter," I continued.

I was already myself again. The lover had gone, and now only the special agent of the Government stood there. But in my white, relentless face she read ruin and death, and without a word she handed me the letter.

"What induced you to do this?" I asked, after a silence.

"Misery!" she sobbed, falling on her knees. "If you only knew the truth, you would pity, sir, and not condemn!"

A prudent second thought came to me, and I said: "I beg of you to add nothing else, Miss Lynthorpe; for every word you speak will be used against you at your trial. I shall be obliged to appear, and I have already seen enough to send you for many years to the penitentiary. For your own sake, let me hear nothing more. Reflect that I even transgress my duty to give this advice; so you may judge of its sincerity."

"I know—I know, sir; but have mercy!" she cried, bitterly. "You have asked me what induced me to commit the crime you have just witnessed, and I have told you it was misery. Let me explain, and you will see the truth of those words."

I assisted her to rise, and she continued:

"I told you this evening, on our way homeward, that I had a sister some ten years younger than myself, to whom I had devoted my life. She is a child, willful and capricious, and requires a great deal to make her happy. She must dress, you know, Mr. Thorne, and have dainty food, and music-lessons; and sometimes she must go to the theatre. She never would consent to board, so I was forced to rent a house, and that cost a great deal more, because it had to be furnished. Besides, what is the use of music-lessons if one has no piano? We bought one, to be paid for in installments. All these things took a great deal of money, and my salary was far from sufficient; and the consequence is, we are terribly in debt. Oh, sir, we owe every one! and to-morrow the landlord will seize what he can and turn us out of doors!"

"This is a sad situation, indeed, Miss Lynthorpe, and you will pardon me if I say that I think your sister has acted selfishly. Could she do nothing toward extricating you from your difficulties?"

My companion was silent, and her glance fell. I saw that she had not told me all, and I pressed her to speak frankly.

"Our landlord, who is very rich, has offered my sister marriage. She has received him, and, I fear, has even encouraged him a little, but only to trifle with his feelings. She does not really dislike him, for he is a good man, though very peculiar; but then, he is old."

"What is his name?"

"His name is John Oakwood."

I started; but she observed nothing, and proceeded in her dismal story:

"Thus, you see, we have fallen behindhand. I have not slept for three nights, Mr. Thorne, and have cried till my eyes burn. This evening I was nearly wild. How would you feel if you were to be turned into the streets to-morrow? Mr. Oakwood has been very lenient, but he is exasperated, and I fear my sister's conduct has made him think so strangely of us. A few minutes ago, turning over those letters, the temptation came to me to take one—there might be money in it! Money meant salvation, sir; and who would know? Besides, some day I could return it, perhaps; and even if I did not, God would forgive the theft, remembering my sore need. It was all done in a dream; I did not read the address, but in an instant the letter was open—and then I heard your footstep. Oh, sir, I have stolen nothing! the letter is just as it was. I do not even know what is inside of it, for I had not time to look. You will not ruin me, Mr. Thorne—you will not kill me!"

"Miss Lynthorpe," I returned, "Heaven knows I pity you; but I am a sworn officer of the Government. Part of my duty is to detect, if possible, those who violate the mail, and to bring them to punishment. You see, if I should hide a crime of this kind, I should not only perjure myself, but be an accomplice. In a long and industrious life, with many temptations, my honor has been without the smallest stain. Shall I become a villain now? A few hours ago I told you that I loved you; now that I know your story—your self-sacrifice, your sisterly affection for one who has evidently not returned or appreciated it—I love you the more. God, who reads my heart, knows that I would save you if I could; but it is impossible!"

She looked into my eyes, and placed her hand on my arm.

"Save me, and I will be your wife!"

I shuddered. To me this woman—plain to others—was, I knew not why, beautiful. She was the one woman of all I had ever met whom I would have chosen for a wife, and a few hours ago, when she had refused me, the light of Heaven seemed to have died out, and left nothing but darkness for all the future. And now I caught a glimpse of the sunshine again. At one word the cloud would pass, and the world be brighter than ever.

"Do not choose now," she continued. "Give me a respite till to-morrow. The mind is a different organ by night and day."

This was a last appeal, for at that moment a messenger entered and asked:

"Miss Lynthorpe, have you sorted the mail?"

"Yes," she answered, with white lips, her eyes still fixed on me.

"Is it ready for the pouch?" continued the messenger.

She was silent. The torture of doubt in her face was dreadful to witness; but it was nothing to mine. She watched me, waiting for me to speak, for upon my next words hung her life.

"Yes," said I, "it is ready."

The messenger seized the letters on the table, and vanished.

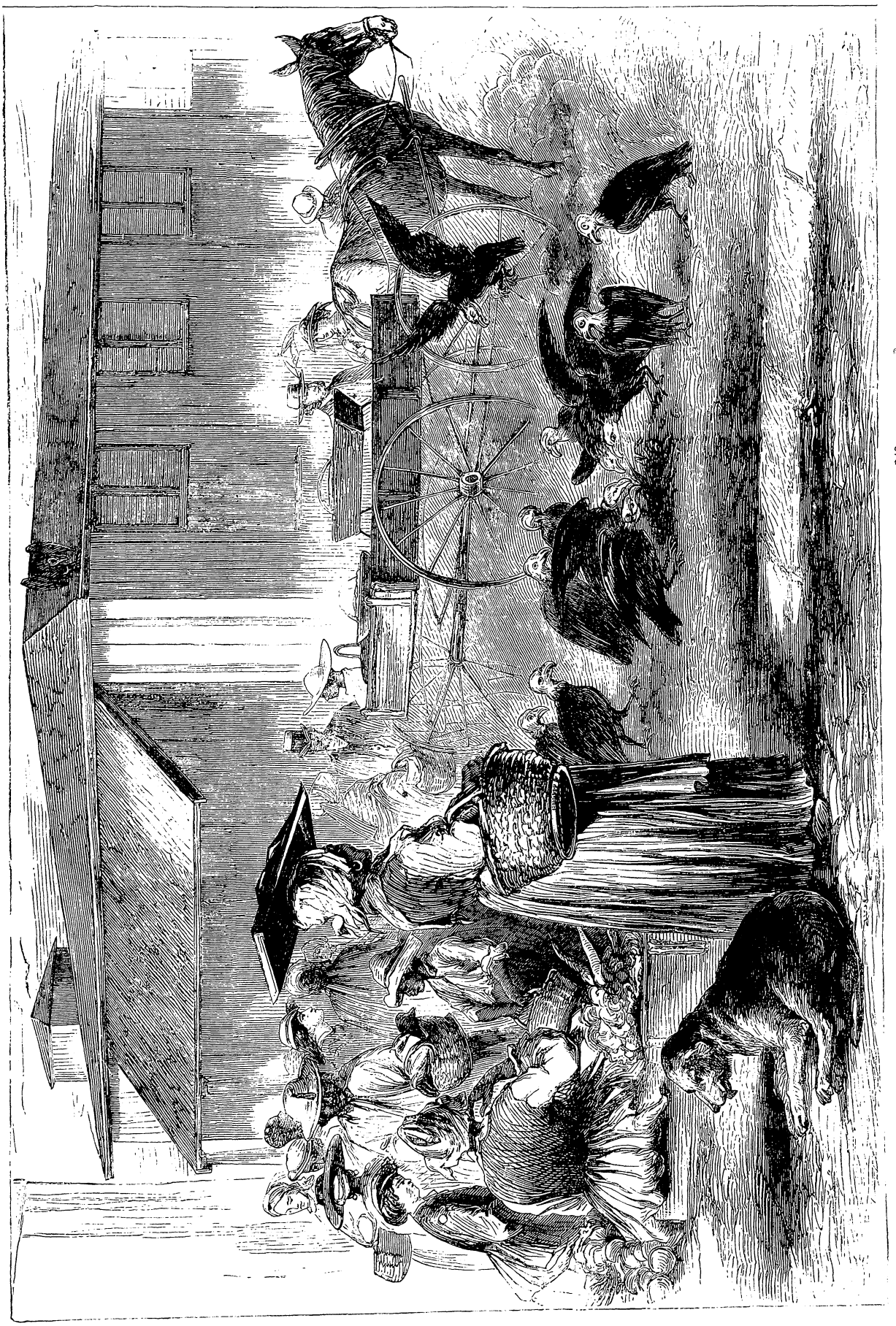
But I had lied. The mail was not ready for the pouch, because I had a letter intended for it in my pocket.

CHAPTER IV.

A STRUGGLE.

Less than an hour afterward I was alone at my lodgings. Like the "Attic Philosopher" of Souvastre, I lived quite by myself, so high up that, in my hours of retirement, I had no companions except the pigeons, the chimney-swallows, and those reynards of the roof whom we call cats.

My lamp was lighted, and to it was attached a tiny stove, by which I had already boiled my coffee, whose aroma made the room fragrant; and, with the cup in my hand, I ruminated.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A CHARLESTON MARKET SCENE.—SEE PAGE 242.

Truly, this was a complicated situation. For my brother I saw absolutely no hope. Miss Lynthorpe I could save, but at what a price! I had merely to hold my peace, and my reward would be the possession of herself. No one in this world need ever learn our secret. The violated letter could be placed in another envelope, readdressed and sent on its way, and the receiver would suspect nothing. No one would be robbed, no one wronged; and I should rescue from shame, misery and imprisonment a noble woman.

On the other hand, what? Abuse of trust, dishonor, perjury. A spotless life stained indelibly at its prime! a great villainy compounded, not altogether to save an unfortunate woman, but to obtain her hand in marriage and her love in return for my own.

The spectral secret that would accompany me henceforth, always at my side during the day and in my dreams at night! How could I receive the salary paid me by my employers for a faithful discharge of duty, remembering at the same time my frightful treachery to that duty? How could I even look into their faces?

THE HEIRS TAKING AN INVENTORY.

What if one day I should detect some one else robbing the mail, as I had detected Miss Lynthorpe? Could I punish the one, recollecting that I had let the other go?

My brother, from whom I had recoiled a few hours ago, was a forger; while I, in concealing the violation of this letter, would be guilty of crimes infinitely greater—robbery and perjury both. Yet he would go to prison, while I, a villain ten times more atrocious, would remain at

liberty, happy with my accomplice and enjoying her love, and still in the confidence of those I had betrayed.

At these thoughts I shuddered. A cold perspiration stood on my forehead. I fell on my knees and prayed for light—for rescue from the awful pit into which I had fallen.

When I rose I had come to a resolution—I would do my duty and denounce Alice Lynthorpe.

Mechanically my hand sought the letter in my pocket, and I drew it forth to examine it for the first time.

Within the envelope I found the following:

"MARCH 21ST.

"JOHN C. BARTON, ESQ, DEAR SIR—The account sent me is correct. Within please find my check for four hundred and thirty-seven dollars, the receipt of which you will be kind enough to promptly acknowledge. Yours, truly, JOHN OAKWOOD."

I looked at the check. It was the check forged by my unhappy brother! Miss Lynthorpe had abstracted from the mail the very letter, which, if it should continue on its way, would destroy him. By concealing this letter I could save him and her both!

I know not how long I sat in the reverie that followed, struggling with the dark thoughts which swarmed in my mind, when my eye accidentally caught sight of the envelope. The address, as there written, was, "John C. Barton, Esq., Sandy Spring, Union Pacific R.R., Nebraska." In the left hand corner was the following instruction to the postmaster: "If not delivered, return to John Oakwood, B——, Pa."

In an instant the whole opaque complication was lighted up as if the sun were to suddenly blaze from the meridian at midnight.

Great skill and care would be needed; but by proper diplomacy I thought I saw a way by which I could save not only my brother and Miss Lynthorpe, but my honor as well. I went directly to Miss Lynthorpe's house.

CHAPTER V.

FATE OF THE LETTER.

I FOUND the parlor lighted up, and it was evident they expected a visitor, late as the hour was.

Miss Lynthorpe was greatly surprised to see me, but inferred instantly that my errand was highly important. I think she read hope in my face, for her own brightened almost immediately.

"Alice," I asked, taking her hand, "have you informed you sister of all that has occurred?"

"Of all."

"Then upon her rests your fate. Give me a few minutes' conversation with her privately, and from her conduct afterward you will see if she is worthy of your passionate love and care."

"She is dressing. Mr. Oakwood has sent us word that he will call to-night."

"So much the better. Then we have little time to lose."

Miss Lynthorpe retired, and presently returned with the handsome and willful girl who was to so great an extent responsible for all this anxiety and trouble.

She had beautiful golden hair, large blue eyes, and an exquisite figure. I do not think I had ever before seen a prettier woman than Emma Lynthorpe.

She met me with some embarrassment, but presently was more at ease, and, seeing this accomplished, Alice left us together.

To a man unused to this sort of diplomacy, the task before me appeared a difficult one; but minutes were precious, and I began without preliminaries.

I laid the facts before her without the smallest concealment. Very few words had been spoken before she was in tears. My firmness was shaken, but not disarmed; and when, after a quarter of an hour, the door-bell rang, I had but one word to add:

"That ring announces Mr. Oakwood. He comes to ask your hand for the last time. You know how much depends upon your reply."

I went into the next room to confer with my poor Alice. I soon prepared her for the *rôle* I thought she would be required to perform. This done, we waited in silence.

At last John Oakwood appeared, Miss Emma blushing and smiling at his side. He was a grave, kindly man in appearance—by no means the shriveled hunks my fancy had previously conjured up—and when I saw him, I instantly thought of John Jarndyce, that delightful character in the story of "Bleak House."

The necessary introduction followed, and then he said, with a hearty chuckle:

"You must congratulate me, Mr. Thorne. Miss Emma has at last consented to change her name for mine. Less practical people than myself might make a mystery of this, but my nature is transparent, sir, and secrecy, even in trifles, is the most uncomfortable thing I know. But, Miss Alice, one circumstance still bars the way. We lack your approval."

This was my dear friend's cue.

She produced a sealed paper from her bosom, and gave it him.

"Throw this into the fire," she said, pleasantly, "and *my* consent shall not be wanting."

He glanced at the package, puzzled, but still smiling.

"Do you forget what I have just said about mystery?" he asked.

"No; but for your future peace, do not examine that package. Throw it into the fire!"

"Ah! I understand," he returned. "I have had a predecessor, and these are love-letters, no doubt," he laughed, heartily. "Well, I am flattered the more."

And so into the stove went the little parcel. It contained the forged check inside a letter intended for John Barton, of Nebraska. Upon the envelope was the request to return this precious letter, if not delivered, to John Oakwood. It had now been returned to him accordingly, and he had destroyed it—check and all.

The sun had risen at midnight!

Emma made a happy wife. My brother was saved. I paid the Western bill by express immediately, and nothing was ever known of the singular drama of the letter.

In a few weeks I expect to marry Alice Lynthorpe, and then I shall have one to confide in if I should ever again find myself between the horns of an unpleasant dilemma.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

A CHARLESTON MARKET SCENE.

THE markets of the South are more *al fresco* than in the North. The ventilation is thorough, and sanitary precautions are more necessary. We have in the inferior world our enemies and our allies; and our Southern friends make an ally of a bird that is repugnant to most strangers. This is the buzzard. He is a natural scavenger, and renders such essential service in making away with vast quantities of animal and vegetable matter that would otherwise, under the sun of that region, soon breed pestilence, that the authorities in Charleston and elsewhere, if they do not pay these useful creatures, at least put them under the protection of the law. No one in that city dare kill a buzzard,

under a penalty of five dollars. They know that the market affords plenty of morsels for their insatiate maws, and they are to be seen in clusters on the roofs and other convenient spots, awaiting the appearance of any unsalable part of a carcass flung out into the street. Then comes the rush of winged claimants. The morsel is seized by several; a battle ensues; a shrewd new-comer probably steals the prize, to be pursued in turn. The negroes within sight pause to enjoy the scene, which, though constantly repeated, seems never to lose a certain popularity.

If the sight of the birds and the loiterers who take interest in their doings delays, you enter the market, and find the fruit and vegetables denied us at this season in colder climates, coming in fresh and appetizing; the meats and fish tempting.

If the market-house is not exquisite—and few of our cities can boast really fine markets—there is enough in the varied character of the dealers, in the characteristic negro dealers of both sexes, some plying trades especial to the locality, to interest the visitor.

NO, YOU DON'T.

MR. JO BECKLEY stepped out on the ample porch of the Agricultural Club. He looked forth with disgust upon the dense fog in which London was enveloped, and then gazed with delight upon a ticket for Calais which he held in his hand.

Mr. Jo Beckley had an exceedingly rural air. Large and brawny and grizzled, his brown face covered with scrubby beard, his joints all clumsily developed, he looked like a backwoodsman. Being a bachelor, also, his toilet lacked that adjustment which a wifely touch or suggestion imparts, and intensified his rural air.

But that Mr. Beckley possessed intelligence was proven by his wide-awake eyes, and by the fact that he had brought no baggage to Europe, except the little satchel now depending by a strap from his muscular shoulder.

The Honorable Felix Plimpot, M. P., stepped out on the porch with him.

"*Bon voyage*, Mr. Beckley. When you get back to America, pray forward us your articles in the *Spade and Hoe* whenever they appear."

"Good-by, Mister Plimpot. The best time I've had in England I had on your demesne, sir; and when the land question comes up in Parliament again, I hope you'll send me a copy of your speech."

"With pleasure, sir."

The two shook hands heartily, and Mr. Jo Beckley departed.

Ere he had gone half a block a seedy gentleman in gray approached, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"How do ye do, Barry? When did ye get in from Ploverton?"

"You are mistaken in your man, sir," said Mr. Beckley.

"What! Ain't this Barry Baxter?"

"No, sir. My name is Beckley."

"I beg pardon. I mistook you for Baxter—same build, same whiskers. Where are you from, sir?"

"I am an American."

"Possible! I have a brother in America. What part are you from?"

"Near Springfield, Massachusetts."

"Ah, yes; my brother has been there. Stopping in town with your family, sir?"

"With my family?" replied Mr. Jo Beckley, a sly twinkle creeping into his eyes. "Yes. My wife and the twins are staying at the Merry-Go Inn."

"Ah! Well, sir, if you see my brother when you get back, please give him my love."

And the seedy man in gray walked away.

Mr. Beckley looked after him in some surprise, then turned and went on.

Half a square beyond a voice hailed him.

"Cab, sir?"

"No; I'll walk," replied Mr. Beckley.

The cabman dashed on, and just as Mr. Beckley turned back his head, somebody stumbled out of the fog against him. It was a tall, spare man, in clerical garb and necktie, with a sanctimonious air.

"Pray excuse me," he exclaimed. "What! is this Mr. Beckley? It certainly is! How do you do, sir? How do you do?"

And the spare man shook hands cordially with him.

"Really, you have the better of me," said Mr. Jo Beckley, perplexed. "I don't recollect your name."

"Cowper, sir, Cowper! We met in Massachusetts some months ago, you remember."

"Oh, did we? Where was it?—at the Horticultural meeting?" inquired Mr. Beckley.

He could have sworn he had never met the man before.

"Yes, that was the time. How is Mrs. Beckley, sir? and how are the twins getting on? I should like to see them all. Are they in London?"

A light broke over Mr. Beckley's face. All his uncertainty vanished.

"They are with me, Cowper, at the Merry-Go Inn," he said.

"Ah! glad to hear it. You are going that way? I shall be pleased to accompany you. When did you come over?"

"Last month," responded Mr. Jo Beckley.

And the two walked on, apparently full of good feeling.

"I am proud to welcome you to our country. And what do you think of Hengland, Mr. Beckley?"

"Well, I think it superior to America in some respects, but I wouldn't care to live in England. You are well organized here, while America is still crude; but, after all, you have a great many poor people, while we have almost none. What business are you in, Cowper?"

"Stock-raising. I am just testing a theory of my own. I've learned in what temperature cattle will fatten fastest, and have built sheds, so as to keep them in that temperature all the year round. Don't know how 'twill operate. I'm in town now to sell some cattle. By-the-way, that reminds me—where are we? Ah, this is No. 1,111. I have an errand at No. 1,123. I took a lottery ticket on a debt, and they say it's a prize number. I'd like to step in and see if it's good for anything. Here we are now; just drop in a moment with me, Mr. Beckley.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Jo Beckley.

"Oh yes, just a minute; then I'll go on with you."

"Very well."

"It's up-stairs, I see. Come on, sir."

Mr. Jo Beckley followed him up three flights of stairs to a little front office, where a clerk stood busily writing at his desk, behind a long counter.

"Good-morning. Is this the office of the Rio Janeiro Lottery?"

"It is, sir."

"I have a ticket, number 22,222. Please see if it has drawn anything."

The clerk looked into his books.

"It has drawn seventy-five pounds, two shillings;" and he went back toward his safe.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Beckley? Do you hear that? Luck, sir! I only allowed my customer three shillings for the ticket."

The clerk came back with seventy-five pounds in clean Bank of England notes, and paid them over the counter.

"Where are the two shillings?"

"We never give small change, sir. I will give you two draws instead."

"Oh! All right. Here, make it four draws. Here are two shillings more."

"A shilling a draw is cheaper than we usually allow, except for six draws at one time," said the clerk. "Won't your friend take a hand?"

"Mr. Beckley, try a couple."

"No," said Jo, "I guess not."

"I'll give you four, then, at the six rate this time," said the clerk, and he took the money.

A drum-like box was produced.

Mr. Cowper put in his hand and drew out four envelopes, each containing one ticket. He opened them, and called off the numbers. Three drew nothing; the fourth drew four pounds, one shilling.

"This is splendid luck, Beckley!" whispered Cowper. "Don't you want to try it?"

"I guess not," said Mr. Jo Beckley.

"Gentlemen," said the clerk, confidentially, "I saw a remarkable sight here this morning. A man came in and gave me a hundred pounds, and drew a bushel of envelopes. Will you believe me—there were only two prizes among 'em! Well, gentlemen, after he went away, I found that the Queen sent him here to try for her. I was sorry she had such a poor pull, but I couldn't help it · we must be impartial, and let the luck go where it will. All the royal family patronize us, and almost always have good luck. And I never knew such a quantity of blanks drawn out without a heavy run of prizes right afterward!"

"You're right about that!" exclaimed Mr. Cowper, with enthusiasm. "Beckley, we can make a fortune here. Suppose we put in five pounds apiece, on trial?"

"No," said Mr. Jo Beckley, "I guess not."

"I will, anyhow," said Mr. Cowper. He paid the money, and drew twenty-eight pounds, sixpence.

"Luck is against me," said the clerk, mournfully. "There's going to be a run of prizes now, sure!"

"Do you see that? Do you see that, Beckley? I tell you we can make a fortune! Try a five-pounder!"

"No," said Mr. Joe Beckley, "I guess not. But I tell you, Cowper, you try two shillings for me; if it wins, I'll pay you back."

"But if it don't?"

"Then I won't pay you anything."

"Better try for yourself, sir," said the clerk, affably.

"No," said Joe, "I guess not."

Mr. Cowper looked at him doubtfully.

"Well, I'll try for you on those terms," he said, at last. He tried, and drew ten pounds. Mr. Jo Beckley took it, gravely, and handed out two shillings.

"Very much obliged," said he.

"You're welcome," replied Cowper. "Now let's try five pounds together."

"What did you say your name was?" asked Mr. Jo Beckley.

"Cowper."

"Cowper! Cowper! Cowper? I thought you said Cooper. I guess it wasn't me you met at Springfield?"

"Oh, yes, it was?"

"It must have been my son James."

"No, it was you."

"Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim, or Samuel."

"No, it was you."

NO, YOU DON'T.—"HE CAME BACK AND OPENED THE DOOR. 'AH! COWPER, IF YOU VISIT AMERICA AGAIN, COME AND SEE ME. WE'LL GO COON-HUNTING. YOU'LL ENJOY COON-HUNTING, I KNOW.'"— SEE PAGE 243.

"Well, then, if it was me—good-by, Cowper."

The men started.

"What, sir! Surely you will try your luck again?" said the clerk.

"This is not fair!" exclaimed Mr. Cowper.

"By no means! You must try, sir!" exclaimed the clerk.

Mr. Jo Beckley retreated toward the door. They followed him fiercely, the clerk with club in hand. Mr. Beckley looked at them, then out of an adjacent window.

Upon the level the London fog is dense, but looked through from the housetops is quite penetrable. A policeman stood below, on the opposite side of the street. Jo Beckley suddenly threw up the broad window.

"Do you see him?" he asked, pointing toward the officer. "I must leave you. Pray, don't object, or I shall have to call him. Good-day, Cowper."

They glanced out into the street, looked at Jo Beckley's brawny, muscular form, and kept quiet, although livid with rage, as he stepped out.

In the hall, Mr. Jo Beckley looked at the ten-pound note. To his surprise, it was genuine.

He came back and opened the door. The two men stood confronting each other, disputing angrily.

GOING TO A CHRISTENING—A SCENE IN NORTHERN GERMANY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Ah! Cowper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go coon-hunting. You'll enjoy coon-hunting, I know The coon is an innocent-looking animal, Cowper, but he's mighty sly!"

He went down-stairs, hailed a cab, and was whirled toward the depot, with a shrewd smile on his Yankee face.

GOING TO THE CHRISTENING—A SCENE IN NORTHERN GERMANY.

THE christening is, in all the rural parts of the Old World, one of the great family holidays. The parents and their other children, if the little candidate be not the first, are arrayed in their best attire. The sponsors, godfather and godmother, chosen after a long domestic council, and consulted respectfully as to the name of the young member of Church and State, prepare to meet or accompany the family.

The child itself, an almost indistinguishable little lump of humanity in the midst of its manifold frills and samples of needle skill, is borne along in state, the unconscious hero of the day, the object of ovations and felicitations.

The whole scene gives, in a quiet, cheerful manner, one of the best pictures of local habits, customs, life and costume; bringing out the points in which one German State differs from another, or even one district from its next neighbor; each of which has, perhaps, preserved traits full of character, dating back to the original tribes that first occupied the land.

Between Northern and Southern Germany the differences will appear even greater, in architecture, mode of address, as well as in manners and customs, and, to a considerable extent, in religion.

The illustration we give shows the christening party about to take the boat and glide down the river to the church; the mother with a sort of crown, and an apron of immense size and elaborate work, and a nosegay of ancient and approved style. The bundled baby excites hearty commiseration, while the shy little sister feels that she is indeed of small account to-day, compared to the often noisy and disturbing element, the new-comer.

The day will close with a merry gathering, in which the young heir will be toasted, and his health, long life and prosperity drunk by the father and his friends.

Simple pleasures of simple folk, with none of the brutal features that too often characterize the poorer classes, especially in the cities of English-speaking countries. It is to be hoped that in all our march of improvement, in which a low and dangerous class is rapidly increasing, by recklessness, want of success, misfortune or disease, steps will be taken to refine and elevate—to give them pleasures within their reach, and not above their scope.

Our rural population has none of the amusements, holidays or diversions which in other countries break the monotony of life. Whether our agricultural fairs will lead to it is a question. It is to be hoped that they will.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

WHEN Lord Liverpool was forming his ministry in 1822, he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the Foreign Office, although aware the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination, and went to Brighton for that purpose. As soon as the King knew what was wanted of him, he broke out:

"Arthur, it is impossible! I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do."

Another man would have been silenced; but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied:

"Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your Majesty is not a gentleman." The bold assertion startled the King; but the Duke went on: "Your Majesty is not a gentleman, but the Sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the King, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was no gentleman, George IV. had once at least, while Regent, forgotten he was one. That was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with, "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason; it was out of the question to challenge the prince; while to let the insult pass was equally impossible. The colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying:

"His Royal Highness's toast; pass it on!"

"Hamlyn!" cried the Regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health!" And they were fast friends from that evening.

A Schleswig lass, whose betrothed had gone to seek a better fortune in America, under promise to send for her as soon as he found himself able to support a wife, after patiently waiting a few years, grew sick of hope deferred, and took up with another sweetheart. She was no sooner fairly on with the new love, when a letter arrived from the old one, inclosing money to pay her passage to America.

Here was a pretty dilemma! But the doubly-plighted damsel's mother found a way out of the difficulty. She sent out her second daughter in her sister's place. "The two girls," said she, "are as like as two blades of grass, and it will be all one to him which of them he gets for a wife."

For the sake of all parties, it is to be hoped the cheated man was as easily victimized as the Spanish official who stopped the correspondent of an English newspaper attempting to cross the Republican lines, during the civil war of 1874, with a demand for his passport—a non-existent document. "Specials" are not readily prevented from going where they have a mind to go, and the demand was met by the production of a fashionable tailor's bill, bearing the arms of sundry royal and imperial patrons on its face, and duly stamped and receipted. A pretty pantomimic performance ensued, the journalist trying to impress upon the official mind that the figures in the account represented his personal measurements, set down for the purpose of identification; and having succeeded in that, he pointed triumphantly to the stamp and the signature across it, as irrefragable proof of the official character of the document; and the half-satisfied, wholly mystified Spaniard let him go on his way showering silent blessings on his tailor's head.

An unemployed actor, disinclined to rust in idleness, to say nothing of starving, determined to "do the provinces" as an entertainer. The provinces, however, did not prove the happy hunting-ground he expected, and when he arrived at a certain small town in the north, his funds and his spirits were equally low. The latter were not raised by

the worthy who had the letting of the "hall" informing him a theatrical exhibition would be "nae gude at a'" there; but that if he gave a lecture on chemistry the place would be crowded.

At this straw our desperate actor clutched. He would turn scientific lecturer, and chance it being discovered that he knew nothing of his subject. The hall was engaged, the bills distributed, his last coppers spent upon red-fire, brick-dust, iron-filings and some innocent powders.

The time came, and the lecturer stood before a crowded audience, without any clear idea of what he was to say or do, save that he was going to perform the old experiment of producing hydrogen, and a new one of his own invention, which he hoped would bring the performance to a sudden end.

The friendly hallkeeper had borrowed a pestle and mortar, a Leyden jar and two or three retorts, which, with a few physic bottles filled with bright-colored waters, gave the table quite a scientific appearance.

The pseudo savant commenced by reading a few pages of a popular treatise on chemistry, by way of introduction, and then closing the book, trusted to impudence to pull him through; and pull him through it did. He says: "I explained, with many mispronounced words, the hydrogen experiment; and then it occurred to me to arrange a little accident, which would perhaps make them nervous, and prepare them for what was to follow. This I easily did by thrusting a retort, neck downward into the fire; the few drops of water it contained were immediately condensed, and burst it with a loud report. I then proceeded to explain the dangerous nature of chemicals, dwelt on gun-cotton, sudden death of experimentalists by fumes, etc., meanwhile filling my mortar with brick-dust and several other harmless ingredients. Having worked the audience up to the required pitch of nervousness, I dilated on the dangerous and uncertain nature of the compound I was mixing. I spoke of my bad health, and wound up by saying, 'Startling and marvelous as the announcement may seem, it is nevertheless true, that were I to leave off stirring this mixture for one single second, the whole of this building and every one therein would be blown into unrecognizable atoms!' In less than two minutes there was not a soul left in the place except Mr. Mactaggart and myself, who pitched the stuff away, and cheerfully divided the profits."

The artful actor's auditors showed less coolness than the man, whose hat being riddled by a shooter of small birds, quietly asked: "Did you shoot at me, sir?" to which the maladroit, but no way disconcerted, sportsman replied: "Oh, no, sir; I never hit what I fire at"—at once obviating the necessity of apologizing, and mollifying the recipient of the erratic charge, as effectually as Provost Baker was mollified by a ready-witted laddie brought before the Rutherglen Burgh Court for plucking forbidden fruit. Said the provost to the small offender:

"If you had a garden, and pilfering boys were to break into it and steal your property, in what way would you like to have them punished?"

Said the small offender to the provost:

"Aweel, sir, I think I'd let them awa' for the first offense." Of course he was dismissed, after being suitably admonished.

A young sub-lieutenant on sick-leave put up at a hotel in Poonah, and while recovering his health lost his heart, proposed to the fair thief, was accepted, and the wedding-day agreed upon. His colonel, however, happened to disapprove of sub-lieutenants marrying, and telegraphed a peremptory "Join at once."

The disgusted subaltern handed the unwelcome missive to his lady-love. She read it, and then, with a blush of maidenly simplicity, remarked:

"I am glad your colonel approves of the match; but what a hurry he is in! I don't think I can be ready so soon, but I'll do my best; because of course, love, the colonel must be obeyed."

"You don't seem to understand the telegram, darling," said the dull fellow. "It quite upsets our plans; he says 'Join at once.'"

The lady looked up with an arch smile, and replied:

"It is you, dear, who don't seem to understand it. The colonel says plainly, 'Join at once.' Of course he means get married immediately—what else can he possibly mean?"

"What else, indeed!" exclaimed the enlightened lover, accepting the new reading without demur.

So forty-eight hours afterward the colonel received the message: "Your orders are obeyed. We were joined at once."

A woman's wit rarely fails her when she needs to exercise it. Madame Thierret, a popular French actress, was once traveling to Baden in a first-class carriage, although only provided with a second-class ticket. At Kehl her ticket was demanded by a German employé of the company. A scene ensued, the actress pretending not to understand the man. "If you gabble for two hours," said she, "it will be all the same." The German took her by the arm for the purpose of ejecting her from the carriage, receiving a box on the ears that sent him reeling to the other side of the platform. This brought up a commissary, who inquired why she had struck the man. "Because he was insolent. He said all sorts of impertinent things to me," replied the actress. The officer thought he had caught her nicely, and grimly demanded how she knew that, since she pretended not to understand German. "Nonsense!" answered ready Madame Thierret; "when a dog wants to bite you, you understand it very well, although you do not talk doggerel." And the commissary wisely gave in.

A blind beggar on the Pont-Neuf entreated the charity of the passers-by on the plea of being a poor man, the father of two children. A gentleman, who responded to the pitiful appeal, saw the same man a few days afterward at Asnières, soliciting alms as a poor blind man the father of four children.

"What," said he, speaking, of course, in French—"have you had two children since I saw you in Paris last week?"

"No, sir," was the unabashed reply; "but in Paris, living is so dear that two children is sufficient to excite pity; in the country, I am obliged to have four at the very least, and even then find it hard to make both ends meet."

A French gentleman, anxious to find a wife for a scapegrace nephew, went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running this through, he lighted upon his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the age of twenty-eight and thirty-five—a blonde preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. But that lady was not at all disturbed.

"Oh, yes," said she; "that is my name; I put it down when you were so ill in the Spring, and the doctor said we must prepare for the worst."

This was at least an honest confession.

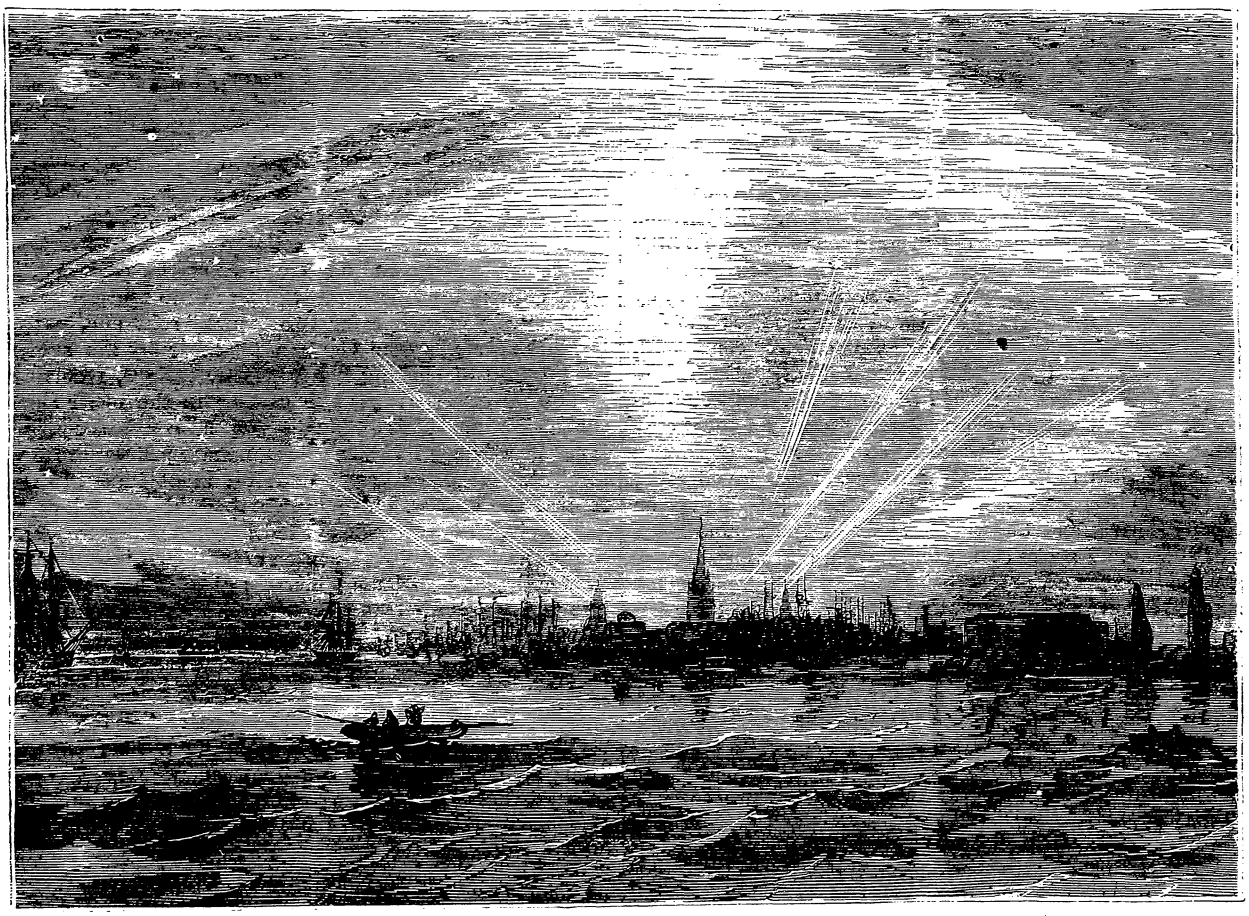
THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

By George William von Tunzelmann.

We have all, on certain occasions, seen beautiful arches of light stretching across the heavens, rapidly changing in form and color, with now and again bright rays flashing out perpendicularly from them. To observe these phenomena, however, in all their beauty, we must pay a visit to higher latitudes,* where they are seen much more frequently, and in far greater splendor.

These appearances are most generally known as the Northern Lights, the Merry Dancers, or the Aurora Borealis, owing to the fact that the high northern latitudes have been much more visited than the southern. The same phenomena, however, are to be seen as we go southward, and so they are sometimes spoken of under the name of the Aurora Australis. We have chosen the most popular name for our title, though perhaps the most appropriate one that has been applied to them is that of Aurora Polaris.

As few of those who read this will ever have the opportunity of actually visiting either the northern or the southern polar regions, let us imagine ourselves for a brief season to be upon the deck of a vessel, far away in the North —let us say in the Autumn, just before the approach of the long Arctic night. As we glance round, all looks cold and bleak. There is light enough for us to see on every hand the fantastic forms of the icebergs looming up in the darkness. We hear the grinding of the bergs together, and cannot suppress an uncomfortable feeling as the contingency presents itself to our mind of the ship getting aground between two of those huge floating ice-islands.



THE AURORA BOREALIS AT NEW YORK, ON AUGUST 28TH, 1859.

As we look, the scene changes as completely as though a magician's wand had transferred us to one of the jeweled palaces of the "Arabian Nights." We see arches of light stretching across the heavens from east to west, sometimes remaining stationary, and sometimes moving slowly toward the south. Rays of light shoot out perpendicularly from the arches, and if the arches are below the horizon we only see these rays, which, though really parallel, often appear, as an effect of perspective, to meet in a point in the zenith. These rays very seldom remain stationary, but shoot upward toward the zenith, at the same time moving eastward, often with a tremulous, snake-like motion from end to end, till sometimes they cover the whole sky.

If now we turn our eyes from this magnificent sight to look down again upon the surrounding mass of bergs which just now looked so weird and gloomy, we can scarcely believe that they are the same; for now they throw back

* They may be observed in greater perfection in moderately high latitudes than in the extreme north. For instance, few auroral displays were witnessed at Floe Berg Beach, in Smith's Sound (lat. 82 deg. 27 min. N.) during 1875-76, when the *Alert* wintered there. The Arctic auroræ are also of a pale straw-color, reflecting more light than what one sees in the North Sea, where the usual phenomena witnessed consist of a brilliant arch extending from one horizon to another, with red and yellow flashes. "I remember, on returning from Beechey Island in the month of September, admiring the North Sea aurora as a more showy phenomena than the modest but beautiful Northern Lights that we had been accustomed to see during our two Winters in Wellington Channel."—*Captain May, R. N.*

AURORA BOREALIS SEEN AT BOSSEKOP (FINMARK), JANUARY 21ST, 1839.

to us in a thousand colors the light that flashes on them from above, and the peaks and pinnacles of the bergs appear to be set with jewels of the most varied hues and the most dazzling brightness.

The rays appear in the most varied forms and patterns, in one of the most beautiful of which, though seldom seen, the rays seem to hang from the sky in folds like a mantle.

It is at present rather doubtful whether the auroral displays are or are not accompanied by any sound. Many observers have asserted that during an aurora they have heard crackling and hissing sounds; and some experiments made by M. Planté, to which we shall presently recur, as they throw great light on the theory of the aurora, decidedly support this view. On the other hand, some of the most eminent polar explorers have listened in vain for these sounds, and have given it as their opinion that what was heard was merely the breaking up of the ice and the grinding of the icebergs. Sir George Nares and his companions considered that the faint auroral displays seen from their Winter quarters were "in no way connected with electrical or magnetic disturbances."

Having now in our mind the appearance of these Northern Lights, we will repeat a well-known laboratory experiment. We take a glass cylinder, covered at the ends with brass caps, one of which is fitted with a stop-cock, which we can screw to the plate of an air-pump. To the brass caps we now attach the terminals of a powerful induction-coil; but as yet we perceive no result. We now begin to exhaust the air from the cylinder, and as the exhaustion goes on we soon see a soft, tremulous light beginning to play about the ends of the cylinder; and this, when the air is sufficiently rarefied, gradually extends right through the cylinder. As we continue the exhaustion, these phenomena will be reversed, the light gradually dying away as the exhaustion increases. We shall at once perceive how very much this resembles an aurora on a small scale, and so we have electricity suggested to us as the agent which produces the aurora.

Now, before we pursue further the path of inquiry which this analogy opens up to us, I should like to point out that when we speak of magnetism or of electricity we are really speaking of the same agent. Of the inner nature of electricity we are at present in ignorance, and we do not know exactly what change a piece of iron or of steel undergoes when it is magnetized by being brought under the influence of an electric current; but I may mention that a coil of wire, with a current passing through it, behaves in every way just like a magnet.

Now we all know the great discovery made by Sir Isaac Newton, that every portion of matter attracts every other portion with a force which depends upon the masses of the two portions of matter, and upon the distance between them. To fix the ideas, suppose one of the portions of matter to be the earth, and the other a body, such as a balloon, moving near its surface. Then if the balloon rises, the attraction of the earth upon it diminishes; while if the balloon falls, the attraction increases. Thus the force which the earth exerts upon the balloon varies in intensity in a way which depends merely on the distance of the balloon from the surface of the earth. We may say, then, that the balloon is moving in a field of force of varying intensity. The action of this force at every point of the field is to pull the balloon perpendicularly downward to the earth; and so if through any point of the field—that is, any point within the sphere of the earth's attraction—we draw a line perpendicular to the earth, we shall have what is called the line of force through the point.

Now, if we take a magnet of any form, it will be in the same way surrounded by a field of force; and the shape of the lines of force, and the manner in which the intensity varies from point to point will depend on the form of the magnet.

In this case the line of force at any point is the direction in which a magnetized particle would tend to move if it were placed at that point. The lines of force in the neighborhood of a single pole, or of two poles respectively, may easily be shown by placing a card above one of the poles of a bar magnet, or over the two poles of a horseshoe magnet, and sprinkling iron filings upon it, when they will range themselves along the lines of force, which in the first case will radiate from the single pole, and in the second case will arrange themselves in a series of curves.

Now the earth is a great magnet, and the direction of the line of force through any point on its surface is easily found in the following manner.

We first take a needle, and suspend it in such a manner that when magnetized it will turn freely in a horizontal plane. If now we take a line on the earth's surface through this point in the direction in which the needle comes to rest, we get what is called the magnetic meridian at that point; and the angle between this and the geographical meridian is called the *declination*.

We next balance a steel needle very accurately upon a horizontal pivot, and place it so that it can turn freely in the vertical plane passing through the magnetic meridian. We shall find in these latitudes, that when magnetized, the north-seeking end of the needle will point downward at a considerable angle to the horizontal, which is called the angle of the *dip*, the needle being called the dipping-needle.

The direction of the needle now gives us the direction of a line of force, and we find that the lines of force start from near the poles and rise to a great height above the surface of the earth near the equator. Now, the rays which are seen in the aurora are always parallel to the dipping-needle —*i.e.*, to the magnetic lines of force; and this is another indication that electricity is in some way or another the agent in auroral displays.

The rising upward of the lines of force as they approach the equator gives us one reason that auroræ are seen more often, and to greater advantage, as we approach the poles; for the lines of force rise to such a height that even if the display took place so high up it would become more and more difficult, and at last impossible for us to see them. Most probably, however, the displays would not take place at these great heights, owing to the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere, just as we found in the case of the exhausted cylinder, that when the exhaustion was carried beyond a certain point, the discharge took place with continually decreasing intensity, and finally ceased altogether.

Probably some of my readers have noticed that when the current from a powerful induction-coil was being sent through the so-called vacuum-tubes, which are really tubes filled with rarefied gas, a tendency to stratification, or the formation of striæ, was distinctly observable.

With special appliances, only in the hands of a very few scientific workers—such as Mr. Warren de la Rue's chloride of silver battery, or Mr. Spottiswoode's large induction-coil, furnished with a contact-breaker which works with great regularity, and, if desired, at a very high speed—these striæ can be obtained with a perfect distinctness and uniformity, looking like a row of disks placed at regular intervals one in front of the other, and can be made to remain stationary or to move slowly or rapidly along the tube, by altering the electrical resistance of the circuit or the speed of the contact-breaker.

These striæ are exactly analogous to the arches in the

aurora, for the arches, as they appear to us, are in reality circles concentric with the magnetic pole.

Again, the intensity of the magnetic force at any place, the declinations, and the angle of dip, are subject to variations, some of which are periodic—diurnal, annual, and some of longer periods ; and others are sudden and irregular, and brought about in a manner about which we know very little, though comparatively recent researches have shown us that these sudden irregular disturbances, or magnetic storms as they are called, are very closely connected with the solar storms which show themselves to us as sun-spots, and with the nature of which we are gradually becoming acquainted through the wonderful revelations of the spectroscope.

We should, therefore, expect the auroral displays, if really magnetic phenomena, to show some connection with these magnetic storms ; and as a matter of fact we find that auroræ are only to be seen during the prevalence of these magnetic storms.

The magnetic storms are not by any means only to be detected by means of special instruments for observing changes in intensity, declination, and dip, or as we usually say, changes in the magnetic elements ; for when these storms are at all considerable, strong currents are produced in the telegraph-lines, and in some instances the telegraph operators have been obliged to cease working the line during the prevalence of the magnetic storm.

Auroral displays usually take place at a great height—sometimes as high as 300 miles—while their average height is over 100 miles. At such heights the air must be extremely rarefied, and we should be disposed to expect that the electric discharge could not take place through it.

Let us now return to the laboratory, and see whether we can make any experiment which will throw light upon this difficulty. If we send the electric discharge through one of the so-called vacuum-tubes—choosing one which consists, throughout part of its length, of tube which is much narrower than the main portion—we find that when the discharge is passing the pressure is greater in the narrow part of the tube, showing that in some way gas is being carried along by means of the current, and Prof. A. S. Herschel suggests that in some similar way air may be electrically carried up to these great heights.

When the light of the aurora is examined by means of the spectroscope, it does not simply give, as might be expected, the spectrum of rarefied air ; but the chief feature of the spectrum is a single greenish-yellow line—a spectrum which is totally different from that of oxygen and nitrogen, the gases of the atmosphere.

A red line is also frequently seen in the spectrum of the aurora, and its brightness seems to vary in an inverse ratio with that of the green line. Besides these two chief lines, some fainter ones are generally discernible, which appear to coincide with those which are seen in the spectrum of rarefied atmospheric air.

This variability in the spectrum shows us that the light must either come from different sources, or be produced under varying conditions. Now, it is a tolerably well-established fact that many substances give a peculiar spectrum when undergoing decomposition, that is, when the elements of which they are composed are passing out of an old combination into a new one. This suggests a very probable explanation of the peculiar spectrum of the aurora ; for if, as is most likely, the electric discharge takes place between particles of ice or of water, there will be a decomposition going on at the surface of these particles, just as in the laboratory we are able to effect the decomposition of water into its constituent gases by passing through it a current from a galvanic battery, or a magneto-electrical machine.

Some experiments made by M. Planté throw so much light upon the phenomena of the aurora, that they cannot fail to interest the reader. In these experiments the author studies the behavior of the electric discharge from a powerful battery in the presence of aqueous masses, so that the conditions are assimilated, as nearly as possible, to those which occur on the large scale in these polar lights.

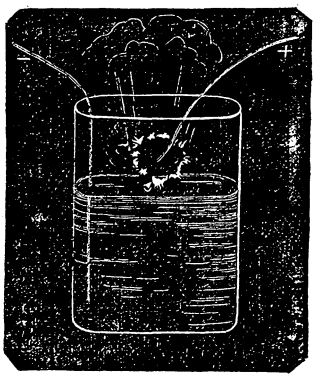


FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE WREATH OF LIGHT COMPLETELY SURROUNDING THE POSITIVE POLE.

A glass vessel is partly filled with salt water, and the inner surface of the vessel above the water is moistened with the solution. The wire from the negative pole of the battery—or as it is usually called, the negative *electrode*—is now immersed beneath the surface of the liquid, and then the positive electrode is put in contact with the moist sides of the vessel. If we begin by placing the positive electrode in contact with the side of the vessel at some little distance from the surface of the liquid, and gradually lower it toward the liquid, a series of phenomena are seen, presenting a most complete analogy to the polar lights.

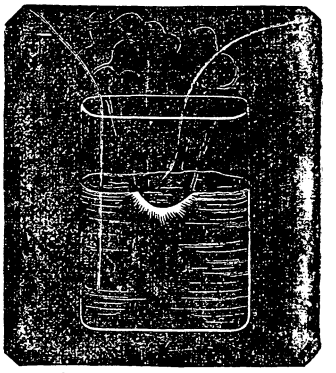
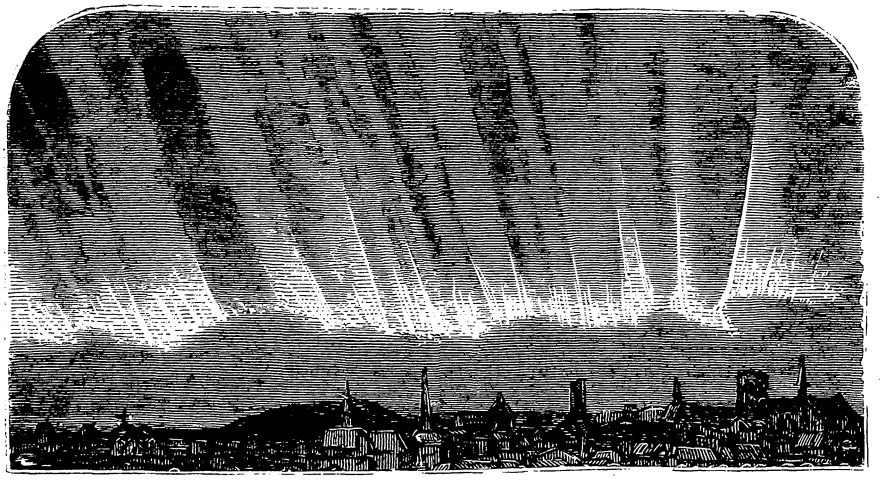


FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE WREATH CHANGED INTO AN ARC OF LIGHT, WITH BRIGHT RAYS DARTING FROM IT.

First we have a wreath of light completely surrounding the positive electrode (fig. 1). As we lower the point of contact between the positive electrode and the side of the vessel, this wreath gradually changes into an arc of light, with bright rays darting out from it, as in fig. 2, and then this again changes into a sinuous line, which continually folds and re-folds upon itself with a wriggling, snake-like motion, which exactly represents on a small scale the serpent-like undulations frequently seen in the auroral light. Fig. 3 will give an idea of the appearance of this sinuous line, with the bright rays shooting from it into the liquid.

FIG. 3.—SHOWING THE WREATH CHANGED INTO A SINUOUS LINE, WITH BRIGHT RAYS SHOOTING FROM IT.

The presence of salt in the water renders it a better conductor of electricity, but at the same time it causes a great predominance of yellow light in these experiments ; we can, however, perceive purple and violet tints, similar to those seen in the aurora, at the parts where the condensed vapor is least charged with the salt. The rays which are seen darting out from the luminous arc are due to the penetration of the electric discharge into the liquid, and are an exact reproduction, upon a miniature scale, of the bright rays which, in



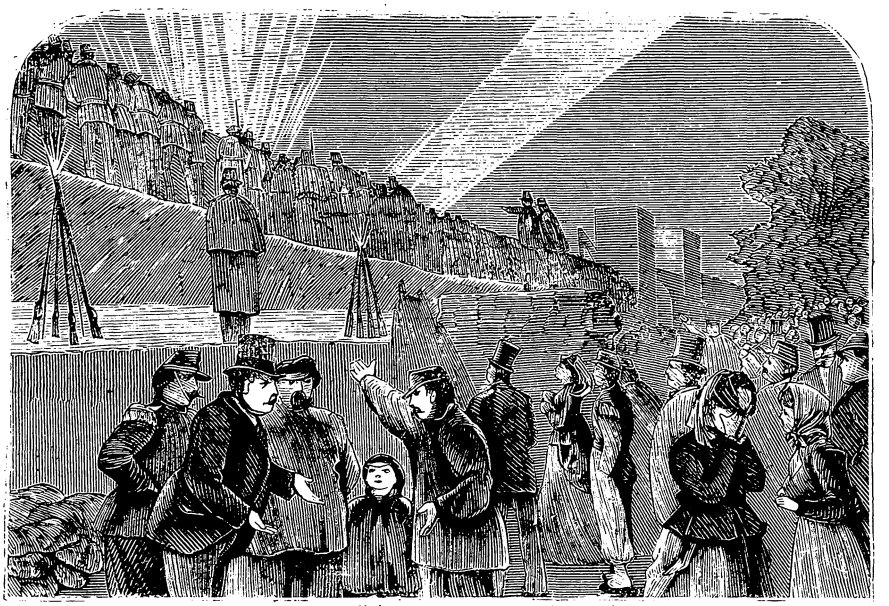
THE AURORA BOREALIS AT PARIS, APRIL 15TH, 1869.

the aurora, seem to be continually darting out from the arches. In these experiments we notice that we do not always get a complete circle of light surrounding the positive electrode, while in the aurora the arcs are always such portions, as can be seen by the observer, of complete circles; this, however, is merely caused by the liquid not completely surrounding the electrode, and if we immerse it further into the liquid we get complete circles or luminous waves quite analogous to those of the aurora.

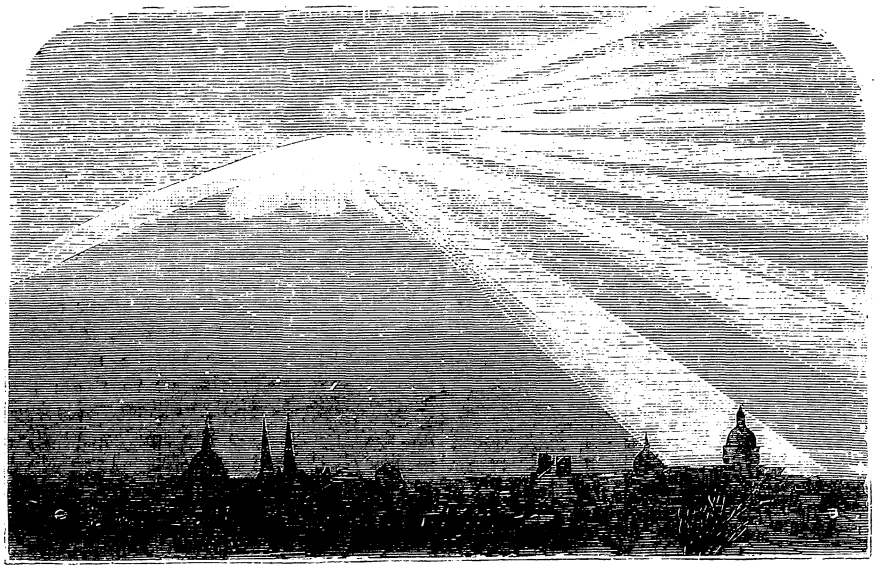
A crackling sound is heard during the experiments, due to the vaporisation produced by the electric sparks penetrating into the liquid, and this corresponds to the sound which, according to the statement of many observers, is produced during an auroral display.

In considering the weight to be given to the negative evidence of several eminent Arctic explorers who have never heard these sounds, we must bear in mind that the polar lights are usually at a great height above the surface of the earth, and it would be only when they were exceptionally near to the earth that any sound, if produced, could be audible.

The liquid is thrown into a state of violent agitation by the electric discharge, and if the experiment be made with a small quantity of liquid, a fluctuation in the light is produced corresponding to that which characterizes the polar lights.



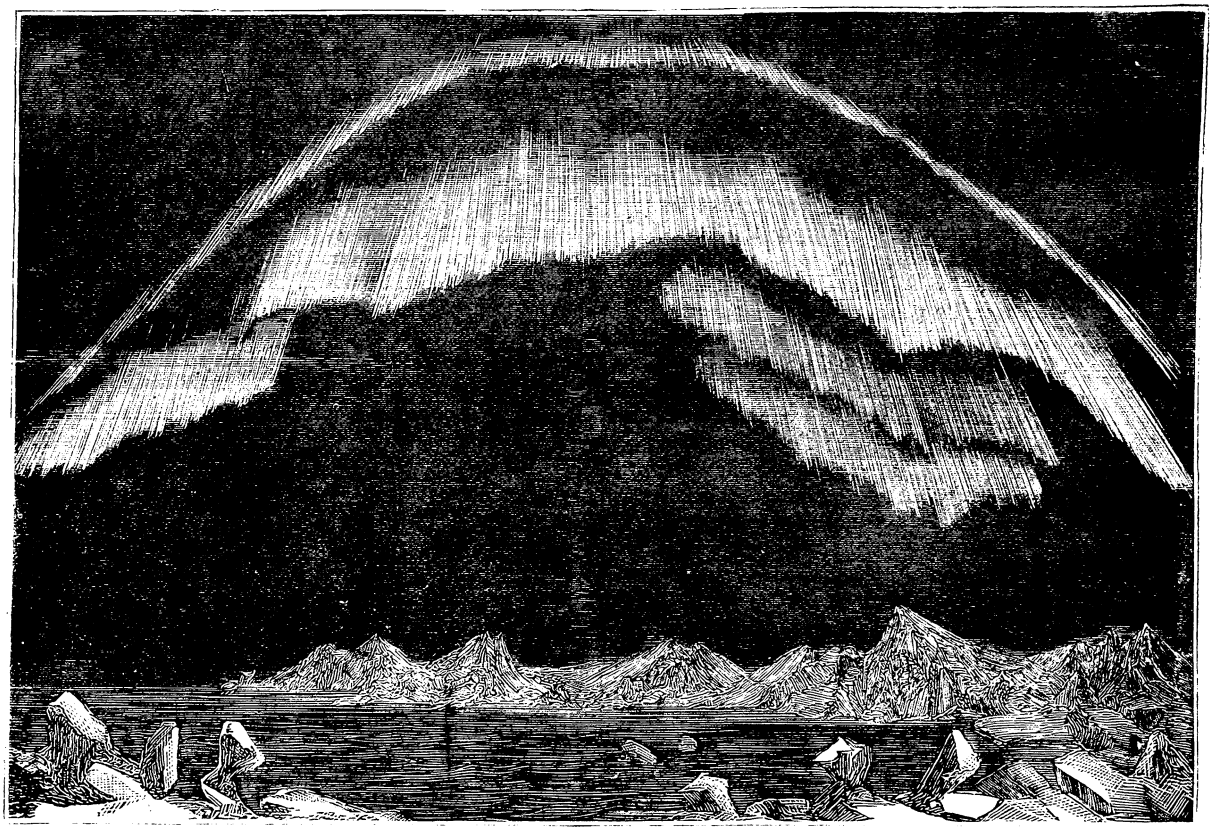
THE AURORAL DISPLAY AT PARIS ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 25TH, 1870.



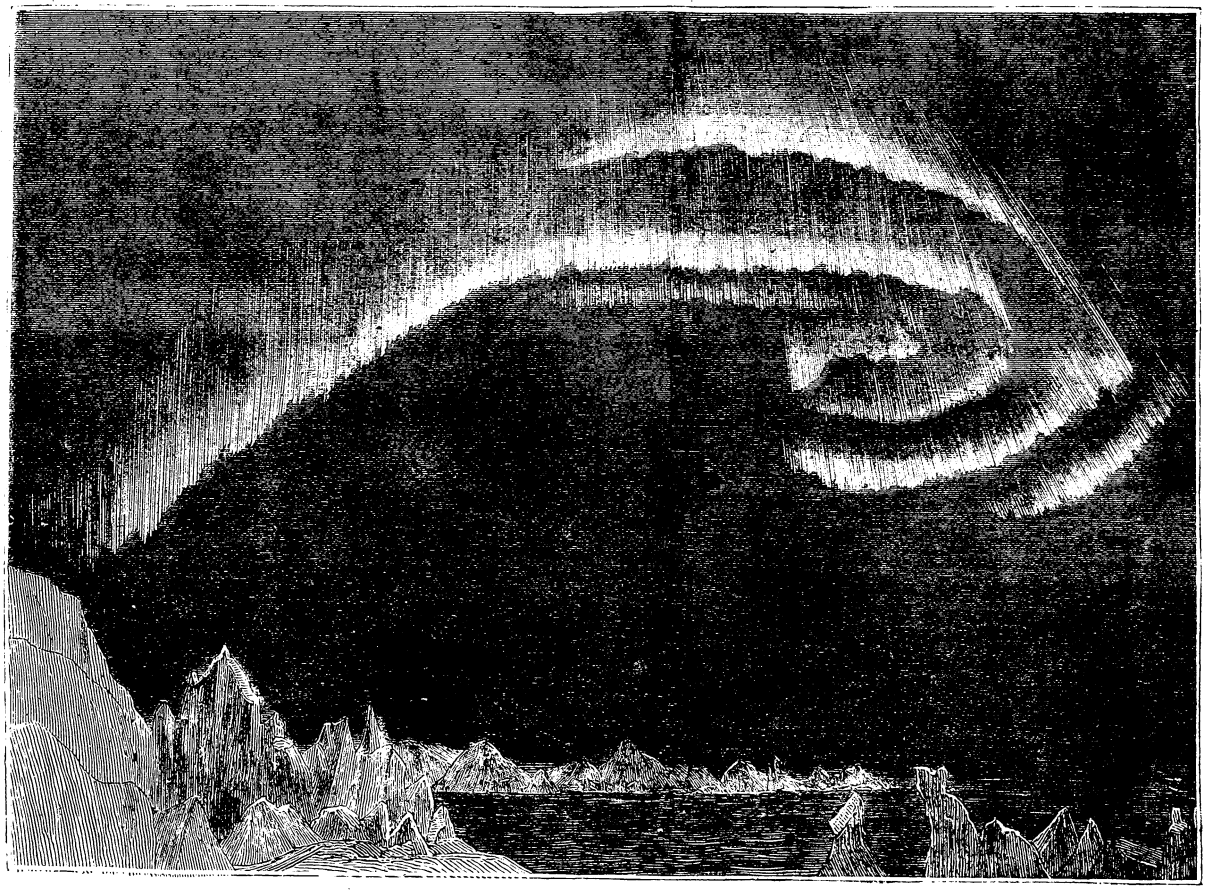
THE REMARKABLE AURORA BOREALIS OF FEBRUARY 4TH, 1872, AT PARIS.

We pointed out that the polar lights were always accompanied by great magnetic disturbances, and so it immediately occurs to us to try what will be the effect of suspending a magnetised needle in the neighborhood of the electric circuit during the experiments; and we are not disappointed in our expectation that the analogy will hold good here also; for the deflection of the needle increases or decreases according as the luminous arc becomes more or less developed in the liquid.

There is still another phenomenon connected with the polar lights, for which we can find an analogy in these experiments—



THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



AURORA BOREALIS SEEN AT BOSSEKOP, JANUARY 6TH, 1839.

namely, the abundant falls of rain or snow which have always been noticed during the prevalence of an aurora; for in making the experiments it is found that the deeper we immerse the positive electrode in the liquid, the more abundantly is aqueous vapor liberated.

It is interesting to notice that these phenomena are only exhibited at the positive electrode of the battery, and nothing similar is seen at the negative electrode. M. Planté believes, from these and other experiments, that in the aurora the imperfect vacuum of the upper regions of the atmosphere, forming a vast conducting envelope, plays the part of the negative electrode in these experiments, and that the light is caused by positive electricity flowing off from the earth, through the icy mists or clouds which float above the poles, toward the planetary spaces.

It may seem to some almost inconceivable that electricity can be thus flowing off toward other planets, and that therefore there must be some kind of electric communication between planet and planet. Yet the close relation between the terrestrial magnetic storms and the prevalence of sun-spots, which is now a well-established fact, shows us that some such communication must exist; and other researches tend toward the same result.

To explain the transmission of light on the now universally received undulatory theory, we have to assume the existence throughout known space of a medium capable of transmitting light-vibrations.

Again, many electro-magnetic phenomena may be explained in by far the most natural way on the assumption that when different bodies are acting electrically upon one another, there is an actual transmission from one body to another of mechanical action by means of a medium occupying the space between them. Now, it would be a most unphilosophical proceeding to fill space with a new medium whenever any new phenomena are to be explained; but if, on the other hand, the study of two different sets of phenomena has independently suggested the idea of a medium, and if the properties which must be ascribed to the medium in order to explain one set of phenomena are found to be identical with the properties which must be ascribed to it in order to explain the other set, then the evidence for the existence of the medium is considerably strengthened.

Now, in the case in question, we have the means of determining, independently from the two sets of phenomena, the rate of transmission of a disturbance, which can be directly observed in the case of light, and which can also be calculated from electro-magnetic experiments.

We are, unfortunately, not able to make either determination with sufficient accuracy to enable us to state absolutely that the two give us the same result; but if we take the mean of several of the most trustworthy determinations of the velocity of light, and the mean of the most accurate of the rate of transmission of an electro-magnetic disturbance, we find that the difference between the two results is less than the difference between some of the different determinations of the velocity of light or of the velocity of transmission of an electro-magnetic disturbance.

We thus obtain a strong confirmation of our supposition that both optical and electro-magnetic disturbances are transmitted by the same medium, and many other experiments lead us to the same conclusion suggested by this result—viz., that light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon. But we cannot now discuss this subject, as our object is not now to prove that light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon, but simply to point out what strong evidence there is to show that electrical action is transmitted at any rate between the different members of our solar system, and probably also from system to system.

Neither is this the place for us to speculate as to how far electric influence may extend throughout the universe, or whether science may one day tell us of some close connection existing between electrical action and that mighty discovery of the immortal Newton of the mutual action between all the parts of the physical universe which is known as "attraction of gravity," and which unites all its mighty systems into one great whole.

We have now been led step by step from the comparison of the phenomena of the polar lights with simple laboratory experiments, to the consideration and explanation of their electrical origin, and at this point we must leave the reader; but before doing so we would merely remark, in conclusion, that great attention is now being given to the study of terrestrial magnetism, and phenomena connected with it, so that a few years will probably add very largely to our knowledge of the aurora.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE MECHANICAL ACTION OF LIGHT.—Some time ago Dr. Crookes, of London, invented a curious instrument, called the radiometer, by which he attempted to prove the mechanical action of light. He took the ground that there was no real difference between heat and light, all we can take account of being difference of wavelength. Take, for instance, a ray of definite refrangibility in the red. Falling on a thermometer, it shows the action of heat; on a thermopile it produces an electric current; to the eye it appears as light and color; on a photographic plate it causes chemical action; and on the suspended pith it causes motion. The impetus given by a ray of light caused the pith-balls of the radiometer to revolve; hence the sunlight has weight, and the radiometer is a veritable light-mill; and Dr. Crookes is said to be a believer in the direct mechanical action of light. Since Dr. Crookes propounded this extraordinary theory, a vast number of experiments have been conducted by scientific men in all parts of the world, and the unanimous verdict has been found against the doctrine of the mechanical action of light; and Dr. Crookes himself no longer holds such opinions, but has come around to the side of the majority. The light-mill may be regarded as another exploded motor to be relegated to the limbo of perpetual motions: but the investigations growing out of Dr Crookes's suggestion have been of great importance to science. It may be said that the discovery of the radiometer, while affording a remarkable illustration of the importance of following up unexplained though apparently trivial phenomena, illustrates no less forcibly the truth that scientific discoveries are not chance revelations, coming now to one and now to another, but that they are made only by those who have eyes to see a clue when it is offered them, and patience and skill to follow where it leads.

HABITS OF THE RED ANT.—The red ant is one of the most interesting of its species, as it affords a subject of study, both to the naturalist and chemist The Rev. Henry C. McCook has just published an account of "The Mound-making Ants of the Alleghenies," in a pamphlet of fifty pages, handsomely illustrated with six lithographic plates and a number of cuts, in which he chiefly confines himself to a study of the *Formica rufa*, or red ant, whose modes of building, general style of architecture of the nests and galleries leading therefrom, the repairing of nests, engineering, addition of stories, age of hills, food, feeding-places; his friends, sentinels, tree-paths, water supply, recognition of fellow-ants, amity and confederation, night work, Winter habits, guest beetles, guest caterpillars, natural enemies, means of attack and defense, are fully discussed, the paper being the result of independent observations. The author thinks that the ants are not torpid during Winter, but display considerable activity, their galleries affording sufficient protection against ordinarily severe Winter weather. To the chemist the red ant has long been an object of interest, on account of the large quantity of an acid secreted in the abdomen, to which the name formic acid has been given, in reference to its origin. The animal is able, by the vital functions, to change the cellulose of leaves into formic acid, and at one time the chief supply of this reagent was obtained by crushing a great number of ants in a mortar. Fortunately for the preservation of the ant, the modern chemist has invented a direct method of procuring the acid by the same process that also yields oxalic acid. Sawdust heated with alkali, on shallow iron pans, yields the two acids, which are largely employed in dye works.

INDIUM IN BRITISH BLENDES.—The rare metal Indium was first discovered in Saxony blendes; for a long time it eluded discovery in zinc ores of other localities. Finally Prof. Cornwall, of Princeton, succeeded in proving its presence in blendes derived from Connecticut. It is now said to occur in the blendes of Durham and Cumberland, England. A pure indium blende, corresponding to cadmium blende, has not yet been discovered, but by analogy, there is every reason to believe that such an ore must exist. The uses of indium have been necessarily somewhat limited, owing to its scarcity. As a constituent of alloys, it is probably destined to play an important part, particularly in safety-plugs, stereotype metal and metallic baths.

AN ARTIFICIAL LARYNX.—Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, has made the remarkable application of an artificial larynx to a cloth-worker, James Houston, twenty-nine years of age, who was afflicted with a malignant tumor in his larynx, which obstructed respiration. The tumor had twice been removed by opening the larynx and taking it out, but it had recurred, and, from its malignant character, would have produced death if the operation which Dr. Foulis described had not been performed. The larynx has been entirely taken out and an artificial one substituted. This is the first time the operation has been performed in England, although it has been tried ten times on the Continent with varying success. Care was taken to introduce a tube into the windpipe as soon as it was cut across and below the seat of disease, so that no blood could get into the lungs during the further steps of the operation. Dr. Foulis thus had ample time to thoroughly accomplish the removal of the larynx. The whole operation occupied two and a half hours, the patient being under the influence of chloroform. Recovery has been uninterrupted, and there is no appearance whatever of recurrence. The man is quite fit for light office work. The artificial larynx consists of two tubes, one of which goes downward to the trachea, and the other upward to the mouth. The patient can talk in a whisper without these tubes, but when a reed-plate is slipped into a groove in the lower tube, a resonant sound is produced, which is modulated into letters and words by the mouth. The articulation, with or without reeds, is perfect. The voice is a monotone, varying in *timbre* according to the reed used.

A FORECAST OF THE SATELLITES OF MARS.—In Swift's "Travels in Several Remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver," there occurs, in the edition of 1755, the following remarkable passage: "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half: so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distances from the centre of Mars, which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies." There is such a close accordance between the fancy of Swift and the actual discovery of Prof. Hall, as to excite much attention. The opinion long held by astronomers that, if satellites of Mars existed, they must be very small and close to his disk, was probably known to Swift, and he made use of it in his imaginary work.

ARSENIC IN CANDLES.—A wealthy lady, living in a fashionable quarter of Paris, lately became ill in such a way that she was supposed to be suffering from slow poisoning. The physician who attended her observed one morning that the water which had been placed near the bed for the patient to drink in the night, was covered with a thin film which, on examination, proved to be arsenic. On inquiry, it transpired that the lady was in the habit of reading in bed, and that the candles she used were of a dazzling whiteness —a whiteness, as was shown by analysis, due to the admixture of arsenic, which, being volatilized during the process of combustion, had poisoned the air of the room and caused the sickness. A similar experience was reported a few years ago, and the obnoxious candles were driven from the market. The cheapness of arsenic has led to their reappearance, and a second crusade will be necessary to stop their manufacture.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

MISSING MEN.—Bad marksmen.

HOW TO GET FLESH.—Steal a side of beef.

THE POPULAR DIET FOR GYMNASTS.—Turn-overs.

CHEAP OUT-OF-DOOR BREAKFAST.—A roll on the grass.

WHEN rain falls does it ever get up again? Of course it does.

A BAKER wants to know what is the greatest knead of the hour.

SOME men cannot stand prosperity; others never get a chance to try.

A VOLUME that will bring tears to your eyes.—A volume of smoke.

A GROCER advertises "Hams and cigars—smoked and unsmoked"

HOW TO produce a telling effect.—Communicate a secret to a woman.

WHEN a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom.

WHAT was the most honest bet that was ever made? The alpha-bet.

A DEAD hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

YOU may very properly take a man's word, but do not steal his dictionary.

A COUNTRY hairdresser of our acquaintance says he is the head man of the town.

"SIX into four, you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

SAID a newly-made widower, gravely, "I am *satisfied* that she took a sudden cold."

"ABOUT the greatest tail-bearer I know," said the farmer's boy, "is our old peacock."

ONLY a small percentage of men love their glass, but every mother's daughter doles on hers.

TWO THINGS go off in a hurry—an arrow dismissed from a bow, and a beau dismissed by a belle.

AN elderly lady, head nurse in an institution for children, calls herself "queen of the bawl-room."

"I STAND corrected," as the boy said who was too sore, after a thrashing, to sit down in comfort.

SAID she, "Now tell me all you saw at the circus." "Saw? Sawdust!" was the comprehensive reply.

TO THE impecunious it may be mentioned that they can generally get "tick" from a clock in good order.

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

WHAT is that which lives in the Winter, dies in the Summer, and always grows with the roots upward? An icicle.

RASPER being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied, "The hardware business; look at my wardrobe!"

"WE had shortcake for tea," said a little girl to a little boy. "So had we," he answered; "so short that I didn't get a bit of it!"

THE miser who hoarded his money in a vase said he did it because he believed in the saying, "Urn your money before you spend it."

SHARKS won't bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting, you'll be all right.

IT is the opinion of Miss —— that males are of no account from the time ladies stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.

ONE of the most unexpected and spirit-drooping things is to borrow an umbrella and find the proprietor's name indelibly attached to the handle.

SOME wretch has the audacity to remark that the ladies deck their hats with flowers in memory of the men who have been killed by milliners' bills.

"DO YOU think a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" asked a young lady of her lover. "Certainly not," he replied: "on the contrary, it is a very good thing, and she should be careful never to lose it!"

A WIDOW intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertised that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last Summer on a new and improved plan."

"DOCTOR," said an old lady, "do you believe in ghosts? Do you believe that the dead ever actually walk on this earth?" "No doubt of it, madam," answered the doctor; "I've repeatedly heard the Dead March in Saul."

"HOW MANY people have gone to destruction over these terrible Falls!" said a gentleman to a temperance lecturer at Niagara. "A great many more have been destroyed by the little cask-aids," responded the teetotaler.

ABOUT three million pins are made every day in this country; but let a young fellow dig one into his arm while measuring a girl's waist some moonlight night in the interests of science, and he never thinks of the other two millions and odd.

A MAN suffering with the gout was explaining to a friend that his doctor did not permit him to eat sweet potatoes, fruits, farinaceous vegetables, or drink ale or wine. "Well," exclaimed the friend, "why do you not get another doctor?"

A LECTURER said that black-eyed women never loved so fondly as blue-eyed women do; whereupon an old ruffian in the audience muttered, "That's the secret of my wife's never loving me after I gave her a black eye as much as she did before."

A WAG wishing to bother a homeopathic physician, said, "Doctor, how would you apply your theory of 'like cures like' to a case of fatigue?" "Easily enough," replied the doctor. "When you're tired, you always get rested by retiring, don't you?"

A YOUNG man having been turned out of doors by his sweetheart's father, being asked if he didn't intend to resent the insult, said, "No; I did feel a little *put out* at the time, but I'm of a forgiving disposition. Besides, I married the girl the next day."

A YOUNG man sat up half an hour one night after his chum had gone to bed, sewing the legs of the innocent sleeper's trousers together. He sewed them strong, and laughed long and silently after he went to bed, as he pictured the scene in the morning. When the morning dawned, he rose with a glow of anticipation on his face, and as it slowly faded away, sat down upon the side of the bed and dejectedly cut open the bottom of his own carefully sewn trouser-legs; and when his unsuspecting chum asked what he was doing, sighed and said, sadly, "Oh, nothing." And he wearily thought how full of meanness was this base, deceiving old world.

A SPANISH LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.—PAINTED BY JOHN GILBERT.

N.Y. 164 1377

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SEE PAGE 376

THE DOOMED GLADIATOR, A SCENE IN ANCIENT ROME.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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THE MARCH OF MONEY, AND THE GREAT MONEY MARTS OF THE WORLD.

GENERAL VIEW OF WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MARCH OF MONEY, AND THE GREAT MONEY MARTS OF THE WORLD.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D., Author of "St. Leger."

Everybody knows in common parlance what money is, but few stop to consider the mighty part it plays in the affairs of men. We feel the need of it personally, or enjoy its possession, without reflecting that by the aid of its machinery every part and portion of the world's transactions, large and small, gigantic and minute, are inaugurated, carried on and brought to a conclusion. And yet, these results are not brought about by money used as a gross material, but by the machinery it enables us to put in operation.

Gold and silver coin, it should be remembered, is the measure of value, and not, like paper, the representative of value. It is not only the measure of value, but it is value in itself, and was adopted at a period the most remote of which we have any knowledge, because of this absolute value, which was not subject, like other articles, to fluctuation, and because it was the most convenient—indeed, the only convenient—measure of value.

We are told in the thirteenth chapter of Genesis that "Abraham was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold"; and in the twenty-third chapter we learn that he paid "four hundred shekels of silver current money with the merchant" for the field of Ephron. This statement not only shows the use of the shekel of silver, but it proves that even at that period the commercial class decided on what was and what was not "current money." In the Book of Job, supposed to be the oldest of which we have any account, we read that "every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold." At that time, and for centuries thereafter, gold and silver served to extinguish the rude barter of a preceding age, while trade and commerce had not yet asserted their power and influence by the introduction of bills of exchange. Gold and silver were transported from point to point in bulk (the delicate mechanism of the gold certificate was unknown); so that to capture a merchant on his way to his destined mart was to become possessed of his wealth and reduce him to beggary. The king's treasures were moved when he himself changed his abode, and, if defeated on the battle-field, became the spoil of the conqueror. Pirates sprang up as early as navigation itself, and the galley, the trieme and the polacres bearing gold and silver for tribute or the general purposes of trade often fell into their hands.

It is not easy to decide what nation first invented the bill of exchange, though at an early period of the world's history trade and commerce began to assert their sway. Joseph was sold by his brethren to Ishmaelites (Arabs), who were going to Egypt with spices, balsam and myrrh. No doubt in exchange they took back a supply of corn, Egypt being the granary for all Syria and the countries adjacent. Homer tells us that wine was obtained by the long-haired Achæans, some bartering for it bronze, others steel, some hides, some corn, some, again, slaves. The Phœnicians, further on, as traders and freebooters, swept every sea, and carried their products, manufactures and spoils to every accessible point. Ezekiel gives a marvelous picture of the commercial grandeur of Tyre, whose trade embraced every known article of use, industry and luxury. The splendor of Solomon's court and the magnificence of the Temple were due to the gold of Ophir and the ornaments, pearls and precious stones imported from Arabia and the Persian Gulf. I do not, however, find evidence of the use of anything like a bill of exchange. Commercial honesty, which is a purely educated sentiment, had not advanced to a point sufficiently assuring to warrant such a transaction. The world was in too turbulent a condition. The times "when kings went forth to battle" were too frequent to admit of those peaceful appliances.

The first mention of anything of the sort is by Isocrates, who tells us, as a curious and ingenious arrangement, that there came a wealthy stranger to Athens with several cargoes of corn, and that in the course of his business transactions he fell in with a merchant of the town by the name of Straocles, who was about to send some money to a place on the Euxine. The stranger (I regret to say his name is not given) proposed to Straocles to receive this money, and give the latter an order on an individual there who was his debtor. It was not reasonable to suppose that the Athenian would be willing to trust his funds to a foreigner, who was about to quit Athens. Doubtless a suspicion arose of a huge confidence game; but, if entertained, it was at once put at rest by the stranger, who arranged that Straocles should have recourse to a well-known merchant of Athens, in the event of the draft not being honored by the respectable gentleman on the Euxine on whom it was drawn.

We have no record of any mishap to this "first bill of exchange," and it is reasonable to suppose that it was punctually paid, and Straocles thus saved from the risk of his treasure falling into the hands of pirates, Lacedemonians, and free rovers generally. Later we find Cicero writing to Atticus to ask if his son, whom he was about to send to Athens, had better be supplied with cash in hand, or take an assignment of a sum which had been offered him by a creditor in Rome on his debtor in Athens. I dare say the young man preferred to take the cash, as it would give him a freer license *en route;* but the father decided to secure the "exchange"; and so it was settled. The young gentleman, on reaching Athens, would have no difficulty in finding a depositary for his funds, as the "banker" was already established there. These bankers (*trapezitai*) frequented the markets and public places, and seated themselves on benches (hence comes the words "banco" and "bank") arranged for the purpose, where they took in money from some in order to lend it to others. Is not that a good definition of modern banking?

This bring us to the grand days of Imperial Rome, whose martial triumphs and consequent accumulated wealth, for a time brought everything on the round earth to her feet. The fortunes of her private citizens exceeded anything which the imagination can picture, especially when we consider the enormous difference between then and now in the value of gold and silver. One million dollars per annum was but a respectable support for a Prætor. Seneca, the philosopher, was worth the modest sum of $12,000,000—no wonder he could write precepts. The Emperor Augustus received in gifts from his friends $162,000,000 (they doubtless got it back again in one shape or another); while Vespasian maintained that $1,600,000,000 (a sum greater than our national debt) was required to support the Government for one single year. Noble ladies sported jewels to the value of $1,000,000, and the cost to Lucullus of an ordinary supper was about $8,000.

And yet, with all this fabulous wealth, I do not rank Rome among the great money marts of the world, as I employ the word. She was the great robber-nation of all times. Her enormous treasures were derived from spoils wrung from conquered peoples and oppressed provinces. The few were enriched beyond any ordinary calculation, but not by the regular course of home industry, or by trade and commerce.

True, the "Money Changer's Arch," and the buildings around the Forum were thronged by bankers (*mensarii*), who

lent Government money; and another class (*argentarii*) who acted for individuals. True, these localities were frequented by all descriptions of human beings from all quarters of the known world; but the mart subserved no great purpose of human industry, no extended commercial enterprise, no commendable scheme of any kind. The usurers were largely prominent. In fact, the legal rate of interest was 12 per cent. per annum—a sufficient commentary on the state of affairs. And this rate was uniformly charged by the Government bankers, while the common practice of the usurer was to extort from his victims the comfortable rate of 5 per cent. a month, deducting the amount in advance. Ordinary sums were paid down in bulk, though larger transactions were arranged by intervention of the banker, who lent out his constituents' money freely, allowing himself a certain rate of interest for it.

* * * * * * *

The scene changes. Europe slept through the long night of the Middle Ages an almost dreamless sleep, and awoke to find Venice wedded to the stormy Adriatic; her sails covering every sea, her trade penetrating every known market, and her commercial supremacy recognized over the whole world.

From this period we may begin to write understandingly of the great money marts. For commerce was becoming a still larger necessity to the world—commerce which cannot be sustained by force of arms, but which depends entirely and absolutely on peace. From this period, we can proceed with a certain regularity to trace the successful course of industries and trade, and their grand results. Keeping always in mind that all industries and commercial relations, if successfully carried out, mean peace among men, we can, by recalling their frequent interruptions, understand and appreciate the terrible calamity of war.

In the gloom of the Middle Ages nothing flourished—nothing expanded. Every man who could, held his own by the strong hand against the oppression of his sovereign or feudal superior—so, in place of industry and legal administration, came the knight in armor and his mail-clad retainers. When the Crusades troubled the dead waters, and stirred the emotions of the world, the pulses of industrial life began to beat afresh, and suddenly, as it appeared, slowly and gradually the processes really were; the change came.

Venice burst upon the world in her commercial grandeur, but, in all the time of her prosperity, Venice was constantly hampered by her contests with Genoa, which continued with more or less interruption for 200 years, and which, at one time, brought her to the very verge of ruin. To that circumstance, strange to say, is due the existence of the famous Bank of Venice—the first bank in date in the history of Modern Europe. For in consequence of the extreme necessity of the state, it was obliged to levy forced loans upon the citizens, giving them in return perpetual annuities at a certain rate of interest.

This practice commenced as early as the year 1156. There were offices for the payment of these annuities, which offices were finally consolidated into one, and eventually became the Bank of Venice. The interest on the Government loan was always punctually paid. Every claim was registered in the books of the offices referred to, and was transferable. When the loans were consolidated, the principal office became the Bank; and instead of transfers of indebtedness on their books, the Bank issued bills to represent the amount. These bills were always at a premium, and the Bank itself was essentially a deposit bank.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the glory of Venice passed its zenith. On the Rialto, where her merchants "most did congregate" at the time of "high change," as we would now express it, an interesting sight could daily be witnessed. Affairs of every description were transacted, friendly greetings were interchanged; the world's news—in the absence of the daily newsp aper—was gleaned from information of the several bankers and merchants, derived from their correspondents in different parts of the globe. Here was, indeed, a great money mart. It was here that Bassanio explained his necessities to his intimate friend, Antonio, one of the leading merchants of the place, and obtained his consent to use his name, for the purpose of securing a loan from Shylock. It would seem that the latter confined himself, after the habit of his nation, to the loan of moneys, avoiding ventu res which would place his means "in supposition."

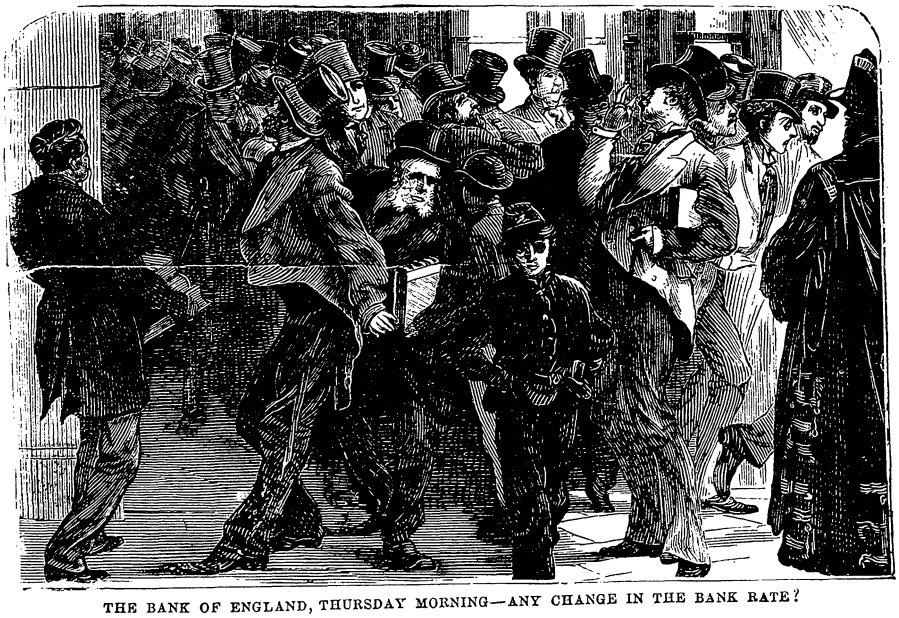
It will give the reader a correct idea of the magnitude of the business of a single merchant in Venice, to recall what Shylock says of some of Antonio's operations: "He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis; another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, on the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico; a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad."

While Venice was exercising dominion over the Adriatic, a power was quietly developed in the North which finally came to have complete control of the Baltic and its trade. I refer to the Hanseatic Confederacy—a union formed for the purpose of maintaining safe intercourse with each other by land, and for affording protection against pirates, with which every sea was at that time infested. The Confederacy comprised nearly eighty cities, embracing the whole coast of the Baltic, and extending from Livonia to Holland. Lübeck was the capital of the League, and Hamburg, Brunswick and Dantzic among its principal towns. Its power and influence became so strong, the League was a match for the most powerful sovereigns, and by withholding or advancing money to kings and potentates, held the issue of peace and war in its hands. The League pushed its manufactures to an enormous extent, and employed its own ships to carry them to the world's markets.

The progress of civilization at last broke the power of this famous confederation. The interests of its various cities became more and more conflicting, and jealousies and rivalries sprang up, and it fell to pieces in consequence.

The result of the dissolution of the League was to give immediate prominence to the trade and industry of the Dutch, already becoming leaders in navigation; so that at the commencement of the seventeenth century Amsterdam was the great *entrepôt* of the commerce of the world. As a natural consequence, the coins of all Europe found their way and passed current there. Most of these were becoming worn and defaced, and the currency was exposed to much inconvenience. To remedy this, and to fix the value or par of the current money of the country, the merchants of Amsterdam, in 1609, established a bank. It is an interesting circumstance that the capital of the bank was formed of Spanish ducats, struck by Spain to aid in its war with Holland, but with which the tide of commerce had now enriched that country. The bank was established on the model of the Bank of Venice. It accepted the coins of all countries, worn or new, at their intrinsic value, but paid out the standard coin of the country, of full weight, deducting a "brassage" for the expense of coinage, and giving credit on its books for the deposits. A remarkable peculiarity of the bank was that it did not profess to lend out any part of the specie deposited with it, but literally retained it in its coffers.

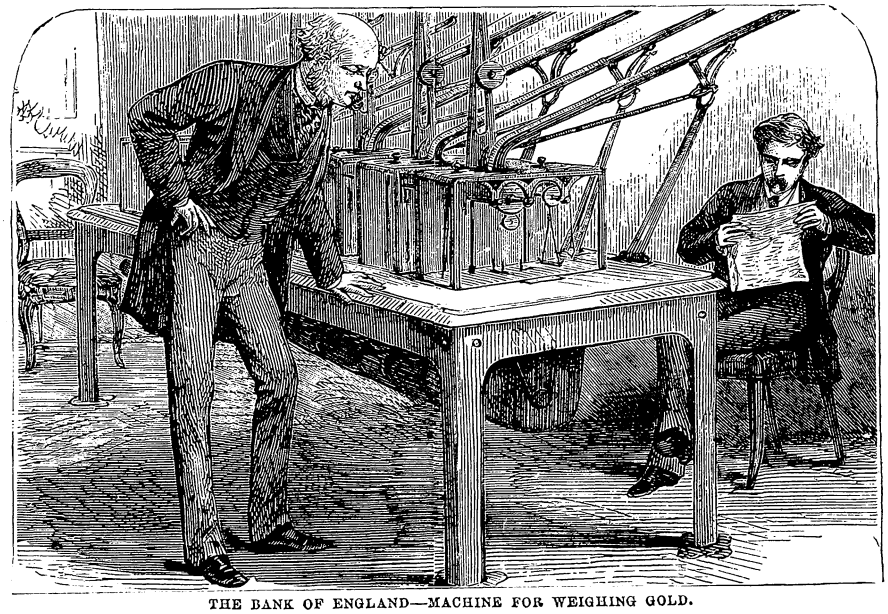
Some years later there came a severe test of the rule. In 1672 Louis XIV. penetrated with his armies as far as



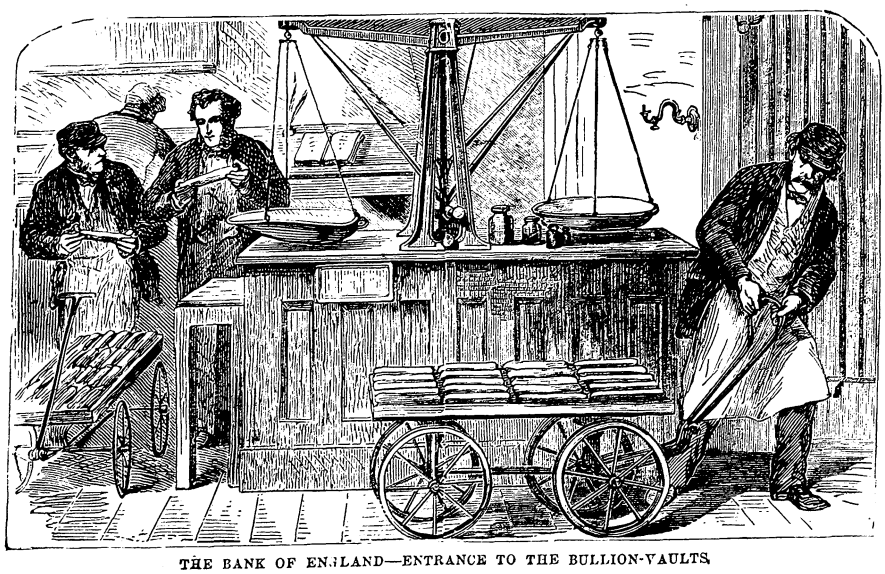
THE BANK OF ENGLAND, THURSDAY MORNING—ANY CHANGE IN THE BANK RATE?

Utrecht, and the inhabitants of Amsterdam were panic-struck. Nearly every one who had an account with the bank demanded his deposit; and it is a fact worthy of record that all were paid with an alacrity and readiness that proved the fidelity of the administration, and caused the most unbounded faith in the institution. Alas for human perfectibility! About seventy-five years later—we see how history repeats itself—the managers secretly lent a part of their bullion to the East India Company. Nevertheless, the magistracy of the bank took the usual oaths that all was right, and the people were hoodwinked and cheated—even as now officers of banks and moneyed institutions take false oaths and cheat and hoodwink the people. In 1790 the fraud was brought to light by the bank's declaration. The matter was patched up for the time, but four years later, on the invasion of Holland by the French, it was found the bank had lent to the States of Holland and West Friesland and the East India Company a large portion of its deposits. The bank went into liquidation, and settled with its creditors by assigning to them its "Government claims."

It is proper to observe here that the Bank of Hamburg, established ten years after the bank of Amsterdam—namely, in 1619—and on the same basis, has never deviated from its rule, and is to-day one of the solid financial institutions of the world.



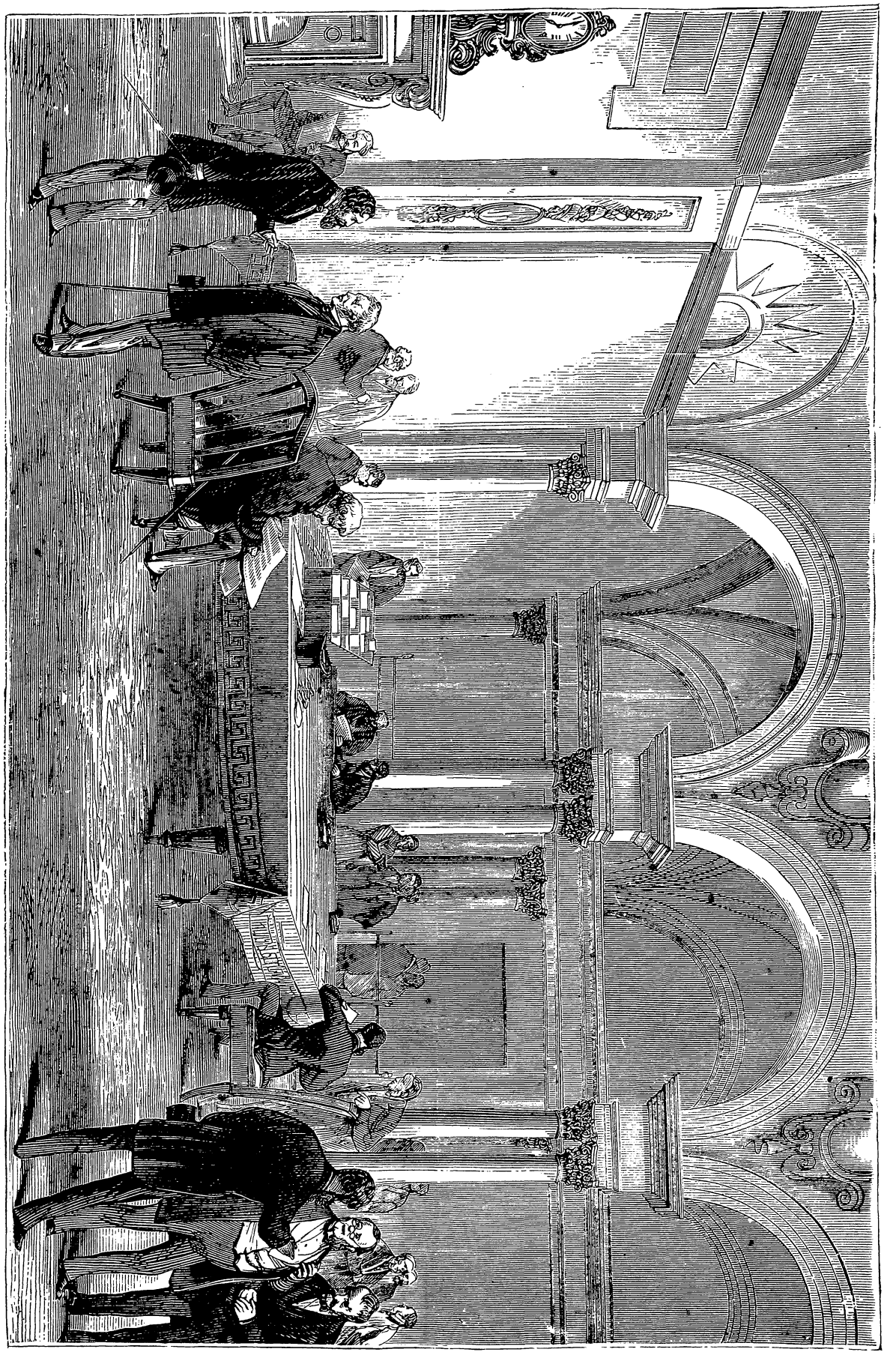
THE BANK OF ENGLAND—MACHINE FOR WEIGHING GOLD.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND—ENTRANCE TO THE BULLION-VAULTS.

Meanwhile, across a narrow stretch of sea, in close proximity to Holland, was rapidly growing into commercial importance and power a people who, in the due course of events, were to have absolute supremacy on the ocean and in the markets of the world.

This people occupied an island which, in its fullest extent, is but little larger than the State of New York. They were a bold, aggressive race; fond of difficult undertakings, and exhibiting on all occasions a pretentious and disagreeable consciousness of superiority, which



THE BANK OF ENGLAND—THE PARLOR.

made them unpopular and dis'iked by their neighbors on the Continent.

It is needless to say I refer to England and the English. They had already passed through the bloody period of revolutions, which resulted in the establishment of civil liberty and a constitutional government, leaving the people in a condition to devote themselves to their chosen industries. Their insular position made them natural sailors and navigators, and preserved them from danger of invasion from the mainland.

For a long course of years England had encouraged the immigration of the Hansards, the Lombards and Flemish weavers, and allowed them many valuable privileges. The factories and workshops of these patient and industrious people were the germs of the great factories and workshops of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and other English manufacturing towns of the present day. It was in time discovered that England was filled with hidden treasures emboweled in the earth—to wit, coal and iron. The forests were abundant for ship-building. Everybody who lived on the coast knew, perforce, something of navigation—and England was all coast. Thus grew up a people who enjoyed every facility for becoming the best sailors in the world; who had laid solid foundations for manufactures in every department; who were trained to arms as a matter, first of self-defense, afterward of aggression; and whose population, active, restless, and fond of adventure, made valuable colonists across the seas. This was the country which was to finally eclipse Holland on the ocean, and completely change the world's trade and money centre.

The great difficulties and drawbacks which retarded trade and the world's industries were that no continental nation could remain undisturbed by encroachments from its neighbors. Europe was in a perpetual state of turbulence—always under a military sway; so that peaceful adventures were conducted under the protection of armies and ships of war. As I have before observed, Venice was constantly retarded in her marvelous career by her wars with Genoa, which finally were a chief element in her overthrow. The Hanse towns were obliged to sustain themselves by the strong arm, till jealousies and rivalries between the principal cities resulting in various contests broke up the league altogether. Years after, the great prosperity of Holland was forced to succumb to the rude invasion of the French, which destroyed Amsterdam as a money centre, and ended her commercial supremacy.

It was then that England advanced to seize the prize. It was accomplished through the expenditure of many lives and of enormous treasure. For she fought for it in her bloody wars with Napoleon, by sea and land, over all the continent; in Portugal, in Spain, in Germany, in France and the Low Countries—fought for it with unflagging courage and a grim tenacity. And the fight was not for supremacy alone. England was struggling for her very existence as well. Had Napoleon succeeded in his design of invading her, it is impossible to figure the lamentable influence on the world's progress. The French Emperor did not succeed, and England emerged triumphant from the struggle. From that period to the present time she has mainly controlled the world's commerce and trade, and, in consequence, London has become the world's money-centre and the clearing-house of its exchanges.

It is by design that I have, in a way, mixed general history with my observations on the march of money and the great money marts. For these, as the reader will readily perceive, are so closely connected with everything which befalls a country that it is impossible to give any intelligent account of them without referring to whatever has happened to advance or retard their progress.

I have thus far said little of the Bill of Exchange, which has advanced steadily with the progress of civilization and of peace among nations. The Venetians understood fully its importance and its uses, although Barcelona claims to have completely inaugurated its use. But the trade of Venice was too unequal, and the times were too troublous to bring this mode of settling debts into a perfect system. So treasure had still to be conveyed from one point to another, because trade did not supply what was needed at those points. And with the treasure went the man-of-war, to protect against the buccaneer and any enemy with which the nation happened to be at war.

The same state of things prevailed in Germany, and later in Holland, to a less degree, for a great impetus was given through the Dutch to this mode of settling balances. It, however, remained to a later period, when steam and the telegraph had achieved its sway, to witness the full development of the "Bill," its harmonizing and equalizing influences, and its power to stimulate trade and commerce among all nations, languages, tongues and peoples. It is, in fact, as necessary to our present civilization as language is to intellect. But what are Bills of Exchange? They are simply instruments of exchange—a system by which commercial nations discharge their debts to each other.

The fact is, the world is to-day engaged in an immense barter trade. It literally reaches around the globe. And the problem is how to facilitate and carry on this trade. As to money—and by money I mean not only gold and silver coin, but also bank and Government bills redeemable in coin—I say, as to money, there is not enough of it in the world to carry on, if literally employed, the world's financial and commercial business for a single day. In fact it is estimated that money is not employed materially to the amount of *one per cent.* in the transactions of the world's trade, commerce and general business transactions.

But we must not in consequence undervalue its functions. The less it is materially employed, the greater becomes its power as an agent of settlement and equitization. It stands in the position of the old Government Office (afterward Bank) in Venice, where nothing was ever paid over, only certain sums were transferred from one account to another, with the difference that in the case of money we have a value in itself, and of the Government transfers—confidence.

Of course, I am not now treating of the petty sums in cash employed for the small debts of the day, and which are not a drop in the ocean of the world's affairs, but of the immense sums treated daily in our exchanges, clearing houses, and the like; and which could not be arranged were there not a something solid—a value in itself, by which differences or balances could be settled.

To return to our immediate subject.

The first Bank of England was established in 1694. This huge monopoly came into existence, like the Bank of Venice, through the necessities of the Government, which, exhausted by its wars with France, was paying interest at the rate of from 20 to 40 per cent. per annum for money. A shrewd merchant of London, William Paterson by name (we think he must have been a Scotchman), naturally came to the conclusion that the Government, in order to borrow money at a reasonable rate, would grant a bank charter with extraordinary privileges. He was not mistaken. The plan was that the bank should be established with a capital of $6,000,000, all of which should be permanently loaned to the State at 8 per cent. interest per annum, and an allowance of $20,000 per annum for managing of the debt. The corporate title was exactly what it is at this day, to wit, "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England"; and the principle on which the bank has been conducted

has had little or no variation. It began by lending the Government all its capital, and, although at present that capital is about $73,000,000, very nearly the whole sum is to-day loaned to the Government. The deposits of the bank average about $125,000,000. Its privileges are enormous. Its notes are a legal tender over the realm, except in payments by the bank itself. The management of the entire public debt of Great Britain is placed in its hands, for which it has in some years been paid as large a sum as half a million of dollars. It is the only bank in England that can issue notes, which it may always do to the amount of the Government securities in hand representing the Government loan; beyond that the bank must have pound for pound in gold for its paper issue.

An institution so constituted must naturally share the fortunes of the state which created it, being so largely a Government creditor, and the history of its successes and reverses, through a long course of years, shows the correctness of the observation. As a rule, the bank has been admirably managed, and its affairs honestly administered.

It must be borne in mind that this Bank is simply a private institution—as much so as any bank in London—but favored with the Government business, the right to issue notes which are a legal tender, and other valuable privileges.

Large as are the operations of this bank, there are other monetary institutions in London which exceed it in the amount of its capital, and also in that of its deposits. Nothing can give so striking an idea of the immense wealth of this great metropolis, and the magnitude of its monetary transactions, as the number and extent of its large banking-houses, and the immense sums accumulated in them. Of these, "Glyn's" takes the lead—a house so strong that no joint stock bank in London, not even the Bank of England, can compete with it in the choice of customers and the amount of its deposits. There are a large number of other great houses, such as Coutts's, Hankeys, Hoare's and so on, of gigantic financial strength, with almost illimitable means.

The system of making all the shareholders in the joint stock banks liable for the obligations of the bank precisely as if they were partners in a banking-house tends to create great confidence in these institutions; although the terrible calamities resulting to all classes and conditions of persons from the late failure of the Glasgow Bank has, in certain quarters, produced a strong feeling in the direction of doing away with the joint stock banks altogether, and substituting in their place institutions of limited liability, like the banks of the United States. I very much doubt if the plan will find favor with the English, and, if carried out, it would certainly have the effect to swell the business of the private banking-houses, which have always been in favor with John Bull.

Of the London joint stock banks, the principal are the London & Westminster, the London & County, the London Joint Stock, and the Union Bank — all large and powerful moneyed institutions, some of which have deposits exceeding those of the Bank of England. In addition to these and others which might be named, nearly every country of importance in trade and commerce is represented by a bank, which acts as a sort of clearing-house for that particular trade. Of these I recall the Anglo-Austrian; the Anglo-Italian; the Bank of Australia; Bank of British Columbia; Bank of British North America; the Imperial Ottoman Bank; the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, and a branch of the Comptoir d'Escompte de France, etc. Up to now, no bank of the sort representing the financial and commercial interests of the United States has been established; though I am informed that the plan of such a bank to be located in London, and to be called the American Bank in Europe, is now being matured. It is to be hoped the project will be successfully carried out on a firm and substantial basis.

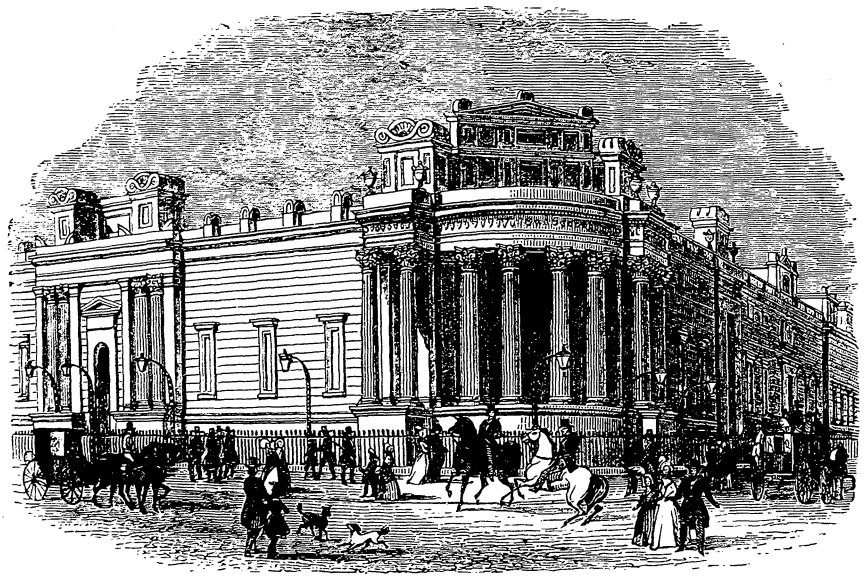
Here let me observe that the term banker is used in the United States with very great latitude and want of precision. We see the word conspicuous on the letter-sheet of many of our New York firms; but really we have no bankers that I am aware of in the City of New York except our "banks." We have a great many brokers and speculators and extensive dealers in exchange, some with very respectable capital, but these men are not bankers, though they write themselves such. In London many eminent firms which we are in the habit of calling bankers are there styled merchants. The Barings are merchants, the late George Peabody was a merchant. They do not and did not receive accounts as bankers from Englishmen. And had you had money with either house, or with similar houses, and desired to draw any considerable sum, you would have been given a check on their bankers, Hankey, Glyn, the Union Bank, etc., etc., as the case might be.

There has of late been much spoken and written about the waning power of England and her threatened loss of prestige in controlling the markets of the world. Many tokens and symptoms are minutely described to prove that her power is on the wane, and that America is soon to eclipse her glory and take her place as the money-centre of the globe. The object of this article is not to forecast events. The leading nations have their period of power and grandeur, they pass to their zenith and thence to their decadence. It is not reasonable to suppose that England will prove to be an exception to this inevitable law. But the change in her position from the leading money power of the earth to a secondary one is, in my judgment, still distant. It is true we are shutting her out to a great extent from our home market, and are endeavoring in a small way to compete with her in foreign markets, but with the control of the carrying trade secured by the enormous extent of her shipping, and with her enormous material wealth, England, in my opinion, is destined for a course of years yet to come, to maintain the position she now holds.

This idea should not in the least diminish our faith and confidence in the growing energies and illimitable resources of our own country. We are rich in all that should give promise of a mighty future, and we are making rapid strides toward the accomplishment of such promise. But let us be satisfied with such a statement, and not arrogate to ourselves what we do not possess, and what we cannot hope speedily to possess. With our magnificent line of coast, which, as I believe, produces the best sailors in the world, our foreign carrying trade is simply insignificant. Rich beyond comparison, as we are, in undeveloped resources, we are not rich in money, or in what passes for money. The united deposits of all the banks in the city of New York were, last week, reported at $214,000,000—an amount at times nearly equaled by those of a single private banking-house in London! A similar comparison might be instituted as to the capital employed in the two places.

But what brings these enormous sums to London? It is her position as the clearing-house of the world. A New York merchant wishes to purchase a cargo of tea in China. How does he do it? Can he send out an assured credit on New York? No; he must secure a credit on London, and the funds for the cargo must leave New York and be centred in London.

I mention the above simply as an illustration, which could be repeated *ad infinitum*, to show how London compels the world's business to pass through it, and thus becomes the great custodian of other people's money, and,

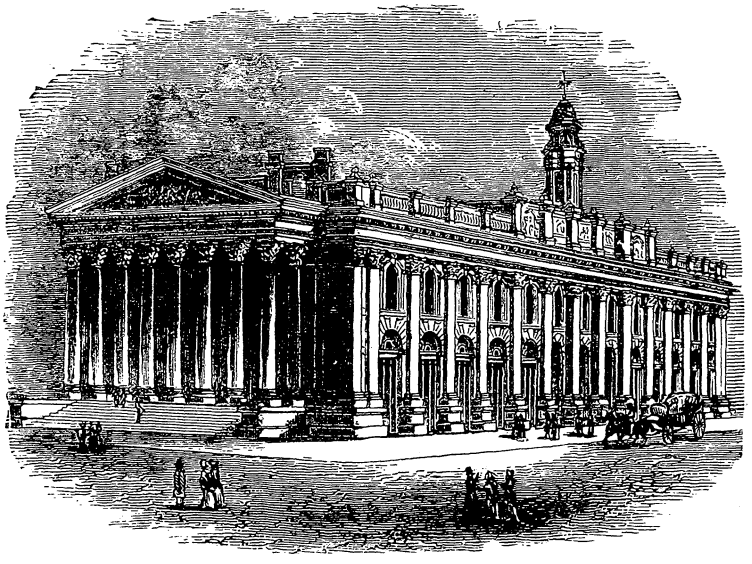


EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

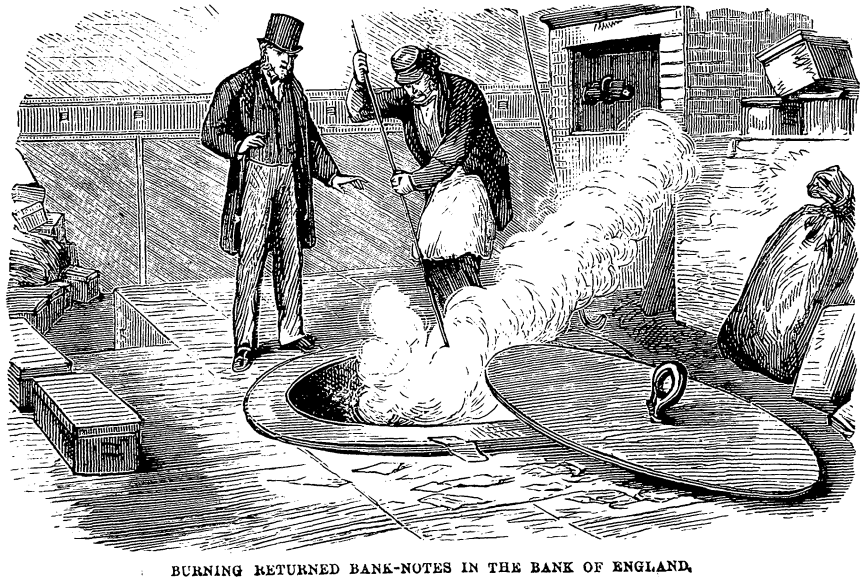
as a consequence, takes toll and tribute from all.

As to New York, to an extent it is now the money centre for the United States. I can scarcely say centre, but a depot for further trade and further distribution. There is no one bank of prominence in New York, as in most metropolitan towns, and the banking capital is insignificant, compared with the trade of the place. This is because so much of that trade is merely *in transitu*, and because the banks use freely their depositors' money, which really is the chief source of their profits. Nevertheless, these institutions are, in the main, carefully managed; and, considering the great financial strain which in the few years past has tasked them to the utmost, it is greatly to their credit that they have been so well maintained.

The private fortunes of many individuals in New York are immense—equaling, in fact, almost any individual fortune in the Old World. But these accumulations are not employed in banking or in dealing with foreign countries. On the contrary, they remain invested where they originally were accumulated—to wit, in the productive real estate of the city, and in adding to its growth by valuable improvements; or in extensive lines of railway, which, in our country's growth, have daily to be extended; or in our coasting steamers, now making voyages half as long as from here to Liverpool; or in immense mining operations, whose returns begin to make very pale the brightness of the lamp of Aladdin, and which are destined by-and-by to move the money centre westward from the European mart. In short, the wealth of this country is not transferred to the banking interest, but is devoted to reproduction—to recreation in the fields of its primitive accumulation.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.



BURNING RETURNED BANK-NOTES IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

But what of the march of money? I have already suggested that, as civilization advances, and steam and telegraphs come more and more into play, the *material* employment of money will decrease, while its real power will suffer no diminution. For with the advance of civilization comes a more perfect interchange of commodities among the nations, and the more perfect that interchange, the less use for the employment of money in material shape; but it must always retain its mighty power

as a *value*. It can never be ignored. The citizen, innocent, guiltless of crime, goes in his full freedom to his various avocations; but if tempted to steal or rob or forge, he at once finds the myrmidons of the law surrounding and depriving him of liberty. So, while the laws of trade are observed and maintained, there is comparatively little to be seen and felt of the power of the actual *coin;* undertake to violate these laws, and on all sides will come the exclamation, "Gold, gold!—settle with us in gold!"

And yet how little gold is really used in settlement when all goes right! Take the transactions of the New York Clearing-House (trifling as they are compared with those of London), and we find the operations of a week something over $400,000,000, with balances less than $24,000,000. Indeed, throwing out the transactions of our petty cash account, there is almost literally no money changing hands.

SCENE IN QUINCAMPOIX STREET, PARIS, DURING LAW'S MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

Until facilities of communication asserted their power, trade was not unrestricted, and there still was a limit to the use of bills of exchange. Within a hundred years, sums of gold were sent under an armed convoy. Not very long since, England had occasion to pay to the United States $15,500,000. Not very many years in the past she

would have done this by stowing the treasure on board a man-of-war and delivering it on the Potomac, at as near a point to the Treasury Department as she could get. How was it accomplished? By three flourishes of the pen (which, by-the-way, included the receipt of the Secretary of the Treasury for the amount), and presto, $15,500,000 which were in England's treasury were forthwith in the possession of the United States Government!

It is my aim to make the reader understand and appreciate the instrumentality of money, even where no money is employed. We talk of specie payments—what do we mean by specie payments? Do we mean that what we buy we pay specie for, and what we sell we get specie for? Absurd! But we do mean to say that in the balancing of all transactions, great and small, and of every possible description, gold must come to the front as arbiter and equalizer. In no other way can confidence in business transactions be maintained—in no other way in the long history of affairs has confidence ever been maintained. A violation of this rule has always brought in the past, and will always bring in the future, commercial and financial ruin in its train, while respect and observance of it has invariably enured to a nation's prosperity.

A ROMAN LAW-SUIT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO: AN (A)LIPOGRAM.

By. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., Trin. Hall, Cambridge.

In the digests of old Rome we find the following most curious story:

During the month of June, B.C., 217, the consul for the time being opened his grounds to the public for contests in jumping, running, wrestling, together with the throwing of the *discus*.

While the sports were going on, the consul's son, Junius Servilius Nepos, stepped into one of the booths erected on the outskirts of the grounds, to get the dust brushed from his whiskers, his finger-tips re-scented with the "nidor of Hesperides," his golden locks fresh curled, his chin well trimmed, with other coxcombries befitting the young blood of the period.

Por Publius Tonsor—or, to use the more orthodox term, Publipor Tonsor—received his visitor with becoming reverence. He bowed obsequiously to the very ground. He even felt vexed with himself he could bow no lower, but he showed the true spirit of servility by bending his body for the second time.

This ceremony over, he ensconced his guest in the *solium* (or bench with elbows), then withdrew for two or three minutes to get together the few implements required; but first he stepped into the *dormitorium*, to beautify himself before the steel mirror which hung there. Being togged in his robe of office, he returned to the young knight, bowed to him once more, then throwing the white *penule* round the neck of his customer, proceeded to business.

Behold our young knight covered from chin to eye-brow with thick, white, curded suds, the very picture of helplessness! Behold the very proudest spirit of Rome tweaked by the nose most unceremoniously by one of his own "clients." With well-poised instrument, flourished from left to right, Por Publius Tonsor commenced in true Truefitt style to scrub off the suds from his victim's chin, when lo! his elbow being jerked by some over-thrown *discus*, his keen-edged instrument dug deep into the young knight's flesh, cutting him to the very bone. Out spirted the blood-red tide. It flew remorselessly into the eyes of Tonsor. It covered him with crimson. It trickled in five or six rills down the snow-white *penule*, dropped on the sleeves, dropped on the very ruffles of our knight.

In towering wrath he sprang from the *solium*, clinched his fists, vowing with ten million "Hercules," he'd knock the monster into the middle of next week, or pummel him to jelly like the mummies of Memphis. In time, however, he grew more cool, then trudging off to the city *judex*, requested the proper summons to bring the wretch before the courts for "cutting with intent to kill."

Por Publius Tonsor, in self-defense, sued him who threw the quoit, the true source of the whole mischief. Two suits were therefore instituted, in which three persons were concerned: first, Junius Servilius Nepos, the young knight; then Publipor Tonsor, then the thrower of the discus.

When proceedings were brought on, the courts were crowded to excess. They were full to the very ceilings long before the doors were open. Silver keys were in use in old Rome, where every petty officer who knew no other spelling could decipher "the letters of Ephesus."

The young noble told his story. The feelings of the court went with him. It was ever so. Mobs, with their wonted inconsistency, deride the titles of the upper ten, while they bow in reverence to their very "shoe-tie." They even glory in being snubbed, provided the snubber is high-born.

When Junius Servilius left the dock, Publipor entered it to give his version of the story; then followed the thrower of the discus. Every incident being duly sifted, the three judges, beginning with the youngest, proceeded to judgment.

"Oh yez! oh yez?!" shouted the court crier—"Silence! while our most noble judge delivers sentence!"

Silence being thus enforced, Lucius Cornelius Scipio, the Just, spoke to the following effect:

He thought the discus-thrower most worthy of the court's high censure for sending his missile beyond the prescribed limits. Bounds should be bounds, he urged. If suffered to be overstepped, every one will shift the line to suit his own convenience. If B or C is permitted to send his quoit one inch beyond the line, then M or N might shoot more perilous missiles for ells or miles, till no single spot on the whole of Rome would be peril-free. "Now," he continued, "if he who kills his brother wittingly is guilty of murder, he who kills him unwittingly is not wholly irreprehensible. Such, brothers, is my judgment; but I humbly defer to your profounder wisdom. Brother Sempronius, the court is now with you."

Sempronius Fulvius Sophus, the Stoic, folding his fingers over his fist, cried "Hem!" then closed his eyes in solemn reverence. Three times he rocked himself from side to side, then, bending slowly over his purple cushion, proceeded in these words: "The thrower of the discus, in my opinion, brother Scipio, is quite guiltless of offense. He did his best, though without doubt his best provoked the mischief. We must not, however, punish those who do their best, else those who do less well will be deemed the better. To me it seems the very *fons et origo* of the whole mischief rests with Por Publius Tonsor, who opened his booth so close to the discus-ground. He could not but know the folly of so doing. He could not but know how quoits will sometimes diverge, even with the most skillful. Who knows not how Zephyr once drove the discus of the Sun-god into the skull of his young friend? Who knows not the flower 'inscribed with woe,' which testifies of this incident? If the indicted is to be censured for hitting the elbow of Publipor with his discus, then the high Sun-god deserves reproof for killing his young friend; but nothing

the gods do is ever wrong. The Sun-god we know unwittingly slew his friend, to his deep grief; so, without doubt, the indicted unwittingly struck the elbow of Publipor. Hence, I must differ from the judgment of brother Scipio. The whole onus of this offense rests, in my opinion, with Publipor Tonsor. Out of vile greed, he scrupled not to open his shop-booth on the very confines of the kingdom of Pluto, knowing the whole time the terrible history of the young friend of the Sun-god. Now, this high court must not suffer this; it must not suffer the lust of greed to gorge itself on the lives of the Republic of Rome. Our noble Consul, be sure, when he opened his grounds to the public, did not open them to peril the life of his own son. My sentence is, therefore, this: He who prefers his own greed to the lives of his fellow-countrymen, is not fit to dwell in Rome."

With this wise dictum the Stoic closed his eyes, twined his fingers together, thrice rocked himself slowly from side to side, cried "Hem!" then, turning to Vitellius, the senior judge, begged him to conclude the business of the court.

Rounds of but ill-suppressed shouts greeted this sentence. The common herd is ever most willing to hound your stricken deer. The judge, of course, frowned, but the corners of his mouth disclosed how he chuckled inly with delight.

"Silence!" shouted the court crier. "Silence in the court! Our most noble judge delivers sentence."

The hubbub roused Vitellius from his slumbers. White with the frost of fourscore Winters, he piped in his voice from loss of teeth; but his lungs were sound still, so his words were perfectly distinct. They resembled in tone the shrill, full notes of the forum bell when it rings the hour of prime, or those other bells which tell of the presence of the god in the beech-groves of Dordone. Slowly he delivered sentence, without either "if" or "but":

"In my judgment, the thrower of the discus, brother Scipio, merits the encomium, not the censure, of this court. He did his best. Well would it be for Rome if every citizen did so too. Por Publius Tonsor is likewise guiltless of wrong-doing. He, too, did well in minding his own business. Both quit this court unsoiled. In respect to the spot where Publipor built his booth, we must not interfere, brother Sophus, with the liberty of the subjects. It is not for this court to fix the "where" one is to seek his livelihood. Every one must be his own best judge. One seeks it in the town, one in the suburbs, others in the fields. I should never interfere, I must confess, if some enterprising citizen thought fit to open his shop-booth in the bosom of Vesuvius, in the ghoul-cells of the Cyclops, in the nethermost pit of Pluto, or in the wretched confines of Æolus, the despot of the winds. It is wholly the concern of the persons themselves, not of this court, to find out where is their best interest. The only one deserving of censure, in my opinion, is the young simpleton with the cut chin. He risked his life with his eyes open; the risk therefore rests on his own shoulders. He must not come here for the court's protection when his own folly brings him into trouble." Then, turning to Servilius, he continued: "We dismiss you, young sir, without condign punishment, for your wound is punishment enough for your indiscretion. Henceforth chew upon this: those who will heedlessly meddle with edged tools must not be surprised if their fingers get sometimes cut."

The court rises. Honor to high Jove.

SOCRATES, being asked the way to honest fame, said: "Study to be what you wish to seem."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.

BY F. HAMILTON.

IN 1874, when the gold excitement with regard to the Black Hills first spread through the country, with a party of four others I was hunting and trapping upon the headwaters of the Nebraska River, in the Bad Lands of Dakota. No sooner had the rumors reached our ears that gold might be had for the digging among the valleys and in the cañons to the north of us, than we at once determined to test the truth of the report personally.

Proceeding to Fort Laramie, we obtained a mining outfit, and, thoroughly armed and provisioned, traveled toward the new-found Eldorado. Striking Sage Creek, we followed it to its confluence with the Cheyenne River, down which we moved until we reached French Creek, through whose rugged cañons a narrow pathway eventually led us to the land of our desire.

At the time of our entrance upon the gold-fields, we were the only party of white men in that section of country; the lateness of the season having driven all others to neighboring military posts to hibernate until Spring.

Our party, however, was entirely composed of old trappers and frontiersmen, and we proposed to live by hunting during the Winter, so that we might be on hand to take advantage of the early freshets in the streams where we expected to find gold.

After thoroughly prospecting a large extent of country, our cabin was finally located upon a small tributary of the East Fork of the Cheyenne.

For more than five months we lived in comparative quiet, undisturbed by the Indians. At this time the Blackfeet and Sioux tribes were in possession of all the hunting-grounds north of the Platte River, but they had not troubled the miners up to the time of which I am writing. Our cabin was located within a few rods of the water's edge, and less than an eighth of a mile distant from a point where the stream entered a darksome cañon.

It was one evening early in Spring; the snow, however, still lay at a depth of some six inches upon the ground, and a thin crust of ice covered the river. Sam Johnson, who was cooking supper, cried out:

"There is no water in the shanty; one of you fellows go for some!"

Merriman was weary with his day's hunting, Jackson was lame and old, Tom Bigbee was asleep, so that it only remained for me to comply with my comrade's request.

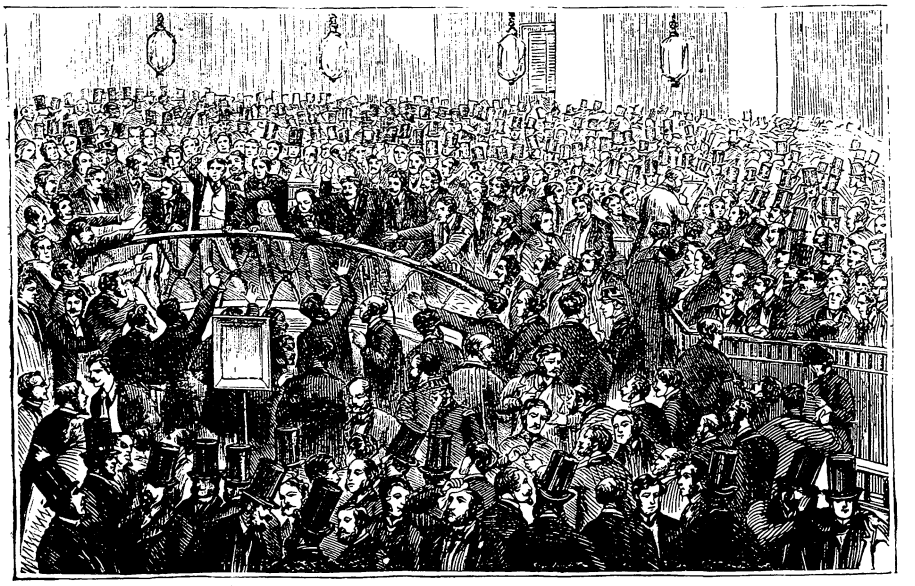
Pail in hand I sallied forth, wending my way toward the hole which we had cut in the ice some little distance above the cabin. As I knelt to dip the water from the fast-flowing stream, a soft footfall struck upon my ear, and glancing up I saw a silver-gray fox stealing by me in the dim moonlight along the pathway of the river.

To catch my pistol from its holster and fire at him was the work of an instant; but the gloaming of the moonbeams interfered with my aim, and the little animal sped away with a broken leg, instead of dropping dead as I had hoped he would.

Forgetful of supper, water and all, I dashed after him, for the pelt of a silver-fox was no mean prize, and powder and ball could buy this one. The animal ran slowly, but so unsteadily that I dared not risk a second shot until near him, as he had some twenty yards the start of me.

I felt sure that his wound would soon overcome him, and, with high hopes, therefore, I pressed on, pursuing the quarry even within the mouth of the yawning cañon, where the shadows fell dark and chill.

Closer and closer I approached him—nearer and still



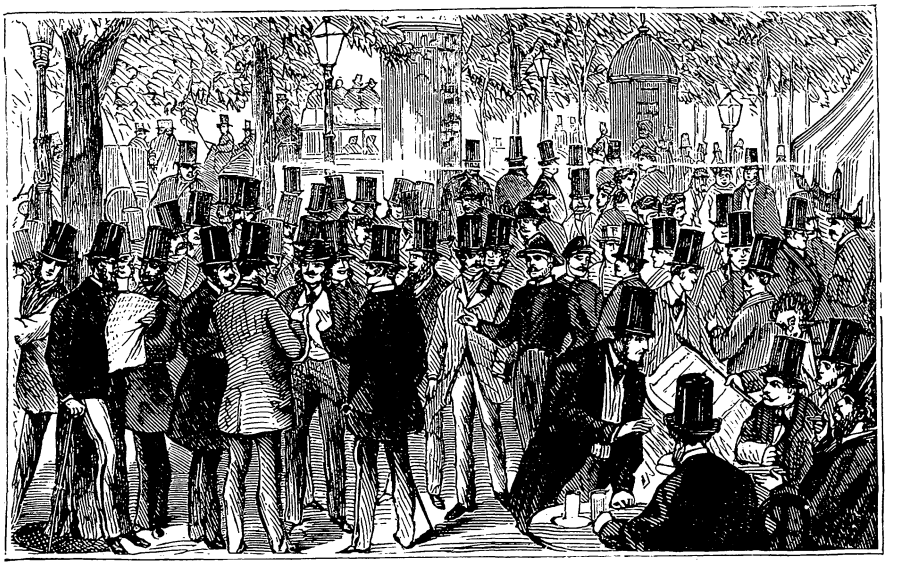
THE BOURSE, PARIS.

nearer! His short, panting breath struck upon my ear; I could see the blood-marks from his wound upon the snow; my hand was almost upon him, when, with a sudden yelp of mingled astonishment and fear, he made an unsuccessful attempt to stay his rapid progress, faltered, staggered a little, and disappeared in a narrow airhole in the ice. My own impetus was such that I only escaped sharing his fate by a sharp spring, which carried me to the other side.

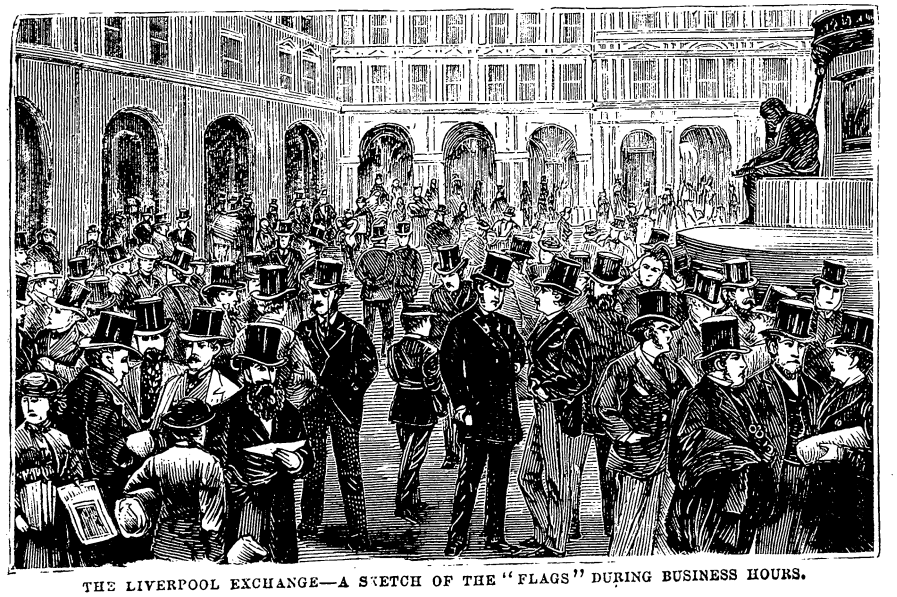
To say that I was chagrined would but mildly express my feelings. Sixty dollars' worth of fur had slipped between my fingers!

But, turning to retrace my steps, a sound broke the stillness of the night which drove all thought of the lost fox from my frightened brain, and chilled the very marrow of my bones. Winding up the river, echoing and re-echoing from the rugged walls about me, sharp and clear, there came the sound of rushing feet, the cries of combatants, the crack of rifle-shots, and all the horrid noises of a fierce and deadly struggle, mingling with the long, weird war-whoops of the savage Sioux. The cabin was attacked by Indians!

My first impulse was to rush to the aid of my friends; but ere I could put the thought into action the sounds had changed, and wild whoops



THE LITTLE BOURSE, PARIS.

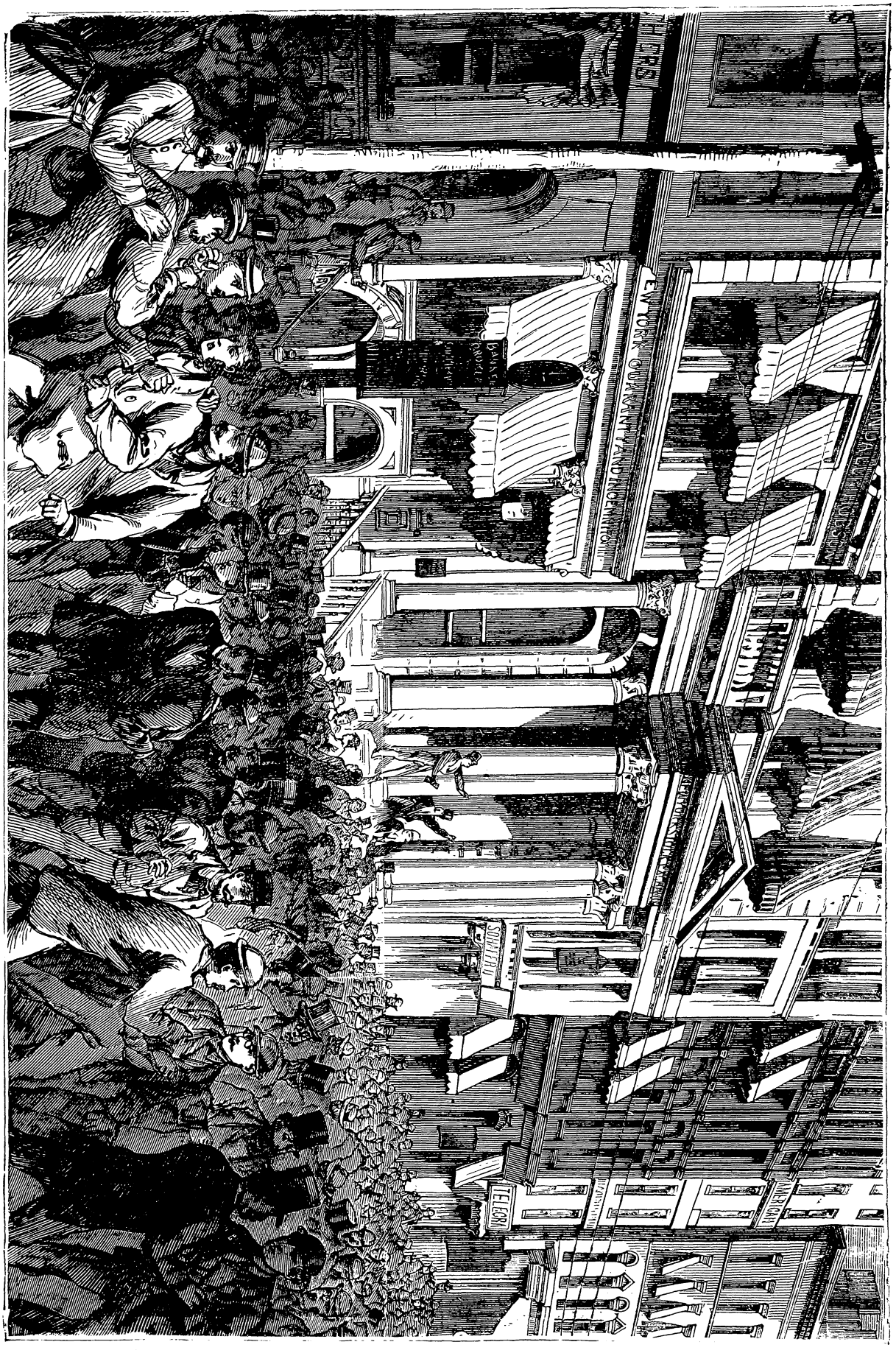


THE LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE—A SKETCH OF THE "FLAGS" DURING BUSINESS HOURS.

again swept up the narrow gorge, this time full of exultation and triumph. The surprise had been complete, and my companions were massacred. It only remained for me to save myself.

More than a hundred miles from the nearest white man, without blanket or rifle, alone in the Winter's night, and surrounded by hostile enemies thirsting for my heart's blood—surely my condition was a terrible one!

For a moment the almost utter hopelessness of escape overpowered me; but I was a true Westerner, born and bred to battle with the hardships of a frontiersman's life, and my spirit grew strong again.



SCENE NEAR WALL STREET, NEW YORK, DURING "BLACK FRIDAY."

My knife and pistol hung at my belt, the snow was light and Spring was at hand. I was thoroughly acquainted with the country, and I could and would reach Fort Fetterman!

The Indians would follow me, no doubt; the cask of rum, however, which stood in the corner of our cabin, I felt sure would fully occupy their attention for the time, and give me several hours the start upon the perilous journey which I was about to undertake.

I turned to go. Since the instant when the fox had disappeared from my vision not fifteen minutes had passed, and yet how great a change had swept over my condition! Then, happy and safe, with home and friends around me, I had no thought of danger. Now, a friendless wanderer, hunted and fleeing to save the grizzled shock of hair that fell upon my brow!

But such thoughts were unprofitable, and I quickly banished them. With a hitch at my belt and a short examination of my weapons, I turned my back for ever upon the spot that for months had been as home to me, and with quick but silent feet began my flight up the narrow cañon.

The smooth ice of the river was covered with a light snow-fall, which made walking easy, but which would also betray my trail to my enemies. At this point the cañon was several hundred feet in depth, and the faint rays of the Winter's moon failed to do aught else than render doubly indistinct all objects about me. My own fears also added to my nervous state of mind, and I advanced with trepidation, seeing lurking foes in every shadow, or hearing the fierce war-cry of my pursuers borne to my listening ears upon each breath of the solemn night-wind. Occasionally some dim form flitted by me, or, for an instant, gleaming eyes caught mine from the edge of the river; the snapping cry of the hill-fox mingled with the sharper tone of the prairie wolf, while the lonely hoot-owl added his disconsolate bass to the minor chorus, and often as I passed the numerous air-holes in the ice the sullen gurgle of the river chilled me. Still I sped on.

Hour after hour passed. I was yet unpursued. The pale moon, chained to the zenith, crossed the narrow strip of sky within my vision, and sank upon the other side. The stars twinkled and went out, and, at last, the gray dawn fought with the grayer night, and slowly drove it from the heavens. It was morning, and at least twenty miles lay between me and our now distant cabin.

I do not distinctly remember the events of that first day. For long hours after the sun rose I pushed steadily on, forgetful of hunger, thirst or weariness, seeking only to leave my cruel enemies as far as possible behind me, or, at least, not to allow them to overtake me during daylight. Toward night I shot a little hill-fox, and, without waiting to cook his flesh, ate of it raw, enough to satisfy my cravings.

As the light died away, and the long shadows of oncoming night again darkened the eastern sky, a terrible storm arose, and swept down upon me from the northward, from behind me; and until nearly midnight I battled my way through the blinding, drifting snow, driven before the furious blast, until tired nature gave out. Turning from the river's bed, which I had followed all day long, I struck rapidly across the country in search of timber and shelter. An hour's walk brought me to the edge of a thick belt of pine and cedar, just as the storm ceased; and, dragging my weary limbs a few rods into the woods, I threw myself down and sank to rest.

A snow-drift beneath a cedar is an indifferent bed, but the first sunbeams of a glorious Winter's morning kissed me from a rest as refreshing as that of an Eastern prince. I sprang to my feet, and, having examined my weapons—for they might soon be called into use—at once resumed my journey. I knew that the river bent away to the south and westward, and that Fort Fetterman itself lay well to the southwest; and I therefore determined to move across the country until I should strike the stream again, rather than attempt to retrace my steps of the night before.

I had now been absent from camp nearly thirty-six hours, and had journeyed more than forty miles. My fear of pursuit was each moment growing less, and I moved rapidly forward, with a heart freer from apprehension than at any previous time.

Notwithstanding the storm of the night, there was but little snow upon the upland, and the walking was good. At length, however, my own exercise and the warmth of a noonday sun began to tell upon me, and at about one o'clock, as near as I could judge, I seated myself upon the shady side of an immense boulder to rest. I was exceedingly hungry, and peered about me with sharpened eyes for some game upon which I could dine.

I felt sure that the sage-brush scattered here and there upon the broad plain sheltered innumerable rabbits; but the mere knowledge would not fill an empty stomach, and, although I watched every leaf that stirred, no living creature met my gaze.

After waiting vainly for an hour, I arose and began a vigorous search, beating the bushes as I advanced, which resulted at last in the capture of an old jack upon whose head some score and odd Summers had smiled, and over whose whitened back as many Winters had howled. Nevertheless, there was a great deal of him, such as it was, and I was too hungry to quarrel with my dinner. I built a fire, roasted the animal, and feasted.

All this occupied time, and when the skeleton of my late friend lay before me the sun had already begun to sink away toward the west. Desiring to reach the river before nightfall, I stamped out the remnants of my fire, and renewed my journey with fresh vigor.

After walking some five miles I climbed a gentle bluff and looked back. The great plain spread out on either hand to where the sky came down and bound it in. Here and there broad patches of white, again dull blotches of brown, were visible upon its surface, indicative of the presence or absence of the sage-brush; naught else broke the dull sameness of color. For twenty miles no moving object could be seen.

A sense of my utter loneliness crept over me; the silence of nature oppressed me; the presence of the Infinite overawed me. I longed for some companion.

Suddenly, away to the northeast, there became visible a single slow-moving speck, then another, and yet another, until, in winding line, I could distinctly count fifteen dark figures. What were they—buffalo, or Indians? The first meant food, the second, death.

I threw myself on the ground and closely scrutinized my unknown pursuers. Even though yet more than ten miles distant, the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere was such that I soon satisfied myself as to their identity. They were redskins!

I waited no longer. Turning, I pushed rapidly down the slope and moved away at a half-trot across the plain. I must reach the river before they discovered me, or I was lost. On, on, with breathless haste, until my heavy limbs staggered under me. On, on, until my head reeled and my sight grew dim. On, on, until my arms were without feeling and the blood seemed bursting from my veins.

Often I looked behind me, but until I had passed nearly five miles my enemies did not surmount the bluff from which I had first discovered them. It was rapidly growing toward night. Twenty minutes more, and they could not see me.

But ere that time had passed, the rising evening breeze brought to my dull ears the echo of a far-away shout, and I thought I could feel the ground tremble beneath the rapid tread of hurrying hoofs. With terror I cast a backward glance. Sweeping down the slope came my pursuers, riding like devils, swinging their long arms in the air, and shouting forth the blood-chilling war-whoop of the northern Sioux.

It was, without doubt, part of the same band that had attacked our camp, and whose insatiable thirst for blood had led them all the way, like sleuth-hounds, upon my trail. The scalps of my friends lacked yet one to make the number complete; that one I wore. Could I save it?

The memory of the next half-hour is a confused and terrible one to me. That I ran as horses run, that I bounded as the elk, I know. But how, or upheld by what motive power, I know not.

The shadows of night had already rendered all objects indistinct, and even my pursuers, although heard, could not be seen when I reached the bluff of the river.

To my horror, its steep and precipitous sides afforded no path to the gorge below; I could not make the descent.

Panting, trembling, half wild, I turned and ran at right angles along the verge. Nearer and nearer swept the Indians. I could hear their wild cries and the rapid hoof-beats of their horses.

Already their figures loomed against the horizon, dancing up and down in the gloaming like gigantic spectres of the night. I could see them, and in an instant more they would discover me. I crouched low in the sage-brush, with knife and revolver in either hand, determined to sell my life dearly if sell it I must.

Nearer and still nearer, until, with unchecked speed, like hawks, they swooped down upon me with fearful cries of mingled rage and exultation. Then, with a courage born of despair, I sprang to my feet, emptied two saddles with rapid shots, bore bleeding to the earth a third dusky devil with a swinging blow of my heavy knife; and then, with a shout of defiance, turned and hurled myself far out over the black and yawning chasm behind me!

Such was the furious speed at which my enemies had ridden that, unable to check their horses, two of them followed me in the wild death-leap.

For one instant I shot whizzing downward, with the despairing cry of my tawny pursuers ringing in my ears; for one dizzy instant I endured the horror and blackness of death; then came a plunge into blood-chilling waters, a season of half strangling, half drowning; and involuntarily I reached forth my hands, to find myself in a deep, unfrozen pool of the slowly running river. I was saved!

I swam to the shore, and, dragging myself up the narrow beach, lay utterly unnerved and helpless, listening to the sounds from above.

For a few moments I heard the voices of the Indians in seeming altercation, but at last the sounds ceased, and I judged that they had ridden away. Except where I had fallen, the river was covered with ice, which gave forth a dull white gleam, rendering objects indistinctly visible about me. Out upon its surface, and close to the edge of the air-hole, I discovered two dark bodies, silent and motionless.

With my returning strength, I arose and moved forward to examine them. They were the bodies and horses of the Indians who had leaped the precipice with me—all dead. I shuddered to think what might have been my fate.

For a little time longer I rested; then the chill from my sudden bath began to benumb me, and, with what energy I had left, I turned from the scene of my escape, and moved slowly up the cañon toward Fort Fetterman.

All night long I walked, now wearily, and again briskly, and all night long a strong south wind swept sobbing through the gorges into my face. The air grew momentarily warmer, and the light coating of snow upon the river's crust gave evidence of a marked change in the temperature. It was the beginning of the Spring thaw.

Morning came, yet I pressed on, and still the wind blew, but stronger and warmer, from the south. The great sun arose, and his rays fell hotly about me, while beneath them the snow disappeared as though touched by a magician's wand.

Within three hours after daylight the rocky walls of the great cañon through which the river still forced its way had changed from white to brown. The blanket of snow was gone. I passed the Upper Forks, and continued along the right branch. Noon came, and I began to question the security of the ice, which now presented a leathery appearance, while in many spots the river had actually broken through and covered the surface with shallow water. Air-holes became more and more frequent, until at length I deemed it only safe to skirt the shore and avoid the centre of the stream.

I was growing ravenously hungry again, but, buoyed with the hope that I might reach the fort that night, I determined to press on without delay.

At about three o'clock a heavy bank of clouds suddenly appeared in the sky above me, dark and threatening, and I anticipated a return of the storm which I had met two days before. Nor were my anticipations at fault, only the southern journey of the storm-king had changed his snow-flakes to tears, and the big drops soon began to fall rapidly.

I saw that a furious storm was at hand, and walked more rapidly in the hope of escaping from the cañon before the river should rise, but I was disappointed. For, while the grim walls yet stretched skyward upon either hand, ominous creakings and groanings began to come from the imprisoned stream, and, with sharp reports, long cracks suddenly appeared in the ice-path before me.

With anxious eyes I searched the bank for some projecting ledge to which I might climb, and there escape the torrent which soon would take the place of the ice-bound river. To scale the walls of my prison would have been impossible; but, after a few moments' breathless climbing, I succeeded in gaining a seat upon a gnarled and twisted trunk of an ancient cedar which grew some twenty-five feet above the level of the water. Here I could rest until the storm in its fury and the river in its rage had both passed by.

As I clung to my shelter, recovering breath, there came to my ear a new and strange sound—new, yet strangely familiar—the echoes of a far-away warwhoop. Nearer and nearer it came, clearer and clearer it sounded, ringing down the narrow gorge sharp and shrill over the groaning and creaking of the ice; while the rapid tread and measured beat of fast-coming hoofs lent a dull undertone to the savage music, until, with a burst of mingled sounds, there swept around the curve in the cañon some sixty rods, the band of my pursuers of the night before.

They had crossed the country to where the river emerged from the cañon, and ridden down it with the double purpose, doubtless, of ascertaining my fate and that of their doomed companions who had made the fearful leap.

But now their haste betokened a new motive; and, like me, reading the warning in the clouds and hearing it in the voice of the river, they sought to escape from the narrow gulch ere the ice disappeared, and it was too late. Their horses, too, seemed by instinct to know the destruction that menaced them, and, although jaded and worn, they plunged forward at a furious rate. But at each spring

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.—"SAM JOHNSON, WHO WAS COOKING SUPPER, CRIED OUT: 'THERE IS NO WATER IN THE SHANTY. ONE OF YOU FELLOWS GO FOR SOME.'"

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.—"WITH A SHOUT OF DEFIANCE I TURNED AND HURLED MYSELF FAR OUT OVER THE BLACK AND YAWNING CHASM BEHIND ME."—SEE PAGE 267.

their hoofs sank in the treacherous ice; each moment their foothold became less secure, and their riders gazed about them with a sort of dazed despair, seeking some outlet from the horrible trap.

The whole troop was fairly abreast of me, and so close that the play of their features was distinctly visible, when suddenly one of them discovered me crouching close to the cedar trunk overhead.

With a demoniacal yell he threw his horse upon his haunches, turned in his saddle, and the sharp ring of his rifle broke upon the air. But his aim was uncertain, and the ball shivered and spent itself upon the rock behind me. The entire band halted, turned their horses, and in an instant there arose a chorus of fiendish cries, while from my insecure perch I looked down into the muzzles of a dozen death-dealing weapons. I knew their thought—if needs be they must die, I, too, should accompany them to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

But ere finger could press trigger, a mightier arm than theirs was outstretched to my relief. Sounding through the air like the note of a swift-coming doom, there rolled down the cañon a roar that shook its very walls; a great white mist filled all the gorge; the ice, upheaving, mounted even, almost, to my seat; the hoarse screams of the horses pierced my ears; and then the river swept all from before me. For an instant I saw my enemies tossing in the white flood, crushed and ground between the great cakes of cruel ice; and then only the maddened river roared and lashed and frothed beneath me. For a second time I was saved.

In two hours the river had risen, in two hours it fell again; and ere the sun went down I stood at the mouth of the horrible cañon, and, looking away across the dreary prairie, saw the last gleams of the departing king of day brightening the colors of our grand old flag as it floated over Fort Fetterman.

My journey was done. I have never since then visited the country of the Gold Hills and the Sioux.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.—"TO CATCH MY PISTOL FROM ITS HOLSTER AND FIRE AT THE FOX WAS THE WORK OF AN INSTANT."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.—"FOR AN INSTANT I SAW MY ENEMIES TOSSING IN THE WHITE FLOOD, CRUSHED AND GROUND BETWEEN THE GREAT CAKES OF CRUEL ICE."

LORD ROBERT'S GAZELLE.—"'YOU HAVE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT,' SPOKE A CLEAR, SWEET VOICE, READILY. 'IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU?'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

LORD ROBERT'S GAZELLE.

By M. T. Caldor.

TWO YEARS ago I was fortunate enough to happen into St. Louis just at the opportune moment which allowed me to fulfill one of the long-cherished desires of my life. A select hunting-party was just fitting out for the far but famous hunting-grounds of the Great Divide, and Jack Shenstone, a grand good fellow, and an old college chum of mine, was the leader of the affair—which was, however, mainly got up for the benefit of three Englishmen who were making a prolonged tour of the United States, and who wished to finish off with a grand hunt of the genuine heroic style.

I presented myself at the appointed hour in the little private parlor of the hotel *suite* which the distinguished party had taken possession of. A knot of gentlemen were bending over a map which was spread upon the little centre-table, and were talking eagerly, when I entered, about the sort of game to be followed in such and such localities. I selected the Englishmen at once, although I found myself completely mistaken in fixing their identities when the introductions came.

The duke was decidedly the most ordinary and commonplace-looking of the three, and the high-bred, haughty young gentleman to whom I had given the former's rank at my first glance proved to be the lowest in the scale of nobility. He was simply Lord Robert Kaird; but he was as perfect a representative of my youthful ideal of an English aristocrat as I have ever seen. Not that either of the three were snobbish enough to allow their rank to have any weight in the present company. They had quietly but emphatically made it understood that they were to be known only as Messrs. Buccleigh, Wharton, and Kaird; and I think no stranger would ever have suspected the two former to be anything but very common sort of gentlemen indeed, judging either by dress or behavior. The latter, as I have said before, betrayed aristocratic proclivities by every look and motion. One would have called him a prince in disguise, though finding him at work on a coal-wharf.

We had a fortnight of such stirring adventure as satisfied even the most romantic and wildest among us; and every one bore the unusual exposure and fatigue gallantly—the hardy pioneers who acted for guides scarcely more at ease than the aristocratic English guests.

The duke, I think, decidedly led the crowd in his overflowing good humor and enthusiastic enjoyment of everything. He had a jovial word and a smile for the lowliest member of the party, and was the most popular individual of the company.

I heard him giving a slight rebuke to Kaird one day for his unsocial and exclusive ways, and therefore ventured to hint to him something of my astonishment at the difference between them; upon which he replied, warmly:

"Kaird is one of the very best fellows living. He would not intentionally hurt the feelings of the most insignificant creature in the universe. But that reserve of his is inborn, and he can no more help it than I can make myself grim and stately. Besides, the poor fellow has met with a great disappointment. He came over here with sanguine expectations of finding a clew to some important solution to a pressing business affair, and he has been running after will-o'-the-wisps for the last three months, and may well be disgusted. When you come to know him you will appreciate him as we do."

This friendly declaration drew my attention to its subject with still keener interest, and in a short time it was tacitly arranged by the company that Kaird and myself were left to ride together, to share the same tent, and often the same lunch-basket and table. The others frequently alluded to us jestingly as the two "chums." But Lord Robert showed inimitable tact in evading all personal topics of conversation.

Some of the scouts had obtained information that a herd of buffalo was tramping amidst the low growth of a plain which lay on the other side of the great ridge of land, and all were on the *qui vive* for the hurried stampede to be made in that direction.

Kaird and I strolled off together to mount a high hill in the vicinity, with a field-glass, hoping to catch the first glimpse of the coveted game.

We gained our object, and not only were able to make out the track of the animals by the clouds of dust, but we had a clear view of a most magnificent landscape.

We started down in high spirits, and were nearly to the foot again, when Kaird's foot was caught in a wiry vine and jerked from under him, and he fell headlong. The gun he carried flew out of his grasp, and exploded as it struck the stony ground.

I found, to my dismay, that he was insensible. I had water in the canteen strapped to my back, and I dashed it upon his pale face with trembling hands.

Finding that my efforts failed to accomplish their object, I blew a vigorous whistle, hoping that its call would attract the attention of the men breaking camp. But no responsive blast was returned, even after a series of sharp calls; and, driven upon my own resources, I began chafing his hands, inexpressibly relieved when at length there came a feeble fluttering of the eyelids and a spasmodic lifting of the chest.

"Thank heaven, you are recovering!" I cried, joyfully, when presently he opened his eyes.

To my surprise, his eyes dilated as with some sudden astonishment, and, hastily lifting one arm, he pulled off the close skull-cap that still clung to his head, smiling feebly, as if upon some pleasing sight.

I turned my head, following his glance, and very nearly dropped the arm that gave him support, in the violent start the vision I beheld gave me.

A young girl was standing in the open space before a thicket of closely matted shrubs, gazing upon us with shy, startled eyes, and with one foot poised as if for a quick spring for escape if we showed any hostility.

A reassured smile dimpled the scarlet lips when Kaird gave that gallant pull to the indecorous cap, and the fair face took on a shade of tender sympathy when he made an effort to rise and fell back again.

"You have met with an accident?" spoke a clear, sweet voice, readily. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"If I could find some one to bring our horses," I said, hesitatingly, "and if there were a man to lend him his arm, or a house to carry him to—but that is an impossibility, I suppose. And yet, where have you come from? We did not dream that there could be a lady within fifty miles of us."

She had been standing with a finger on her lip, in a pretty attitude of perplexity and indecision.

"He is hurt—badly?" she asked.

"I fear it. If I can leave him, I can soon bring help from our camp, two miles away. They will come when they hear the whistle. But I dare not leave him in this situation."

Whatever her doubt was, she put it aside, and spoke resolutely.

"You are right; he must have prompt care. I must help you carry him."

"But neither of us can go one-half the distance," I returned.

"You shall take him to *our* house. My father surely cannot be angry, for his life may depend upon it."

"And where is your house?"

"Not far away. You would not find it, if I did not show you. Father does not like visitors, and he has taken pains to hide it from careless eyes. Let me take his head, poor fellow!" And then she added, a moment after, in an artless tone: "He is very handsome! He is the handsomest man I ever saw!"

I was too troubled and anxious to smile then.

Those round, white arms were not useless, by any means; the girl bore her share of the helpless burden with strength and vigor. And she led the way through the prickly thicket, and ushered me into a little oasis blooming with vegetation and flowers, in the centre of which, completely shut out from view of any one outside the hedge, stood a low but comfortable adobe house. I was thankful enough to see a dark-faced man rise hastily from his seat by the door and come out to meet us, although with no amiable look.

"Rose!" exclaimed he, sternly.

And the girl responded quickly, in a deprecating voice:

"I cannot help it, father. The gentleman is badly hurt. He must go somewhere, or die. And they are gentlemen. You have nothing to fear."

I hastened to interpose, with my most conciliatory smile, in respectful explanation.

The keen, gray eye of the stranger searched my face thoroughly all the time I was speaking, and he answered me more graciously.

"I need to be cautious who I let in here into this lonely house, as there are wild characters straying about in these times; but I perceive my mistake. We will do what we can for your comrade. What happened to him?"

The girl's face brightened wonderfully. She gave her father a grateful, timid smile that was very charming, and flew to bring the needed restoratives, when we had laid Kaird upon the cot-bed in one corner of the first room we entered.

"A fracture, or a very bad sprain," pronounced the father, when he had pulled off the patient's boot and uncovered the already swollen and blackened ankle. "He fainted from the pain, perhaps."

"I must go at once for the doctor—we have one in our company; and I must prevent their starting away to-day. Do everything for him you can, I beg of you!" exclaimed I. "I will return the moment my signal is answered."

"Don't bring any more people to this place than you can help!" exclaimed the master. "Remember that it is no light trouble for us to have our house known."

I promised, and had the good fortune to hear another whistle answer my call before I was half a mile away. Two of the attendants were out looking for us. I dispatched them back to the company with the news of Kaird's accident and an urgent summons to Doctor Hall.

Not quite an hour afterward I ushered the doctor and the two Englishmen into the humble room where the patient was lying, evidently suffering violent pain.

"Well, Kaird, old boy, this is rather a foolish freak, right on the brink of the great buffalo hunt," said the doctor, cheerily.

"Whatever possessed you, man?" added the duke.

"It shan't interfere with the rest of you," declared Kaird, energetically, even while wincing under the doctor's examination. "You shall leave me here with Peter and these kind friends. The rest of you must go on and enjoy the hunt."

"We'll wait for the doctor's verdict before we start."

"Not so bad as it might be, except that the poor fellow won't ride a horse for three weeks to come," declared the doctor; "and we right in the buffalo country, too! I'm sorry for you, that's a fact, Kaird; saying nothing about the pain of this severe sprain."

"Give Peter thorough instructions, leave us the needed remedies, and be off, as I know you are all dying to be," commanded the patient, authoritatively. "Come back for me when you are all sated with victory and glory, but be off now."

The duke had drawn the doctor aside, and they were consulting hastily together. I overheard the latter say, confidently:

"I haven't the slightest apprehension of serious danger. It is only that it will be so fearfully tedious for him."

And then I stepped forward to say—a little ruefully, I must confess—that I purposed to remain and keep the patient company.

Kaird gave me a grateful glance, but refused positively to accept the sacrifice. We finally compromised by my agreeing to go to the hunt, and return in a week. I sought out the master of the place before I left, for a little instruction about the route back. He kept in the background, with an uneasy expression, and it seemed to me he was afraid of recognition from some of us.

"I didn't get the gentleman's name," he said. "What did you call him? Mr.——"

"Kaird is his name," returned I, thinking it was not my place to explain the patient's rank.

"And you came from St. Louis?"

"Yes, that was our starting-point. Fortunately we have stores enough to spare you any loss. Peter will look out for that. You will be generously remunerated besides."

"Will you charge all of your party to refrain from mentioning my being here, or from giving any hint of the house?" he entreated.

"Certainly; I will charge them as emphatically as you can desire. Good-day. If I don't lose the trail I shall be back in a week."

To the daughter I said, gently:

"I am thankful to leave my friend in such good hands. You will do your best to cheer him, I am sure."

And her quick blush and smile were eloquent enough answer.

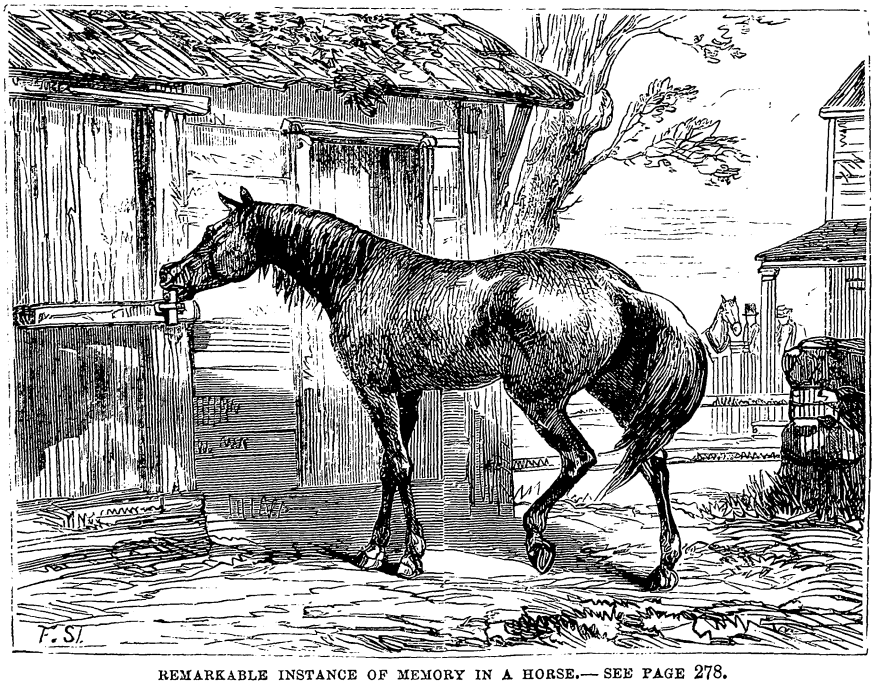
I concluded that she had not needed to make any great effort to fulfill my charge, when I softly advanced toward the house two weeks and a day afterward, and came upon a pretty scene.

There was Kaird bolstered up on the lounge, with a perfect bed of gorgeous flowers scattered around him, a pretty basket of fruit before him, and at his side, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, Rose, knitting away industriously at her father's stocking, but singing deliciously.

I was not more surprised than delighted to see such a gay expression on Kaird's usually sober face, and inwardly I smiled at the remembrance of the pity wasted upon him by all hands.

"So I see I need not ask how you are getting on, my dear fellow. This is Arcadian felicity indeed—fruits and flowers and beauty!"

Lord Robert turned his head quickly, and I fancied that a flush deepened the tints of his well-bronzed cheeks as he responded: "Oh, you are really back again! Tell me who is with you, and how has the hunt prospered?"



REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY IN A HORSE.— SEE PAGE 278.

"No one but Roberts and myself. He is down in the valley below, with the horses. Another party will come back to-morrow or next day, and pitch a tent down there. Your friend Buccleigh has gone quite mad with the excitement, and vows he shan't leave till he has killed his baker's dozen. But tell me, how's the ankle?"

"Doing splendidly. Miss Rose is worth more, with her simple roots and herbs, than all the doctor's potions. If he hadn't declared I mustn't do it, I should have tried to walk ere this. But I don't mean to hurry."

"No, I don't think I should, were I in your place," I returned.

"I wonder if you could give him a cup of that delicious coffee, Miss Rose?" spoke he, hastily turning to the girl, who nodded cheerful acquiescence, and darted away.

Then he laid a resolute grasp on my arm.

"Harkee! No idle jests, no irrelevant hints, before this young girl. By heavens, man, no dewdrop was ever more pure and artless, and no high-born lady of the court of my native land was ever half so sweet and noble! My two weeks' acquaintance with her has been like a new revelation."

I could not forbear a prolonged whistle.

"Indeed, I think it is time for you to move, doctor or no doctor," I said, playfully. "You really speak as if you were in earnest."

"I certainly am not jesting," he returned, shortly.

"Then I shall be in earnest, too, and insist on carrying out what was only spoken lightly," I said, gravely.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, haughtily.

"I mean to be a gentleman, if I can conveniently. I brought a wounded man here for assistance. I do not wish that this act of mine should leave a serpent's trail in a hitherto innocent Eden. I will say nothing of your own interests—you are of age to understand and weigh all things. It is for this young girl I care. You are teaching her dangerous lessons, sir. What will her life be worth to her when you are gone? Poor child!"

He stared at me in amazement for a moment; then a gloomy frown dropped over his face, and he turned it away. The return of the pretty Rose, with the fragrant, steaming coffee, was a welcome interruption.

"You see I have done my best," she said to me, with a smile. "You find your patient improved and contented?"

"Admirably cared for, my dear young lady—so much so that I am afraid he will be spoiled for the rough camp life before the rest of our journey. So I think I had best carry him away to our tent to-morrow."

The sweet, expressive face showed the pain the announcement gave her. It was evident that neither of them had given a thought beyond the present.

"To-morrow!" she faltered; and the fresh young lip trembled over the words.

Kaird turned suddenly, and looked at her. Their eye met in one yearning, passionate look that needed no words to tell the whole story. Then she flushed crimson to the very waves of silky brown hair about her forehead; the tears shone on the long eyelashes, and she hastily left the room. A smothered exclamation of mingled rage and self-reproach escaped from Kaird.

"And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.'

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"I am very sorry I left at all. I am afraid the mischief is already done," said I, reproachfully.

"Ask her to tell you her story," he said, hoarsely, "and I will tell you mine. Then you shall be our judge; and I swear to you here I will abide by your decision."

I went out, and found her nervously plucking flowers in the little garden. A few kind words won her confidence, and she gave me her simple history.

They came hither. An old woman had accompanied them, and cared for her childish needs; but she had died long since, and they had lived alone there ten years at least. The only visitors were two or three trappers, who were initiated into the secret of their hiding-place.

Her education had all come from her father, and the trunk full of books he had somehow provided. He was kind to her; but—but—— And here her sorrowful eyes melted my heart.

Oh, could I do anything to save her? He had promised her for a wife to Jake Johnson, a big, coarse rough fellow, who frightened her so she scarcely dared to look at him. She had loathed and dreaded him before, but now—now—— And her faltering voice left the rest unfinished. But I did not need any further confession. Could I not understand too well the mischief this high-bred, gallant young nobleman had wrought? I said something vague about seeing what could be done, and went back to Kaird.

He looked up into my face questioningly, and said:

"Yes, I have played the villain, though, Heaven knows, in utter innocence. I love her as I could never love the proudest and most beautiful lady of our court. Do not think it is my rank and position that stand in the way of our happiness. Proudly would I take her as she is, innocent and unsophisticated. But I took a solemn oath at my father's deathbed—the honor of our family name demands that I fulfill it—to marry, if I can, an unknown woman for whom I have been searching America over. Now you know all." I was spared immediate reply. Voices were heard without the hedge, calling, as if for help. I ran out as quickly as possible, and found Rose flying toward the cunningly concealed gateway of the hedge.

"It is Peter's voice," she called to me. "He is in trouble of some sort. Where can my father be? They went out together."

HOW A LADY PASSES HER DAY IN INDIA.—OUR HINDOO TAILOR.—SEE PAGE 279.

The moment we emerged from the hedge we saw Peter, with a pile of small game dropped on the ground beside him, kneeling, and trying to support a writhing figure.

"Oh, come here and tell me what to do! The poor creature is in convulsions. He was bitten by a rattlesnake more than an hour ago. I have dragged him thus far as I would have hauled a log, but a moment ago he squirmed out of my arms and went into these terrible fits."

"My father! my father!" Rose kept repeating, while she tried to hold his hands and to wipe the foamy lips.

"Let me help you carry him to the house. The medicine-chest there may give us some help, but I fear it is too late," said I.

By desperate effort we succeeded. We laid him on the cot-bed, and I found the required remedies. The medicine gradually did its work. The paroxysms grew fainter, the limbs relaxed, the breath became more natural; but the old man showed no sign of consciousness, and never spoke a word until toward sunset, when he suddenly sat up, opened his eyes, and ejaculated distinctly, although the voice was thick and guttural:

"Not Rose—no, not Rose at all. Her name is Ellen Kaird — Lady Ellen, you know. Send them word."

But the exertion was too much for the already terribly poisoned system. He fell back, and never gave another sign of consciousness—scarcely, indeed, of life, although for two hours longer the breath was caught in feeble gasps; then it died out entirely, and Peter solemnly pulled the white sheet over the distorted features.

The wild words of the dying man startled me greatly, but Kaird's sudden grip upon my arm gave me the most nervous thrill. He had somehow crossed unaided from his lounge, and he confronted me with a face pale as ashes and eyes gleaming like fire.

"Did you hear what he said?" demanded he. "He must not die—oh, do not let him die till he has told me more. It is to find Ellen Kaird that I came to America. Can I trust the blessed hope that she and Rose are one?"

"Hush!" returned I. "Spare the poor girl any further agitation to-day. There must be papers—something to prove the truth or falsity of your suspicion. We will look presently."

He turned, with a tender, yearning smile, to where the girl was bowing down, her drooping head resting on the clasped hands, her eyes wild and dazed.

"Rose—dear Rose," he said, softly.

She lifted up her head a moment, and sighed.

"Oh, I am alone now—all alone. What will become of me?"

"You shall go with me. You shall be my mother's daughter," he answered, solemnly. "You shall always be that, though—though nothing nearer is possible to me."

The girl gave him an angelic smile.

"You are so good—so good!" she murmured. "Oh, to think what might have been if this had happened, and you not here! Jake Johnson would have claimed me."

And a shudder told how repulsive was the thought.

He took her hand, and kissed it as respectfully as if it had been a queen's.

"Do not grieve now. You have a protector and a friend who will shield you from all harm. Can you tell me if there are any private papers, any relics of your own? My friend here is anxious to examine at once, to learn about this dead man's true name and family."

"I do not believe he was my own father," said she, slowly. "Something tells me so. He was never unkind to me, except about Jake; but he had no true love for me. I knew it long ago, and my heart has ached sorely over its loneliness. There is a little trunk; it was always locked, and I think the key will be in his pocket. I know not what it may reveal."

Peter was preparing the corpse for the immediate but decent burial upon which we had decided. It was already swollen frightfully.

At a word from me he emptied out the contents of the pockets upon the table by which Kaird stood. There were three keys among the small articles; and one of them fitted the small leather trunk that Rose brought forth.

Kaird turned it in the lock with trembling fingers, then slowly swung back the lid and took out two small tin boxes and a bundle of old letters.

He only glanced at the first, and then, springing with a great cry of transport, he caught the agitated girl to his breast.

"My own—my very own!" he cried. "Ah, I have the right to kiss you. I am your kinsman, dear. We bear the same name. Lady Ellen Kaird is your true name. I have found my long-sought bride, and I shall keep my wildwood Rose besides."

"Speak coherently, Kaird. All this seems to border upon the marvelous; and too much excitement may turn our brains. This poor fellow who has met such a frightful death—who is he?" I made haste to ask.

"His name is Angus Kaird, and his brother Paul was the father of Rose. Angus and Paul were the only children of Rainsworth Kaird, who was the true heir to the estates and title my father innocently usurped. The disgraceful story was revealed to my father by his dying mother. She confessed that a claimant had appeared, who had been wrongfully thrust aside, and his legitimacy denied. Of course my father remembered the circumstance of the appearance of a pretended claimant, but, with all the rest of the world, he had believed him a base impostor. What was confessed now, in shame and remorse, was the fact that his mother herself had obtained and hidden the necessary proofs of Rainsworth's legitimacy. She had secretly followed his course—was aware of his angry flight to America, knew of his death, of his two sons, and that the elder had died somewhere in America. My father was the soul of honor, and proud of the unstained name he bore. This humiliating discovery nearly killed him; I know that it eventually broke his heart. From that moment he set secret agents at work to find the true heir. But all he learned in certainty was that the elder son died leaving a babe, an orphaned daughter. Upon this my father built all his hopes of making honorable restitution, and yet saving his own son from beggary and ruin. As I told you before, at his deathbed I took a solemn oath to continue the search, to find this Ellen Kaird, and bring her back as my wife. Surely, surely a watchful Providence ordered my ways. That was a blessed accident that tripped my foot and sent me here to the cottage we had never otherwise discovered. Read more of the letters. It seems there was a bitter feud between these two brothers, Angus and Paul, who both loved the mother of Rose; and the former was driven into misanthropy and hatred of all civilization by this crossed love. This explains his strange ways to this sweet girl. Hating the father so, he could not love the child, innocent and worthy though she might be. Ah, how wonderful it all is! Rose—dear Rose, do you understand it all? Do you see how glad I am that sweet Rose has won first what the Lady Ellen had the right to command?"

We had a very pensive evening, and were all too nervous and excited to sleep when we retired.

"It does not seem that I can wait a single hour for the arrival of the party," he said, again and again. "Heaven send they put in a speedy appearance, or I shall wear myself out in impatience."

Nevertheless, he bore a week of most Arcadian simplicity of life with very tranquil fortitude; and then, one day, Peter gave a great halloo, and made known the first appearance of the train of hunters. The Englishmen came hurrying up.

"Oh, Kaird, it was a burning shame for you to miss it! Such luck as we have had! such glorious runs! Poor fellow! how do you find yourself?"

"But, I say," broke in the duke, abruptly, "you are looking uncommonly well, and not remarkably out of spirits!"

"I should think not," returned the other, laughing gayly.

"You don't mind losing the game?"

"Indeed, no—not in the least; for, if I have missed the buffalo, I have caught a gazelle. I've gathered a peerless Rose. I've made myself the happiest man in all America, or Great Britain, either. Come in, my dear friends, and be introduced to Lady Ellen Kaird."

If the "Arabian Nights" had thrown out one of their genii into their midst to astonish them with magic, the gentlemen could not have looked more confounded. And no wonder!

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY IN A HORSE.

Some years ago a gentleman traveling on horseback in one of the lower counties of Pennsylvania met a stranger journeying in like mode, with whom he engaged in a desultory conversation. Thinking the stranger's horse looked familiar, he remarked that the animal was probably one which had been stolen from him six years before.

To settle the matter he made the following proposition: "When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door—the horse I am on to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off, and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, pass over, go around to the east side of the barn, pull out a pin, open the middle stable-door, and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by

me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war; about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveler assented to the trial.

The horse was hitched to the post proposed. stood a few minutes, the saddle and bridle were taken off—he raised his head, pricked up his ears, looked up the road, then down the road, several times, then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars and to the stable-door, as described, and with his teeth and lips drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered his old stall.

We scarcely need to add, he was recognized by the neighbors, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveler lost his title to the horse.

BISHOP HATTO.

Of the many who yearly visit the Rhine and bring away with them reminiscences of tottering castles and desecrated convents—whether they take interest or not in the legends inseparably attached to these ruins—none, probably, have failed to learn and remember the famous story of God's judgment on the wicked Bishop Hatto, in the quaint Mäusethurm, erected on a little rock in midstream.

At the close of the tenth century lived Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, where he ruled the monks with great prudence for twelve years, and afterward Bishop of Mayence.

In the year 970, Germany suffered from famine.

"The Summer and Autumn had been so wet,
That in Winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

"Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well."

Wearied by the cries of the famishing people, the Bishop appointed a day whereon he undertook to quiet them. He bade all who were without bread, and the means to purchase it at its then high rate, repair to his great barn. From all quarters, far and near, the poor, hungry folk flocked into Kaub and were admitted into the barn, till it was as full of people as it could be made to contain.

"Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all!

"'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn.'

"So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

"In the morning, as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat, like death, all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame!"

Then there came a man to him from his farm, with a countenance pale with fear, to tell him that the rats had devoured all the corn in his granaries. And presently there came another servant to inform him that a legion of rats was on its way to his palace. The bishop looked from his window, and saw the road and fields dark with the moving multitude; neither hedge nor wall impeded their progress as they made straight for his mansion. Then, full of terror, the prelate fled by his postern, and taking a boat, was rowed out to his tower in the river—

"——— and barr'd
All the gates secure and hard.

"He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

"He listen'd and look'd—it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

"For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep;
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell;
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

"And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before;
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

It is satisfactory to know that popular fiction has maligned poor Bishop Hatto, who was not, by any means, a hard-hearted and wicked prelate. Wolfius, who tells the story, says: "This is regarded by many as a fable; yet the tower, taking its name from the mice, exists to this day in the river Rhine." But this is no evidence, as there is documentary proof that the tower was erected as a station for collecting tolls on the vessels which passed up and down the river.

HOW A LADY PASSES HER DAY IN INDIA.

Early rising in India is essential to health, and all who have this end in view habituate themselves to it. Five o'clock in the Summer is the usual hour at which a lady leaves her room, when, after a hurried toilet and a cup of tea, coffee, iced milk, or water, as the case may be, we see her mount her horse for a long ride, or in a simple morning dress enter her conveyance for a drive down the "Mall."

By seven o'clock she is back, for the sun's rays are too powerful even at that early hour to admit of a longer constitutional; and besides, morning duties have to be attended to. First among these is the children's bath. The mother must see to this if she wishes it done well. The little ones, bathed and dressed in loose white garments, soon find their way—accompanied by mamma—to the room in which they breakfast, and are quickly discussing bread, butter, fruit, and iced milk.

The little creatures being satisfied, are taken back to the nursery, generally a large, airy apartment, almost always in glorious disorder—Tommy's drum, with head beaten in, making a resting-place for Mary's doll, or what is left of it, said dolly being amputated in every limb; toys of various description are scattered around, and the walls are

HOW A LADY PASSES HER DAY IN INDIA.—A ROUGH DISTURBANCE OF SOCIAL PLEASURES.—SEE PAGE 279.

penciled over—the young aspirants to artistic honors not despising charcoal when pencils are scarce. It is near nine o'clock, and the little folk are shut in for the day; their *punkah* swing, and a thermantidote, with a *khuss-khuss* screen on the opening, keeps the children's room as cool as could be desired. Mamma is now at liberty to bathe and dress; the morning-robe of white muslin is donned, and the lady walks direct to the breakfast room. "Hubby" must be at *kutcherry* by eleven; and the good wife would like to take a look at the table to see that all on it is clean, bright, and inviting, before the master of the house sits down.

There are two or more *khuss-khuss* screens on the doors, on the quarter the hot wind is blowing, which are kept constantly wet by a coolie outside; and overhead two large *punkahs*, with deep white frills, swing noiselessly. The temperature of the breakfast-room at this hour is delightful. The table looks enticing with its snowy linen and elegant arrangement of flowers, glass dishes filled with fruit, and sweet, home-made butter surmounted with a large piece of Wenham Lake ice.

BUILDING THEIR NESTS IN THE SWEET SPRING-TIME.

Breakfast over, and after a cigar indulged in at the table, "hubby" seats himself in his office *gharry*, and is driven off to *kutcherry*, where he slaves away the long

Summer day, returning tired and weary enough about five o'clock, or later; if it is an evening on which a racquet is played, he manages to leave the office earlier, driving direct to the court, and returning after the game to his bath, and to dress for dinner.

However, we are forgetting the *memsahib*—her busy hour has also commenced; and before she leaves the breakfast-table, two or more account-books are placed before her and the attentive *khansama* (or butler) awaits, with hands folded demurely before him, the lady's pleasure. The business of taking a *khansama's* account is generally a distasteful one; the lady knows she is being robbed, but she also knows it is of very little use to expostulate against palpable extortion. If the *khansama* is dismissed, most probably a worse one has to be engaged; and if the man's account is "cut," he will in all likelihood spoil the dinner, alleging in excuse having been mulcted in so many eggs, etc., and the impossibilty of being able to do on less.

There is a *burra khana* (big dinner) that evening, and the lady submits in silence to being fleeced to an extent that would astonish any not used to the ways of the natives of the East.

Orders are given for dinner—children's included—master's lunch, and the following morning's breakfast, and now it is time to dress for the day; for, hot as it is, visitors drop in from twelve to two o'clock, and these two hours have to be passed in the darkened drawing-room; the lady occupying herself with fancy-work, which is never taken up at any other time.

She is at liberty after two o'clock—no visitors are admitted after that hour; the *darwaza bund* (door-shut) being given to any venturesome caller. However, there are but few who care to call after two o'clock. Ladies generally lunch with the children at their dinner-hour, which is three o'clock.

Mamma robes again in flowing muslin, and the little folk wait impatiently for the feast to begin: soup, mild-chicken-curry, rice-pudding, and well-cooked vegetables, and fruit, forming the mid-day repast of most children in India. Mamma returns with the children to the nursery, and all the troubles of the day are told her over and over, even baby joining in with his little plaint.

She reads to the wee ones, and instructs those old enough for a short time; looks up all the socks to be darned, also small garments that require tapes and buttons. These are all sent out by the *ayah* to the *durzie*, who, seated in the veranda, defies the scorching blast that blisters a European skin, but which only causes the tailor to go to sleep when he ought to be sewing.

Often is he to be seen with head resting against the whitewashed wall of the veranda, legs stretched out, hands, still holding the implement of his craft, lying limp beside him, mouth open and eyes shut, and actually snoring. Flies go in scores on exploring expeditions in and out his open mouth, and buzz about his ears; but Golam Hyder sleeps on, caring nought for things past, present or to come. The *ayah* stops, then giggles, and calls the *peon* in attendance to come and see *khulloofa* (polite name for tailor) asleep. They both laugh, and the *ayah* throws all the articles she has brought out to be mended on the man's outstretched legs, which wakes him. He asks what is the matter, and is told by the *ayah* that if the *memsahib* sees his eyes shut he will be fined *char anna* (sixpence).

To return to the lady. "No go yet, mamma, no go yet; *uttee mut jow*" (don't go yet). But yes, mamma must go, for in the next room the *dhoby* (washerman) is waiting with the clean linen spread out on the beds, and the soiled linen carefully sorted on the mat-covered floor of the room. This task over, the *ayah* collects the children's clothes and takes them to the children's room, where she arranges the linen in the wardrobes. The "bearer" does similarly with his master's linen, first seeing that shirts are not minus buttons; if any are wanting, the *durzie* is sought, and a great deal of talk between master's attendant and the tailor ends in the former carrying the shirts off. The next day the tailor is at liberty to sew on the missing buttons. If the lady have a second *ayah*, which is almost always the case, she does not put away her own linen; if not, this is an extra duty. The *dhoby* comes once a week, and the time taken to see clean and foul linen counted is often quite an hour and a half. In India every one changes daily, and two or three vast bundles of linen are taken weekly. The washerman, whose wife helps to get up the linen, lives in the "compound," and only washes for one family, unless the family be limited, and he gets permission to take in other washing.

The lady now feels weary, and thinks she will rest awhile. Not yet. "*Phine clât—khappra walla* [clothman], *memsahib*," calls out the hawker; and if the man is sent away it may be days before he comes again; and, some things being urgently needed, the lady directs that the clothman be taken to an anteroom, when, a door being cautiously opened to admit him—for the hot air still blows as if from a furnace—he displays his goods, and the lady, entering, is soon deeply engaged bargaining and buying *phine clât* (fine cloth), till the house-clock warns her of the hour 5.30, and the *ayah* that the afternoon tea has been served in the lady's dressing-room. Often the tired master is back from *kutcherry*, and joins his wife in a cup of tea; or, sometimes, a very intimate lady friend is venturesome enough to come out for a gossip over the social tray

However, tea being discussed, the weary woman seeks half-an-hour's rest; but very often this is not allowed her, and she dresses for the evening drive, taken about 6.30 or 7 o'clock. Oh, how warm it is at this hour! how weak a woman feels!—as if she had no vitality left. The coachman stops at the band-stand, and the tired and pale lady reclines in her carriage and listens to the band, and to the conversation of gentlemen who come to have a little chit-chat. The lamps are now lighted, and the order given, "*Ghur chullo*" (Go home).

And now to dress for dinner, if, as there is to-day, a *burra khana;* if not, a flower in her hair is enough; and, seated at her table, the lady dispenses hospitality, or enjoys a quiet dinner with "Hubby," who, though tired, seems to appreciate the varied viands and well-iced wines. Conversation and music close the evening.

But you must not think mamma has forgotten the little ones; for after the return from her drive, and before she has made her toilet for dinner, the mother has been to the nursery, has seen the pets take their milk-and-water and bread-and-butter, and has helped to robe them in the sleeping-suits worn by children in India. The little lispers have said their prayers, and each in his tiny cot reposes before the mother quits the room. The *punkahs* swing, the thermantidote stops not, and the doors between mamma's and the children's room are thrown open. Mamma kisses each little face, giving baby an extra one; and *then* she goes to dress.

Thus passes each day in India. Varied it may be by other duties; but occupation is found for each day in the week.

There are women in every quarter of the globe who neglect the duties of wife and mother. In an Indian household where such a woman reigns queen, discomfort, debt and unhappiness will surely follow. To live comfortably in India, "to make ends meet," as the saying is, and live

on your husband's income, requires entire and constant supervision by the mistress of the house. She must be cognizant of each detail in the household expenditure, and take nothing on trust a servant may say. The natives of India are, as a rule, a thieving race, in whom truth is not to be found. Each servant tries to steal all he can; and when an establishment consists of twenty-five or more servants, all intent on peculating, it becomes a serious and most difficult matter to manage the expenditure and keep it within your husband's income; for though incomes in India seem large to people in England, they are not really so, the expenditure being commensurate with them.

A LADY FROM INDIA.

THE RED SAVANNAH.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

THE great, puffing, groaning steamer carried but two passengers—me, Essica Dane, a homeless New England girl, going out as a governess to the fair, hot isle of Jamaica, and Monsieur Terry, the overseer of the estate which was to be my future home. A camp-stool stood near the wheel-house. I sat down upon it, leaned my aching head on the railing, and looked off on that radiant evening scene.

"How kind of my dear friends," I thought, bitterly, "to find me a situation where my fallen fortunes and complaints can no longer torment them! how good of them to put leagues upon leagues of ocean betwixt me and themselves! I feel like one voyaging to another world."

A step approached me along the deck.

"Mademoiselle, to-morrow at this hour we shall have reached our destination," said the voice of Monsieur Terry, the Creole overseer.

I raised my head and looked at him—at his elegant, pliant shape, at the yellowish pallor of his face, round which his black hair fell.

He was not a young man, nor yet a handsome one. He reminded me of the little snakes, with black and gold stripes, which one meets in New England fields.

"Can you tell me anything about these Lutrells?" I asked, stiffly.

My fellow-voyager repelled rather than attracted me. We had not exchanged a dozen words since our departure from New York.

"Ay, mademoiselle. You will find life dull at the Red Savannah. Monsieur Lutrell is one of your handsome, purse-proud men, who came to the estate by the death of his rich and ugly wife. He loves her memory, and Mademoiselle Seabury, his sister-in-law, loves him. As for the child Christie, she is a little fiend, who tears and bites the servants, and is ready to die if crossed in anything."

"A charming prospect for me!" I said.

He stood over the rail, hat in hand.

"True, they will soon absorb you, heart and soul, into themselves. Once at the Red Savannah, you will think no more of monsieur, the humble man of business."

"I have never thought of you, as it is," I answered, with more candor than politeness.

He made a languid gesture, but his black eyes glowed like flame.

"Could I expect it? You are ill and consumed with home-sickness. You have lost friends, also," staring at my mourning-dress, "and misery, like happiness, is selfish. But, mademoiselle, I have had plenty of time to think of you—to love you—to adore you! I wish to save you from Monsieur Lutrell and his daughter. I wish, in short, to marry you."

I stared at him one moment in amazement, then I arose from the camp-stool.

"Monsieur is very kind," I said; "but it is quite impossible!"

"Stay! I love you so ardently, mademoiselle"—here he clutched at the railing with his long, pale fingers—"that I pray God these planks may part beneath us, and these waters below close over our heads before you ever set foot in the Red Savannah!"

"Good-night, Monsieur Terry—I think I will go below."

He ran after me.

"Shall not I lead you down the stair? No! Alas! you are angry because I ask you to return my passion. When my eyes first rested on you I said to myself, This is the woman who should be, not Lutrell's servant, but my wife. Mademoiselle, I say it still. Good-night. I kiss your hand."

I descended to my state-room, leaving him standing at the head of the stairs. Overcome with nausea and home-sickness, I rolled into my berth again.

"Thank Heaven! this voyage is nearly over!" I thought; "if anything was needed to complete its misery, it was this proposal from monsieur the overseer."

Never shall I forget the moment when my foot first pressed the soil of that far, strange tropic island which was to be my home. The shore, fringed with green mangroves down to the water's edge; the crowded pier, the town, with its houses rising tier above tier, through yellow log-wood and broad-leafed trumpet-trees. Half-naked blacks, in canoes hollowed from the trunk of the cotton tree, thronged shouting and laughing about the steamer.

"Ha!" cried Terry, recognizing a familiar dark face in the crowd upon the landing-place. "Monsieur's carriage is waiting. Come, Mademoiselle, we have twelve good English miles betwixt us and the Red Savannah."

Mr. Lutrell had sent a phaeton and pair for his overseer and myself; an escort of three black servants, mounted on mules, and a cart and oxen to convey our baggage.

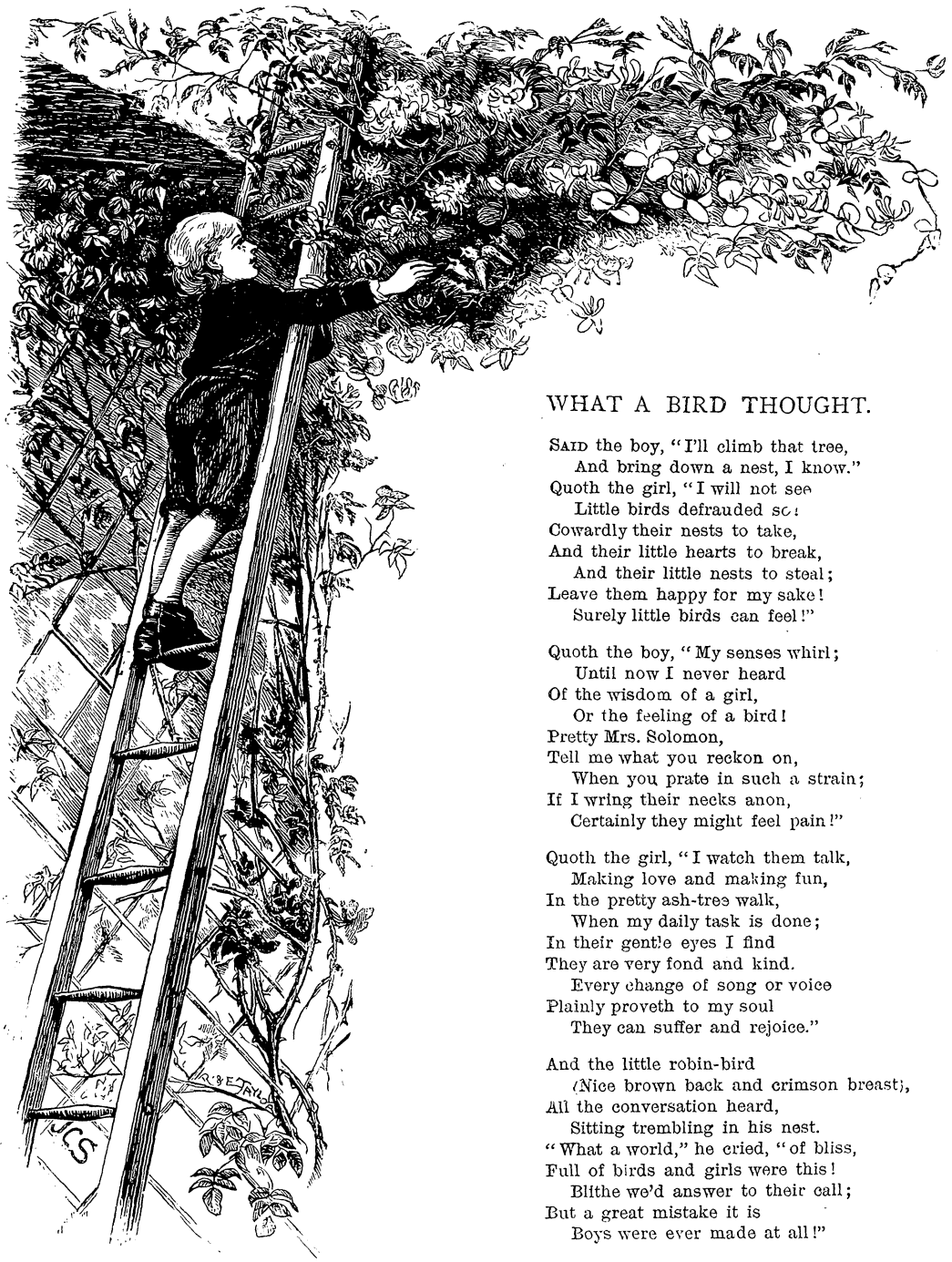
Monsieur Terry sang softly to himself, holding the reins tightly above the backs of the fiery young horses—the clatter of their hoofs, and those of the mules behind us, rang noisily out on the still night. Presently the overseer pointed through the trees.

"Yonder is the house, mademoiselle," he said; "and lights broke on my sight, and we drove up to a tall lodge-gate, which a black servant opened from within, and, under orange and tamarind branches, rolled along a drive covered with powdered shells, and stopped.

I looked and saw a house, all lattice-work and verandas, and shifting Venetian blinds; and as Terry leaped out of the phaeton, a male figure, in white duck and linen, stepped from its open hall-door, and advanced to meet us. It was Mr. Lutrell.

I remember just how the wonderful moonlight fell on his rugged brown face, touching the golden-tinted beard and hair, and showing me, even in that first glance, the steel-blue eyes, and the severe, dark outline of the brows above them.

"Glad to see you back again," he said to Terry, and then, at sight of me, added, in an undertone, "Thank Heaven! you have brought the governess! Miss Seabury has had the ague for weeks, and the child is running altogether wild!"



WHAT A BIRD THOUGHT.

Said the boy, "I'll climb that tree,
And bring down a nest, I know."
Quoth the girl, "I will not see
Little birds defrauded so:
Cowardly their nests to take,
And their little hearts to break,
And their little nests to steal;
Leave them happy for my sake!
Surely little birds can feel!"

Quoth the boy, "My senses whirl;
Until now I never heard
Of the wisdom of a girl,
Or the feeling of a bird!
Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
Tell me what you reckon on,
When you prate in such a strain;
If I wring their necks anon,
Certainly they might feel pain!"

Quoth the girl, "I watch them talk,
Making love and making fun,
In the pretty ash-tree walk,
When my daily task is done;
In their gentle eyes I find
They are very fond and kind.
Every change of song or voice
Plainly proveth to my soul
They can suffer and rejoice."

And the little robin-bird
(Nice brown back and crimson breast),
All the conversation heard,
Sitting trembling in his nest.
"What a world," he cried, "of bliss,
Full of birds and girls were this!
Blithe we'd answer to their call;
But a great mistake it is
Boys were ever made at all!"

Over my slim, cold hands closed two others, large and warm.

"Welcome to Jamaica, Miss Dane—welcome to my home—and yours!" he said, kindly; and led me into a large, half-circular hall.

"Judy!" he called; and an Eboe girl conducted me up a staircase to the chamber which had been selected for my use.

Large, airy, its windows opening on a wide veranda, how delicious it looked to me after my weary voyaging! Cool white matting covered the floor, cool white netting the bed. The curtains and the draperies of the dressing-table were of fine white muslin and lace. A bath of scented water awaited me in an adjoining closet.

While I made my toilet—that is, clothed my figure in its customary suit of solemn black, and coiled my heavy hair, the Eboe girl lighted a night-wick in a silver cup of aromatic oil, and started to close the *jalousie*.

"Oh, don't shut the window," I pleaded.

"Night air not good for missus," said Judy.

"But I must have one look at my new home," I answered, with my face against the lattice.

The vivid splendor of the night and place held my chilly Northern brain like a spell.

Suddenly a hand caught my door and shook it, a foot kicked against it lustily.

"Miss Dane! Open! I want to see Miss Dane!" called a small, peremptory voice without.

"Fie!" answered Judy, "go away, little lily missus."

"If you do not unlock the door directly I will beat you," returned the voice.

At a sign from me Judy turned the key.

In dashed a child of six or seven years, half undressed, her blonde hair hanging down her back.

Outside, on the landing, stood Mr. Lutrell, with a crumpled sash and a little bedgown in his hand, and on his face a look of despair.

"She has had her own way so long, Miss Dane," said he, "that I really do not know what you will do with her. Betwixt the blacks and Miss Seabury she is altogether spoiled."

The raging little atom flung herself straightway upon me.

"Oh, how pretty you are!" she cried, "and what an ugly black dress you wear! Papa says you have come a long way in a great steamer to me, and that I must be good, and love you. Well, I will, if"—peeping around me sideways—you haven't brought books with you—nasty, hard books, that give little girls the headache."

I took her small, pale face in my hands, and kissed it.

"Oh, no! nice, pretty books, which you will love to read."

"I won't have them!" she cried, disposing of me in one swift push; "I hate them! But you—you are pretty, you are nice—not at all like Aunt Seabury. I shall love you dearly if you let me do as I wish; and the wicked Obeah-man will never take me when you are by."

"The Obeah-man! What does she mean?" I asked.

Mr. Lutrell groaned.

"Some trash with which these blacks have been cramming her. I am more than thankful to secure the services of one who will teach her something besides folly. There is the supper-bell. Judy, take Miss Christie away."

The child was carried off screeching. We descended to the hall, where a long, white table stood, covered with cold meats and custards, an immense pine-apple tart and fruits luscious alike to the eye and taste. A portrait of Mr. Lutrell's dead wife, covered with white crape, hung on the wall.

I took my seat opposite Monsieur Terry. Mr. Lutrell glanced up at one of the servants in waiting.

"Will Miss Seabury join us?" he asked.

At the same moment a step sounded on the marble flags with which the hall was paved, and a woman rustled in, and

THE RED SAVANNAH.—"I TOOK MY SEAT AT THE BOARD, OPPOSITE MONSIEUR TERRY. AT THE SAME MOMENT A STEP SOUNDED ON THE MARBLE FLAGS, AND A WOMAN RUSTLED IN. HER BLUE EYES RAN OVER ME KEEN AND SWIFT AS LIGHTNING. 'I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE MISS DANE,' SHE SAID; 'BUT WHY DID MONSIEUR SELECT SO YOUNG A PERSON?'"—SEE PAGE 283.

dropped into a chair *vis-à-vis* the master of the Red Savannah.

She was a small, thin blonde, dressed in flowing white, very restless in manner, and trembling constantly with ague. Her teeth were square and chilly, like gravestones, and her blue eyes, set under brows that met above her high-arched nose, ran over me keen and swift as lightning.

"I am delighted to see Miss Dane," she said; and then she shot a flashing glance at Terry. "Why did monsieur select so young a person? Christie is very hard to manage."

Terry flung back his head, and laughed.

"I don't remember that monsieur mentioned any age when he bade me bring him a governess," he answered. "I regret that mademoiselle is not pleased. *Pardieu!* how ill you look! You have lost flesh and color. This fearful climate! It is killing you, is it not?"

She answered only with a look, and flashed round upon me again.

"How could your friends and relatives allow you to come so far, Miss Dane—quite out of the world, as it were?"

"I have no relatives," I answered; "and my friends were only too glad to be well rid of me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Really? You have had experience? No? That, also, was considered of no importance, then?"

She flashed a look at her *vis-à-vis*, full of passion, rage, jealous doubt. It was like a revelation to me. The overseer had spoken truly—Miss Seabury was in love with the master of the Red Savannah.

"It can make no difference, I think, whether Miss Dane has had experience or not," said Mr. Lutrell, impatiently. "I had scarcely a hope that Terry could induce anybody to come out to us here. As it is, I consider myself, and Christie, also, singularly fortunate."

She had a slice of melon on her plate—pale-green stuff, with specks of purple through it, like drops of blood. She thrust it suddenly from her.

"Really now? Men judge so readily from outward appearances. Christie might have been sent to her mother's people in England. That was the plan which I proposed in the beginning."

"Unfortunately," he returned, "her mother's people are, and have ever been, her father's foes. Let us not discuss a matter which is now happily settled. Miss Dane has not come to an utter wilderness; we have fine families around us, and there is much to interest a stranger here."

"Ah, mademoiselle," said the mocking voice of Terry; "you love England, and yet you sacrifice yourself to us. You suffer, your health fails, and yet you will *not* leave Jamaica."

"My duty binds me to this place," she answered—"the duty I feel toward Christie."

As I returned to my own room, I found, crouching behind the netting of the bed, a tiny figure, with supernaturally bright eyes, and an imperative and determined air.

"I am going to sleep with you, Miss Dane," she said, crawling under the counterpane. "I hate Judy, and her Obeah stories—I am *sick* of them. You must close the *jalousies*, or we shall catch a fever. I will show you my guana to-morrow; Jacko brought it from the mountains; it's in a tree in the garden. I have tamed it; it will chatter like a monkey, you know."

And, droning on like this, Christie presently lost herself in slumber.

I lay down beside her, under the netting; but I could not sleep. For an hour or more I tossed restlessly; then the door of the bath-closet opened, and Miss Seabury stepped into my chamber.

As she approached the bed my heart began to beat wildly. I closed my eyes.

She parted the netting, and looked in on me—long and silently she looked; then I heard her mutter:

"My God! my God!" and there was such anguish in the tone that I started straight up.

"Has anything happened?" I stammered. "Are you ill?"

She drew back; she had evidently thought me fast asleep. Her manner grew hysterical.

"Ill? Oh, really! I am always that! How handsome your face is in repose. American girls are often very lovely, are they not? I have heard so. Great Heaven!" She struck her hands together. "I wish that steamer had sunk fathoms deep in mid-ocean before it ever brought you to this island!"

Then she recovered herself with a laugh.

"You must not mind me, my nerves are shattered; it is the climate. I came to find this child—sly little puss! Sorry to disturb you, but I never allow her to sleep outside my own room."

And, holding her loose garments together, she snatched the little creature from under my counterpane, and carried her away.

The school-room allotted me at the Red Savannah was a big, airy apartment, opening on the terrace, where the fountain played. Here, to the tinkling of its crystal water, and the hot rustling of banana leaves against the Venetian blinds, I sat through long hours with little Christie Lutrell at her tasks.

Revolts were frequent, in which frocks were rent and ink-bottles broken, books torn, and the black servants brought breathless to the spot by the uproar; but such scenes were always followed by penitent kisses and caresses, subdued looks, and whispered words like these:

"Papa says I am very naughty, and that I must ask your pardon; says, too, if I do like this you will go back to the great steamer, and sail away where the snow is again. And, oh! I am sure that would break my heart!"

Often Miss Seabury came in to sit with us, very languid, very watchful, attended always by a black maid. I knew that this woman hated me with all her heart, and that my presence at the Red Savannah was as gall and wormwood unto her soul.

I was sitting with the child one day on the terrace where the fountain splashed and dripped and tinkled over the plantains. On either side the house rose large terraced platforms, with shallow stone ledges, built in flights, like gigantic stairs, and on these the coffee was laid in the red husk, or pulp, as it is called, to dry in the sun.

Further on I could see fields of guinea-grass, where mules and bullocks were grazing, and overhead I heard, of a sudden, a chattering noise, and, looking up, saw Christie's guana—a hideous pet—crawling along a tamarind bough.

"Horrible thing!" I shivered. "It is ready to drop on me; I must call the blacks to take it away."

Christie came running from the fountain.

"No, no!" she cried; "wait till I make it angry, Miss Dane, and then you shall hear the way it scolds."

She began clapping her hands and shouting at the lizard. He peered down at us for a moment, and then dropped plump upon the child's shoulder.

This was more than Christie had bargained for. The ugly reptile, full three feet long from its snout to its snake-like tail, twisted and turned about her, holding her fast.

"Oh, take it away!" she shrieked; and frantic with terror, I seized the guana, and dragged it from her, with half her frock in its teeth.

Chattering angrily, it turned and fastened upon me. I

felt its claws tearing into my bare arm. Christie's screams rent the air; then somebody seized the lizard, choked him off in spite of his bites and scratches, and cast him down.

"Good God!" cried the voice of Mr. Lutrell, and his pale face bent low to mine. "Are you bitten—are you hurt?"

The blood was running in a stream down my lacerated arm. A deadly faintness seized me. He held me helpless against his shoulder.

"Judy!" he roared, "Creola—Miss Seabury! Where are you?"

And then I saw Miss Seabury step through the low window and advance toward us.

"Why did she touch the creature?" she said. "I wish he had killed her!"

"You wish he had killed her!" he repeated, slowly. "Well, really, Miss Seabury, the wish does honor to you, both as a hostess and as a woman!"

"Miss Seabury!" she mocked; "yes, I was that — nothing but that to you years ago, when you married this child's mother—I am the same to you still! If I dared, Arthur, as God hears me, if I dared, I would strike her dead as she lies there in your arms!"

The meaning conveyed in her words seemed to take him wholly by surprise. He stared at her, but did not answer.

"I am no more to you than one of your blacks," she stormed, "I, who have lived for years under your roof; but this white-faced girl, a stranger and a servant, you follow with your eyes—you hang on her every word——"

"Stop!" his voice sounded cold and stern. "Stop! I do not choose that Christie should listen to any more of this!"

And he stepped with me into the room beyond, and laid me down.

"Brandy and bandages!" I heard him call. He raised my head to his breast, poured the liquor through my teeth, and, clipping the sleeve smartly from my dress, bound up the torn arm as deftly as a surgeon could have done. As I opened my eyes I found his face leaning low down to mine. It was pale and agitated.

"Ah, you are better now!" he said; "do not be frightened. There is nothing poisonous in the scratch of the guana. I have much to thank you for; your presence of mind saved Christie, no doubt, from serious harm."

Then he went out and left me alone.

Shortly after this, Miss Seabury appeared under the terrace one morning in a light phaeton, with a black driver perched in front, and called me to come forth with the child.

"Would you not like to ride down to the mill, Miss Dane?" she said, with a ghastly smile. "Strangers are always interested in our sugar-making. It will be something for you to remember when you return North."

Christie began to pout.

"Miss Dane will never return North, Aunt Sara. She will live with us always—papa says so."

"Indeed!" said Miss Seabury. "Monsieur Terry is also anxious to keep her here; but next month I sail for England, and your papa has half-promised me that you shall go too—on a little visit, that is, to our Yorkshire people. I do not think Miss Dane will remain here *alone*."

I took my seat in the carriage with Christie, who fell immediately into a state of rebellion.

I felt as if the earth had opened under my feet. My sojourn amid this tropic splendor—in this grand, proud home, was likely then to be brief. I must go back to my lukewarm friends at the North; an indescribable pain mingled with the thought.

We found Monsieur Terry at the mills, flushed and savage. Mr. Lutrell, also, sitting a fretting, foaming horse, wore a portentous frown. As the phaeton halted, however, he hastened toward us.

"How pale you are!" he said, in a low voice, and his hand closed firmly on mine as he helped me to alight. "You look as if you had seen what the blacks call a 'duppy.' What has Miss Seabury been saying to you?"

"Nothing," I answered, "absolutely nothing;" and I followed him into the mills, passing Terry on the way, who made me a deep bow, his lips like chalk as he did it.

How tall and brown and handsome Mr. Lutrell looked, as he moved about, conducting us from copper to copper! Some quadroon girls stood over the basins, removing with long skimmers the drab-colored scum of the liquid, or pouring it briskly into coolers.

We came, at last, to a distillery, filled with the fumes of rum and molasses, and from thence passed into a large curing house, where, amid dripping casks and hogsheads, a gang of half-naked mulattoes were singing at their work, watched by Monsieur Terry, who lounged in at the door, fanning himself with his palm-leaf hat.

"What is the matter with your overseer this morning?" said Miss Seabury, as we passed out of the mills, along a walk of powdered shells.

"The man has not been himself since he returned from New York," Mr. Lutrell answered; "I am going to Kingston for another man—it is quite impossible to endure his insolence longer."

Monsieur stepped briskly forward and faced his employer. His face was livid, his eyes glittered.

"Pardon! You are tired of me, then?" he said.

"Yes, since you no longer seem capable of filling your position," replied Lutrell, haughtily.

"You wish to banish me altogether from this place? I understand you! but I tell you frankly, monsieur, I will not leave your Red Savannah. Should you bring another overseer into it, I will shoot him dead before his foot passes the gate."

Through my *jalousie* a few hours after, I saw them ride off to dine at the Government mansion—Mr. Lutrell and his dead wife's sister. As night grew on I retired with Christie into the drawing-room, where the child fell asleep directly, and was carried off to bed by her black nurse. Overcome with heat and weariness, I lay down to await the return of the two from the governor's dinner-table.

I slept for an hour or more; then, with a great start—with a thick, suffocating sensation of horror pressing upon me, I awoke.

The candles had burned low—their fading light made all things in the room look weird and eerie. With a hot choking in my throat I tried to rise, but an arm, flung heavily across me, held me down. A man knelt at my side. With a thrill of mortal terror I looked up into the dark, pale face of Terry, the French overseer.

"Essica!" he murmured, with a voice stifled with passion. "Ah, I frighten you. Forgive this rashness for the sake of the great love which has prompted it! Essica, smile once upon your lover!"

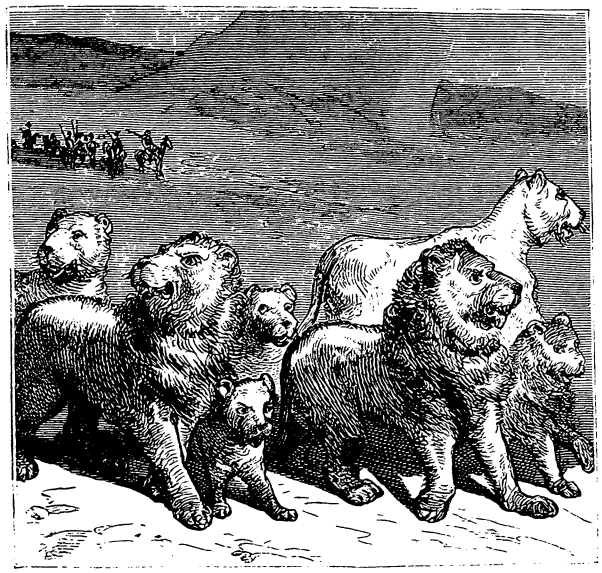
With an unspeakable loathing, I dragged my face aside, struggling still to rise.

"Monsieur, release me!" I cried, in raging anger, "take your arms from me directly, or I will cry for help."

His grasp upon me grew closer.

"I will *not* release you. Oh, cold heart—colder than your own shoes; listen to me and love me! I care nothing for your frowns. I will not leave you to this Lutrell, who would fain be master of us both!"

His kisses fell like fire on my hands, on my garments,



MY FIRST LION HUNT.—"THE LIONS WALKED MAJESTICALLY AWAY FROM US, SO THAT WE HAD TO CONTINUE TO THE HEAD OF THE GULLY BEFORE WE COULD GET AT THEM."— SEE PAGE 240.

my face, my lips. They stifled me—they filled me with a frenzy of horror and pain.

"I abhor you!" I gasped, "and a thousand times more to-night than ever before! Leave me!"

"Softly!" he whispered; "it will not matter in the least to me, since I must leave the estate to-morrow; but you, my dainty beauty—will not your reputation be likely to suffer? Lie here—lie still, and think calmly of my love one moment. *Mon Dieu!* why cannot the fire of a heart like mine reach to the ice and cold of yours?"

This, with his face upon mine; this, while I lay suffocating, fainting, dying in his embrace; then a woman's laugh broke softly through the room.

With all the well-feigned confusion of some favored lover, Terry released me and sprang to his feet. I started up also, and, stark-white, paralyzed with horror, saw in the open door, watching me with eyes which I shall never forget, Miss Seabury and Arthur Lutrell!

Her face was gloating and exultant; his, frozen, stern; the dark brows bent, the steel-blue eyes beneath them flashing furiously. He had Miss Seabury's shawl on one arm. I saw him stretch forth the other and grasp the frame-work of the door, as if for support. His countenance, his figure, his air, were alike terrible.

"Really," said Miss Seabury, "I did not suppose that matters had progressed so far as this. Come, Arthur; we are, as you see, dreadfully *de trop*."

And the two turned and walked away together. I thought I should have died. I remember of turning wildly on Terry.

"Why cannot I kill you!" I hissed. "Were I a man but for one moment you should never leave this room alive!"

I rushed out into the passage; but, swift as I was, Mr. Lutrell had already vanished. I flew toward Miss Seabury, who smiled at me disdainfully.

"For the love of God, hear me—believe me!" I cried, wildly. "He is not my lover, but a scoundrel who has grossly insulted me. Have I no claim to your protection under this roof? Tell Mr. Lutrell—I entreat you, tell him that this is so."

"My dear Miss Dane," she answered, with a mocking smile, "how can you expect me or any one to believe such an absurd story? You are a born actress! Do not, I beg, ask us to doubt our own senses. I bid you good-night, and I am sorry that you have so little discretion."

And she sailed on through the long, cool corridor and disappeared.

I fled to my own chamber. My brain seemed turning. I knelt down by the open *jalousie*, with my head on my hands. The hot dark grew more stifling each moment. Everything without and within was silent as the tomb. I knelt there till morning.

In that strange, deathly hush which in all tropic countries precedes the dawn, a horse clattered out from the stables at the rear of the house, and shot like an arrow down the drive. I heard his retreating hoofs for a space, and then all was still again.

"I will speak to him," I said to myself. "He shall know that the scene he witnessed last night was a plot betwixt Terry and Miss Seabury; and after that I must go away—I must leave Jamaica for ever."

I descended to the hall below, where I met Jacko, Mr. Lutrell's black valet.

"Where is your master?" I asked.

"Gone to Kingston, missus, to find a new overseer," the black answered.

"When will he return?"

"To-night, missus," said Jacko, his dark face full of strange anxiety. "Lord love us! the fountain's clean gone! Ki! all the pretty water-lily missus liked so well, out thar." He pointed to the terrace. The fountain had disappeared.

"What has become of it?" I cried.

"Nobody know that, missus—no one touch that; it play year in, year out. Ki! Big snake suck it up underground, maybe."

At breakfast I met Miss Seabury and my pupil.

"It's the wicked Obeah-man that's swallowed the fountain," said Christie. "Judy says something is going to happen."

"Let us hope not," smiled Miss Seabury, maliciously, "since your papa is gone, and nobody can find Mr. Terry this morning. I am sorry, Miss Dane, to see you looking so pale; you must have passed a bad night."

"True," I answered, "for your clever scheme for my disgrace disturbed me somewhat."

"HE WAITED TILL THE LION WAS WITHIN SIXTY YARDS, WHEN HE PULLED THE TRIGGER, AND THE BALL ENTERED ONE OF THE BRAVE BEAST'S EYES."

MY FIRST LION HUNT.—"I ALLOWED HIM TO COME RATHER NEAR, AND HE WAS ABOUT FORTY YARDS DISTANT WHEN I FIRED." SEE PAGE 290.

"What do you mean? How very absurd! If you choose to be found in Monsieur Terry's arms it is really no matter of mine or Mr. Lutrell's. We both know that our ex-overseer wishes much to marry you. It would not be such a bad match; he has property, and these Creoles can love profoundly." She was still smiling her ghastly, mocking smile at me across the table—she, my deadly foe.

"Without doubt you wish me to leave the Red Savannah," I said. "I shall do so as soon as I have seen Mr. Lutrell. I owe this much to the friends who sent me to his home, as well as to myself."

Miss Seabury bit her lip, but said nothing. I retreated to the school-room with Christie, whom the mention of my departure had thrown into a state of despair.

"There's a hurricane brooding, sure, missus," said Judy, as she appeared in the door with a jug of orangeade—"that's what made the fountain run away, *scared*, underground. Miss Seabury's gone to bed sick. Ki! ki!"

As, late in the afternoon, I walked the terrace where the fountain stood, grim and dry, I heard, of a sudden, a grumbling, subterranean noise, undistinguishable from distant thunder. A series of deadened reports followed, and then a sharp, hissing, hurtling sound, like that made by the flight of a Congreve rocket.

In the stables, of open wicker-work, the horses were snorting and stamping with great violence. Greatly alarmed, I returned to the house. Into its hall the blacks came rushing from all parts of the estate. Most of them were frantic with fright. As night fell the deathly hush deepened, broken only at intervals by the shocks.

"Is it not time for Mr. Lutrell's return?" I said to Jacko.

"Yes, missus," he answered, shivering and shaking on his bench in a corner. "Lord help him! what's dat?"

What, indeed! First, there was a frightful rumbling, then a report like a cannon—another—another. The walls shook around us; a sudden darkness fell in the hall, which was full of dust and tumbling plaster. Over all this noise, however, I heard, or seemed to hear, a voice without—calling and shouting.

"Who is that?" I cried; but the blacks, groveling on the floor in their terror, answered nothing.

"It is Mr. Lutrell—it is your master!" I said; and then it flashed upon me that these poor, frightened wretches had barred the great gates, and that he stood without, unable to force them.

"Jacko! Pepperpot!—go, one of you, and open the gates to him!" I commanded. But they were paralyzed; not one would stir.

The rumbling continued—the shocks. I heard Miss Seabury shrieking at the head of the stairs.

"Go! go!" I shrieked; stamping on the floor in my impatience; "who knows what may befall him waiting there?"

But my voice fell on ears that neither heard nor heeded. I flung back the hall-door, and rushed out alone into the horrible night.

I ran down the long drive to the great gate. It was as fast as strong bolts and bars could make it, and on the other side I heard his voice again, calling:

"Halloa, within there!" Pepperpot! Gumbo! Come, come! You black rascals, where are you all?"

I tugged with desperate strength at the iron bolts. It was a man's work to draw them, and as I struggled and strained I seemed to hear at my back a footstep, but I did not turn a look. A wild excitement nerved my slim hands. Joy! The last bar flashed backward; the great gate swung suddenly open; I stood before Arthur Lutrell, under its wide arch, as white, as deathly, as some spirit from the grave.

"Good God! Essica!" I heard him say. "*You*, my poor darling?" And then he snatched me straight to his breast. "Tell me, for the love of Heaven, Essica, do you love that traitorous knave Terry, or did I only dream it, or am I going mad altogether?"

"Love him? No, no, no!" I cried; "I hate, I abhor him. He wished—Miss Seabury wished—to disgrace me in your sight, hence that drawing-room scene. I entreat you to believe this, for to-morrow I shall leave the Red Savannah."

"Essica! Essica! Leave my home—leave *me*, when I love you as I never loved mortal woman before?" I heard him cry. Then behind me sounded again the footstep which I heard once before while tugging at the gate. I turned and saw, close beside us, Terry, the overseer.

"Monsieur," he shouted, "you are a tyrant—you are a thief! You would steal from me the woman I love; you

"WE AT ONCE MOUNTED OUR HORSES AND CUT THEM OFF FROM THE BUSH AND ROCKS AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL."

would drive me from your estate. And *this* is how I deal with such a master !"

A flash—a report—the whizzing of a shot through the logwood blossoms, and Lutrell's blood spurted out, red and hot, on me as he fell.

Overhead raved the hurricane, wind clinching with wind. The air was thick with torn and flying branches, and dust plowed in furrows from the hills. The grumbling of the earthquake below mingled with the awful, howling clamor above. But prone on the earth, close to the great gate, I crouched all the while—deaf, blind, holding the white, upturned face of Arthur Lutrell on my knee.

His black house-servants found us there when the fury of the storm was spent. As they carried him across the terrace, I following like one in a hideous dream, a jet of water spirted suddenly from the mouth of the stone dragon, and, like a returned prodigal, the fountain, with a leap and a laugh, burst into its basin again.

The next day, in a darkened chamber of the house, kneeling beside the bed whereon he lay and holding his weak hand in mine, I married Arthur Lutrell.

In the same hour Miss Seabury departed for Kingston, to take passage in the first ship which should leave the island.

Terry fled to the mountains, and, in spite of the reward offered by the governor for his arrest, no one at the Red Savannah ever saw him again. It is probable that some foreign vessel carried him, at last, from the quarter of the world where I, with the man whom his treacherous shot could not kill, dwelt in my tropic Eden, happy as Eve before the fall.

MY FIRST LION HUNT—1839.

By General Bisset.

AT the termination of the Caffre War of 1834–5, or, rather, when the Province of Queen Adelaide was surrendered back by the English to the Caffres, the troops were withdrawn to what was the Fish River line of defense, and the provisional officers, who had served first in battalions of infantry, and were subsequently attached to the regiments of the line and Cape Mounted Rifles, were disbanded. This was toward the latter end of 1839. The officers received a gratuity of six months' pay, and it was during this *interregnum* of my military life, or while I was in receipt of this pay without work, that the adventure happened which I am about to relate.

I devoted these six months to a shooting expedition into the interior of Africa. Money was not very plentiful. I started with a single pack-horse and an admirable shooting-horse for myself. I could not afford an "after-rider," but it so happened that my second horse required no one to lead him. I bought him at a sale of cast horses of the Cape Mounted Rifles. He was a strong, podgy little horse, of good breed, called Pompey, He had been for many years the "orderly's horse" to our colonel, and was accustomed to keep orderly's distance in the rear, or about thirty yards from the colonel; and this had become so much his habit, that, go where I would, and at any pace, there was my pack-horse always behind me.

I started from Graham's Town *via* Fort Beaufort and the beautiful valley of the Blink Water, passing the Didema Mountain and over the great Winterberg into the Tarka; thence over the Sneuw Berg to Cradock.

This district was at that time abounding in game, and I remained for nearly a month with old Lieutenant John Crause, one of the old soldiers of the Duke of York's day, who, it is said, got his commission before he was born.

I was joined at this farm by a nephew of mine host, named Percy Crause, and, after refitting, he and I started for Buffles Vley, just then beyond the borders of the colony.

On the evening of the second day we got to a Dutch farmer's hut, and found the men at target-practice. This being such an unusual thing in those days, when lead and powder were both scarce, we inquired the reason, when old Dederick Putter told us that the lions had the night before killed the two "wheelers" of his team of horses, and that the boys were putting their guns "op schot," or sighting them, to go after the lions the next day. He invited us to join them. This we were delighted to do, and halted for the night accordingly.

There were five Dutchmen and ourselves, seven in all. We started at daybreak the next morning, and made for the spot where the two horses had been killed. It was one of those mornings in South Africa when a thick fog precedes a very hot day.

We reached the dead horses, or, rather, what was left of them—for there was nothing remaining but the backbones and heads—just as the sun had risen.

This made it the more critical, as the lions had only left the carcasses just as we got to the spot. We could tell this by the sparkling dew having just been knocked off the grass and not replaced by the heavy mist.

We counted the "spoor" or trace of seven lions, and could not tell at what moment we might come up with them, for we could ride at a fast walk on their track. All at once we came to a deep gully, about eight feet deep and twenty or thirty feet wide; into this gully the lions had jumped, and we had to follow the "spoor" by riding on the bank above.

These gullies are numerous in that part of the country, and are formed by the heavy rain or thunderstorms; they continue for some miles on the flat grounds, starting from the foot of hills or mountains. We knew that this gully must soon terminate, as we were then approaching Tea-bus, or Tea-canister Mountain, so called from its likeness to that article of furniture of the Dutch shape.

When we had got to within about two hundred yards of the termination of the gully, and close to the mountain, out jumped the seven lions—two males, two lionesses, and three cubs. They walked majestically away from us, rather to the right, so that we had to continue to the head of the gully before we could get at them, and the lions were then about one hundred and fifty yards from us, and a little scattered, a great, black-maned lion being on the left.

Old Dederick Putter, who had been appointed captain of the hunt, told us to dismount hastily, which we did; the horses were then turned with their tails to the lions, and were held by the bushmen after-riders, while we formed up between the lions and horses, the Dutchmen telling us that if the lion charged us, and we did not kill him, we were to retire through or between the horses, whereupon the lion would spring on a horse.

When we were all ready, he directed a young Dutchman, a nephew of his, named Streydom, to fire a shot: not at, but to the left of, the left-hand male lion. The ball struck the ground about forty yards from the noble beast and raised the dust. The lion made one spring at the spot, and was seen clutching the air in the utmost rage; but without one moment's delay he turned on us, and, lashing the air with his tail, came toward us, alternately making short springs and crouching.

We stood with our rifles ready, and the finger almost on

the trigger. The "captain" told another young Dutchman to take aim and fire at his own time, while we all stood in reserve. This young farmer immediately sat down, and, with his elbows resting on his knees, waited till the lion was within about sixty yards, when he pulled trigger, and the ball entered one of the brave beast's eyes.

The lion bounded into the air, making a spring to the front, and then a second one, which brought him to our very feet, where he was dispatched by several shots. The lion's face was perfectly covered with the brains that oozed out of the bullet-hole; and the other eye was so covered that I attribute our safety partly to that circumstance.

During this time those who had fired were rapidly reloading; and it is well that this was done, for without any further provocation, the second male lion, a large brindled one, with a short, upright mane, at once turned and came on to attack us. The horses were much frightened, and kept turning about; but we were too intent watching the lion to prevent it.

This time old Dederick turned to me, and said: "Englishman, it is your turn to fire first." I thereupon stepped three paces to the front and stood waiting for the noble brute. I allowed him to come rather near, and he was about forty yards distant when I fired; and I should possibly have allowed him to take another short spring first, had it not been that the Dutchman kept saying, "Schiet! schiet! Allemagtig Engelschman, schiet!"

They were not, however, disappointed; my ball entered the front-joint of his shoulder and passed out on the opposite flank, and the brute rolled over at once; but, although the bone was broken high up, the lion was up again in a moment on his three legs, and came on bounding as if nothing had happened. My friend Crause fired another ball into the lion's head, and several other bullets passed through its body.

By this time the remaining lions were near the foot of the mountain, but two of the cubs were to the right of the others. We at once mounted our horses and cut them off from the bush and rocks at the foot of the hill; and before they could get into another gully had shot them from horseback, without much danger to ourselves—making a bag of four killed, which was not considered bad sport, even in those days.

The next thing was to skin the lions, which the after-riders did in the most expert manner; but none of the horses would allow the skins to be put on them to be carried home except my old trooper, who did not so much as wink his eye, having considered it, I fancy, a rather good field-day.

One thing struck me as very curious—the two male lions, which were of enormous size, were of distinct species, although they were fraternizing together. The first one killed was a large cream-colored lion, with black hairs intermingled, and a mane larger and longer than any horse's, broad, spreading and more ragged; while the other was of equal size and age, but entirely brindle and of one color, while the mane was short, scrubby and upright. The cubs were, I think, of the short-mane species.

The skins of the two lions were given to Crause and myself, and I sent the black-maned one to follow Sir Harry Smith to India; and he long used it as a carpet for his tent—a worthy one for the lion-hearted old soldier.

THROWING THE SHOE.

A WRITER in *All the Year Round*, alluding to the custom of throwing the shoe after a wedding party on their way from church or elsewhere, says it is a relic of Anglo-Saxon usages, along with many other wedding usages of ancient origin. The Lancashire custom is to throw an old shoe on leaving the house to be married, as a preventive of future unhappiness and an omen of good luck and prosperity. In Norfolk it is also the custom to throw the shoe after the wedding party on proceeding to church. In Yorkshire, according to a writer in "Hone's Table Book" in 1827, there was a custom called "trashing," which signified pelting people with old shoes on their return from church on the wedding-day. "Trashing" had at first some *raison d'etre*, but as time went on this became forgotten, and the custom was indiscriminately practiced among the lower orders. The Kentish custom is for one of the groomsmen to throw the shoe, after which the bridesmaids run, she who gets it believing she will be married first. She in turn throws it among the men, the man who receives the blow being also first destined for marriage before the others. A writer in an old number of *Notes and Queries* suggests that it was a symbol of renunciation of authority over the bride by her father or guardian, and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, an omen that that authority was transferred to him.

THE SPIDER.

BY H. S. CORNWELL.

SPINNER of the silken snare,
Fell Arachne in your lair,
Tell me, if your powers can tell,
How you do your work so well?

Weaving on, in light and dark,
Segment and concentric arc,
Lace-like, gossamer designs,
Strict to geometric lines.

Perfect to the utmost part,
Occult exquisite of art,
How are all these wonders bred
In your atom of a head?

Propositions here involved
Wit of man has never solved;
Demonstrations hard to find
Are as crystal to your mind.

How, in deepest dungeon gloom
Do your Liliputian looms
Work such miracles as these—
Faultless, fairy filigrees?

Careless flies that hither flit,
Come to die; but there you sit,
Feeling, with your fingers fine,
Each vibrating, pulse-like line;

Eager to anticipate
Hourly messages of fate—
Funeral telegrams that say,
"Here is feasting one more day."

Spider, only He can tell
How you do your work so well,
Who in life's mysterious ways
Knows the method of the maze.

FLIES.—Flies, a scientist asserts, have a speech of their own. By the assistance of a microphone, an instrument which magnifies sound, this fly language can be heard; and the tramp of a fly across a box is said to sound almost as loud as that of a horse across a wooden bridge. A curious sound accompanied the tramp of the fly, which, it was said, was caused by the neighing of its proboscis.

THE NATIONAL AND TYPICAL DANCES OF THE WORLD.

DANCING seems to have been an amusement common to all nations and races of people since the Creation. At all events, it is mentioned in both sacred and profane history from the very earliest records existent, and no people has yet been found, however rude and barbarous, who have not some typical dance illustrative of success in war, of joy or sorrow, of rejoicing over abundant harvests, of some religious observance, or designed simply for exercise or recreation. The Esquimaux dances before his snow-hut; the African negro leaps and bounds in strange gyrations to the discordant music of tom-toms and rattling gourds; the North American Indian has the scalp dance, war dance, the medicine dance, and, most peculiar of all, the buffalo dance, which latter is kept up night and day until the desired effect—that of making the bison herds "come," or, in other words, appear on their favorite hunting-grounds—is accomplished. In every quarter of the globe we find dances peculiar to different races, while among the highly civilized peoples a multiplicity of saltatorial measures claim our attention.

THE MINUET DE LA COUR.

National dances, like national costumes, are to a great extent the reflex of the character and of the taste of a people. They deserve to be studied, not for these reasons alone, but also as relics of ancient customs connected with the home as well as with the public life of a nation. For our illustrations we have selected some very striking examples from many different countries. We will first describe those which form the subjects of our engravings, and then give some account of other notable dances of both ancient and modern origin.

The Highland dances are, in many cases, solos, executed by a single performer, and are characteristic of the martial, simple character of the mountain races.

The Spanish dances are the very reverse. Here both sexes enter, and the dance is a voluptuous drama, so indelicate in many cases as to find condemnation from all. The "fandango" is a love scene, consisting of successive approaches of the *danseur* and *danseuse*, till at last, weary of the contest, both parties approach, at first with hesitation, but at last with eagerness.

Even French writers, not over-scrupulous, unite to censure the freedom of these Spanish dances, and Fanny Ellsler was not permitted in Europe to dance the *Jaleo de Xeres*.

The Wallachian dance is a dance of men, and is thus described by Paget: "A party of idle young fellows sell themselves, as they say, to the devil, for a term of three, five or seven years—the number must be uneven, or the devil will not hold the bargain—engaging to dance without ceasing during the whole of that period, except when they sleep; in consideration of which, they expect their infernal purchaser will supply them with food and wine liberally, and render them irresistible among the rustic belles. Accordingly, dressed in their gayest attire, these merry vagabonds start out from their native village, and literally dance through the country. Everywhere they are received with open arms; the men

glad of an excuse for jollity, the women anxious perhaps to show their power—all unite to feed and *fête* the 'Devil's Dancers'; so that it is scarcely wonderful there should be willing slaves to so merry a servitude. When their time is up, they return home, and become quiet peasants for the rest of their lives."

The Californian dance illustrated is a modification of the original Indian dance by missionary influence. Many of the dances of the aborigines were superstitious, and of the most obscure character. It became a study what the neophytes were to retain as innocent, and what eschew. It required from the sober old padres minute investigations into dancing. The dance represented is one common throughout the Indian parts of Mexico, and is called the "Dance of Montezuma," which has been adopted with modifications even in Europe.

THE SPANISH MANCHEGO DANCE.

A TAHITIAN DANCE.

Asia contributes little to the literature of dancing. The Mohammedans do not dance. The dancing girls of Egypt and India are social outcasts, and their voluptuous motions are for the gratification of a select party of men. Decent women never dance. The Chinese and Japanese show as little taste for the art.

The Koords, a predatory tribe on the frontiers of Persia, have a dance which combines movements of both sexes. The warrior—for the Koord is such—always performs alone, in the centre, brandishing the bamboo spear that seems part of him, while the white-robed women join in a semicircle around him—now linked together, now winding in and out in a graceful chain; the whole giving a pleasing and happy effect.

The Polynesian Islands are the home of native dances, full of graceful motions, attractive figures, and charming attitudes. The dances of the Society Islands, where two parties of girls approach and retire from a central barrier where the musicians sit, is described as singularly attractive. Those at Tahiti, wilder and more impassioned, with fewer dancers, still contain evolutions that would not be out of place in a civilized ball-room.

A recent traveler thus describes a Javanese *danseuse*: "The *danseuse* was a plain-looking woman, with a face of the ordinary Javanese type, coarse features, high cheek-bones and very large mouth,

A KURDISH DANCE.

disfigured with black teeth, which, however, they consider a mark of beauty. Her feet were small, as is the case with all of this race, both male and female. Her hair was dressed in the usual manner—tightly drawn back from the forehead and rolled up in a large *conday*, or knot, at the back, through which a large, solid-looking pin, like a silver skewer, was thrust; while a few flowers of the *bunga-molor*—a sweet-scented white flower—were inserted between the knot and the head. The skirt she wore, called by the natives, *sarong*, was fastened to the waist by a *pindeng*, or ceinture, of silver. A long *cabaya*, or kind of loose coat, with sleeves to the wrist, formed her upper garment, and reached below the knees, being fastened together in front by two *crocango*, or brooches of silver, so as to leave a small portion of the chest exposed. Beneath this, and attached to the *sarong* by the *pindeng*, were no fewer than fourteen handkerchiefs of different colors, folded cornerwise, and placed one above the other. Her movements had some degree of natural grace. In one hand she held a Chinese fan, which, in the dance, she coquetted with as well as a Spanish *donna* might have done; while in some stages of the performance she gathered up her *sarong* on either side, as is shown in the illustration."

In India the performances of the nautch, or dancing girls, are among the regular entertainments. Some of these dances tend to license, but others are decorous and graceful. Among the latter is the "Fencing Dance," in which many graceful evolutions occur; the dancers striking and parrying with bamboo wands in perfect time and rhythm. The dress, though strange to us, is far more delicate than the ballet costumes of the stage here and in Europe, and where, as often happens, the dancers are beautiful as well as graceful; its mazy changes, the mimic contest, the attack and defense, produce a most pleasing and attractive spectacle.

In the natives, these dances often excite the wildest enthusiasm, but the coarse taste of some Europeans, instead of encouraging what is higher and purer, even often encourages them to sink even below the level of pagan customs.

The Khataks are one of the tribes or clans inhabiting the plain country at the foot of the hill-ranges surrounding Kohat, in Afghanistan, and the dance depicted is peculiar to the tribe. This dance is executed either as a *pas seul, pas de deux*, or as a general ballet. Seizing an undrawn sword by the scabbard, the dancer gyrates round a large bonfire of logs with the greatest rapidity, draws the sword, circles it round his head, and, steadying it by resting the blade on his head, sheathes it again. All this is done in perfect time to the strains of a full band, consisting of some five drummers and two or three pipers. The music is always in well-marked time, and often the airs are very pretty, as "Zuchnie" (wounded by love), an air well known at the Afghan frontier, and played by many of the military bands attached to the Sepoy regiments in the British service. The full ballet, though never so well danced, is often very striking, as the dancers form a full circle, and their swords flash in the firelight, uncommonly close to their neighbors' heads and limbs, though, as they keep excellent time and all spin together, accidents never happen. The excitement of the band, as the measure quickens, is amusing to watch. The musicians nod energetically, hurl their drums in the air, roll over them, or waltz themselves, strumming the while; and they and the dancers will continue their exertions all night without fatigue—indeed, it is a point of honor to show no sign of giddiness or exhaustion.

The Esquimaux are very fond of dancing, and of a rude music on a kind of tambourine. Especially when not corrupted by white intercourse, they are good-humored, cheerful and simple. The dress of the men and women does not differ greatly, and, of course, skins and furs are more largely employed than any woven fabric, as their land supplies no fibrous plants but mosses, and the arts growing from their use are unknown. They dance for amusement, with many grotesque figures, and dance to welcome guests. The music given by the tambourine—which has, by-the-way, an ingenious handle—when elicited by a long bone, is not exactly in accord with our ideas of harmony, but affords extreme pleasure to these rude children of nature.

The dancing girls of Spain are even more famous, historically and in modern times, than the "almeh" and "ghawazee," their sisters of the East, whom even the sacred writings mention.

The gitanos, or gypsies, are the favorite dancers of Andalusia and Castile, and they render the "*ole*," the "*fandango*" and the "*jaleo de xeres*" with inimitable grace and passion. The "*ole*" especially delights the vehement Andalusians, and its charm consists in its rapid combinations of the most varied motions, while the fervid gypsy eye, glaring with the delirium of transport, holds the spectators entranced. "*El Zorongo*" is a much less passionate dance, and requires but one performer, whose movements in it are the very poetry of grace. It is the delight of the fashionables of Seville, who may often be seen, in the hotels and on the public squares, watching attentively every motion of the professional dancer, as she glides before them in mystic mazes.

The dances of the Spanish gypsies, usually arranged beforehand, and well adapted to the tastes of travelers, have nothing of the original wildness, or the zest of being improvised. It is only at Sacro Monte that a genuine gypsy dance can be seen to perfection. These impromptu dancers seem to be proud of their freedom from restraint by clothing, for their miserable rags cannot be called such. They impatiently clap their castanets for the guitars and *panderetas*. The performers on these instruments also sing, in a nasal tone, some very strange melodies; and an old gypsy woman, a finished specimen of a sorceress, and a very distinguished member of the community at Sacro Monte, sits down at the foot of a wall, with a dried skeleton of an enormous bat suspended over her head—an accessory which gives her quite a Satanic air. She takes up a great *pandero*, or tambourine, which she thumps with her fingers, causing the brass plates around the instrument to jingle in unison. The young people, elated by the sound, burst into enthusiastic encores: "*Anda vieja; andate vieja!*"—"Go it, old woman; go it, old woman!"—and the tambourine reverberates louder and louder under the muscular thumb of the gypsy.

A tall young girl, beautifully formed, whom they call the *Pelra*, begins to dance the *Zorongo* with most charming grace and agility. Her naked feet glide over the flinty ground as if she were dancing upon a carpet—a living illustration of the Egyptian "Alma," by Gérome. The guitars increase the time, and cries of "*Suy! ole! ole! Alza!*" resound on all sides, accompanied by enthusiastic applause and clapping of hands.

The *gitanella* is conscious that certain pretty silver pieces will be her reward; and, intoxicated by success, redoubles her agility. Soon her long, black hair, falling down, floats over her brown shoulders. She much resembles the "Gitana" of the comic poet, Gongora, who, with the sound of her tambourine, well knew how to attract a shower of *cruzados*—a very good kind of money.

A gypsy youth darts to the side of the *Pelra*—two other couples do the same; and the excitement becomes general, as they perform a variety of figures. The dancers, electrified by the applause of the gypsies, and of the other spec-

tators, keep it up for a long time, and only stop when the guitarists, exhausted with fatigue, cease to sing and to strike the strings of their instruments. Such is a dance of the Spanish gypsies at the Sacro Monte.

The dance once played a conspicuous part in the religious rites and in the last honors paid to the dead. Traces of this ancient custom still exist in Spain. A recent traveler thus describes an incident at Alicant: "We to-day witnessed a *jijona*, a funeral ceremony in which, to our astonishment, the national *jota* was danced. We were passing through a deserted street, when we heard the tinkling of a guitar, accompanied by the shrill chant of the *bandurria* and the sound of the castanets. We entered the half-open door, expecting to see a wedding. It was a funeral. At the end of the room, laid out on a table covered with a shawl, was a little girl of five or six, attired as for a holiday. Her head, encircled with a wreath of orange blossoms, rested on a cushion, and we at first thought her asleep; but the vessel of holy water beside her, and the large wax tapers burning at the four corners of the table, told us that the poor little thing was dead. A young woman, evidently the mother, sat beside the child, weeping bitterly. Yet the rest of the tableau contrasted singularly with this mournful scene; a young man and a young woman, in the holiday garb of Valentian peasants, were dancing a lively *jota*, keeping time with their castanets, while the musicians and friends formed a circle around them, exciting them by singing and clapping. We were at a loss to understand this rejoicing in grief, but one of the relatives said, 'She is with the angels.' In fact, in Spain, young children, as going direct to heaven, are considered as rather to be envied than mourned. *Angeletos al cielo* is the proverb. After the dance, the bell rang a *gloria*, as if for a holiday, instead of tolling as they would for an adult. In the same spirit, the burial service of the Catholic Church for infants is made up of canticles of joy—the psalm of praise, and not of sorrow."

An ancient ceremony at the festival of Corpus Christi is held in the Cathedral of Seville, where the "Dance of the Sixteen," as it is termed, takes place before the Holy Sacrament. This curious dance dates back to a papal bull of Pope Eugene IV., dated 1439. It is described as a gliding movement, something between a waltz and a minuet, and is aided by the sound of castanets played by the dancers. Crowds go to witness the ceremony, one of the famous sights connected with religious observance in Seville.

Besides the *bolero*, the *fandango*, the *granadina*, and other well-known Spanish dances, Seville has one of her own, known as the *panaderos*, or bakers' dance. It is danced sometimes by couples, sometimes by a single *danseuse*—and this is far more attractive. The air of the *panaderos*, which is *à trois temps*, somewhat resembles the *zapateado*, though less lively, and is often accompanied, in Andalusian parties, by the guitar and popular songs. Like all the dances of the peninsula, it is not only a dance, but, so to speak, passion dramatized.

Every South American State has its peculiar dance, all borrowed from the dance that has lived so long on the river-banks of Spain, and, though differing from it in some respects, possesses all its principal characteristics, just as the various languages of Spanish countries resemble the rich old mother-tongue.

The dances of Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chili, and the countries east of the Andes, are all accompanied by the guitar, and are full of grace; but none of them equal the "Yamecueca" of Chili. The people of her sister States know the "Yamecueca," and in Peru it is danced considerably, but the stranger never sees it in its glory until he has visited the Chilian valleys.

The "Yamecueca" originated in a combination of the spirited dances of the Indians of the country with the graceful steps introduced by the Spanish conquerors, and has flourished through almost countless generations, in all the freshness and beauty that a spirit of romance and conquest could give it.

The Araucanians, who resemble our North American Indians, have a similar dance, retaining all the wild peculiarities that belonged to the original "Yamecueca," but characterized more by activity than grace. The Chili dance is a part of the country's history, and is as dear as his flag to the Chilian's heart. It is danced by two persons, and when the guitars strike up, accompanied by the click of castanets in the hands of a third party, a crowd collects around the swaying figures, and enters into all the spirit and excitement of the dance. There are generally three verses sung, full of passion and entreaty, which the two dancers forcibly express in their attitudes; the second and third verses each increasing in fervor as the song progresses. The lady seems striving to resist the impulse to fall into her lover's arms, and constantly coquets with her partner; now permitting him to hover over her, and then suddenly retreating with a swift whirl, succeeded by a voluptuous, reinviting languor of movement; while the spectators, keeping time with their hands, urge on the suitor with such cries as "*Buscalo! buscalo!*" until the end of the song, and the dance suddenly stops. Partners are changed, the music recommences with new words, and the dance goes on again, hour after hour.

The following lines give an idea of the nature of the song:

"Dices que no me quires
Porque no tengo qui darte,
Enseñame aborrecerte
Porque no sé mas que amarte."

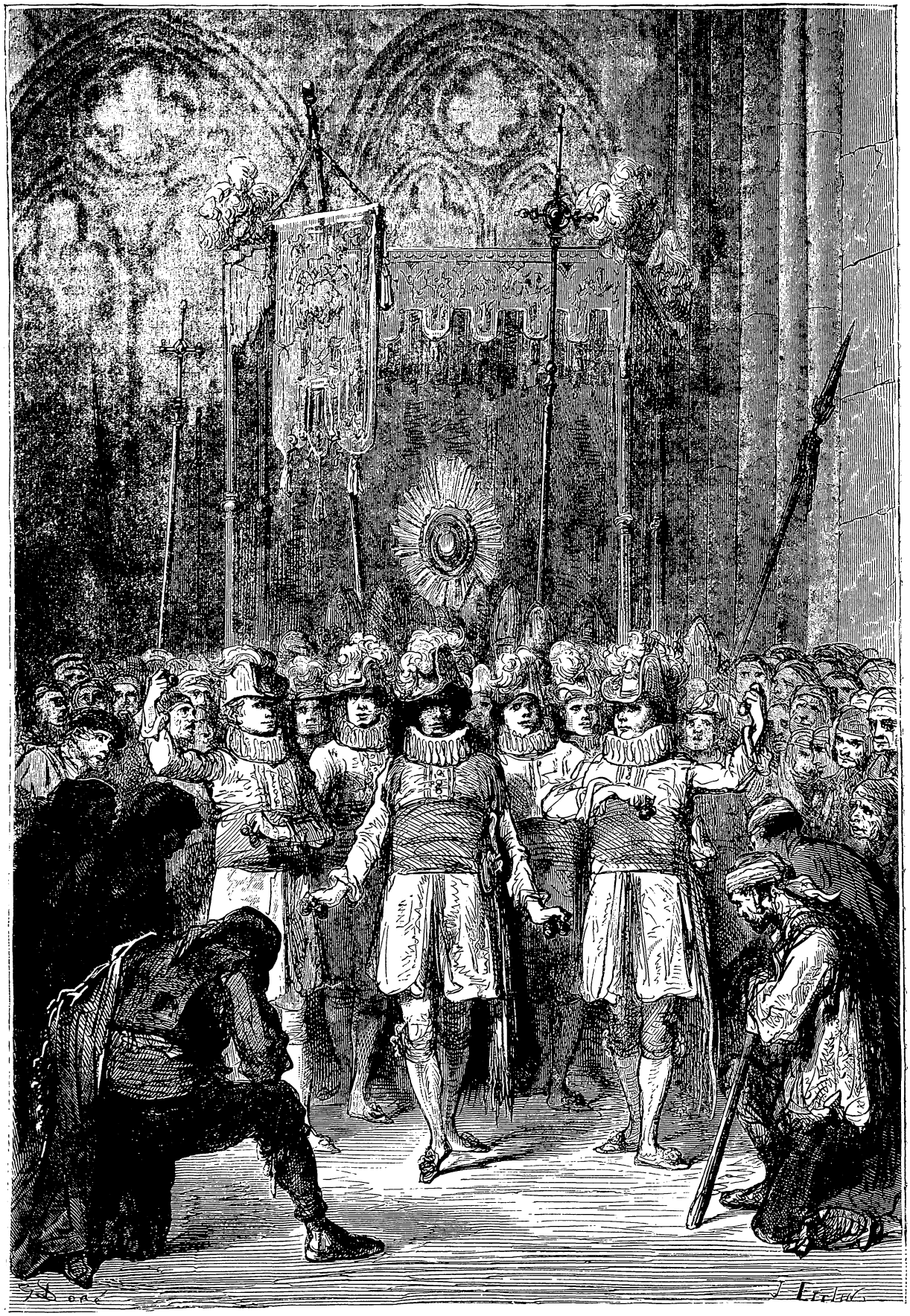
Or, in English—

"Thou sayest that thou lovest me no moro,
Because I have naught to bestow;
Then teach me to hate thee, I pray,
For to love thee is all that I know."

Some of the foreigners who have visited Chili have represented this dance as being vulgar, and tabooed by good society. Such is not the case. The dance, of course, is capable of being made so, and, no doubt, sometimes is, among the peons, when excited with wine, as are many of our own dances when engaged in by the lower classes, but the "Yamecueca" is really less objectionable than the American redowa, and need not offend the sensibilities of any one.

The "Yamecueca" of the aristocratic *salon* is the same as that of the peasant, but shorn of its excess of passionate expression, and is characterized by all the refinement of our most popular dances. No party or *tertullo* is complete without it, and every grand ball winds up with the national dance by the belle and best dancer of the evening. Then all the exuberance of the occasion culminates in a brief abandonment to the intoxication of the "Yamecueca," and the festivities are at an end.

But the great day of the "Yamecueca" is the 18th of September, the 4th of July of Chili. The country people then flock by thousands into the cities, and pitch their tents in the suburbs for a week of gayety. The scene at Santiago at such times is worthy of the brush of Zamacois. For six days the broad pampas are filled with booths and gay flags, and the air with song and laughter; while the troops are parading on the green, the borders of the camp resound with the music of guitars, and on every hand are seen waving scarfs and undulating forms of dancers. At night the scene is still more exciting, and the light of

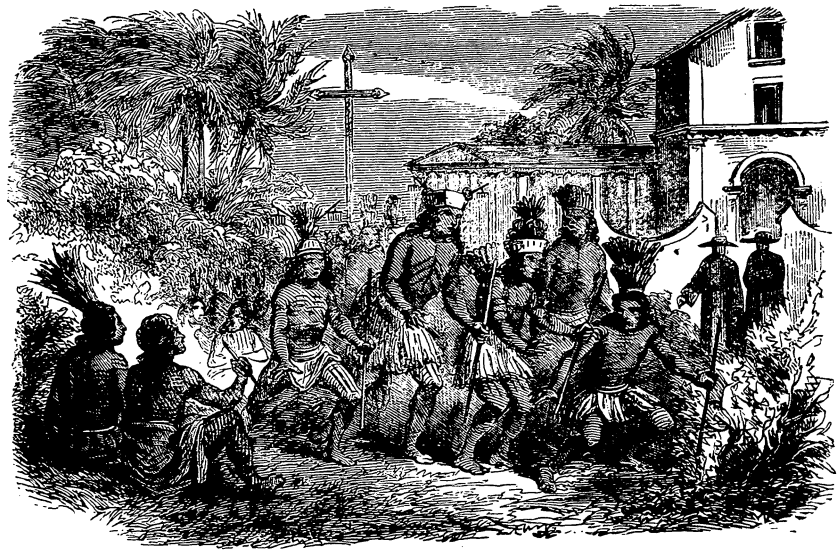


THE "DANCE OF THE SIXTEEN," IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

countless fires reveals fantastic figures, bending like willows in the storm, and all thrilled with the fervor of the "Yamecueca."

In the long Summer evenings, when the air is still, and the mountains loom up like walls of rock in the clear, starlit sky, the traveler down the broad, smooth, shady roads, knows where the haciendas are, by the sound of this beautiful dance, and as he draws near the long, low buildings, he will find a group, quiet, but all absorbed in the favorite pastime.

The effect at such times is indescribable. The snow-capped Andes seem to throw a shadow over all the plains, but across them there comes floating on the fragrant air, from every hacienda, a soft, ceaseless blending of music and singing; and one rides on as in a dream until the hush of midnight settles upon the scene.



A CALIFORNIAN INDIAN DANCE.

A WALLACHIAN DEVIL DANCE.

The dance must be seen to be appreciated. It can never be approximately imitated on the stage, and the artist's hand must be cunning indeed that at all pictures its grace and animation.

A curious South American dance is that of the Ticunas of the Amazon. The Ticunas are a tribe now fast dwindling away, and numbering less than two hundred souls; but they were once the object of prolonged contention between the crowns of Spain and Portugal, or, rather, between the earnest missionaries of those countries. Their territory is situated on the Amazon, between the Ambiacu and Atacoari. Many of their customs are very strange; one is to receive a stranger at the point of the spear, but, disregarding this apparently hostile attitude, he is not required to emulate Winkelried, but simply to put the bristling arms aside and enter a hut, and there turn into the most convenient hammock. The rest will soon fill up, and he can then at leisure tell who he is and from whence he cometh.

The French traveler, Marcoy, thus describes one of the strange dances in vogue among this people: "Their clothing is never superfluous, but on the occasion of these dances—evidently religious in their origin, and connected with pagan rites—the Ticunas assume a dress large enough to cover the body, although, as in dances in civilized lands, there is a weakness for

A JAVANESE DANCE.

displaying a considerable portion of the nether limbs. The robe is a curiosity, made of bark generally, and like a long sack, sometimes with arms, oftener with mere armholes. The bottom is circular, and at the top a face is rudely painted. This is put on so as to be at a considerable distance above the head; opposite the dancer's mouth is a slit, to allow him to breathe. This strange garment is pulled over the head, and descends to the knee, ending in a fringe of grass or strips of skin. Each dancer is furnished with two rattles, having long handles, and the dance begins. The dancers chant the ancient songs peculiar to the dance, in the monotonous cadence which seems so characteristic of Indian music in all parts of the world, and which seems to our ears as devoid of harmony as the movements of the dance are to our eyes. From four to twelve persons take part in this dance, and the wild costumes of the dancers, the discordant clashing of the rattles, and the uncouth and grotesque figures of the dance, go to make up a scene fit for the pencil of a Doré."

The *kuri* dance, performed by the natives of Australia, is a very wild and peculiar measure. It is generally practiced on moonlight nights, when the gathering together of several tribes, or some other occasion of importance, calls forth a display of these native amusements. The *kuri* appears to have no connection whatever with their religious ceremonies, and is entirely a recreative dance, of a wild and savage character. In this dance the two leaders of the company are adorned with a curious ornament called *palyertatta*, made of two pieces of stick put crosswise, and bound together by strings of opossum fur. Two others carry each a long spear, to which a bunch of emu feathers is attached, and human hair is wound down its whole length. Each performer has gum leaves attached to his legs just above the knees, and the men are all painted with pipe-clay mixed with grease, giving them a hideous appearance. The dance is performed by the men moving in a body and stamping with their alternate feet, the dry gum leaves making a loud, crackling noise at every step.

We have already described a typical Javanese dance. The following description of a Bayadere's dance in that country is from the note-book of a French-traveler, who recently visited the island: "During my few days' rest at Boghor, I attended a Bayadere dance given under a banyan tree near the town. The majestic tree under its myriad branches shielded from the sun a crowd assembled from all sides. At the foot of the tree squatted the orchestra, their instruments being chiefly gongs and tom-toms, whose din drowned the scraping of the native violin—an instrument made of a serpent's skin, a tortoise-shell or cocoanut, with strings above and below, over which the bow is drawn alternately. Wooden wind instruments from time to time gave out their shrieks, and little tin cymbals tinkled with less offense. In the centre of the musicians a woman, standing on a mat, went through the contortions that constitute a Javanese dance. The costume of the Bayadere consisted of the inevitable *sarong*—that piece of cloth worn by all Javanese; and which, at the fancy of the wearer, forms pantaloons, tight drawers, or skirt. At the Bayadere's belt hung, fastened by one corner, handkerchiefs of all colors—presents from her numerous admirers. This belt, in silver, gilt, or even gold, is fastened in front by a handsome piece of jewelry. On each side of it hung little Malay trinkets, tooth-powder boxes, keys, etc. The waist was close-fitting, white, and without sleeves, crossed obliquely by red and a white *bretelle* from the shoulder to the buckle on the belt. She was not alone on the stage. A man appeared from time to time, playing a part made up of singing and pantomime. The ballet is generally a love story. The Bayadere moves to and fro on her mat, throws out her arms, turns around and murmurs a plaintive song. At last the man rises, approaches, makes a declaration of love, which is repulsed decidedly; he persists humbly, but finding her obdurate, puts on a grief-mask coming down to the upper lip, and presenting a most ludicrous expression of grief. She still scorns his love, and with her fan strikes him in the face. Then he puts on the mask of anger, with fierce, rolling eyes, and rows of fearful teeth. Thus attired he approaches the coquette, and by dances, bounds, leaps and vaults, endeavors to terrify her into accepting his profferred love. Overcome by alarm at the result of her coquetry, she flies to a corner to sob; when, therefore, he throws off his terrible masks, again approaching humble and deferential, she yields, and shows her submission by following all his steps in the dance, advancing when he advances, turning when he turns, recoiling when he does."

Such is the dance of the Bayadere of Java.

Martial dances were common to all nations in the early days of civilization, as we see in the multitudinous dances of the American Indians. Some of those of the early days of European society have been preserved by tradition, and are still brought out on special occasions. A curious dance in the Vosges, in France, bears the name of the *Bacchu-ber*. Each dancer has a drawn sword, and is arrayed in white shirt and trousers, girt with a red sash. The dance is performed by eight dancers, and comprises a number of curious figures. The "squares," which is the eleventh figure of the *Bacchu-ber*, ends in a group of squares formed by each dancer grasping the point of a sword, the handle of which is held by another, and holding his own at right angles to it. The dance is now seldom seen, and is not produced except on days of great public interest.

In many of the villages scattered through France the close of the carnival is celebrated by the destruction of a little image or effigy, which goes in Languedoc by the name of *Caramantran*, which is a corruption of words signifying, "Lent is coming." Each town has some peculiar custom of its own relative to this ceremony; and one of the most singular is that of the "Dance of the Bellows," which is exclusively local to the town of Uzés, in the Department of Gard, and is practised in no other place. The *bouffetiers* or bellows-carriers, who form the chief part of the *Caramantran's* escort, may be seen all over the town from a very early hour in the morning, forming themselves in long files. Their dress consists of full white trousers, a coarse shirt worn over to correspond, and a towering and grotesque cap of white cotton. Each one is armed with a huge pair of bellows; and in this ludicrous costume they assemble for the procession.

When, at length, the spirited notes of the *tambour*, beating a special *farandole*, or provincial dance, fall on the ears of the populace, they simultaneously break into a wild and irregular dance, generally selecting for the scene of their exercises a public square or large, open space. One of the figures consists in the dancers following one another in hot chase, each discharging blasts of air from a pair of rapidly worked bellows, on those who may happen to precede him. The outside stragglers of this procession take especial delight in making sudden sallies at the spectators who have been attracted too near the line by idle curiosity. The women in particular are assaulted by puffs of the bellows, and fly laughing and shrieking in all directions. If any luckless dog falls in the way of the dancers, he is obliged to retreat precipitately, under the impression that a whirlwind is abroad.

Each participator in this wild carnival of mirth wears a hideous mask, in which every feature is distorted in the most ludicrous manner. Great gayety and good feeling

prevail throughout the whole ceremony, which is continued until the heroes of the bellows join the *Caramantran* procession.

The favorite dance of the last century was the minuet, a graceful, stately dance, that well became the stately men and dames who figured in society a hundred years ago. Though our young people would deem it rather formal and dull, it was as popular in its day as the quadrille, waltz or polka have been in our days. It has recently been revived in entertainments given in imitation of the style of the last century. The minuet is beautiful, the couples passing to and fro in the different figures with exquisite grace, and bowing to one another with old-time courtesy.

Originally from Poitou, France—the music being in three-quarter time and performed slowly—the first minuet is said to have been composed by Lulli, the elder, and was danced by Louis XIV. at Versailles. The dance is still well-known by the celebrated *minuet de la cour*, which is frequently introduced in stage performances.

"There are five different minuet steps," says M. Coulon, in his "Hand-book of dancing," "one to the right, two to the left, and one forward; and one forward and turn around. All minuet steps begin with the right foot, and occupy two bars; they are composed of one *demi-coup*, which occupies one bar, and one *pas de bourre*, which occupies the other bar."

The waltz is essentially the German dance; but the most peculiar dance performed at social gatherings in that country is that which passes by the name of *der cotillion*, which consists of a series of games, rather than figures, superadded to the old French measure, and from which has been evolved in this country "that million, of marvelous mazes, the German cotillion." In Germany this dance is always reserved for the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, when the ladies and gentlemen draw their chairs from the side of the room, and seat themselves in a large circle toward the centre of the dancing-hall; after which some of the young ladies proceed to tie a knot in one corner of their handkerchiefs, and then, doubling the knotted end into the form of a bow, do the like with the other three corners in which no knot has been made, so that, the several ends being held in the palm of the hand, it shall be difficult to tell which is the knotted corner and which the unknotted ones belonging to the bows left projecting above. Thus prepared, the damsel approaches any gentleman whom she may please to seek as a partner, and, presenting to him the several bows of the handkerchief, he selects one of them · and, while the lady holds the ends still firmly clasped in her palm, the gentleman is thus led, with his finger and thumb grasping the bow he has chosen, toward a second partner, to whom the handkerchief-ends are in the same manner presented. When he in his turn has taken hold of another of the bows, the couple are conducted by the lady as before to a third cavalier; and immediately this one has grasped the remaining bow—for the lady keeps one of the unknotted corners for herself—the ends are drawn from the hand, and the gentleman who has selected the corner with the knot to it is claimed as the lady's partner for the dance. The others are left to try their luck once more with some other *fraulein*, or else to console themselves with the brief pleasure of an "extra tour," as it is called, during the pauses of the dance; for it is the custom in Germany for gentlemen who are unable to procure partners for the waltz or polka to wait until some of the couples halt for a few minutes' rest, and then to approach the gentleman to whom the coveted lady is engaged, and beg that he may be allowed—if the *fraulein* is not too tired—the honor of dancing an additional round or two with her.

Another pastime indulged in during this same cotillion is to lead one of the most admired of the German coquettes out into the middle of the room, and to arrange a table and toilet-glass there, in front of which the saucy flirt is seated. Then the gentlemen are brought forth one by one, and presented to her behind her back, and as she sees their figures reflected in the mirror before her, she either shakes her head or bows toward the looking-glass as a sign that such company is either displeasing or acceptable to her.

A third sprightly variety of the same dance consists in the removal of the toilet-glass, and in placing upon the little table before described a large *papier-mâché* model of a heart, a small velvet slipper made after the fashion of a watch-pocket, and a tiny basketful of artificial flowers. Then, the lady being seated in front of these three different articles, a fresh triad of gentlemen is conducted to the table before her, when she presents the slipper to the one she thinks is likely to be ruled by his wife, the paper heart to him with whom she wishes to dance, and the basket to the one whose hand she desires to reject with scorn; for in Germany it is the same insult, in the vernacular, to give a gentleman the *corb*, or basket—since it is supposed to be the special office of women only to carry burdens in that country—as in our own land it is, vulgarly speaking, "to give him the sack."

The "polka" affords a remarkable instance of the rapidity with which a fashion spreads over the world. In 1843, this dance made the grand tour of Europe in a few months. So great was the excitement which it created, that its introduction into fashionable society may be regarded as a new era in the art of dancing. The young, the middle-aged, and even the old, were roused by its attractions into a state that bordered on enthusiasm. Judges, senators, lawyers and physicians, unable to resist the soft persuasion, divested themselves of their soberness and sage-like gravity of age and profession, renewed their youth, and again received lessons in dancing.

The origin of the "polka" is unknown, but it is generally believed to be an an ancient Scythian dance, and it has been known and practiced in many countries of Europe, namely: Russia, Servia, Bohemia, Germany, and Hungary, from time immemorial.

Among warlike tribes it is danced with spurs on their heels and hatchets in the hands of the men, in a sort of disorderly *mêlée*, resembling a charge in battle; while a furious beating of time with the feet at intervals takes place, as if to represent the trampling of horses or the din of war.

With the ancient Greeks, dancing and gymnastics formed an essential part of their education, to develop personal grace and beauty of form. Both arts were not only practiced on festive occasions, but extensively introduced into their religious rites and stage performances; and celebrated poets, statesmen, generals and philosophers, like Plato, Sophocles, Epaminondas, and even Socrates, recommended and cultivated the terpsichorean art.

Meursius describes one hundred and eighty-nine national dances of the ancient Greeks; but of far the greater number only the name is known in modern times, although numerous sculptures, especially bas-reliefs, are extant, from which the ancient dances might be studied. Among the most celebrated was the Pyrrhic war dance, the circular dances called "Hermos" and "Geranos," and a bacchanalian dance known under the name of "Cordax."

The love for dancing remains unaltered in modern Greece; on every festive occasion—birth, marriage, and even death—symbolical and rhythmical dances play a part; and the Greek peasant girls are as fond of their country dances as in olden times. The men perform pantomimic tableaus, like the Albanian robber dance, and the women

THE HIGHLAND BROADSWORD DANCE.

to one of their companions, and the dance begins anew, to the delight of the *palikars*, who flock round the charming group.

The professional dancers of modern Egypt belong to the tribe of the Ghawazi, a kind of Eastern gypsies. They form a community among themselves, and live in secluded parts of the towns, or under tents. Since 1834 they are no longer allowed to perform in public; but on festive occasions they are invited to the houses or country-seats of the rich. One section, the Ghaziehs, are dancers; another part, the Almehs, make singing their profession. Amongst both the handsomest women of Egypt are to be found, and it is a weird sight to see them perform their peculiar dances by torchlight at a country-seat of some pasha, to which European visitors are sometimes admitted.

They commence by advancing toward one another with outstretched arms, the fingers pointing to the ground, in a peculiar slow and shuffling step. They then assume a leaping step, chasing one another round in a circle and clapping the castanets, and ultimately place their arms akimbo and whirl round, moving the upper half of the body from one side to the other, to a slow and measured cadence. As the music grows faster, they suddenly resume the shuffling step of the beginning, as if their legs had been tied together; after which the whole body is moved in a peculiar manner.

often assemble on the seashore or village green to dance the "Romaika."

In Attica, and in the Island of Crete, a picturesque dress, a glorious sky and magnificent landscape surroundings, combine to make a "Romaika," danced by girls as handsome as they are merry, a sight never to be forgotten. In a grove of oaks, laurels and oleanders, open toward the shore, they form two chains, and follow the graceful turnings and windings of two leaders, who, tambourine in hand, mark the time to the accompaniment of the lute, chasing and opposing one another with playful caprice, supported by the chain of their followers. If the leaders are tired, they throw a scarf

AN ESQUIMAUX DANCE.

A FRIENDLY ISLAND DANCE.

THE JOTA ARRAGONESE.

If it is difficult to describe the strange gyrations of the Ghaziehs, it is even more difficult to imitate them. The two halves of the body separated by the waist seem to move independently of each other, following the stormy rhythm. Other singular figures, that fairly baffle description, go to make up the national dance of modern Egypt.

A Wallachian dance that has recently attracted much attention from newspaper correspondents and others who followed in the wake of the Russian armies in European Turkey, is the "kolotschey."

This curious dance, performed in the streets of Wallachian towns by bands of men who join for the purpose, was almost unknown until the last war brought the manners and customs of the nationalities which inhabit the valley of the Lower Danube under the notice of Western observers. Like the "skákavá" in Bohemia and the English "hornpipe," the "kolotschey" is one of the hopping or capering dances which are in special favor in countries where the women lack the necessary grace and agility to refine the terpsichorean art.

To the tune of a shrieking violin, accompanied by the standard-bearer's plaintive song, the leader, with the aid of a long pole, jumps about in antics, which, however, are not without a certain uncouth grace, and his companions follow. The higher the jumps and capers, the more the spectators are pleased. A special costume, with a row of jingling bells fastened below the knees, is worn as professional outfit by the "kolotschey" dancers, and the collector of money wears a Venetian mask and sleeveless jacket—for what reason we never were able to ascertain.

The Hungarians are passionately fond of dancing, and the stirring tunes of the Czárdás, played on the violin by gypsy musicians, never fail to electrify young and old. Six, eight, ten and more couples place themselves in a circle, the dancer passing his arm round the waist of his partner. The music commences with an andante, and as long as this lasts the dancer turns the girl to the right and the left, clapping his spurred heels together, slapping his boots with the hands, and stamping the ground with heels and toes alternately. His partner puts her hand on his shoulder, and at intervals jumps from the ground without turning or changing her place. Soon the violins and clarionets begin to quicken, and the movements grow wilder and wilder. The dancers wheel their partners round, lift them from the ground, and leap in the air. The girl puts one hand on the hips and leaves the other to her partner, who contrives to perform the most astonishing antics with perfect grace, and within an incredibly small space.

The Czárdás is the same in passionate fervor when the *csikos* (horse herdsmen) assemble at the wayside inn, as when the stately Hungarian nobles enjoy their eminently national dance at the Imperial Palace at Ofen. On such occasions the military band suddenly disappears, and gypsy musicians, clad in black, enter the orchestra with cymbals, violins and clarionets, to strike up the Czárdás as only Gitanos can do. The stern Hungarian magnate lays aside his fur-trimmed mantle with jeweled chain, and takes his place in the circle with his lady partner, who, like the peasant girl, places her left hand on the hips and takes up her lace dress with the right. Gray-bearded warriors rise and join the national dance with the same ardor as the young men from Pussta did when, in former times, the recruiting sergeant perambulated the streets, with a band of gypsy musicians playing the Czárdás, to allure the fiery youths to take the emperor's bounty and enlist with the hussars.

Of the dances of modern fashionable society we need not speak in detail, since they are of necessity familiar to nearly every reader. The time-honored quadrille, with its countless variations, the waltz, which is every year becoming more popular and more attractive in its numerous modifications, the polka, schottische, mazourka, redowa, and last, but not least, that combination of marvelous labyrinthine figures, the "German," with its addenda of multifarious "favors"—are they not each and all known of all men, and, more particularly and especially, of all women?

The dance is to-day, as it has been in countless ages past, a universal amusement in all nations of the world.

A POET'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

A VENOMOUS FLOWER.

THERE was a crowd at the house of Mrs. Duncan Trubabys. Madame G—— was to sing, M—— T—— to recite in comic verse, a new and beautiful *débutante* at W——'s Theatre had been engaged to do the tragic, and a poet, the lion last caught, was to read one of his latest — an unpublished poem. The evening sped on. It grew late, and, except the last, all these things had been done. Mrs. Sneerwell, the fast friend of Mrs. Duncan Trubabys—true as a consumptive's cough, for she never left her—whispered that "Laura's last caprice was now to appear."

Poor Leon Guillian! Heaven help him!—though a poet; for, though not a poor poet, he was a poor man, and, sooth to say, not up to the mark in point of attire for such an "occasion" as this reception at the palatial abode of Mrs. Duncan Trubabys. "Some poor devil or other. I don't pretend to say," *explained* Mrs. Sneerwell, "where Laura picked him up. Her way, you know."

He hoped, poor Leon! for Lola's sake—Lola, his sweet sister—that all would go smoothly. His advance in the world must decide her future. She was forced to toil so now, poor girl! at painting her little pictures, that were not, and never would be, at the right point in art! He felt such pity for her! Then, besides, he did want for himself another and better coat. Who ever heard of a shabby lion?—and a lion for her "evenings," at all events, Mrs. Duncan Trubabys had insisted upon making him.

There were some present—among them one Madeline Whately, beauty and heiress—who did not see the coat, but only the wonderfully clear, large and glorious eyes, that told how pure the fire feeding that soul; but Mrs. Sneerwell whispered to Mrs. Trubaby: "Laura, how *could* you!"

Laura Trubabys stared at her in the absent way she had fallen into ever since she had plunged into the world of gilded Bohemia—into literature, art, and "all that." Then, with a grand sweep of her train to one side—she knew how to do these little things—she rose up, and told "those people," as she usually called her acquaintances, when speaking of them *en masse*, that "her friend, Mr. Leon Guillian, the poet—whose verses we all so much admire," added she—"would now favor them with a recitation of 'Earl Carlys's Daughter,' his last poem."

And now, to understand Laura, and how she managed matters—such matters as her popularity, crowding her rooms so well, and various like things—I must take you behind the curtain, a velvet one, which curtain was immediately behind the *estrade*.

Just before Leon parted it and appeared, she had floated through the hall, and, turning aside, found herself near the pallid poet, rather, if the truth must be owned,

"shaky" in the anticipation of the trial before him. Alas, *that coat!* Even poets cannot rise above the fact of a shabby coat. It weighed like a pall upon Leon.

"My dear boy," said the widow, placing her hand upon his arm, "what is the meaning of this? What! *pale*, sir knight? Remember *my* feelings—remember how much, in inducing you to make this effort, *I* suffer. Are not your hopes mine? Is not your success mine, also?"

Practice makes perfect. For the last eight seasons Laura had been doing everything in her power to attain perfection in this line—the line of flirtation; and, to judge by the rush of color—*that* died away again but too quickly!—into Leon Guillian's cheek, and the feverish brightness of his eyes, she had again succeeded. He had never been warned by seeing on *other* "fervent faces, the pallor of strange tears," and gazed and listened enraptured, little dreaming how many had gone down before the conqueror's chariot, and been ridden over by its glittering wheels.

This interlude over, the velvet curtain had stirred; Laura had her encounter with Mrs. Sneerwell, stared her down, announced her poet, and he read.

It was a perfect thing, so the crowd said, this "Earl Carlys's Daughter." And how splendidly he recited, this man with the bad coat! There "weally," lisped Frederick Gainsby, one of the dandies scattered about—for "we cannot have all the people serious," argued Laura—there "weally theemed to be thomething in him"; and "how very handsome!" said the young ladies.

"It was your smile that encouraged me to success, if such this is," said Leon, as he made his adieus to Laura. "I trust the day may come when all will say that, lovely and gifted as you are, you have not chosen unworthily."

Laura did not smile, and as the poet turned away, looking "like a spirit," she sighed to herself as she watched him leave the rooms. The beautiful widow bit her lip, and murmured:

"These entanglements with *men of soul* are the worst things in the world to get rid of. He really believes in me, poor boy!"

It was not agreeable to remember the fluctuations of color in the thin cheeks, the look approaching so nearly to anguish that had once or twice arisen in Leon Guillian's eyes, as she had uttered some word as goading as she yet dared to suffer her words to be, or to think what *might* be when the "bitter end" should come. Did men ever die of these things? Would Leon die?

For, come it must! That night—that of all others, though she had not meant it to be so soon!—just after her leaving the poet to mount the *estrade*, Mr. Charles Van Hausen, the wealthiest of the widow's suitors, and, except Leon, the most in earnest, had proposed to her, and—the page in Guillian's poem at that moment expired at the feet of Earl Carlys's daughter—she had accepted him!

Opium would make her sleep, so she took some. For, somehow, Laura Trubabys that night discovered that she had—*a conscience!*

CHAPTER II.

MADELINE.

I DO not know that any young girl ever so greatly impressed me with the idea of elevation of character as Madeline Whately. And yet this was not because Madeline was "heroic." She was quite capable of screaming at finding a caterpillar crawling upon her sleeve, and I saw her turn deadly pale one day, when, on a stone near her garden-chair at Myrtle Rest, she suddenly perceived a toad, which she forthwith stigmatized as "horrid!"

Madeline in the heyday of her triumph as a belle—which, being an heiress, she would have been without her talent and beauty—that she one day met Leon Guillian, of whom Laura Trubabys had whispered, in introducing him—a lady friend of hers had brought him to Myrtle Rest, and *she* had the responsibility of introducing him:

"This is Leon Guillian, *a* poet—not yet, but he will be, 'Guillian *the* poet.'"

How cunningly, for a girl not cunning, she found out about his little sister, of whom I have more to tell! How wise she looked when she bought her pictures—little Lola's "little" pictures! How she blushed when she bought the volumes of Guillian's poems!

And how—seeing her queenliness, and knowing her holiness—how angry I felt with Leon, because he did not love her! But I did him injustice, for, as I said to myself in the aftertime, how could he guess then—how could he dare to guess that she loved him—she, the queen of women?

CHAPTER III.

LOLA.

LOLA GUILLIAN, "Little Lola," as the artists called her among themselves, had tried various ways, when Leon and she became orphans, to earn a living.

"The idea that the child should dabble in art at all, and of all things take it up to get a living!" Leon had exclaimed, when it became evident that Lola was doing the last-mentioned thing. Sew she could not; teach she knew not how to set about. He had tried to teach her serious things, chemistry among the rest; but when, speaking of cheese, she had said it had mites in it, "owing to the peculiar conformation of the minute particles of matter thereunto appertaining," he had concluded that much learning would certainly make her mad; so Lola painted her butterflies and fairies, her roses and fat little ducklings and chickens, and these, though out of drawing, sold tolerably well—well enough, poor child! to feed and clothe her.

She never complained, the golden-haired lassie, though pale sometimes, and sometimes sad.

For Lola did not like Mrs. Duncan Trubabys. Did she understand why, and especially of late, Leon was always so pale when he came from his visits to her? why his poems were always so melancholy?

"What a terrible thing if he should love her, she is so awfully rich. I hate rich people," would soliloquize Lola, and she would carefully suppress, for that day at least, all the gold-leaf on her fairies' wings. While to Leon, "You know you will be rich some day," she would say, sitting beside him—those evenings he did not spend at Mrs. Trubabys's house—in their shabby but cheerful hired rooms—ah, how they had to struggle to pay for them!—"you know it. Then the richest and handsomest ladies in New York will think of you, not just"—Lola's was independent phraseology—"to read and recite at their receptions like an actor"—here Leon colored, and Lola bit her lip at her mistake—"but to marry you. And oh, I shall be so hard to please! I do not know one, or only one"—Lola meant Madeline Whately, and her bright eyes surveyed him keenly here—"whom I would let have you. For you know, Leon, you *are* a genius. Everybody says so."

"An excellent reason for not believing it," replied her brother.

"Then why did C——, the sculptor, make a statue of 'Earl Carlys's Daughter' as soon as you got it out? Does not that show?"

That had been a grateful homage to the young poet of one rarely gifted. Leon's eyes gleamed at the recollection.

"Perhaps he was in want of a subject," replied he.

But Lola *would* be proud of her brother.

A KHATAK DANCE ON THE MOUNTAINS OF AFGHANISTAN.

LOS PANADEROS, A SPANISH DANCE.

THE OLE GADITANO, A SPANISH DANCE.

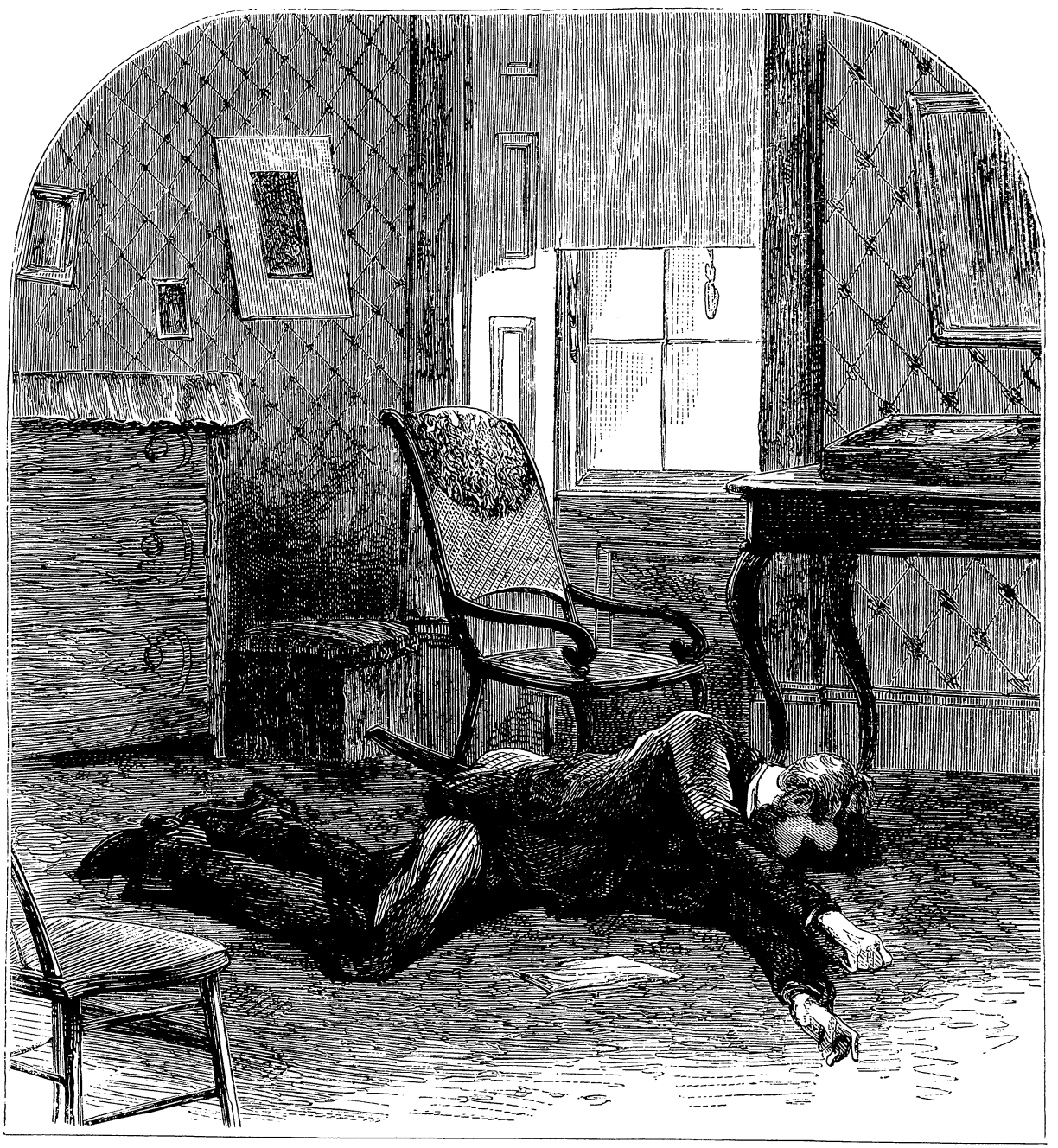
CHAPTER IV.

THE WIDOW ASKS FOR HER "BILL."

Of Mr. Charles Van Hausen, millionaire—he for whom Laura had played Leon false, and whom—to distinguish him, she said, from young Guillian—Mrs. Sneerwell called Laura's "metallic lover"—I must tell one anecdote.

"What do I care about these saints?" he had replied. "I am tired of paying money to set up people I know nothing about. Somebody was talking to me the other day about St. Elizabeth of *Hungry*. I presume she died of starvation! And who is this new fellow, Borromeo? I never heard of him."

"My dear Mr. Van Hausen, you mistake," replied the wag,



A POET'S STORY.—"LOLA HAD FOUND HIM—IT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE TERRIBLE PARTING WITH LAURA—QUITE STILL AND INSENSIBLE BESIDE HIS WRITING-TABLE, IN THE ROOM WHERE HE HABITUALLY WROTE."—SEE PAGE 302.

While abroad—and he had gone abroad because his millions, which were sudden millions, had opened his eyes to his shortcomings as to the things he needed, such as education, wit, conversational powers, and other matters which the having a good heart does not ever, in the eyes of the world, make up for—society would suffer in some respects if it did—he had been asked to subscribe to the building of the church of St. Charles Borromeo.

who held him by the buttonhole; "he's the son of Romeo and Juliet."

"Oh, I *have* heard of them! I'll subscribe. I'm always willing to help people along whom I know something about."

And the millionaire put down his name.

Coming home, perhaps rather less likely to be liked than before by such a woman as Laura Trubabys, for he now

imagined he did know something, he had found the beauty a widow.

There is something touching in constancy, and for three long years after his return Mr. Van Hausen danced upon Laura. It was the greater feat, he being a corpulent person on whom *salmis* and *pâtés de périgord* had done their worst, and to whom Cliquot had given shortness of breath.

And Laura let him dance—till now.

And now Laura made up her mind. However lovely sentiment might be, however tempting a life "all soul," such as she had again and again professed to advocate in the hearing of men whose gifts *approached* those heaven had given to Lean Guillian, "she'd none of it"; there was the millionaire.

What was the fortune she made so much show with, to the lustre his wealth could give? There were women who rivaled her whom she thought unworthy to bind up her sandals. These she must cope with and overcome. She could not serve two masters, so she chose the Master Mammon.

We hear of "angels' visits," but never, by any chance, meet the people they are paid to. And this, Guillian's case, a case of *real love*, Laura Trubabys knew to be so rare a thing that it might almost rank with angelic visitations.

He would, the widow knew, be "hard to get rid of"; it was thus she phrased it.

She was afraid there was only one way. She must offend him. She must find something that would "make him feel the distance between them." She had not, apparently, thought of that "distance" before. It did exist, but not in the direction that the widow supposed. It was not down from the height of the woman of the world to the level of the man of genius, but precisely the other way—down from *him* to *her*.

The widow pondered.

At last, after much thought, during which several things equally heartless and outrageous suggested themselves, Laura made up her mind.

Leon had been alarmingly tender the evening before—that is, his eyes were so, and Mr. Van Hausen's gray eyebrows had come together ominously as he watched the handsome, no, the *beautiful*—poet hover over her chair. Perhaps he remembered seeing, in Italy, Domenichino's "St. John the Evangelist," and did not fancy seeing anything so like it near his fair *fiancée?*

Laura made up her mind.

Drawing up her pretty table—a *lapis-lazuli*, which she had condescended to choose from some of the trophies of that Continental tour, during which Mr. Van Hausen had overcome among other things diffidence and the merchant in *bric-à-brac*—Laura wrote:

"Madison Avenue, 12 o'clock.

"My Good Poet—I am thinking of a trip abroad. Our humdrum everyday republican ideas *are* tiresome after a time. I shall give England, Germany, and perhaps Italy, a chance to revive my absolutely weary brain. Life here is, after all, mere vegetation.

"But before I go, remembering how very good-natured you have always been when called upon by me to make yourself useful, I must—I really *must* ask you what sum I shall inclose to you as the price of your readings and recitations?

"A prompt reply—for, you know, '*les bons comptes font les bons amis*'—will oblige, Yours truly, as ever,

"Laura Trubabys."

The note was dispatched.

Laura well knew that if she took time to reflect she would never have the bad courage to send it.

That evening at about nine—he had asked at the door if Mrs. Trubabys was alone, and had been told that she was—Leon Guillian entered the flower-garnished retreat, a kind of reading-room where sat Laura with a copy of "Chastelar" in her hand.

The beautiful widow glanced up and frowned. But her cruel note had roused her victim, and, looking firmly into her eyes, he approached her.

"Did you address this note to me, Laura?"

"I did, Mr. Guillian, and must request you not again to address me by my Christian name.

"Why?" demanded Leon, curtly.

"Because it suits me that you should cease to do so," answered Laura.

The poet pressed his hand to his heart, turning very pale.

"I cannot understand *yet*," murmured he; "I do not know what I have done to you, the last being whom I would offend; "I know not why you should send me this—this *insult*"—and his eyes fired as he spoke; "the best place for it is the fire." As he said this, he dropped the rose-hued missive into the very centre of the flames. "But I presume I *have* offended. Now, tell me how?"

Laura was silent.

It was a situation unpleasantly like others, in which she had been brought to book for coquetry and fickleness. She wished she had never seen Leon Guillian. He looked angry and he looked ill.

"You do not reply?" said the poet.

No answer.

Guillian's heart beat quick.

"Laura," said he, "pardon me if I reproach you. I *must* speak. I cannot think that you have changed to me utterly. You wished to try me, perhaps. You thought by that note—those unkind words—to discover some weak spot in the chain of the strong love that binds me to you. How could *I* be angry with *you?* I have, I know it, in giving you the love you once seemed once to—to welcome—given more (this is not the first time I have feared that) than you have cared for. I have bowed my whole being at your feet. I have become yours so truly, that I am no longer my own. I can never again be a free man. You must not be angry with me, Laura; you should pity me."

"We have dreamed a dream, Leon," replied the widow, endeavoring to throw some of the old softness into her eyes; "it must pass away and be forgotten. I am free no longer."

The room seemed to Leon to whirl. The Psyche that he had fancied once so like Laura seemed to start forward from its pedestal as if about to fall upon him. Again he pressed his hand to his heart, that was throbbing so fast that the voice of Laura seemed far away. What had she said?

"What were you when you promised me that you would be my wife?"

"You dream!"

"I *dream!* Did I dream when I rose out of an aimless existence, into the knowledge of all life might bring me to share with you? Reflect, I entreat you! I will try to speak calmly"—at this moment an acute physical pain darted, it seemed to him, into his very heart—"and remember or hear it for the first time, it is not impossible *to kill* a man in this way."

"Mr. Guillian, I am sorry—I deeply regret—I have been wrong; I own it." Laura's humility may be accounted for by the alarm she experienced lest he should fall senseless at her feet, he looked so ill. "You must forgive me; I feel that I need your forgiveness" second suffusion of eyes at this point—"but we cannot marry—I—in a word——"

Here her courage failed her again, and she paused.

When she once more looked up, for she had nervously

raised her hands to her eyes to shut out Leon's face, which was livid, the poet had sunk upon his knees at her feet, and was holding his clasped hands up to her with an expression of such agony that it was impossible for even the heartless woman, who had brought this thing about, to speak to him.

"I will go home," said Leon, that pain again in the very heart! "I will let this night pass ere I see you again. For this is, I am sure, some terrible mistake. I shall awake *sane*. I know I am mad now to think *you* could deceive me."

And he walked toward the door.

But there was such a look in his face, something so *deathlike*, that Laura involuntarily stepped toward him.

As she did so, her anxious face wore a look like the love-light that had been there in the Summer that was gone. Leon turned. Then, with the remains of the strength fast failing him, he suddenly caught her in his arms, and strained her to his heart.

"Release me!" exclaimed Laura.

Leon loosened his arms.

There in the doorway—at that moment his face was turned to the servant to whom he was speaking, and he saw not the group of the poet and the lady—stood Mr. Van Hausen.

"It must be," said Laura, in a low, quick whisper. "Look! there is the man I have promised to marry."

Leon Guillian did not answer. No sound passed the pale lips that quivered so that he could not control them for utterance; his voice was gone. He only turned to Laura and *looked into her eyes.*

Then he was gone.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR LATER.

"The bay-leaf that wants chafing to be sweet,
Before they wind it in a singer's hair."

Of late Madeline Whately had been glad that she had wealth—she had never cared *very* greatly for it before—for now her little friend, her *protégée*, the "fairy thing" called Lola Guillian, was in deep trouble.

The physicians—called in and fee'd by Madeline herself—shook their heads solemnly, and she looked even paler than the anxious sister; for—and this had been the case for three long months—Leon Guillian lay near to death.

Lola had found him—it was the night of the terrible parting with Laura—quite still and insensible beside his writing-table, in the room where he habitually wrote. A long illness had followed. Without Madeline's help the poet and his sister—for Lola must leave her pictures to nurse her brother—would have sunk into that Slough of Despond of poverty to keep above which they had struggled so desperately.

When at last able to rise, Leon Guillian was the shadow of the Leon Guillian who *had* been there. Madeline remembered the god-like face beaming against the velvet hangings on the *estrade* in the parlor of Mrs. Duncan Trubabys. How changed!

She had heard it said that the widow had played him false. Be that as it might, Laura had certainly sailed for Europe months before. Mr. Charles Van Hausen had followed in the next steamer, and it was said that the belle and the rich man would marry abroad.

But it is better for a woman who would *not* kill her victim—*some* flirts have no taste that way!—to be utterly heartless, and cure at once. Reflection is a great aid.

When Leon Guillian was well again, he thought a great deal, and—*his illusions fled.*

"It will not do for you to die," Lola had one day said to him; "for even if I did not love you, *Madeline does.*"

Leon had turned away, *that* day, with anguished eyes.

Just one year later, his new poems appeared, and brought him suddenly up to the very pinnacle of literary fame. Then, upon Lola's hint—but not till he had, as he said, "a name, at least, to offer Madeline"—he spoke.

If he ever thinks now of Laura Trubabys, it is as of one in whom he dreamed to have found, what Madeline teaches is no dream—*noble womanhood.*

Oddly enough—ere I close my story I must tell this—at this point of time Mr. Charles Van Hausen came back from Europe *alone.* Laura had married a count.

Of the count I will merely say that he turned out to be rather ignoble than noble.

And Mr. Van Hausen offered his kind heart and fat hand to pretty Lola Guillian, who accepted him!

"Has he not really been like a nice, wise old friend or brother to me?" said the golden-haired lassie.

She says now that he is "a dear, good man, and pets her—oh, so much!"

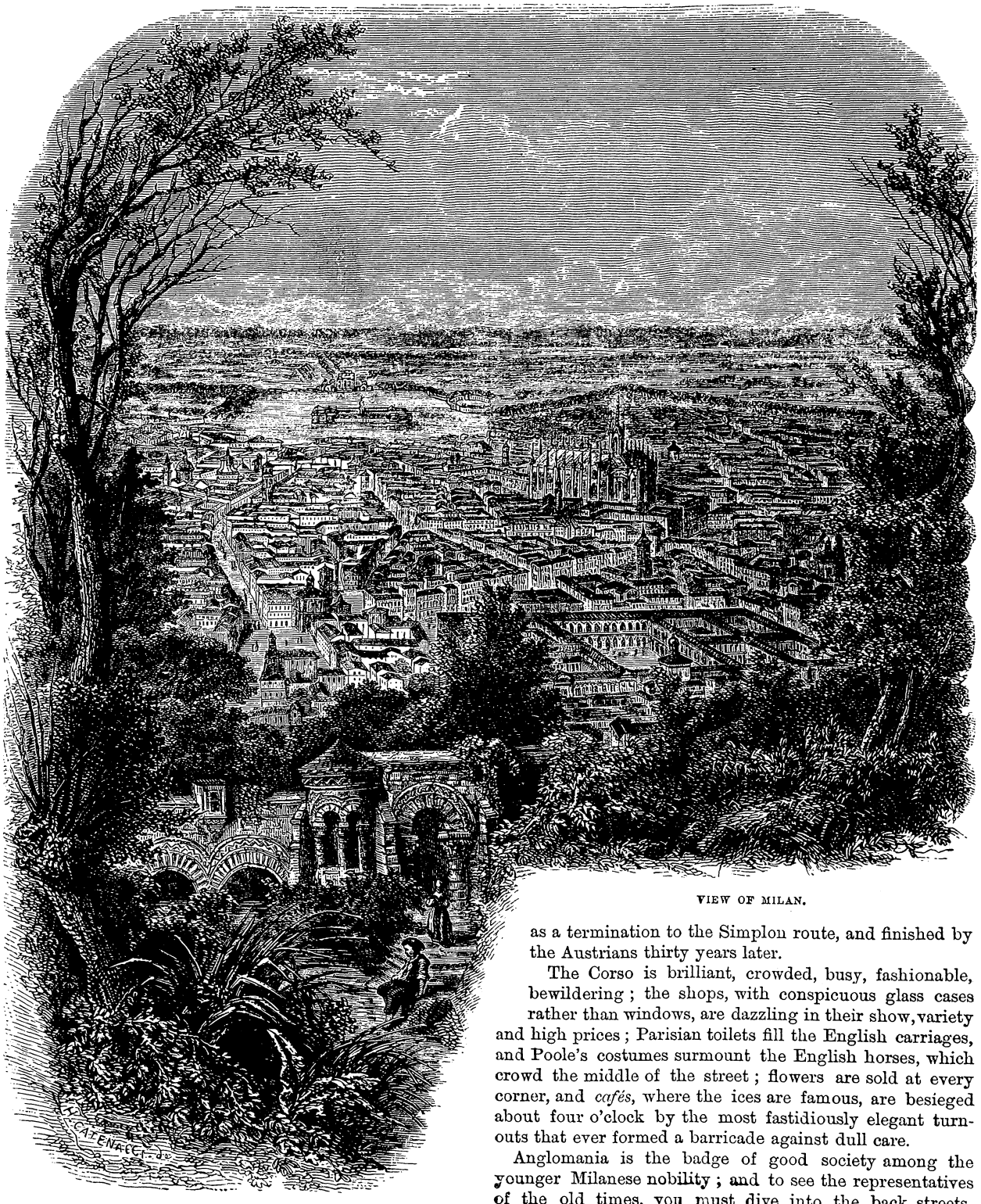
For Leon and Madeline, Love has them—

"——held fast in his hands,
Kept warm by his wings."

THE FATAL CURRENT.

The Macon (Ga.) *Messenger*, in a recent issue, says: "The extraordinary phenomenon displayed on the Florida coast, by which not only the coast waters, but as far out as 150 miles into the Gulf, have been rendered so poisonous as to kill the fish and create a pestilential stench in bays and harbors where the floating carcases collect, should receive a thorough investigation. We have seen no other explanation of the poisoning than that it comes from inland waters—the Everglades prominently—and penetrates the Gulf in strata of dark-reddish water, which kills all the surface fish so soon as it reaches them, and even far beyond any apparent contact. This poisonous outflow is stated to have been nearly fatal to the fish trade between Florida and Havana, the smacks finding it almost impossible to select a route in which the fish in their wells are not destroyed by the poison. The Key West *Key* says: 'The smack *George Storrs*, Captain Zeb Allen, attempted to run to the westward, in hopes of escaping the deadly waters, and when fifty miles west of Tortugas, in twenty-five fathoms of water, lost his whole fare of fish in a very short time. He describes the poisoned waters to have been south and west of him as far as he could see. The largest fish, such as shark, jew-fish and turtle, were floating around his vessel. He pointed his vessel eastward, and entered our port almost disgusted. Fifty miles west of the Tortugas would make the locality indicated 150 miles west of Cape Florida and not very far from mid-gulf—a reach of shore-poisoning unexampled and almost incredible. The evil is probably beyond human remedy; but the cause of it should be scientifically investigated, and inquiries made into any possible danger to public health of coast cities, should the evil continue till next Summer.'"

This is one of the most remarkable instances ever recorded of the poisoning of sea-water by the impure waters of affluents. In this case it seems probable that decayed vegetable matter, with which all the streams flowing from the Everglades are, at certain seasons of the year, surcharged, may be the origin of this piscatorial pestilence. The subject is certainly worthy investigation, and might be aptly relegated to the Fish Commission.



VIEW OF MILAN.

MILAN.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

The Italian Paris certainly manages to deny its identity and hide its antiquity very successfully, and scarcely can the boulevards, except by their size, outdo the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, with its continuations leading to the public gardens; while the Arc de l'Etoile is at least equaled by the Porta Sempione, or "Arch of Peace," begun by Napoleon as a termination to the Simplon route, and finished by the Austrians thirty years later.

The Corso is brilliant, crowded, busy, fashionable, bewildering; the shops, with conspicuous glass cases rather than windows, are dazzling in their show, variety and high prices; Parisian toilets fill the English carriages, and Poole's costumes surmount the English horses, which crowd the middle of the street; flowers are sold at every corner, and *cafés*, where the ices are famous, are besieged about four o'clock by the most fastidiously elegant turnouts that ever formed a barricade against dull care.

Anglomania is the badge of good society among the younger Milanese nobility; and to see the representatives of the old times, you must dive into the back streets, where huge *portes cochères* still admit you into solemn quadrangles, the homes of the old-fashioned, devout, severely dressed, and not too well-educated grandees.

A pleasanter view of some of the more unpretentious, but traveled people, is to be had by a country-visit, such as I remember. The villa was near Monza, a place made famous by the tragical history of Manzoni, "Nun of Monza," and was the property of Duke S——, a pleasant old nobleman whom I had known in Rome. The house was plain, square, and painted a light, neutral color;

French windows led from the ground-floor rooms to a wide piazza overlooking English lawns and "grounds"; the floors are parquet or *scagliola*, and coolness and darkness reigned throughout the house, which was quite modern, and only intended for Summer.

Milan itself is not oppressively hot in Summer, and being so very anxious to announce itself as perfectly on the level of the times, and by no means a mere museum, such as the more picturesque and laggard cities of Italy, does not lay a burden on the tourist in the way of sight-seeing. After you have climbed the tower of the Cathedral, and admired the two thousand statues, representing the army of heaven, and the magnificent rampart of the Alps on the clear horizon; when you have examined the dried body of St. Charles in the subterranean chapel, where a guide carries a torch to enable you to see the silver paneling of the walls and ceiling; and when you have wondered at the life-size silver statues of St. Charles and St. Ambrose, and the wealth of jewelry in the treasury or vestry of the church, you feel as if you might indulge in a saunter in the modern gardens, take a siesta at your comfortable hotel, or follow the lazy string of carriage-idlers round the chestnut-shaded drive that skirts the old ramparts.

Not but what a seeker after antiquities and curiosities can find more than enough to "run him off his feet" for a week at least, but it does not stare him in the face, or challenge him to "do" it, as elsewhere. You fall into the lazy bustle of the place; you think of the politics of the day instead of the history of the past; you are excited at the new opera prospects at La Scala, almost the largest theatre in the world, and where "l'Africaine" can be, as I saw it, better put on the stage than anywhere, except at the new Opera House in Paris. Though as to talent, Milan can no longer command a purse long enough to insure anything first rate. You sit for hours eating ices and drinking sherbet by moonlight in the gardens, while the band plays the last *pot-pourri* out of the last opera-bouffe: or you stroll over to the new Zoological Department, and only then realize that the display denotes a provincial town instead of a capital.

But Milan has the modern spirit more fully developed than any of the successive capitals of her own land; and has an independent life of her own outside either the political or the foreign element, for she is the wealthiest manufacturing town in the kingdom, carrying on a brisk trade in silk and wool. Again, she is a perfect Paris in the line of art, having evolved a new school of painting, very French in its aspiration, and one of sculpture, rather wildly realistic, but nevertheless evidencing much crude talent in its members, as well as considerable technical, imitative skill (the Cathedral roof and the new cemetery have been convenient places of exhibition for active sculptors of innovating tendencies); while in music, the *Conservatoire* of Milan is confessedly the headquarters of the art in Italy. Foreigners, especially singers, go there to study for operatic performing, and Italians go to learn music, though they learn but a local style, and that not the highest; but it is popular in their own country, and not unpopular in most others, except Germany and Belgium.

The Cathedral is still the public, commercial, social, and religious nucleus of Milan, though the Piazza is very different now from the former surroundings of the Church, where the merchants of old gathered, and the nobles marshalled themselves, and the people fought for bread during the famines that succeeded the plague in the sixteenth century, as is told in Manzour's novel of "The Betrothed."

Despite the first impression—some one has called this white-marble Cathedral a church of lace-work—the Church strikes the eye as defective after a few moment's observation, and I never could admire it so unreservedly as most travelers think themselves bound to do. It lacks height, as even its highest pinnacle is not worthy to be called a spire; and its heavy, square-topped, Renaissance portals, and indeed the whole façade, are distressingly out of keeping with the rest of the florid Gothic design. The ceiling is also another blemish and disappointment, being painted in imitation of stone-work, and the sham is very transparent.

Setting aside these details, there is much that is interesting, both in the way of monuments and pictures; but two of the most curious specialties, neither of which is mentioned in the latest guide-books, are the seven-branched, gilt-bronze candelabrum standing in the right transept, on a sculptured pedestal of Sienna marble, with the Virgin and Child carved on the shaft, and the branches adorned with foliage and miniature statues; and the colossal statue of St. Bartholomew in the rear of the choir and high altar, representing the apostle as flayed alive. The sculptor, Marco Agrato, was so proud of his work, that he recorded his satisfaction in Latin inscription to this effect: "Not Praxiteles, but Marcus Agratus, designed and executed me."

Immediately in front of the choir-railings is a round opening, with lamps perpetually burning, an artistic railing encircling it; and through this we catch a glimpse of the subterranean shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan in 1557. The plague broke out in the city during his lifetime, and he exposed himself personally in the most fearless way, encouraging the clergy to do their duty likewise. His nephew, Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, was his successor in the See, and inherited the same virtues. Manzoni gives an admirable portrait of him in "The Betrothed," as a contrast to the wretched Don Abbondio, the country parish priest; both portraits being historical.

The body of St. Charles lies in a glass case—the face uncovered, the flesh dried and brown like a mummy's; the hands incased in episcopal embroidered gloves, and the body clothed in episcopal robes. The mitre and pillow under the head are one mass of gold and jewels, while scenes of the saint's life are chiseled on the silver lining of the walls, blackened by the torches constantly applied to them for the benefit of curious strangers.

Milan and its diocese still cling to certain old customs and privileges, some dating from the fourth century; others sheltering themselves under the same plea, for instance, the twelve days' prolongation of the carnival after Lent begins—an indulgence actually ascribed by popular belief to St. Ambrose himself. The Ambrosian Rite is of undoubted antiquity, and is still in use in all the churches of the diocese. The ceremonies of the Mass differ slightly from those in Rome and wherever the Roman Rite prevails; and there is something Oriental in a few of the turnings, gestures, lifting of hands, and blessings, which occur during the Mass. Also at the Cathedral, on certain days, an ancient custom is kept up by certain families, in which it is an hereditary privilege, of offering bread and wine in public, at what is called the "Offertory" of the Mass, that is, immediately after the Creed is sung.

Outside these peculiarities, the same religious customs as elsewhere in Italy prevail in Milan. I remember visiting one of the ordinary churches on an evening devoted to a special service and sermon, where crowds stood and knelt—chairs are seldom used in Italy except at early morning services, when the church is not full, or during Lent and Advent sermons; and at other times are piled up out of sight in some recess, chapel or lobby adjacent—and the

altar alone, brilliantly and profusely lighted, blazed out against the dark background. Red and white drapery hung in alternate and interlacing festoons from the arches, and gold-braid was fancifully looped and trellised across the drapery. The people sang right willingly, but not very musically. Such scenes are common.

At another time I witnessed a curious religious ceremony, if not quite of a local nature, yet unusual—a sermon and some devotions in the vulgar tongue, commemorating the sorrow of the Mother of Christ, on the night of Good Friday, after the Crucifixion. If I remember right, there was some representative image in the church, prominently placed so as to remind the congregation of the object of the meeting, which took place at dusk. This was not common to all the churches of the city, but was done here and there only.

At Venice, on Holy Saturday night, or Easter Eve, there is a custom peculiar to St. Mark's, of lighting an immense Greek cross which hangs in the nave, and which remains thus lighted, the rest of the church in deep darkness, until dawn on Easter Sunday, and is intended to commemorate the night of the Resurrection. The same custom used to prevail in one small church in Rome, on the same side of the Tiber as St. Peter's, in a little *piazza* half way between the Vatican and the Bridge of St. Angelo.

Next to the Cathedral, the greatest boast of Milan is the Ambrosian Library, the work of Frederic Borromeo, and now consisting of 150,000 printed books, besides 20,000 very ancient and valuable manuscripts. There are pictures and statues, bronzes and gems, and miscellaneous curiosities as well. I do not remember anything distinctly of my hurried visit, except a lock of fair hair and a signature, both said to be authentic memorials of the much-maligned Lucrezia Borgia.

It often seems a pity, when we look back on visits to places that should have detained one for weeks, to remember that the visit was made at an age or a time when one had not read or studied enough to care for historically, and appreciate at their right value, these points of contact with the history of the past. Properly speaking, no one should travel through historical lands, and visit celebrated places, until he has prepared himself to understand as well as enjoy what he sees. Unluckily, I traveled at a time when only striking exceptions made much impression on a mind just let loose from school-tasks. Even at that time, however, the Church of St. Ambrose, the former cathedral of the city, and the scene of the great Bishop's defiance of Theodosius, the emperor who had ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants of Thessalonica, in revenge for a slight offered to one of his officers, had a peculiar interest for me. You go in through an *atrium*, or quadrangle, surrounded by round arches with old tombstones and inscriptions, and half-effaced frescoes of the twelfth century (the court itself is said to be of the ninth), but if tradition is right it must be far older, for the massive church gates are believed to be the same which St. Ambrose closed on the excommunicated emperor, forbidding him to defile the House of God by his presence. The sovereign accepted the rebuke, and did canonical penance for his sin, besides giving large privileges and indemnities to the outraged city which he had so wantonly decimated.

This old church was formerly dedicated to the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, but after St. Ambrose's death, it was re-dedicated to him, and the spot where were the tombs of the former became forgotten. When I visited it, they had just been discovered, and alterations were going on in the modernized crypt, where St. Ambrose is also buried.

The coronation of the Lombard Kings, and subsequently of the German Emperors, with the Iron Crown*, used to be performed in this ancient cathedral, which, like St. Mark's at Venice, is not content with its own wealth of traditions, but actually claims to possess a Mosaic relic, in the shape of a brazen serpent on a short column in the nave. I do not know the date of this, but it probably came from Constantinople at the same time as the many Byzantine treasures and relics at Venice.

The peculiar galleries of Romanesque form which distinguish St. Ambrose, and the carved marble and porphyry canopy or *baldacchino* over the high altar, which witnesses to the extreme antiquity of the church, strike one less than the extraordinary display of early goldsmiths' work which adorns the high altar itself. The latter is a square-bottom table, between three and four feet high, each side of which is covered with gold and silver, some of which is engraved in *relievo*, but mostly encrusted with uncut gems, and enriched with enamel; the work of a German artist contemporary with Charlemagne (ninth century).

This "golden portal" reminded me of the equally marvelous "golden screen," or reredos, of St. Mark's at Venice, a wall of jewelry standing behind the altar; but, like the "portal," only exposed on high days and holidays, unless when privately uncovered for the benefit of sight-seers.

Like most of the churches of the ante-medieval time, St. Ambrose's is distinguished by a bishop's throne behind the altar, in the further end of the apse.

The most perfect specimen I ever saw of the earliest Italian arrangement of seats for the clergy in a cathedral, is at the obscure, deserted little island town of Torcello, six miles from Venice, where the seventh century cathedral is a plain, rectangular basilica, supported by columns, and having the east end, or apse, filled by semicircular seats, rising in six tiers, and commanded by a lofty episcopal throne of rudely carved stone in the centre. The present Roman Catholic custom is for the bishop's throne to be on the right-hand side of the altar.

One of the religious pictures most popular and well-known throughout the world has its defaced and damaged original in the ancient refectory or dining-hall of the (suppressed) monastery connected with the abbey church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. This is Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." It is almost unrecognizable, but some authentic copies and engravings exist, which prove that the popular representatives of the picture are very far from being faithful copies. The head of the Saviour, especially, has less of the usual defect of genuineness than its equivalent in most pictures of Christ, and far less of the conventionality given to it by repeated filtrations of this particular original, through careless engravings and photographs.

On driving through the rather bare *Piazza d'Armi*, or drilling-ground, the changed condition of the city of the Visconti, and then of the Sforza, is strikingly noticed, for the castle of the "tyrants" is now a barrack, and not far is an arena, or circus, for races, built by Napoleon; while opposite, the chief feature in the dreary surroundings, stands the Arch of Peace, with its goddess careering in a chariot with six horses, attended by four "victories" on horseback. River-gods and allegorical and historical bas-reliefs and inscriptions cover the rest of the space, which is

* The Iron Crown is still preserved at Monza, in the treasury of the Cathedral, and was used as late as 1838, when the last of the titular sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire, Ferdinand I. of Austria, was crowned. It consists of a broad band, or hoop, of gold, studded with jewels, and inclosing a thin strip of iron, said to have been made from a nail (one of the supposed relics of the Passion of Christ), brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. The Austrians carried off this national treasure in the war of 1859, but restored it after the peace of 1866.

intended to remind one of the Triumphal Arches in the Roman Forum, but usually carries the mind rather to Paris and the Champs Elysées. I confess I could not see the beauty of this gate, standing by itself in a miniature wilderness; it has some of the cold beauty of the Munich buildings, but equally with them leaves the spectator unimpressed and rather cheerless.

Does any one think Milan has, so far, vindicated its claim to being in the van of modern civilization? A section of the inhabitants, at any rate, was determined to prove its "progression" by far more practical tests, one of which exists in the Temple of Cremation, erected for the proper burning of the dead, in the large new cemetery, one of the finest in Italy, whose monuments form absolutely a museum of modern Milanese sculpture, and whose space of 500 acres is inclosed by beautiful, classic colonnades.

The environs of Milan ought to be the subject of a separate sketch, so peculiar are their characteristics, so un-Italian, with their half-submerged rice-fields, and excellent roads on elevated causeways, often bordered with luxuriant hedges worthy of England, and hiding under their bushiness masses of brilliant wild flowers. Well-cultivated farms, and well-kept farm buildings distinguish Lombardy from almost every other Italian agricultural region. As to scenery, there is not much, except in the distant view of the Alps—especially beautiful at sunrise and sunset.

MILAN.—VICTOR EMMANUEL GALLERY—THE GREAT COVERED STREET.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

I THINK the prettiest stream I saw in Africa is the river Saint Lucy, as it flows along for miles in its devious windings through picturesque scenery, and at last widens into a beautiful bay where its waters empty themselves into the Mozambique Channel.

We spent several weeks in the neighborhood, having our headquarters upon the shores of the bay, and making excursions up the stream on hippopotamus hunts, and chases of a similar nature.

In some places the hills sweep down to the water's edge in precipitous cliffs, in others receding to leave a long stretch of sandy flat, or graceful promontory jutting out into the water, green with grass, and shadowed by tall trees that afforded the most agreeable shelter during the oppressive heat of the long noons.

A score of lovely islands dot the surface of the bay, some of them steep and rocky, and almost inaccessible to human footsteps, others lying stretched out in emerald verdure, looking, in the golden mists of early morning or the magnificent moonlight of the torrid zone, like fairy barques that had anchored for a brief space amid the quiet and beauty of the sheltered bay.

But, sportsman-like, the strong feeling which had prompted the wild expedition of my friends and myself was always uppermost in my mind, and I am inclined to

think that had the shores of the bay been as desolate as those of the Dead Sea, we should have lingered unrepiningly while hippopotami remained as plenty as they were all about the adjacent waters.

We killed a great number, and several times met with adventures which threatened to find an unpleasant termination, although, I am thankful to say, no serious accident occurred either to us or our guides.

One day my friend and Morines and myself were out in a boat, accompanied by one of the natives. Just at the mouth of the river we saw a young hippopotamus and his dam reclining tranquilly in the wet sand, and immediately gave chase.

The calf got separated from his mother, and made such a hideous tumult as he swam out into the bay that we followed as fast as the vigorous arms of our rower could propel the light boat.

I fired and wounded the young wretch, whose doleful groanings increased, and we were all so occupied in watching his ridiculous movements that we quite forgot the dam, until she forced her presence upon us in an entirely unwarrantable and astounding manner. I was leaning over the side of the boat, when I felt a sudden shock, and it tilted over upon its side with a suddenness that almost threw me out. The negro gave a cry and a bound, and landed in the bow, and I followed without well knowing wherefore. The hippopotamus had seized the side of the boat in her enormous jaws, and was shaking it so violently to and fro that the water poured in torrents over the stern, and we were threatened with an instantaneous somerset into the bay, which would leave us quite at the mercy of our enraged assailant. The calf had turned toward us again, and, though still howling dolefully, seemed inclined to add his efforts to those of his dam and obtain revenge for his fright and wounds.

But the peril was a brief one. Morines, who never by any chance lost his presence of mind, had already raised his rifle, while the negro and I were exhibiting our agility in jumping. Just as the side of the boat lay almost flat on the water, and the hippopotamus raised herself as if intending to break it with her weight, he fired, with a sure and deadly aim.

The enormous creature sank, dyeing the water with blood, and floundering blindly about in her agony. The boat righted itself, and off we rowed swiftly back to a safe distance.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.—"SHE HAD SEIZED THE SIDE OF THE BOAT IN HER ENORMOUS JAWS."

Another ball finished the calf, and we were shortly joined by our companions, who had watched the scene from the shore, and rowed out to us in the terrible fear of only being in time to see our mangled bodies crushed in the ponderous jaws of our foes.

I one day saw a hippopotamus asleep, not far from the shore, among the tall reeds. I waded into the water nearly to my waist, and as I neared the spot the creature awoke and perceived my design.

Instead of retreating, as I expected, he made straight toward me, with his mouth open. I fired, and took him under the ear, making him turn an involuntary pirouette. He recovered himself by the time I had loaded again, and, after a moment's hesitation, swam toward the deep water.

I was afraid that he would escape. The sun struck directly upon him, and dazzled my eyes; the bottom of

the river was slippery and muddy, and my feet sank deeper with every step.

Just as I was taking aim again he turned a second time, and made toward me in a most ferocious way; but luckily my ball entered his great throat, and he rolled over and over in horrible contortions.

THE OPEN VERDICT.

IT is a very pleasant feeling, that of liberty from all business care of whatsoever kind, if only for a few weeks, when one's avocations for the remainder of the year confine one to a busy, brain-devouring city like this mighty London of ours; and therefore it was with no slight degree of anticipated enjoyment that, some year or two ago, I accepted an oft-repeated invitation to visit an old school-chum, Dr. Henry Gladden, at the village of Claystone, in one of our northern counties.

I arrived, however, at an unfortunate period, and found that what I had pictured to myself as being a happy, jolly country-house was at that time a house of mourning. Gladden's uncle and predecessor, old Mr. Williams, had died only a few hours before my arrival. I would willingly have gone on my way; but this my friend, with his wife, would not hear of, and everything was done to render my visit as cheerful as circumstances would permit.

I attended the funeral; and, as we turned to leave the churchyard, was much struck by an expression of Gladden's, which appeared to be uttered without any knowledge of it on his part. It was: "The grave has closed over the last." I felt greatly tempted to ask for an explanation, but for obvious reasons checked my curiosity.

A few mornings afterward, while accompanying my friend on his round of visits, we came before an old, large, red-brick house that stood close beside the road, being separated from it merely by a hedge and small lawn.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Gladden, as we saw a number of workmen engaged in erecting scaffolding, digging up the lawn, and otherwise demolishing the place. "What are all these men about? Hi!"—calling to one of the people—"what is it you are doing here?"

"Pulling down t' house for railway," was the laconic response.

"Then the final link is being broken," mused my companion, as we drove on.

My curiosity was again aroused, and this time I resolved to satisfy it; so I came to the point at once by thus addressing my friend:

"Hal, you are not generally given to ambiguous or unsatisfactory sentences, and therefore, if I am not presuming too much, would you mind telling me to what you alluded in your last remark, and the equally strange one uttered at your uncle's funeral?"

"Well, Dick," he replied, "it is a strange story, and one, perhaps, that does not reflect much credit upon my poor uncle; but as the actors in this little drama have passed away, and even the very scene of action will in a few days be plowed up, I may and will set your mind at rest on the subject. You remember that after I had walked the hospitals in town, I came down here partly on a visit to, and partly to study under, my late uncle. But I found a greater attraction than any I had anticipated, in the person of my cousin Lucy, with whom I soon fell over head and ears in love. Her father was not averse to it, and things were shortly in good trim for our marriage. I was to be taken into partnership by my uncle when that event took place; and the day before the deeds were signed, the old gentleman called me into his room, and narrated the following story, which will explain my late expressions, and which I will tell in his own words.

"'Harry,' said my uncle, 'as you are now to be my son-in-law and partner, I think it but right you should become acquainted with an adventure which befell me in my younger days, and for my share in which—justifiable as it then appeared to me—I have never ceased to reproach myself. At the time I am speaking of, I was studying medicine at Manchester; but while on a visit to a distant relative, a Dr. Seyton, who occupied this very house'—You see, Dick, this is quite a family practice," parenthesized Gladden—"'I was one night awakened by a shake of the shoulder, and, looking up, saw, by the light of the moon, which streamed in at my window, Dr. Seyton standing by my bedside. "Come, get up," said he. "I have been sent for; and, as Poor"—his assistant—"was out last night, I'll get you to accompany me now." While he descended to the surgery and stables, I speedily donned my habiliments; and by the time I reached the front gate, the doctor was seated in his gig waiting for me. It was a most magnificent moonlight night.

"'Along the clear, white road, as fast as horse could draw us, on we went, past cottage, farm and mansion; past pond and park and stream; beneath long avenues of trees that bordered the roadside and drooped over us, now vailing all in shadow, now showing some stray moonbeam that danced upon the quivering boughs to the soft cadence of the night-breeze. Sharp and crisp rose the echo of our horse's tread; and as we came within sight of our destination, we heard the gallop of another horse; and, as we sped past a turning, saw a horseman riding up—as we imagined, the messenger who had been dispatched for the doctor, and who had said he must return by way of Merlton. We stopped before Mazeborough House, the residence of the Honorable Frederick Wellester, presumptive heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Caultdale. There was great commotion in the house; for its owner, who had been ailing for some time past, had that night been taken seriously ill; and while the doctor ascended to the sick-chamber and our horse and trap were put up, I lit a cigar and stood under the veranda, looking out upon the night and musing. Presently one of the domestics emerged from the house and passed out into the road, walking briskly on; and just as my cigar was out, I heard Dr. Seyton's voice inquiring for me.

"'Take this,' he said, handing me a paper, 'and ride home as fast as you can. Get Poor to make it up, and come back with all speed—it is life or death. Here is one of Mr. Wellester's horses for you.'

"I then perceived a groom standing with one ready saddled at the gate, on which I mounted and galloped off.

"For upward of a mile the road lay open and clear enough; but beyond that it was darkly shaded by copses and plantations, through which the moon's rays found little space to shine. I had barely penetrated a dozen yards into this dark and lonely spot before I received a summons to 'stand and deliver.' My horse being very fresh, quite entered into his rider's feelings, and had not the least intention of checking his speed, but continued his journey; while behind came he who bade me 'stand,' threatening to put a bullet in me if I did not draw rein. This only made me urge my animal to greater speed; but my pursuer did his best to keep his word, for he fired, and the bullet just grazed my left arm; and at the same instant a hand was laid upon my horse's bridle so suddenly as to throw him

on his haunches and cause me a speedy and ignominious dismount. But be that as it may, it served me a good turn, as I was enabled, not being at all hurt, to slip away in the darkness and conceal myself in the plantation.

"'Where is he?' inquired the horseman, riding up.

"'Stunned, I s'pose, close by,' was the reply.

"'The fiend take him for a plaguy horse-dealer!' rejoined the first speaker, as I fancy they searched for me. At last the same voice said: 'Here, Stevens; I can't see him. Take this note to Walters of Garforth, and bring me back an answer, sharp. Take my horse; that other brute might get you recognized.'

"'Besides,' said the other one, 'the animal has trotted off'; which was true, and much to my regret.

"'I will wait for you at the corner of Deadman's Lane,' said the first speaker, as his companion mounted and rode on; and he continued his search for me, little thinking I was creeping away from him through the plantation, out of which at length I emerged, and, crossing some fields, regained the road, and had the unspeakable gratification of seeing the horse I had ridden fastened to the gate. This, I suppose, had been done by Stevens when he overtook him. I was soon once more in the saddle, and away we went as fast as my horse could go.

"About three miles from here the road to Garforth branches off to the right, and as I came down toward the turning, I perceived Stevens riding along it. Quick as thought, I threw myself flat on the horse's back, thinking it just possible he might hear the galloping, turn round, and try his hand as a marksman; fortunately he did not; and I arrived at my destination without further adventure. To call up the assistant, have the prescription made up, and attend to the horse, were things speedily done; and ere long I was again in the saddle.

"Now I looked before, beside, and behind me; but all was peaceful. I neared the plantation where I had been stopped, but no one barred my progress; so on I rode, not quite reassured, though, for I had not forgotten my pursuer was to wait at the corner of Deadman's Lane, and I did not know where that was.

"And now the open road, shining in the clear moonlight, lay bright and untenanted before me. I could distinguish Mazeborough House; and nearer, the lane up which, when coming with Dr. Seyton, we had seen a horseman riding. Then it struck me that as that horseman was not the messenger who had been dispatched for the doctor, that functionary having arrived before us, it might have been the one who had stopped me, and that was Deadman's Lane. There was no help for it—I must pass the spot; so feeling for the pistol I had taken the precaution to bring with me this time, I pressed the horse's sides and urged him on. I was not four or five yards from the lane, when a man started into the roadway and stood directly in front of me; his figure was slight and his face concealed by a mask; but when he spoke, I recognized the voice that bade me 'stand and deliver.'

"'Not quite so fast, young sir,' said he, as he perceived my intention to draw on one side. 'We don't part quite so easily this time. I must have the medicine.'

"'What medicine?' I asked.

"'Oh! none of that stuff for me. I want that physic you have been sent for; and that bottle I must and will have. So take your choice: that bottle and life; or,' producing a pistol, 'this barrel and death.'

"It was a serious moment; but my plan was at once decided on; so, putting my hand in my breast, as if for the bottle, I reined close up beside him, and as he eagerly stretched forth his hand for the expected prize, I drew my pistol and fired. I saw him stagger, and in a few moments after, as it seemed, I was at the gate of Mazeborough House.

"Once inside and safe, I had no sooner delivered the medicine to the servant, to be taken up-stairs to Dr. Seyton, than the state of tension to which my nerves (not of the strongest) had been strung, gave way, and but for some stimulant from the steward I should have fainted away.

"However, I soon recovered sufficiently to relate my adventure to him; but he only laughed at my attributing a literal meaning to the robber's demand for the bottle, and suggested it might be slang for plunder; so I held my peace on that head, feeling the force of the lines:

> 'A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still.'

"The conversation with the steward soon changed to the family, and I learned from him that the Honorable Frederick Wellester had a half-brother, Ernest, a very wild, dissipated person, who had been the favorite of the Earl until his character was found out. This Ernest used to live at Caultdale Place, one of the Earl's seats, some fifteen or sixteen miles off; but owing to heavy gambling debts, he was compelled to break up his establishment, and only retained one servant, whom after a time he also discharged. This servant Mr. Frederick had engaged, 'and,' continued the steward, 'a very decent servant Stevens was.'

"'Stevens!' I ejaculated, very loudly I dare say, for a man looked into the apartment and inquired: 'Did you call, sir?'

"I was struck dumb; a thousand ideas rushed through my brain.

"'No; it is nothing,' replied the steward; and the man disappeared, but not before I had recognized in him one of the men concerned in my late adventure.

"Just at this moment there was a great disturbance in the house; and going out to inquire the cause, I found Dr. Seyton standing on the staircase interrogating Stevens, the other domestics being grouped around.

"'How is this?' exclaimed the doctor. 'How came you to bring me this? It contains a slow poison.'

"'The gentleman brought it, sir, and of course I gave it to you.'

"'But surely Poor could never have made this up. Look at it, Frank; what do *you* say?' and Dr. Seyton held out the bottle; but before I could reach it Stevens had taken it, and, at the same moment, his foot slipped, and the phial was dashed to pieces on the ground. The doctor looked annoyed at what appeared to him as an accident; but to me there was design in it; so as he reascended the stairs I called to Stevens, who followed me and the steward into the latter's apartment, when, shutting the door and placing my back against it, I thus addressed him:

"'How did you become possessed of that bottle you let fall just this minute?' (for I could see it was not the one I brought), 'and for what motive did you stop my horse a few hours since, and who was your companion?'

"These queries poured out rapidly, not giving time for any distinct reply; but when I paused for a moment, he answered with a look of the utmost astonishment:

"'Sir, I really do not understand you. The bottle you brought I gave the doctor; and as to stopping your horse and about a companion, I am quite at a loss to know what you allude to.'

"But I need not enumerate the answers by which he fenced off my inquiries; suffice it to say he denied all knowledge whatever of my adventure, and stoutly affirmed that he had not left the house since the previous day. What annoyed me still more was the conduct of the steward, who appeared to regard my statements as proceeding either

from a weak intellect or a too free use of the means supplied for my recovery.

"There was nothing to be gleaned from Stevens, so of course he went his way, and I remained with the steward. Soon after daybreak, Dr. Seyton rejoined us; the invalid was sleeping, and all immediate danger was over, so orders were given for our horse to be put to.

"In a few seconds news was brought in of some of the farm-laborers having discovered the lifeless body of a man lying in the road; the remains had been removed to one of the outhouses, whither we proceeded. It was a dreadful spectacle; the features were quite undistinguishable, and presented the appearance of having had some firearm discharged close to them. The steward and Dr. Seyton minutely examined the body; and after holding a whispered conversation together, the doctor drew me on one side and advised me not to mention any of the circumstances connected with my late adventure, but to wait until the inquest; then, as medical aid was perfectly useless, we took our departure and drove home.

"Two days afterward a letter was received desiring our presence at Mazeborough House; and immediately on our arrival I was ushered into Mr. Wellester's private room. Our interview was a lengthened one; we then descended to where the inquest was being held. The best report of the proceedings was given in a local paper published a day or two afterward, which, if I remember rightly, ran thus:

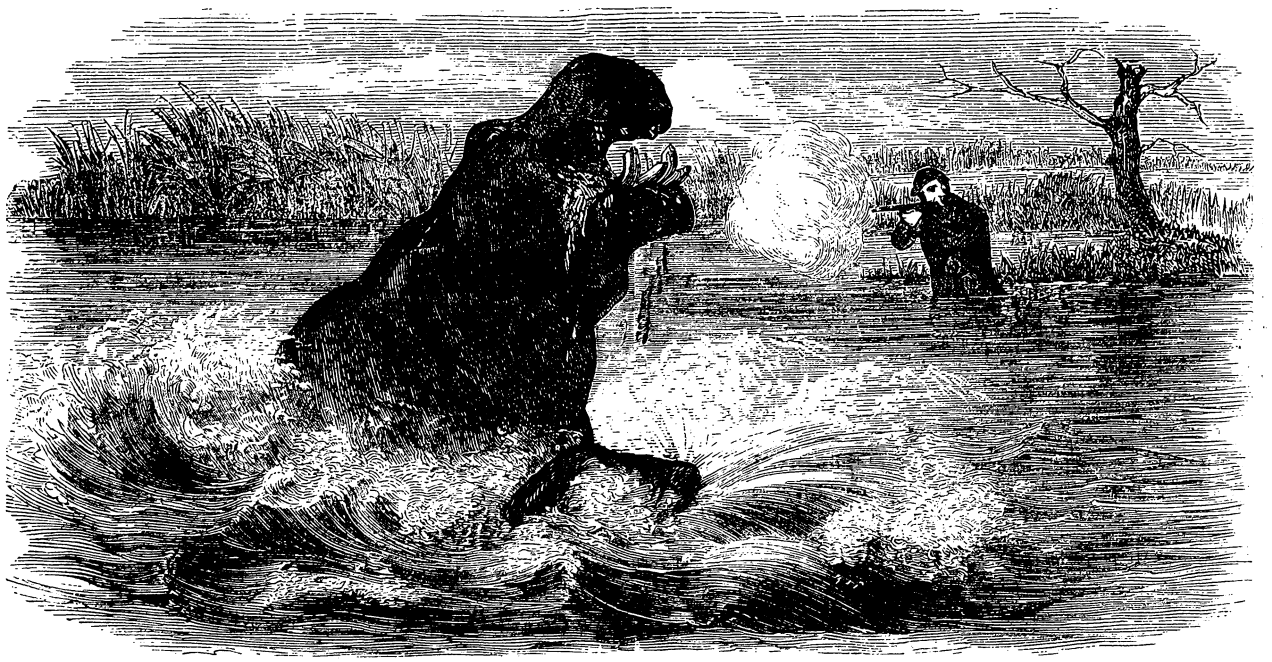
"As some farm laborers in the employ of the Honorable Frederick Wellester, of Mazeborough, were proceeding to their work early on Tuesday morning, they discovered the dead body of a man on the highway. The remains were at once removed to one of the farm buildings, where they remained till Thursday last, when an inquest was held upon them. No satisfactory evidence was produced tending to throw any light upon either who the unfortunate person was, or by what means he met his death, although it is conjectured, owing to the frightful spectacle the face and head presented, that some pistol or gun must have been discharged close to him; but whether by himself or by some one unknown, no clue could be obtained. A pistol ready loaded and capped was found in one of the deceased's pockets, but no papers or other means of identification. A strange fact in connection with this case is the disappearance, on the same morning the body was found, of one of the domestics, named Stevens, formerly in the service of the Honorable Ernest Wellester (half-brother to the proprietor of Mazeborough House), a gentleman who for some years past has resided on the Continent. This occurrence has only tended to throw greater obscurity upon this mysterious affair. In consequence of the utter want of all evidence, the jury returned an open verdict—'Found Dead.'"

"Such," continued Gladden, "was my uncle's story. You have followed him to the grave, and seen the preparations for razing to the ground Mazeborough House; the Caultdale title has become extinct; the Honorable Frederick Wellester, who succeeded to it, died a few months afterward, without issue; and although diligent search was made for the next of kin (his half-brother Ernest), no tidings could possibly be obtained of him."

"But," said I, "surely your uncle——"

"Lived at a time when wealth and interest could influence everything and almost everybody."

"I see," I rejoined; "it was what is called 'hushed up.' But I suppose the body that was found was that of the half-brother Ernest?" "Precisely."



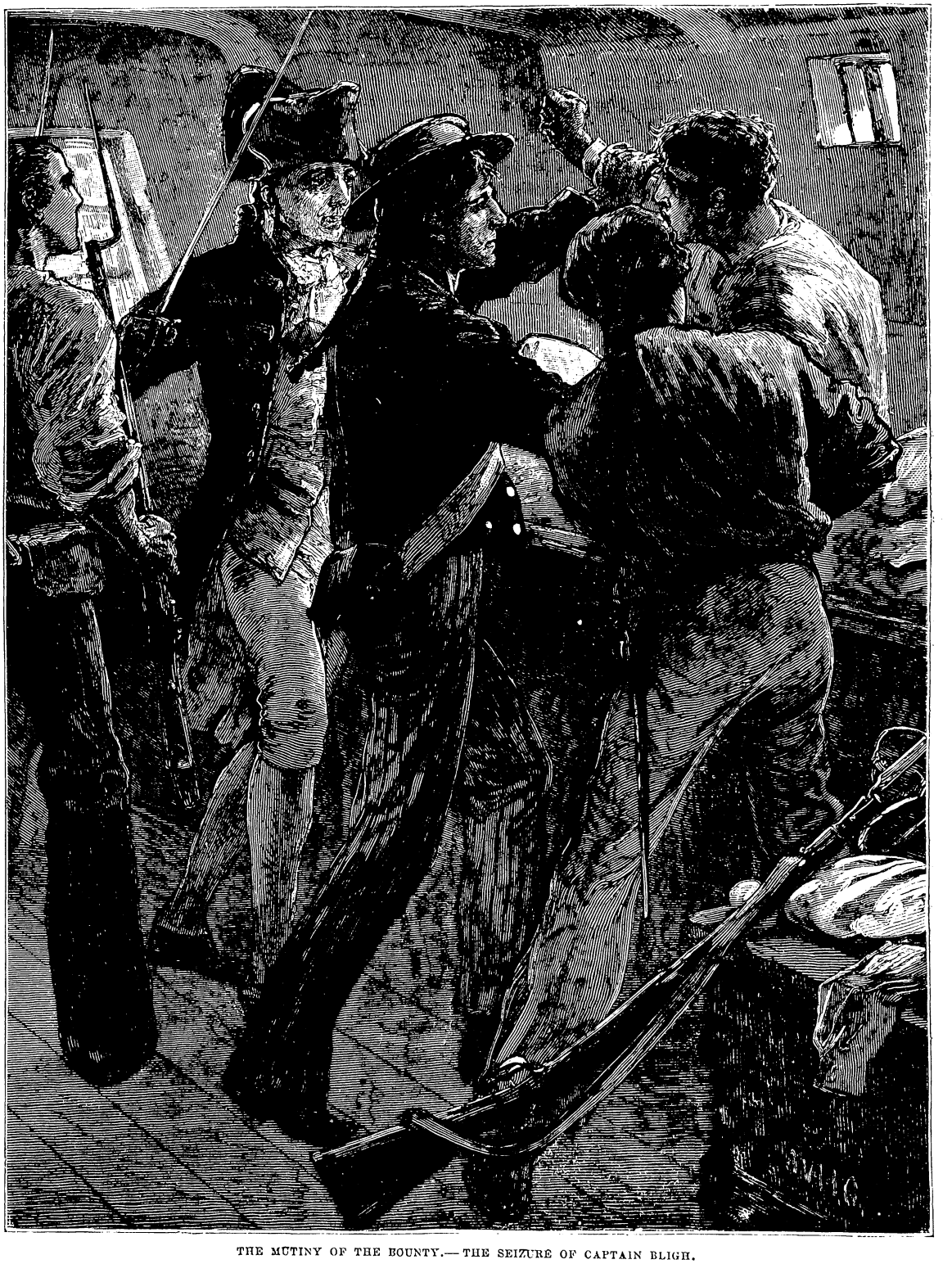
HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.—"I FIRED AND STRUCK HIM UNDER THE EAR."—SEE PAGE 312.

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

In the year 1787 the merchants and planters of England interested in the West India possessions petitioned the King to cause the bread-fruit tree to be introduced into these islands; and, in accordance with this request, the armed transport *Bounty*, of two hundred and fifteen tons, was fitted out at Deptford with the proper requisites. Lieutenant William Bligh, who had been round the world with Cook, was appointed to command her. Her cabin was fitted with a false floor cut full of holes sufficient to receive one thousand or more garden-pots. She was victualed for fifteen months, and laden with trinkets for the South Sea Islanders. Her destination was Tahiti, by way of Cape Horn. She sailed late in December, 1787.

After a three months' tempestuous passage, she made the eastern coast of Terra del Fuego. She contended thirty days here with violent westerly gales, seeking either to thread the strait or double the cape. Finding either course impossible, Bligh resolved to cross the South Atlantic and approach Tahiti from the westward—a determination which

was successfully executed. He gave directions to all on board not to inform the natives of the object of their visit, lest the price-current of bread-fruit trees should suddenly rise. He contrived to make the chiefs believe that he was doing them a favor in conveying specimens of their plants to the great King of England. A tent was erected on shore to receive the trees, some thirty of which were potted every day. On the 4th of April, 1789, the vessel set sail, with one thousand and fifteen roots in pots, tubs and boxes.



THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.—THE SEIZURE OF CAPTAIN BLIGH.

It was now that an event took place which rendered the cruise of the *Bounty* one of the most extraordinary in the annals of the sea. A mutiny, which had been planned in secrecy, broke out on the 27th. The whole crew were engaged in it, with the exception of eighteen men. Bligh, with these eighteen—most of them officers—was hurried into the launch, which was cut loose, with one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, a little rum and wine, with a quadrant and compass. A few pieces

of pork, some cocoanuts, and four cutlasses, were thrown at them as they were cast adrift. Some of the mutineers laughed at the helpless condition of the launch; while others expreased their confidence in Bligh's resources by exclaiming, with oaths, "Pshaw! he'll find his way home if you give him pencil and paper!" "He'll have a vessel built in a month!"

Defenseless and unarmed, Bligh saw they had nothing to hope from the inhabited islands of the surrounding waters. He told the crew that no chance of relief remained except at Timor, where there was a Dutch colony, at a distance of three thousand five hundred miles. They all agreed, and bound themselves by a solemn promise to live upon one ounce of bread and a gill of water a day. They then bore away across this unknown and barbarous sea, in a boat twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deep-laden with nineteen men, and barely supplied with food for two. There is nothing in maritime annals more marvelous than this voyage from Tahiti to Timor.

The first thing done was to return thanks to God for their preservation, and to invoke His protection during the perils they were to encounter. The sun now rose fiery and red, foreboding a severe gale, which, before long, blew with extreme severity. The sea curled over the stern, obliging them to bail without cessation. The bread was in bags, and in danger of being soaked and spoiled. Unless this could be prevented, starvation was inevitable. Everything was thrown overboard that could be spared, even to suits of clothes; the bread was then secured in the carpenter's chest. A teaspoonful of rum and a fragment of bread-fruit —collected from the floor of the boat, where it had been crushed in the confusion of departure—was now served to each man.

They constantly passed in sight of islands, upon which they did not dare to land. They kept on, alternately praying, dining on damaged bread, and sipping infinitesimal quantities of rum or other cordial. On grand occasions, Bligh served out as the day's allowance a quarter of a pint of cocoanut milk and two ounces of meat. One half of the men watched while the other half slept, with nothing to cover them but the heavens. They could not stretch out their limbs, for want of room; they became dreadfully cramped, and at last the dangers and pains of sleep were such that it became an additional misery in their catalogue of sorrows.

A heavy thunder-shower enabled them to quench their thirst for the first time, and to increase their stock of water to thirty-four gallons; but it wet them through, and caused them to pass a cold and shivering night. The next day the sun came out, and they stripped and dried their clothes. Bligh thought the men needed additional comfort under these dismal circumstances, and issued to each an ounce and a half of pork, an ounce of bread, a teaspoonful of rum, and half a pint of cocoanut milk. They kept a fishing-line towing from the stern, but in no instance did they catch a fish.

Bligh now became convinced that in serving ounces of bread by guesswork he was dealing out over-measure, and that if he continued to do so his stores would not last the eight weeks he had intended they should. So he made a pair of scales of two cocoanut shells, and, having accidentally found a pistol-ball, twenty-five of which were known to weigh a pound, or sixteen ounces, he adopted it as the measure of one ration of bread. The men were thus reduced from one ounce to two hundred and seventy-two grains. Another thunder-shower now came on, and they caught twenty gallons of water. The usual consolation of a thimbleful of rum was served when the storm was over, together with one mouthful of pork.

The men soon began to complain of pains in the bowels; and nearly all had lost, in a measure, the use of their limbs. Their clothes would not dry when taken off and hung upon the rigging, so impregnated was the atmosphere with moisture.

On the fifteenth day they discovered a number of islands, which, though forming part of the group of the New Hebrides, had been seen neither by Cook nor Bougainville; and thus, in the midst of their agonies, the satisfaction of contributing to geographical science was, as it were in derision, awarded to them. The men now clamored for extra allowances of pork and rum, which Bligh sternly refused, administering his bullet-weight of bread with the severest economy.

"At dawn of the twenty-second day," says Bligh, "some of my people seemed half-dead. Our appearances were horrible, and I could look no way but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink—that desire, perhaps, being satisfied through the skin. Every one dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort; for my own part, I almost lived without it."

Bligh now examined the remaining bread, and found sufficient to last for twenty-nine days; but as he might be compelled to avoid Timor and go to Java, it became necessary to make the stock hold out for forty days. He therefore announced that supper would hereafter be served without bread!

A great event happened on the twenty-seventh day. A noddy, a bird as large as a small pigeon, was caught as it flew past the boat. Bligh divided it, with the entrails, into nineteen portions, and distributed it by lots. It was eaten, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. The next day a booby, which is as large as a duck, was caught, and was divided and devoured like the noddy, even to the entrails, beak and feet. The blood was given to three of the men who were the most distressed for want of food.

On the thirtieth day they landed upon the northern shore of New Holland, and gave thanks to God for His gracious protection through a series of disasters and calamities almost unparalleled.

They found oysters upon the rocks, which they opened without detaching them. A fire was made by the help of a magnifying-glass; and then, with the aid of a copper pot found in the boat, a delicious stew of oysters, pork, bread and cocoanut was cooked. Spring water was obtained by digging where a growth of wire-grass indicated a moist situation. The soft tops of palm-trees and fern-roots furnished a very palatable addition to their mess. After laying in sixty gallons of water, and as many oysters as they could collect, they re-embarked, having slept two nights on land, and been greatly benefited thereby.

Keeping northwestward, and coasting along the shore, they landed from time to time in search of food. On the 2d of June the watch of the gunner, which had been the only one in the company successfully to resist the influences of the weather, finally stopped; so that sunrise, noon and sunset were now the only definite points in the twenty-four hours. On the next day, having followed the north-eastern shore of New Holland as far as it lay in their route, they once more launched into the open sea.

On Thursday, the 11th, they passed, as Bligh supposed, the meridian of the eastern point of Timor, a fact which diffused universal joy and satisfaction. On Friday, at three in the morning, the island was faintly visible in the west, and by daylight it lay but five miles to the leeward. They had run three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles in an open boat in forty-one days, with provisions

barely sufficient for five. Though life had never been sustained upon so little nourishment for so long a time, and under equal circumstances of exposure and suffering, not a man perished during the voyage. Their wants were most kindly supplied by the Dutch at Coupang, and every necessary and comfort administered with a most liberal hand.

On his return to England, Bligh published a narrative of his voyage and of the mutiny, which was soon translated into all the languages of Europe. He ascribed the revolt to the desire of the crew to lead an idle and luxurious life at Tahiti, though subsequent developments, and his own conduct when Governor of New South Wales, seem to show that his cruelties and tyranny had rendered him odious and intolerable.

The British Government could not allow such a transaction upon the high seas to pass unpunished, and dispatched the frigate *Pandora*, Captain Edwards, to Tahiti, in the month of August. Only ten of the mutineers were found, the rest having withdrawn to another island through fear of discovery, as we shall now relate; merely stating that the ten persons taken were conveyed to England, where they were tried and executed.

John Adams, one of the mutineers, being apprehensive that the English Government would make an attempt to punish the revolt, resolved to escape to some neighboring and uninhabited island, and there establish a colony. With eight Englishmen, one of whom was Christian, the ringleader in the mutiny, their Tahitian wives, and a few islanders of both sexes, he sailed in the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island, which had lately been seen by Carteret. They arrived there in 1790, and, having unladen the vessel, burned her. A settlement was formed, which prospered in spite of the continual quarrels between the males of the two races. This hostility resulted, in three years, in the extinction of the savages, leaving upon the island Adams, three Englishmen, ten women of Tahiti, and the children, some twenty in number. One of the Englishmen, having succeeded in distilling brandy from a root which grew in abundance, drank to excess and threw himself headlong from a rock into the sea. Another was slain for entertaining designs upon the wife of the only remaining Englishman except Adams. Thus, in 1799, Adams and Young were the only males of the original colony surviving. They began to reflect upon their duties toward their children and those of their companions. They commenced holding religious services morning and evening, and instructed the rising generation in such rudimental branches of education as their own learning would permit. Young died in 1801, and Adams became the administrator and patriarch of the colony. He was assisted by the Tahitian women, who showed a remarkable capacity for civilization and aptitude for refinement.

An English frigate, the *Briton*, touched at Pitcairn in 1814, and her captain offered to take Adams back to England, promising to procure his pardon from the King. But the forty-seven persons, women and children, forming the settlement, besought their patriarch not to leave them. In 1825 Captain Beechey visited the island, and found the population increased to sixty-six. Adams was sixty years old, but still vigorous and active. He begged Beechey to marry him, according to the rites of the English Church, to the woman with whom he had lived, and who was now infirm and blind. Beechey gladly acceded to the request. Soon after, an English missionary, named Buffet, went out to Pitcairn to assist Adams in the discharge of his duties, and to succeed him upon his death. This latter event occurred in 1829. Vessels occasionally stopped at Pitcairn, and the English Government was thus kept informed of the progress of its interesting colony.

Old Adams—an entirely self-educated man, having taught himself to read after having reached Pitcairn's—became the teacher and moral guide of the community. The effects of the precepts and example of this exemplary old man, who died, revered and beloved, at the age of sixty-five, are not lost; and the children of his pupils are strict in the observance of their religious duties as their parents were. Every morning at sunrise there are prayers in every house, and grace is said in the same simple and earnest manner before all meals.

In 1831, their numbers being increased to eighty-seven, and the difficulty of providing a sufficient supply of food, and more especially water, in their little rocky island, which was little more than eight hundred acres in extent, becoming apparent, they were all removed, at their own request, in the *Lucy Ann* to Tahiti, under convoy of H.M.S. *Comet*, Captain A. Sandilands. But, disgusted with the levity and low morality of Tahiti, and having lost twelve of their number by fever, after a residence of nine months, they chartered a vessel, and returned to their former homes, curiously enough paying a great portion of the freight-money with the copper bolts of the *Bounty*.

In 1839, Captain Russell Eliott, in H.M.S. *Fly*, visited the island, and reports finding "this interesting community preserving their deservedly high character for exemplary morality, innocence and integrity." Hearing that they had been frequently annoyed by lawless strangers in whale-ships, Captain Eliott took possession of the island formally for the British Crown, gave the colony a Union Jack, and recognized Edward Quintal, the magistrate unanimously elected by the votes of all above the age of eighteen, both men and women, as responsible to the British Government for his proceedings. He drew up for them also a code of regulations, which were of the greatest use to these simple people, whose primitive state may be gathered from the quaint titles of some of them:

No. 1 was entitled Laws and Regulations for Pitcairn's Island.
" 2 " " for Dogs.
" 3 " " for Cats.
" 4 " " for Hogs.
" 5 " " regarding the School.
" 6 " Miscellaneous.
" 7 " Laws for Trading with Ships.
" 8 " " respecting Land Marks.
" 9 " " for Wood.
" 10 " " for the Public Anvil.

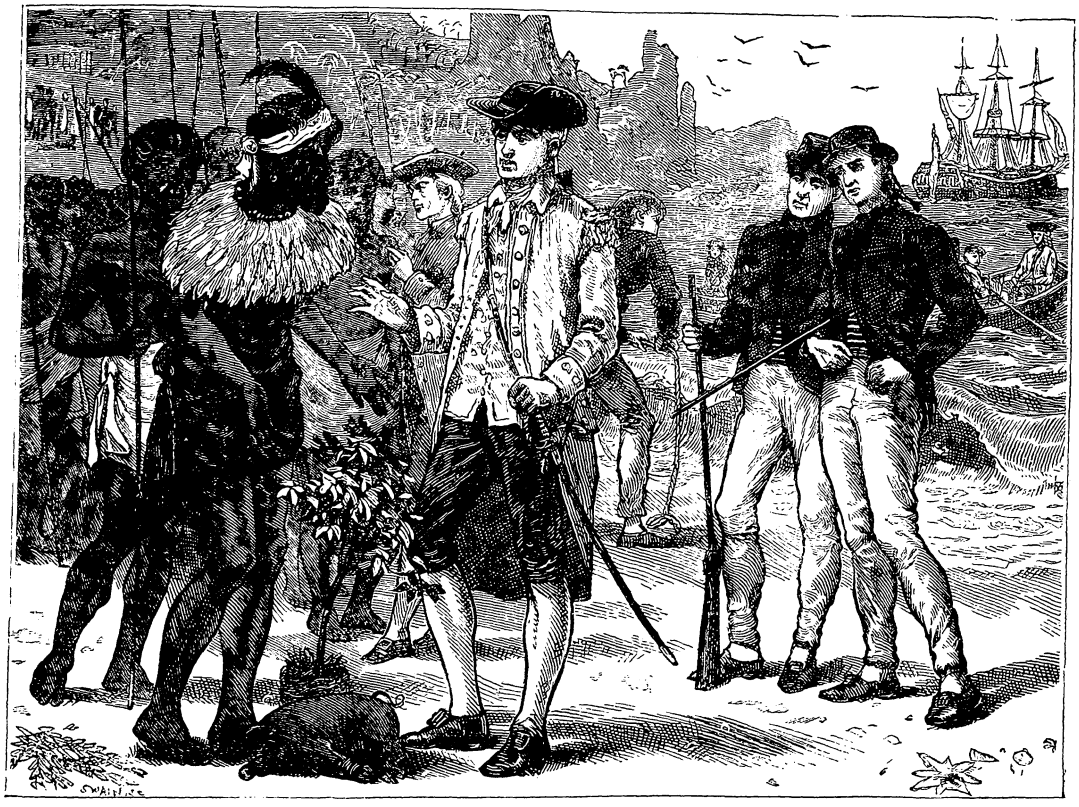
Some of the regulations not inserted in the code, but in daily use, are rather amusing, such as the following: "If a fowl be seen trespassing in a garden, the proprietor may shoot and keep it, while the owner of the fowl shall return to him the powder and shot expended in killing it."

The young lovers being in the habit of carving each other's names, with true-love knots and such emblems, upon the soft stems of the plantains and bananas, "all carving upon trees or plants is forbidden." Both these regulations were of great importance; the latter practice injuring the plants which produced one of their staple articles of food, and the fowls having increased to such an extent that gardens were much injured thereby.

From the time of Captain Eliott's useful visit, all went on quietly, and even prosperously; many whalers calling for supplies—thirty having visited them in twelve months—affording them the opportunity of obtaining European productions, books, etc., in exchange for their surplus pigs. But the prospect for the future induced them again to petition Government in 1855 to grant them Norfolk Island, from which the penal establishment was about to be removed, where they might find more scope for the employment and subsistence of their fast-increasing numbers;

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.—CAPTAIN BLIGH SENT ADRIFT.

and in 1856, their petition having been acceded to, they left their well-loved little island, no doubt with many tears and regrets. The older people, who still look back to it with longing thoughts, speak of it with sighs and moistened eyelids, and two families have already returned, consisting chiefly of young girls. One of the matrons told me her husband had promised that four or five of his boys should go down, by-and-by, to marry their cousins—for all are more or less nearly related. Uncles and aunts are seen carried about in the arms of their nephews and nieces; and it will be a difficult matter by-and-by for the genealogist of Norfolk Island to make out a correct family tree.



THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.—THE LANDING AT TAHITI.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"'I DARE NOT BURN IT,' MABEL MUTTERED. 'I DREAMED THAT HE WOULD HAUNT ME IF I DID—I DARE NOT! HE TOLD ME OF THIS CLOSET. NOT EVEN WATERS KNEW, HE SAID. IT IS SAFE HERE.'"

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE LIBRARY.

The funeral was over. It had been largely attended, but only the rector and Mr. Bourne accompanied Ralph and Charles Reeves back to the house.

Ralph went directly up to his chamber. He had not been there long when a servant came up to say that Mr. Bourne desired to see him, as he was obliged to return to town. Of course Ralph went down-stairs at once.

"They are all in the study, sir," the servant said, with that deferential interest in the young gentleman's looks and proceedings which was natural, since he was now regarded as the master of the establishment.

Ralph passed through the library and entered the room where the three gentlemen and Waters were assembled.

"I would not have disturbed you, my dear boy, but I am compelled to go away, and it is better to settle everything now," Mr. Bourne said.

Ralph only bowed in reply, and seated himself in the chair which Waters drew forward. They were all looking at the young man, all occupied with the same reflection—of how much the past year had changed him. As Mr. Bourne spoke, across the proud sadness of Ralph's face passed an expression which puzzled them—gave Charles Reeves, who knew so well the indomitable resolution of his character when he had come to a fixed decision, a startled sensation for which he could scarcely have rendered account, even to himself.

Old Waters kept close by Ralph's chair, his hand resting on the shoulder of "his boy." Ralph put up his own hand and touched the trembling fingers gently, then sat quite still, with his eyes fixed on Mr. Bourne, who gave a little cough and proceeded:

"We are about to look for our late friend's will, Desborough. I know I was appointed executor of the—of previous wills; I presume I am of the one which poor Smith drew up the very day that sad accident occurred—the one we suppose he drew up," amended the lawyer.

"Of course he did," Charles Reeves said, hastily.

Again Ralph replied by an inclination of the head, addressed to Mr. Bourne.

"I suppose it will be in the safe, Reeves," the lawyer continued.

"Yes, it is certain to be. Gilbert kept all important papers there. Waters, you know where the keys are."

"They will be just where he always put them," the old servant answered, pointing to the large writing-table, which stood near a window. He took a key from his pocket and held it up, saying, "This opens the table-drawer."

Across the resolute composure of Ralph Desborough's face passed a sudden, questioning look. Had any one been noticing him, it would have been evident, too, that he had difficulty to refrain from putting his inquiry into words.

Waters went up to the table and adjusted the key in the lock. The whole business was very painful to the old man. Merely to divert his own thoughts, he continued speaking.

"Miss Mabel had the key. She kept it for him all those last months. He used to say—Master Gilbert used to say—he was sure to mislay it, his memory was so treacherous. Miss Mabel remembered she had it, and gave it to me this morning."

There was no longer any question in Ralph Desborough's face. His inquiry had been answered!

The lock turned with a doleful little, creaking sound—at least it sounded such in the hush which had crept over the group. Waters took a bunch of keys out of the drawer and offered it to Charles Reeves, who in turn handed it to Mr. Bourne. Against their wishes, they could not keep from making a solemn business of the affair—that first opening of the private papers of the dead, whether of much or little importance, must always be such, often the more touching when the latter is the case.

The rector stopped for an instant to whisper a few kindly, comforting words to Ralph—as void of any possibility of accomplishing their purpose as similar phrases usually are, though even amid the exceeding bitterness of his thoughts Ralph was grateful for his old friend's intentions.

Then the rector made a sign to Desborough to follow him, and walked on to the end of the room, where the others were collected about the safe, but Ralph kept his seat.

For a few seconds no one spoke; key after key turned; drawer after drawer opened; the moving of papers made a faint rustle; there was no other sound.

At length Mr. Bourne paused in his search, and glanced up in the faces of the three men who were eagerly watching him.

"There is a Japan box," Charles Reeves said, in a low tone, pointing to the bottom compartment; "it must be in that."

"It must be in that," old Waters unconsciously repeated aloud, the faint tone of anxiety which had sounded through Mr. Reeves's voice deepened to a piteous quaver in his.

"No doubt," Mr. Bourne said, and he stopped, took up the box and set it on a table beside the safe. A few more instants passed before he could find the key that fitted—instants which seemed strangely long to them all. Then Mr. Bourne raised the lid and looked in; the three peered eagerly over his shoulder—each conscious that the others shared the sudden anxiety which each became aware of feeling.

"There is nothing here but a package of old letters and some miniatures," Mr. Reeves said, breaking the silence by an effort.

"Nothing else," Mr. Bourne answered, as he closed the box.

"It must be in one of the drawers," added the rector; "you have overlooked it, Bourne."

"Yes, yes—I must have overlooked it," the lawyer replied.

Waters did not speak; he leaned heavily against the side of the safe, looking from one to the other, his dim old eyes bright and dilated with a sudden dread.

"Patience," the rector said, trying to speak cheerfully; "we shall come upon it before long."

"Yes," Mr. Reeves answered. "I was not here the day Smith came—I told you—business for Gilbert detained me in town, but I knew he was coming to draw up a fresh will in favor of Ralph Desborough—Waters knows."

"Master Gilbert told me so," added Waters, eagerly; "he was sending me to Albany. He said, 'When you get back it will be all arranged for our boy.' But when I got back——"

He could get no further in his sentence; he was interrupted by a sort of groan from Mr. Bourne.

"It was too late!" he said—sat down in a chair that stood near, and stared at the three men, who stared in turn at him.

"What do you mean?" Reeves exclaimed.

Mr. Bourne held up the paper, which shook in his trembling hand.

"The will," he said, in a choked voice, "but it is not signed——"

"Not signed!" echoed the rector and Charles Reeves.

Poor old Waters uttered a despairing cry.

"Not signed," repeated Mr. Bourne. "They must have put it off until they should have had their drive."

"Good God, it can't be!" exclaimed Mr. Reeves.

The lawyer held the paper toward him. Reeves seized it, glanced down the page, then let it drop.

"Mr. Charles, Mr. Charles!" groaned Waters.

The two men seized each other's hands, and stood for an instant in dumb suffering, while the rector picked up the closely written page.

"It is the will," he said, "but not signed. It—it couldn't be a first draft, Bourne?—I mean, might it not? Here are one or two corrections, I see."

"There is no other here," the lawyer answered; "I have examined every paper. They put off signing it, I tell you."

"Mr. Charles, Mr. Charles!" Waters groaned again; and now there was an indescribably piteous entreaty in his tone.

"I understand," Reeves said; "I understand."

He dropped Waters's hand, and crossed the room to where Ralph Desborough sat motionless.

He had not once turned his head or seemed aware of their hurried, troubled dialogue. He did not stir or look up as Mr. Reeves approached. Reeves laid one hand on the young man's shoulder, and with the other grasped the hand of Ralph that lay stretched out on the arm of his chair.

"Gentlemen," said Reeves, "I desire you to witness that I consider that paper just as binding upon me as if it bore my cousin's signature."

"Ah, Mr. Charles!" Waters exclaimed, in a tone of infinite relief.

"Morally speaking, it is," the rector said. "You are right, Reeves."

"Of course he is," added Mr. Bourne.

They were all looking eagerly at Ralph Desborough, who now rose, still allowing his hand to remain in Reeves's grasp.

"I thank you," he said.

"There, there! that's enough to say for the present," Mr. Reeves cried, hastily, his keen eyes noting Ralph's face.

He stepped forward. The other two followed, the rector adding:

"It is very probable we shall find the will yet! I feel confident this was only a first draught."

"But this is perfectly satisfactory to us all," exclaimed Reeves. "Just show Ralph the paper, Waters."

"One moment," Desborough said. "Whether a will be found in my favor or not, could have no effect upon my resolve—not one penny of Mr. Harrington's fortune would I touch!"

"Ralph, Ralph!" groaned Waters.

"Ralph!" exclaimed the rector. "That is wicked! I know in some way your adopted father misjudged you, but if you could have seen his grief——"

"I do not need to be told," Ralph interrupted, very calmly. "I beg you to believe that my determination has nothing to do with any misunderstanding which existed between us."

"Ralph, Ralph!" cried Reeves. "Do not punish me so terribly! If you knew how I regret my part—if you knew how dear you have been to me always——"

"I do know, and I thank you!" Ralph said, as Mr. Reeves broke down in his speech. "I know that you tried from first to last to act a-right—indeed, I see no reason for this secresy! Gentlemen—" turning toward the rector and Mr. Bourne—"for a whole year, Mr. Harrington and Mr. Reeves could not help believing that I was a criminal—that I had altered two checks——"

"And it was George Nesbitt did it!" broke in Waters. "If you tell part, Ralph, I'll tell the rest! The only reason Master Gilbert and Charles Reeves did not publish the truth, was because they did not want anybody to know they could ever have suspected you for a moment, in face of all the evidence in the world."

"The very reason!" added Mr. Reeves.

"And, after all, this has nothing to do with the matter about which I began to speak," Ralph said.

"Nothing," cut in Mr. Bourne. "Nesbitt will soon be in Sing Sing for twenty years—we'll let him stay there—if some idiotic governor doesn't pardon him, which of course will happen!"

"I only wanted to make you understand, Mr. Reeves, that my decision springs from no harsh feelings toward you——"

"Come, come!" Mr. Bourne broke in again. "Very likely we shall find a will duly signed and witnessed—so let that rest."

"And I tell you that it will make no difference to me," said Ralph Desborough, in a voice hard as iron; "I will not touch one penny of Mr. Harrington's fortune!"

Mr. Bourne turned on him with the irritation of a practical man who hears a speech that goes beyond the limits of Quixotism and becomes utterly idiotic.

"Perhaps you will hold your tongue!" cried he. "Our business—or my business—is to make certain about the will—it's existence, I mean—poetry can wait! Reeves, you were not here?"

"I told you——"

"Exactly—you were in town. Waters, you had gone to Albany. Now then—you have all talked so much and so fast that I forgot the commonest dictates of reason! Waters, in your absence, who would have been called on as witnesses?"

"No doubt, Miss Mabel and the housekeeper," said Waters.

"Just so! *You* have some head left!" cried the lawyer, shaking his own at Desborough with a ferocious scowl, the effect of which was weakened by the troubled look in his eyes. "Waters, call the young lady and the housekeeper, if you please."

"Directly, sir," said Waters, and hurried out of the room.

"I suppose nobody has any objection?" added the lawyer, so afraid of yielding to his emotion that he continued to take refuge in an affectation of irascibility.

"No objection whatever, I am sure," said the rector, perceiving that Reeves could not speak, and that Ralph would not; then suddenly becoming conscious that, in his nervousness, he had spoken in a voice which was a kind of ridiculous compromise between a jaunty, airy inflection and the key in which he might have read a psalm, he pretended to be busy buttoning his coat, to escape the satirical smile wherewith Bourne regarded him; though he knew all the while that the lawyer only attempted to sneer in order to conceal his own trouble.

Ralph Desborough released his hand from Mr. Reeves's grasp, and moved away to a window, standing with his back against it and his eyes fixed on the door.

A few seconds' silence ensued. Reeves stood with his head bent; Bourne made a pretense of putting the scattered papers in order; the rector turned toward Reeves; then moved a step toward Ralph; then stopped—so painfully aware of his own inability to be equal to his *rôle* as clergyman or counselor, that his face became a picture of mingled misery and shame which was positively ludicrous.

Old Bourne looked up and caught his eye, and gave a kind of strangled laugh from sheer agitation, and the rector tried to call up an air of majesty and surprise, but felt the effort a complete failure. Luckily, habit caused Mr. Bourne to take out his snuff-box—he offered it to the rector; each took a copious pinch, and then the rector sneezed; then both men produced their pockethandkerchiefs and blew their noses violently.

They had just finished this exercise, and each was secretly wondering what he should do next in order to give himself a countenance, when the door opened and old Waters ushered Mabel Jordan and Samantha into the room.

Mr. Reeves stepped forward and led Mabel to a chair; the rector placed one for Miss Dawson. Mr. Bourne shook hands with Mabel and spoke to the housekeeper. Ralph Desborough kept his position, with his back to the window. He bowed as the pair entered. Mabel did not raise her eyes, but Samantha Dawson caught Desborough's glance, and started back a little. In a second she recovered herself, bristled up with an air of bravado, and gave him a look of defiance which brought a faint smile of contempt across his lips—he had read her confession in that first involuntary movement.

"Waters has told you why we took the liberty of sending for you, Miss Jordan," said the lawyer.

She bowed her head in answer.

"We want to know if you and Miss Dawson witnessed any papers the day Mr. Smith was here—the day of that dreadful accident," Bourne continued.

"We witnessed several," Mabel Jordan replied.

"Several," repeated Samantha, sharply; she had crossed the room, and stood behind Mabel's chair, leaning her clasped hands on its back.

"Do you remember what they were?" Mr. Bourne asked.

"Some leases," Mabel said, and Samantha nodded in confirmation.

"Not Mr. Harrington's will?" inquired the lawyer.

A marble woman could not have sat more motionless or looked whiter than Mabel Jordan—the deathly pallor of her face rendered still more striking by the contrast of her mourning dress. She answered without hesitation, and with a perfectly unmoved voice:

"We were told nothing about a will."

"Nothing," again echoed Samantha, glancing from one eager face to another—ending her survey with a frown toward Ralph Desborough.

"But, Miss Jordan," said Reeves, quickly, "you knew that Mr. Harrington meant to make a new will—Smith came up for the purpose, you know!"

"Yes, I knew it," she replied.

"We both knew it," muttered Samantha.

"Yes, yes! I was sure you did!" added Reeves.

"Mr. Harrington had spoken to you about it, Miss Jordan?" asked Mr. Bourne.

"I was in the room while he gave the lawyer directions for drawing up the will," she said, in the same low, monotonous tone.

"Will you tell us what those directions were, as nearly as you can remember?" continued Mr. Bourne.

"I remember very distinctly," she said. "His whole fortune was to go to his adopted son, Mr. Ralph Desborough."

"My boy, my boy—you see!" cried old Waters.

"Without reservation, Miss Jordan?" Bourne asked.

"Without reservation," she repeated. "He said, 'My cousin is more than rich enough; I have already provided for my old servants——'"

"Yes, he had," interrupted Waters; then added, in confusion, "I beg pardon for breaking in—he had, nobly."

"There is no need for your making excuses, my good, faithful soul," said Bourne.

Waters gave a sob, crept up to Ralph's side, took his hand and held it fast. The misery in his face caused the three elderly men to turn away their heads. But Desborough did not seem to notice; his eyes were fixed full on Mabel Jordan. She raised hers now, and they looked back at him, stern and unrelenting as his own.

"What else, Miss Jordan?" Bourne demanded.

"'Make it plain, Mr. Smith,' he said, 'that no father ever loved or trusted his son more completely.' That was all."

And now in the whole room she and Ralph Desborough were the only persons unmoved. Even Samantha bowed her defiant head for an instant, and sniffed audibly.

"That was all!" echoed Mr. Bourne, as soon as he could trust his voice.

"One thing, perhaps, I ought to add," the girl continued, and her tones grew slightly tremulous. "Not long before his accident he made me a present of certain shares of stock—a large amount—much larger than I had—than I wished for"—and, as she corrected herself, her voice grew firm and cold again. "Mr. Reeves knew of that matter; it was he who arranged the transfer."

"I did, and heartily approved of my cousin's plan," Reeves said.

"We all know how much attached our poor friend was to Miss Mabel, and what good reason he had to be," added the rector. "My dear, you can always have the satisfaction of remembering that your care and devotion soothed and brightened the last year of his life."

"Indeed she can!" exclaimed Samantha, bridling; and, as on the previous occasions when she had spoken, the words seemed to utter themselves in spite of her own volition.

Again she stared defiantly about the little circle; again her glance fell on Ralph Desborough and grew angry and black.

"I suppose Miss Dawson can give us no further information?" Mr. Bourne said, turning toward her.

Samantha started violently at finding herself so suddenly addressed. The red came up into her sallow cheeks, and her fingers seemed playing a sort of dirge on the back of Mabel's chair.

"I don't know as I can," she answered, hoarsely; then cleared her throat, and hurried on with more resolution in voice and manner. "I felt sure the will wasn't signed. I sat by the poor gentleman a'most all the while after his hurt. He muttered and muttered! Several times I heerd him say *his* name, there." She paused, and flung a gesture toward Desborough as fierce as if it had been a blow. "I didn't say nothin', even to Mabel; but I made certain he was kind of troubled—half remembering that the will wasn't signed, I mean."

She stopped, and wiped her forehead with her hand.

"Is that all you have to ask?" Mabel asked Mr. Bourne.

"Thanks," he said; "that is all."

She rose. A sudden trembling seized her. Samantha Dawson stretched forth her arm and put it round Mabel's waist.

"The poor child is clean wore out, and past hearing any more talk of any kind," said she, and drew her toward the library.

The three gentlemen and Waters involuntarily followed to the door. When they looked back, Ralph Desborough had disappeared.

The composure with which Ralph had listened to the falsehoods uttered by the two women had been like the unnatural calm that precedes a whirlwind.

Finding her attempt to deceive him utterly futile, Mabel Jordan had burned the will in his favor, thus throwing the fortune into the hands of Charles Reeves—of the man who believed in her—who would make her his wife, and so render her crime of service and good to herself—still another stepping-stone for her ambition and avarice.

As the two women, accompanied by the men, moved toward the door of the library, Desborough passed out through the bedchamber and gained the side corridor.

Samantha led Mabel across the hall into a small reception-room.

"Sit down here for a little," she said; "I'll run and get you some water—you're white as a sheet! Don't give way now—it's all over."

Desborough was standing near enough the door to catch the words, hidden from view by a group of statuary.

As Samantha hurried down the hall, he entered the apartment where Mabel Jordan sat leaning back, white and shivering, in the chair in which her friend had placed her.

"The advice was sensible," he said, in a low, terrible voice. "All questioning is ended. No need to give way now!"

She looked up and saw him—uttered a cry of terror.

"Don't be frightened," he went on, in the same tone, his fiery eyes full upon her. "I shall keep your secret—do you hear? I shall keep it! This is all the revenge I want; but take care, God will give me more some day!"

He turned to go; in another instant she was on the ground at his feet.

"Stop!" she moaned. "I can't bear it! I'll tell—I'll tell!"

"Be still!" he answered. "At least have the courage of your sin! I saw you steal the will—you have nothing to tell!"

With one long, gasping breath, she sank slowly forward upon the floor, her head resting on her outstretched arms. When Samantha Dawson returned, she was still lying there, senseless, alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

USELESS PERSUASIONS.

OLD WATERS followed the gentlemen as they stepped back into the study. He glanced about and perceived Desborough's absence.

"He's gone out," he said; "I'll just go and see after the poor boy a bit."

"Do, Waters," returned Mr. Reeves; "you can manage better than anybody else, though I suppose just at present there will be no use in talking of what has happened."

Waters shook his head.

"I'll tell you what you can do," said Mr. Bourne; "try and find out what crotchet he has taken about not accepting anything, no matter if the will were found."

"I'll try," Waters answered, in a hopeless tone.

"We must have patience," the rector added, as Waters left the room. "I have no doubt that, after a while, Ralph will hear reason."

"Of course he will—he must!" the lawyer declared, stoutly.

"You don't know him as well as I do," returned Reeves, sadly.

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Bourne, irascibly, for it happened that patience did not rank among his numerous virtues. "The boy is a sort of Don Quixote, I know, but there are limits to his insanity."

"Well, well—time enough before us to make him see things in a proper light," rejoined the rector, pacifically.

"Oh, yes, fortunately," answered Mr. Reeves, more to avoid a discussion with the lawyer than because he placed any faith in the parson's credence.

Bourne had gone back to the safe, and was restoring the papers to the drawers, carefully regarding each folded sheet anew, lest he might, after all, have overlooked the will.

The rector joined him, and Charles Reeves sat wearily down in a chair near, absently watching their work.

"It is the most extraordinary thing!" Mr. Bourne suddenly exclaimed, as he flung the last pile of papers, after examining each, into a drawer and gave the receptacle a venomous push. "It really is the most extraordinary thing that even Smith could have been guilty of such conduct—such culpable, wicked procrastination!"

"Bourne!" ejaculated the rector.

"I mean it every word! I'd use stronger expressions, Morgan, if you were not a parson," retorted the lawyer, glad to have a vent for his emotions under the guise of irritation. "The idea of his taking Harrington out to drive before he had finished his work!"

"Miss Jordan explained that to me," said the rector.

"Miss Jordan and all the pretty women in the world may explain till they are black in the face; they can't exculpate Smith!" cried Mr. Bourne, locking the safe with unnecessary fracas.

"But listen!" pleaded the rector.

"Morgan," returned his friend, "you are so weak-hearted that it is a notorious fact you would find excuses for anybody! Why, when you try to preach against the—well, the personage down *there*, you know, you get feeble at once! I'll stake my snuff-box you begin to pity him before you have ended your first diatribe."

"Nonsense!" said the rector, half vexed, half amused.

"I know it is," retorted Mr. Bourne.

"But, really, I agree with Morgan," said Mr. Reeves; "poor Smith thought he was acting for the best."

"I have all my life remarked that when people are acting for the best, they commit their most egregious blunders," grumbled the lawyer. "Commend me to a little——"

"Now, Browne—none of your heresies!" cut in the rector.

"Well, to a little disagreeable assertion then," pursued the lawyer. "Smith should have had the will signed and witnessed at any cost, before he let Harrington leave the room."

"But Gilbert had a sort of fainting fit," explained Mr. Reeves; "he was quite worn out—discovering that he had so terribly wronged Ralph nearly killed him. I need make no secret of the business after that boy's perfectly uncalled-for disclosures."

As determinedly as if he had not heard a syllable of Reeves's remark, the lawyer repeated:

"Smith should have seen the will signed! He came up to arrange that—he had no business with anything else."

"Poor Smith was frightened," continued Mr. Reeves; "and just as Gilbert got straight again, a servant came to say the carriage was at the door. Smith saw Miss Jordan, and told her he thought the drive would do Gilbert good—so they went."

"Do you know," added the rector, "Miss Mabel was to have gone with them—it was only the carriage coming before she expected that prevented it; a visitor came in, and Harrington told her she must remain at home."

Mr. Bourne looked from one to the other with the air of a man who felt that he had listened long enough to explanations that were at once unsatisfactory and superfluous.

"I end where I began," said he; "Smith always would procrastinate! I knew him as a boy—I was in his class at college; I have been his friend ever since. Except for that pernicious habit, Smith would have been a rich man—a distinguished man, and—Gilbert Harrington's will would have been signed, and all this ridiculous tumble-bug business avoided."

Both his listeners laughed in spite of themselves, though heaven knows they were in no laughing mood.

Again Bourne glanced at them, and snarled:

"I'm glad you find it amusing—I don't! Well, I must be off. I've got to be in New York at six o'clock."

"And I forgot your luncheon! Since I am master here, whether or no, I might remember to be decently hospitable," said Reeves, trying to speak playfully, and ending with a sob in his voice.

"Charles, I'm a brute!" cried Mr. Bourne, starting forward and grasping his friend's hand; and the rector tried to speak and had ignominiously to hide his face. "We are three old fools!" added Bourne.

"It will all come right!" said the rector, cheerfully, though he did not venture to look up. "You will see—it will all come right."

"We are only two fools—I exonerate the parson!" rejoined Mr. Bourne. "Now let's go in to luncheon; you may be sure Waters has remembered to have some got ready. Now I think of it, I am as hungry as a hunter; so is Morgan—clerygymen can always eat."

Then the three friends—friends of thirty years' standing, went away into the dining-room, where they found a bountiful meal spread.

They sat down at table, and both the guests united in talking of ordinary matters, and endeavoring to make Charles Reeves forget for a little the new trouble which weighed upon his mind.

Old Waters had gone in search of Ralph; not finding him below-stairs, he went up to his room and knocked. There was no answer; he pushed open the door. Ralph was not in the study. and Waters was turning away when a sound from the bed-chamber reached his ear. He went toward it, calling.

"Are you here, dear boy—may I come in?"

"Of course," Desborough answered.

Waters reached the threshold and stopped. Ralph was busily folding up articles of wearing apparel, and throwing them into his portmanteau.

"Why, what are you doing, dear boy?" demanded the old man.

"Arranging my things," answered Ralph. "I am glad you came up—I wanted to see you. I have not much time if I mean to catch the next up-train."

"Going away!" exclaimed Waters.

"I shall spend the night in Albany—I have a little business there. To-morrow, I shall go down to New York," replied Desborough, ignoring the troubled surprise in Waters's voice, and speaking as if his sudden departure was something naturally to be expected.

"Not yet, Mr. Ralph—you won't go yet?" pleaded Waters.

"There is nothing to detain me. I told you I had some business in Albany," said he.

"But nothing but what can wait, I am sure. Oh, Ralph, don't go!"

"Dear old man, you can scarcely suppose I shall stop a moment longer in this house than can be avoided."

"Where else should you stay? It is your house," cried Waters.

"I am at a loss to see on what grounds I should base such claims, if I felt inclined to make them," Ralph answered.

"Oh, but you heard what Charles Reeves said? He considers the will just as binding as if it had been signed. He looks upon you as the heir."

"That is very generous on his part, dear old friend—a state of feeling natural enough in the excitement of the moment, but not one likely to continue."

"Indeed, it would! Anyway, everything could be settled now. Mr. Bourne is a lawyer—he could arrange it!" exclaimed Waters, turning quickly toward the door.

Desborough started forward and caught him by the shoulder.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Down-stairs. Let me go, Ralph—dear Ralph! Let me speak to Mr. Reeves," pleaded Waters, struggling to shake off the other's hold.

"Sit down! sit down!" Ralph said, gently forcing him into a chair. "I can't let you go on such an errand as that."

"I tell you he will only be too glad to make everything over to you at once," returned Waters. "He's as heart-broken as I am at what has happened. He was so certain from what Master Gilbert said several times when he partially roused up, that the will was all in order! We were so contented because that had been done! Charles talked to me of it last night. I can't understand it. Master Gilbert seemed so rational when he spoke—he must have forgotten it had not been signed."

"It is no use to think of that, Waters."

"Anyway, the will may be found yet. Charles thought the paper in the drawer merely a first draught——"

"It is the only will that exists," Ralph interrupted, quickly. Then, perceiving that Waters looked startled, as if by a vague thought that the words implied some hidden meaning, he added: "I mean, of course, that it was never finished."

"But it makes no difference," urged Waters.

"None in the world," Ralph said.

"Oh, dear boy, dear boy! Don't speak so—don't look so cold and hard!" cried Waters, despairingly.

"Dear old man, I don't mean to! Don't heed my looks; my heart is warm enough toward you. Remember, I have things to trouble me—I mean, remember the grief we share in common over our friend's loss. It is only my stern way of taking trouble that makes me seem hard."

"Oh, I know you are not in reality!" cried Waters. "Maybe just yet you cannot, but you will forgive Charles Reeves—you will get to believe that he meant to do right?"

"I tell you, Waters, I have nothing to forgive—do try to understand that I feel it. Charles Reeves did right. He would have been as great a villain as circumstances made me appear if he had not carried those proofs to his cousin. I honor him for it."

"Ah, I knew you would do him justice—you've always been such a warm-hearted, generous boy!" cried Waters.

"I can say more. I never liked him so much as to-day. I always respected him; but to-day I perceived that he has a heart as noble as his head," continued Ralph. "There, now, old man, I hope you will be convinced that no talk about pardon is necessary."

"I am so glad! It is such a weight off my mind!" said Waters, catching Ralph's hands and holding them fast. "You'll tell him, won't you, dear boy? It will comfort him so much to hear you say it!"

"I think I did say as much down-stairs—I meant to," returned Ralph. "At all events, be certain I will."

"And—and you'll put off going away?"

"That is impossible, Waters; there I cannot hear a word," Ralph said, firmly. "I leave this house at once."

"But only for a little? You are coming back, Ralph, you are coming back?" pleaded Waters, trying to smile, while his worn features worked painfully. "You mean that, my boy!"

"Dear old man! I might put you off, but prevarication could do no good. It is better you should make up your mind to the inevitable fact. No, I am not coming back—as you mean."

"I mean as master—to claim your own," said Waters.

"I have nothing to claim."

"Oh, Ralph! when it is just the same as if you had been his son! Why, in his heart, master knew that no will whatever was necessary. Charles Reeves would as soon have thought of trying to cheat you if you had really been Gilbert's boy."

"I know—I know!"

"And it is the same, Ralph. Oh! if you had been his flesh and blood you could not have been closer!"

"I know that too, Waters—I am glad to know it. But now listen! I was not his son; he had spent money enough on me—I ought to be ashamed to live longer on his bounty if he were alive——"

"Ralph, Ralph! that's nonsense!" broke in Waters. "And it's not your real reason—you know it isn't."

"At least I can give you no other, dear old man."

"The fortune is yours——"

"It might be, through Charles Reeves's bounty."

"Ah, that is it—you won't be beholden to Charles! But you wouldn't be; he couldn't do otherwise! Why, he'd not dare die and face Gilbert if he hesitated even!"

"See here, Waters, Charles Reeves does not count in the matter. I tell you, I should not have touched a penny if twenty wills had left me the whole property!"

"Oh, my God, Ralph, you can't be bitter toward the dead!"

"Hush! you don't think what you are saying!"

"No, no—I didn't mean that! No son ever loved a father better than you loved him."

"That you may be sure of—sure of that, at least!"

"And yet you will not accept what he wanted you to have; you won't fulfill his wishes—the dearest wish of his heart; you know it was!" cried Waters.

"I cannot—I tell you, I will not!"

"Oh, Ralph, you drive me wild! Speak out—say what you have in your mind!" urged Waters, rising in his eagerness.

"I can tell you nothing more than I have, dear old fellow. Only be certain that my decision is unalterable—

nothing under high heaven can change it! It is better you should know the truth at once and not make yourself future trouble by indulging vain hopes."

"Ralph! Ralph!"

"Entreaties are only painful to you and me, dear Waters! Do understand; the matter is settled—settled!"

Waters dropped back into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I think it will kill me," he groaned; "I think it will kill me!"

Ralph yielded to the impulsiveness of his nature; he flung both arms about the old man's neck, just as he used to do as a boy, when trying to coax Waters to yield to some whim, or desirous of atoning for some fault into which his hasty temper had led him.

"Dear old man," he said, "don't talk in that way—don't send me off with a heart any heavier than it is now! Why, see here, I don't want to fall into a fortune at my age. It would only make me idle and lazy, and I want to work. I want to prove that I can do something in the world—I have it in me, I feel, and it shall come out! I want to carve my own road, and I'll do it! I expect you to live to see me famous yet and to be awfully proud of me, and to say—the boy was right to work instead of sitting down in the lap of plenty, to grow selfish and stupid and wicked from sheer lack of something to do."

Old Waters felt the influence of this enthusiastic speech—an enthusiasm not altogether feigned, either; still he would not be comforted.

"I'm too old to see it," he sighed; "I'm too old!"

"Nonsense, Waters; you're as strong as one of the Pillars of Hercules. Don't you remember my reading to you about them when I was a little fellow?" cried Ralph. "I'd been as bad as bad all the morning—going from one bit of mischief to another; and finally old Jones, the tutor, shut me in the attic, and said I was to have bread and water for dinner; and you stole up like a blessed old goose and staid with me. And you tried to lecture and ended by hearing me read; and we had a famous game of play."

"Ay, I remember. I've forgotten nothing where you were concerned, my Ralph—my boy!" sobbed old Waters.

The whole scene was inexpressibly painful to Ralph; he was worn out and exhausted by the varied emotions which for three days and nights had made such a tempest in his soul—his grief for the dead man, and his humiliating consciousness that he could not cast from his heart this woman, who had proved herself so much more worthless than his fiercest anger could have conceived. The consciousness only deepened his wrath, even while he almost pitied her when he flung down upon her his knowledge of her guilt in that last interview, and left her crushed under the horrible humiliation of knowing that she only retained safety and respectability through the generosity of the man she had deserted in his trouble; against whom she had added to her first sin a crime punishable by human law, when she found that he could not be duped a second time.

"Oh! if you go away, how am I to bear to live? I've nobody but you!" said Waters. "If I could only be with you!"

"That is impossible!"

"Yes, I know—I know! Oh, Ralph, I can't help it—I must say it. Oh, don't go—don't go!"

"I must, Waters, I must! I must go at once, too. I have no more time to spare. You can have one of the men take my valise to the station. I must be off."

But Waters still clung to him.

"You'll say good-by to Mr. Reeves!"

"No, I will not!" Ralph answered, not impatiently, but with the firmness Waters knew so well. "You can tell him I wanted to avoid an interview. I will write; I will write to you as soon as I get down to New York! Now let me go, dear old man."

"Charles won't allow it; he——"

"See here!" interrupted Ralph, sternly. "Tell him that if he follows me I shall refuse to see him. I must have rest—I must be left to myself! Later we may meet, but if I am not left in peace, I will go where he can never find me out."

"Oh, Ralph!"

"I mean it! I hate to say such things to you, but I mean every word! It is better to make you understand—better for all of us."

"And I am not to see you?" cried Waters.

"Oceans of times, old man," Ralph replied, cheerfully. "And I'll write to you often; and don't I tell you I expect you to live to see me famous?"

"If—if you'd only let me lend you some money—I've plenty. I've saved and saved—nobody knows how rich I am," whispered Waters. "I've invested here and there, and always lucky, Do let me, Ralph!"

"Of course I would in a minute if I needed it," Desborough answered. "But I've a whole year of my own income lying by. Why, I made enough to support myself nicely without touching that! You see you can be quite at ease about me."

"And if you should want something, you'll let me know?"

"At once!" cried Ralph, charmed to have hit upon anything which could give a gleam of comfort to the old man. "Don't doubt that. I should come to you as quick as if you were my father. Haven't you been like one to me ever since I can remember? Poor, dear Uncle Gilbert himself never had half the patience with my vagaries that you showed!"

"And I'd only him and you—and he's gone; and now I must lose you!" moaned Waters, breaking down again. "Oh, I thought we should have lived here together, and that you would take care of me when I got too old to be of use, and be by me when the end came!"

"You will always have my address. If ever you are ill, telegraph—I'll come on the instant! And we will be together yet, don't you fear. Trust my word—you know you can!"

"Yes, Ralph, yes—always! Since you wern't so high as the table—when you first came here, we could do that," said Waters, proudly.

"And now you must let me go," Ralph continued, glancing at his watch. "I've no time to spare."

"You shan't go like this—I'll have a carriage out!" cried Waters. "You sha'n't leave the house in this way."

"I can take the short cut through the shrubberies, and get to the village before the horses could be harnessed," Ralph urged.

"And the portmanteau?" said Waters, the instincts of a whole life of care about trifles asserting themselves even in this moment, as the habits of a life will in any and every exigency.

"Send it up by a later train—Delavan House; it will reach Albany before bed-time," Ralph answered. "And now, good-by; keep up a good heart! I'll write often; remember always that I love and honor you more than I do any other man living! Good-by!"

"I can't let you go—oh, I can't!" sobbed old Waters.

Ralph stooped and kissed his forehead tenderly, then gently unclasped the trembling hands which held his coat, and went resolutely and swiftly out of the room, though he heard his name uttered in an appealing moan which wrung his very heart: "Ralph, Ralph!"

He would not turn back—it was worse than useless! He ran down the stairs and out of the house, still pursued in fancy by that piteous cry—Ralph, Ralph! But Fate had left him powerless to do anything to assuage the old man's grief, beyond the tender assurances he had already uttered; so he went resolutely on his way, not even casting a backward glance at the home of his childhood—out into the world, which seemed for the moment only a bleak, arid desert, crowded with ills, weighed down by a terrible silence like that of a spent volcano—a silence broken only by the faint echo of that poor old man's despairing moan:

"Ralph! Ralph!"

The gentlemen in the dining-room had risen from the table. The carriage for Mr. Bourne had been ordered. In spite of their efforts, the conversation had drifted back to the occurrences of the hour previous—to Ralph and his resolve.

"I have a few minutes yet," Bourne said. "I'll see him before I leave. Hang it all! I'm not going to be put down by a boy like that. He shall just hear a little common sense."

Before either of his listeners could answer, old Waters entered the room. He had roused himself, hurried downstairs with some vain idea of overtaking Ralph and attempting a last appeal; but when he reached the terrace not a human creature was in sight.

He turned along the corridor, passed on to the dining-room, where he knew the gentlemen must be. He had his news to give; better do it at once, and be done.

So he appeared in the doorway as Mr. Bourne rose from his chair, entered, and shut the door behind him.

"He has gone," he said; "I couldn't keep him—he's gone."

"Ralph?—you don't mean Ralph?" cried Charles Reeves.

Waters nodded. He was past speech for a moment. He dropped in the nearest chair, and stared vacantly before him, in helpless misery.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the rector.

Mr. Bourne brought his fist down on the table with a tremendous bang that made all the small dishes jump, and under cover of the noise he muttered:

"Damn the boy!"

The rector tried to think he had not heard correctly—tried then and afterward, as was his Christian duty, since he wished to think well of his old friend; but in spite of his efforts, the impression always would remain in his mind that Bourne had said "Damn the boy!"

He felt so vexed himself at Ralph's obstinate precipitancy that he could not condemn Bourne's sinful ejaculation half so severely as his conscience told him he ought.

Reeves started up, and hurried toward the door.

"I must go after him," he said.

But as he was passing Waters, the old man put out his hand and caught him by the coat.

"No, you must not," he said, faintly; "you must not!"

"Let me alone, Waters!" said Reeves, impatiently. "Of course I shall follow him."

"Of course!" thundered Bourne. "I'll go too. He's mad—that's what is the matter—he's mad! I'll tell him so; and, by heaven, if he won't hear reason, I'll get out a commission of lunacy and shut him up—I'll tell him that, too!"

But old Waters held Mr. Reeves fast.

"Don't go! You'll only do mischief. Let me give you his message," he pleaded.

"But I can't wait. I can't endure this!" cried Reeves.

"Let Waters tell us what he said, Charles," urged the rector, in his slow, grave voice; "it will be better. You must know the ground you stand on before you seek him, else you'll do more harm than good."

"He says he will write to you," Waters began, slowly; "but if you don't let him entirely alone he will never see you again. He meant it—he'll keep his word. Oh, don't go, Mr. Charles!"

So Reeves and the old man stood side by side in mute trouble, while the rector tried to find some words of comfort; and Bourne took an unfair advantage of the clergyman's preoccupation to mutter, for the third time:

"Damn the boy!" and then added, "All the same, he's a splendid fellow, and I honor him."

CHAPTER XXV.

THEIR PLANS.

THE afternoon wore by. Mabel Jordan lay for several hours in her bed, to which Samantha had insisted upon her going, when she had restored the girl from her swoon and helped her up-stairs.

Occasionally Samantha crept into the room with elaborate caution upon a pair of dolefully creaking shoes—it was a peculiarity of Samantha's shoes that they creaked like a Sandwich Islander's; but as Mabel appeared asleep, she retired in the same noisily careful manner. And at last Mabel did sleep—heavily, dreamlessly; the first time slumber had come to her since the night Ralph Desborough had reached the house.

Samantha had heard all the news—Mr. Bourne and the rector were gone; Mr. Reeves and Waters were shut up together in the library, and Ralph Desborough was gone too.

"Thank the Lord for that!" was Samantha's secret but hearty ejaculation. "I hope he'll go so fast and so far that he'll never come within our reach again. Trouble enough he has made my poor lamb! A varmint—yes, he is, in spite of his handsome face; harder'n a rock, 'n colder'n a whole graveyard."

Mr. Ralph had departed—and he was not the heir! The whole household was in a pitiable state of distress and excitement, and that cruel old Waters kept himself closeted in the library with Mr. Reeves, instead of coming out to explain matters, or at least give them a hint as to what was likely to happen next.

"For when you've been strick by lightning you like to know when the next flash is going to smite you," said cook, folding her hands over her portly bosom with an air of pious resignation.

Samantha hurried away from the wailings and lamentations, then remembered her duty, paused on the threshold, and said, in a tone of fierce disdain:

"No matter who comes or who goes, work has to go on in a house; and if you'll put things in order first, and do your groanin' after, you'll be gettin' a little nearer the mark, it appears to me! Ef so be you consider yourselves responsible beings, and not a set of cawing crows holdin' a caucus about what's none of their business."

When she had disappeared, the conclave relieved its feelings by a brief but comprehensive anathematizing of Miss Dawson—past, present and future; though her biting speech had the effect of sending them all to their respective duties. It was almost twilight when Mabel woke; Samantha was seated by the bed, knitting busily.

"Wal, you have had a sleep," she said, speaking in a more natural voice than she had considered it proper to do before the funeral—trying also to speak cheerfully. "I've been sittin' here long enough to knit a long piece. Is your head better?"

"I've got a message for you from Mr. Reeves," Samantha said. "Ef you feel ekal to it he wishes you would come down-stairs and jine him at dinner. He's all alone, and it's poky and dismal for him."

"Alone?" repeated Mabel,

MAMMA'S PETS.

"Oh, much better," Mabel answered. "I shall get up now."

"Jest wait till you've drunk a cup of tea—that'll set you all right," urged Samantha.

So Mabel lay quiet until the old maid came back with the tea, drinking which made her feel stronger.

"Oh, yes," responded Samantha, still striving to give her voice a cheerful, airy tone; "the rector's gone, Mr. Bourne's gone to the city, and Mr. Ralph Desborough—he's gone too."

"Gone!" Mabel exclaimed.

"Oh, yes—hours ago," pursued Samantha. "This big

house seems as empty as a shell; so if you can, why, do get up and go down and eat your dinner with Mr. Reeves."

"Of course," said Mabel.

She was silent for a while; at last as she sat before the mirror, arranging her hair, she spoke suddenly.

"We must get our packing done, Samantha—after to-day we ought not to be here, you know."

"Wal, wal—I can be ready at ever so short notice," the spinster answered. "But you jest have a talk with Mr. Reeves—he's got a heap to say; but of course he didn't saw it to me—only he don't want us to hurry off."

"Samantha!"

"Yes, I know; but things is all to sixes and sevens! Anyhow, Ralph Desborough's gone—gone for good! That's one proper job—I will say it ef you kill me; and now I hope never to hear his name again," and as she finished the sentence, Samantha disappeared.

So bewildered that she could not think, Mabel made her way down-stairs. She met Mr. Reeves entering the hall.

"I am so much obliged to you!" he said, coming forward and giving her his arm. "Are you equal to a little stroll on the terrace before dinner? I see it lacks some minutes of the hour."

So they went out into the beautiful sunset. Mr. Reeves kept talking pleasantly, and sparing her any need of replies beyond monosyllables, until the fresh air brought her strength back.

"You must not walk too much," he said, and soon urged her to sit down, still conversing on ordinary subjects—the sunset, the view; and before long they were summoned to dinner.

"It may be contrary to etiquette for you and me to dine together, Miss Mabel, though I am getting an elderly fellow," he said, as he led her into a small breakfast-room, where he had ordered the meal served; "but I knew there was nobody to be shocked, and I wanted to talk with you, else the rector and his sister would have come up. To-morrow Mrs. Craycroft will be here—you met her once last Autumn—my late wife's sister-in-law."

"Yes, and liked her very much—a charming woman.'

"I am glad you liked her," he answered.

While the servants were in the room—Waters having been persuaded some years before to give up any service of that kind—Mr. Reeves talked of ordinary matters; but when they were left alone he said:

"I know you don't mind my cigar? I wish you would sit still. This little room, somehow, seems more cheerful than any of the others."

Then a silence. After a little he said:

"Miss Mabel, I am master here. I greatly fear I shall remain so. Ralph Desborough has gone. He refuses to touch a penny."

She turned very pale, but mastered her emotion and answered:

"I had thought everything would be as if——"

"As if the will had been found completed," he added, as she hesitated. "But he says that he would have received nothing, even if that had been the case. Now, the rector and Mr. Bourne hope he will change his mind. I know him too well; and if I needed proof, his conversation this morning with Waters would be enough to convince me that he will never return here—never accept one penny. You can understand what a grief this is to me."

"Yes, I can understand that."

"My own plans were decided upon before I knew this," pursued Reeves. "I need a change—I am not quite well. I want to go to Europe."

He paused, but Mabel did not look up.

"Now that my poor cousin has gone, I have nothing to keep me," he continued; made a second pause, then continued: "So I mean to go. I have not been over for several years."

Mabel looked up now, with a little flutter about her lips which she meant for a smile.

"I am sure the journey will do you good," she said.

She vaguely understood, without confessing it to herself, that his speech had held a question; he perfectly comprehended that her words had answered it. He had had no hope before; still, a fresh chill went to his heart. Life looked very gloomy just now. He could bear his own pain. He was elderly; a little pain, more or less, was of no consequence. Besides, he deserved to suffer for his folly of a few months past. But what he could not endure with patience was the sight of her suffering—so young, so good, so beautiful! He had believed that a reconciliation would have come about between her and Ralph. He could have completed his own self-abnegation by being glad in their happiness. But no such event had occurred. Ralph was gone, and she suffered. Ah, it was too hard to see this, and be powerless to aid her!

"Now, you can do me a great service," he said, after a brief silence.

"You know I shall be glad," she answered.

"Thanks! During our conversation the other day I gathered that you proposed to go back to your old home and have a school."

"Yes—to occupy myself; though you know that, through Mr. Harrington's affectionate kindness, I am independent—quite a rich woman," she said, with a sad smile. "Twenty-five hundred dollars a year exceeds my wildest hopes."

"It is at least a competency," he said.

"And what is it I can do for you, Mr. Reeves?"

"To stay here, in this house. Wait—let me explain. I shall be detained for a short time in New York by my affairs. During that time I shall try every means to influence Ralph—but I know in advance they will be wasted. Now, I must leave an agent here—you follow me?"

"Yes."

"You are such an admirable business woman that you can attend to all there is to do—a score of farms, and half the houses in the village belong to the estate—and you would always have Mr. Bourne to consult. You know all the poor people, and are loved by them. You can do a great deal of good. You may open schools, start a hospital—do what you like. Surely your life will be of much more use than if you followed out your first plan. Do you like the idea?"

"Yes," she said again.

"I want to keep this house open—it would be cruel to put Waters and the other old servants into a new home. A part of my project is that you shall live here as mistress—keep Miss Dawson as housekeeper, and give my sister-in-law a home. I shall be gone a year—at least for that length of time. I hope after reflection you may be willing to try."

"I do not need to reflect," she replied; "I shall be glad to do it."

He took her hand for an instant—the mute thanks were more eloquent than words.

"I must not be under too much obligation to you," he said, "and I am a methodical, elderly fellow—we must settle everything. It is understood that you and Miss Dawson receive the same salary you did during my cousin's life."

It hurt him to talk to her about money; but she said only:

"That is fair and clear—I accept."

"I believe that is all," he said; "details we can discuss later."

He would have liked to linger—his reason bade him end the interview; he could not trust himself too far yet.

"I thank you," he added. "Shall we send for Miss Dawson and ask her to give us some tea, and hear what she says to our plans? I told her to-day that I should try to persuade you to remain—I fancy she will have no objection."

He rang the bell, and bade the footman ask Miss Dawson to come down-stairs. Evidently Samantha was prepared for the invitation, as she speedily appeared, arrayed in her stiffest black silk gown, which rustled in a manner that was highly satisfactory to her feelings.

"They're a-going to bring the tea right away," she said, as she entered, a little embarrassed, but determined to be at once dignified and at ease. "I hope you're pretty well, Mr. Reeves?" she asked, with great politeness, as if he were a casual visitor in the house whom she had not chanced to meet for some time past. "I am glad to see you look a little chirked up, Mabel—I felt and knowed it would do you good to come down."

Then she established herself behind the tea-urn, glad to escape further conversation, and inwardly congratulating Miss Dawson on the perfect success of her efforts.

Presently the door opened, and little Nettie Graves came running in and sprang into Mabel's arms.

"Mrs. Amis wanted me to stay all night," she cried; "but I said you would expect me back, Miss Mabel."

"I am very glad you have come," Mabel said, kissing her forehead, with a little pang of self-reproach at having forgotten the child in the absorption of her troubled thoughts.

Mr. Reeves was very fond of children, and Nettie had already made herself a prime favorite with him; and she helped by her prattle to render the evening pleasant—even Samantha forbore to remind her of bedtime, and she finally fell fast asleep, with her head on Mr. Reeves's shoulder.

"Let her stay so," he said, when Samantha would have removed her. "She is perfectly comfortable. And now, Miss Dawson, I must tell you that Miss Mabel has consented to the plan of which I said something to you."

"Well, sir," returned Samantha, smoothing down the heavy folds of her gown, "it's my opinion she couldn't do better—that I think and say, Mr. Reeves! If everybody that a person had to deal with was like you, there'd be a sight less worry in the world, and that's the truth!"

"And I suppose you will agree to remain?" he continued, smiling at her oddly worded encomium.

"I shan't quit Mabel unless she turns me out," said Samantha. "I'm a good deal like a burr in many ways, and I stick like one."

Before long Mabel's fatigue became so apparent that Mr. Reeves himself, much as he hated to end this quiet evening, recommended her to go to bed. So the little party separated, and Nettie was with difficulty roused to wakefulness sufficient for the mounting of the stairs.

Alone in her room, while Samantha and the child slumbered in the adjoining chamber, Mabel Jordan sat watching, like a person holding a vigil—waiting for some sign agreed upon with her soul.

The clock struck the hour at which, on the previous night, she had entered the apartment where Gilbert Harrington's body lay. She rose at the sound, shivering like a person in mortal terror—took a small bronze casket from the table, and carrying a lamp in the other hand, passed through several rooms and entered the upper chamber of the tower.

She set the box and the lamp down—went into a corner of the apartment—felt about in the wainscoting until she touched a secret spring. A door flew open and disclosed a closet.

"I dare not burn it," she muttered. "I dreamed that he would haunt me if I did—I dare not! He told me of this closet. Not even Waters knew, he said. It is safe here."

She placed the box on a shelf—shut the door—caught up the lamp and hurried out of the room, frightened by the very echo of her own footsteps along the flagged passage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GROWING ELDERLY.

EXT morning Mrs. Craycroft arrived; she had been visiting some friends in Albany, but was only too happy to be able to do the least thing to oblige her brother-in-law, who was in her eyes the most perfect of men. Mr. Reeves met her at the station and took her up to the house, beginning at once, after his straightforward fashion, the explanation of his reasons for asking her to come.

Mrs. Craycroft had been a widow for more than a decade—entirely dependent on her dead sister's husband whom she loved so dearly that he could have asked nothing which it would not have been a pleasure for her to grant. But at this particular juncture, his proposal that she could come to the manor and live was particularly acceptable, as she chanced to be very undecided in her plans. For some years she and an old maid friend had kept house together in one of the pretty Hudson villages, but only a few months previous the spinster's old love had come back from Australia, rich, and as eager to marry his former adoration as if he had been a Romeo of twenty. The spinster hastily renounced her theory that she was almost a middle-aged woman, who had nothing to do but sit down and grow old in peace and quiet. She suddenly blossomed like a late Summer flower, married her girlhood's lover, from whom she had been separated by worldly wise friends, and was in a state of beatitude which baffles description.

Now Mrs. Craycroft rejoiced in her friend's happiness, still this unlooked-for upsetting of her plans left her very much at sea, as she could not bear the idea of living alone, and to spend her existence in an hotel was something too dreadful to contemplate with any show of equanimity.

So Charles Reeves's proposal came like a gleam of light, and the promise of having Mabel Jordan to keep her company was an additional pleasure, as she had been charmed by the girl's beauty and winning manners.

So Mr. Reeves left the pair to improve acquaintance and arrange their life to suit the tastes of both, while he went down to New York to arrange his affairs, and try if any means could be employed to induce Ralph Desborough to change his resolution.

He wanted Waters to go with him and see the young man, but Waters shook his gray head in decided, sorrowful negative.

"I can't, Mr. Charles," he said. "I'd do a'most anything in the world to please you, but I can't do that! I know persuasions won't be of any use. Ralph is as like Mr. Gilbert as if he were his own son—once he has said *no*, no it is! He bade me never venture even to speak about it again! Now, I'm old—I can't bring any shadow betwe3n

the boy and me; it would break my heart! I can't help you, Mr. Charles; don't ask me!"

After that, there was nothing more to be said.

Mr. Reeves went to town and was absent for three days; when he came back, it only needed one look at his face to make Mabel and old Waters comprehend that his mission had failed utterly.

He had not even seen Ralph, though the young man had been in New York. Reeves had written to him, and Desborough answered the letter, writing without heat or anger, but the very moderation of the epistle rendered the firmness of his resolution the more apparent.

"You ask me to see you—to talk over matters. I must tell you frankly that, for the present, the meeting would only cause me additional pain. I cherish no animosity toward you, I harbor no harsh feelings. I desire you to believe this! Indeed, you know my bluntness well enough to be certain that if the opposite were the fact I should say so and be done. But for the present it is better for us both that we should not meet. The troubles of the past year, culminating in this our mutual grief for the loss of the friend we loved so dearly, are still too fresh in our minds for such encounter to be other than a species of torture which it is useless to endure, since no possible good could result therefrom.

"I repeat here what Waters will have already told you I said to him: I do not blame you in the slightest degree for your part in that dismal business. You acted as any upright, honorable man must have acted; no shadow of reproach can rest upon you. Nay more, I fully believe that the necessity forced upon you of considering me a scoundrel was a blow almost as terrible to your heart as it was to the man who is dead, and to my good old Waters.

"I must earnestly entreat you to put from your mind any feeling of self-condemnation—any doubt or fear that you left the least thing undone, or that if you had acted differently, anything could have bettered or changed.

"You were as helpless as I. Fate, for some inscrutable reason, chose to make me the victim of George Nesbitt's villainy. He and fate together did their work very thoroughly, and you and I were as powerless to alter it, by jot or tittle, as if we had been blind and deaf. For you to reproach yourself would be as weak and morbid as for me to sit down and declare that existence had come to an end because it has been flung into an entirely new channel.

"I have my life to live, and I mean to make it worth living. When time shall have softened the occurrences of the past into a mere memory so distant that even its pain shall have become dulled, then once more you and I may come within reach of one another, and not have that meeting either bitter or sad.

"You possess the claim upon me of being the near relative of the man to whom I owe so much; a relative whom I honored and trusted, and that honor and trust I will accept as an inheritance from the dead man—though I will receive no other.

"It is right that I should make it clear that my refusal to take a penny of Mr. Harrington's fortune does not spring from an unwillingness to be indebted to your generosity. It is true that I would not accept such bounty, yet my refusal has its source in a reason independent of that—a reason which would have held as firm sway over me if a will had been found, completed and signed, bequeathing me the wealth which has fallen into your hands. But as it is a reason purely personal, with which you are in no way connected, I need not give it to you—in any case, I could not! I state the fact to convince you of the impossibility of change in my decision; I state it, and have done with the subject, for neither you nor any other human living will ever learn from my lips what that reason is.

"I shall write Waters this very day—I think it better not to see the dear old man for the present. After a while he will grow accustomed to his disappointment, as the aged do grow used to things, and perhaps he may live long enough to admit that even this thwarting of his hopes was for the welfare of the boy he has loved so dearly."

That evening Mr. Reeves showed the epistle to Mabel Jordan, and afterward to Waters.

"I have already heard from him," the old man said. "He wrote me such a dear, good letter—just like himself! He has given me an address which will find him for the Winter. He promises to write me often, and he says that if I am ill I am to let him know, and he will come to me at once. Well, well, Mr. Charles, there's no use thinking; we must just let matters rest as they are. I hope everything is for the best, as the parson says it is; it is better for one's own sake to try and think so, at all events."

"Yes," Mr. Reeves said.

"Anyway, Ralph must be let alone," continued Waters. "I warn you, if he isn't he will never forgive any of us."

Mr. Reeves held the same opinion. Bourne, the lawyer, had seen Ralph, and worked himself into a great passion, but with no result save to bring on a fit of gout; for, as he declared, it was like talking to a stone image to talk to the young rebel.

"If he would even have got angry, it would have been a sort of comfort," Bourne said, when relating to Charles Reeves what had occurred during the interview; "but he wouldn't. There he sat and smiled, like a sulky mule—ugh! Gilbert Harrington all over. I certainly thought I should burst a blood-vessel! And all I get for my pains is an attack of this confounded gout. I have the suffering, and you and that young wretch go scot-free!"

In regard to that, Mr. Reeves held his own opinion; but he did not think it necessary to express the same.

He informed Mabel and his sister-in-law that he had taken his passage in the steamer which would sail on the coming Saturday; had only three days before starting, and must return to town in the morning; but he promised to come up once more for a few hours.

In this separation from Mabel Jordan he was bidding farewell to his beautiful dream, and he knew that it was wise so to do. He compared this affection, which had wakened so late in his soul, to the Indian Summer which comes to the weary, faded year—unnatural, out of season; he should be mad to expect fulfillment or fruition therefrom.

That she had a part in his suffering, the girl could not help believing; but his gentleness and cheerfulness kept her from any morbid self-reproach, and she felt certain that he would come back from his pilgrimage able to accept heartily what she had to give, and be content therewith—her warm esteem and friendship.

In her state of mind, many women would have deemed that their best chance of peace lay in marrying Charles Reeves—putting a bar even between her heart and memory; but Mabel could not do this. The love of her youth must remain the love of her life, and she knew it. She and Ralph Desborough were as utterly separated as if the sweep of death and the grave lay between them, but the bond upon her heart remained the same; neither distance, time nor death could affect that.

That evening she and Mr. Reeves had a long conversation, walking up and down the terrace in the moonlight, while Mrs. Craycroft sat indoors and placidly contemplated the pleasant change which had come into her life, and wondered a little what Destiny meant in rendering so many persons dear to her unhappy—for, without knowing the reason, she comprehended that Mabel suffered, and her quick eyes gave her the clew to Charles Reeves's state of mind. It was wonderful that she did not condemn Mabel as heartless and soulless in not being able to return his affection; but she did not. She put the whole blame on Fate, and then took refuge in feeling wicked for talking about Fate. Everything was ordered for the best by a Power that could not err—so Faith stepped in to help her, and she was able to be at peace. They would all yet come out into the sunshine, through the mercy of God; it needed patience—that was all.

Mr. Reeves fully explained his plans in regard to the property, as he and Mabel walked up and down.

"I had more money already than I knew what to do with," he said. "Now, there are people and charities

enough to help with a portion of the income. I shall let a part go to keep up the estate just as it was kept during Gilbert's life. A certain sum besides we will use in charity, and the rest shall be yearly laid aside. I think you will agree with me that this is right?"

"Perfectly," Mabel answered.

"I can't help believing the time will come when the fortune will reach him to whom it rightfully belongs; I want everything to go on in such a way, that whether the time be long or short, he will perceive no important changes where material affairs are concerned. I could find no agent who would be able to carry out my designs as you will do. I thank you heartily for consenting to my arrangements; I can't thank you where my sister-in-law is concerned—your promise to be her friend is beyond thanks."

"I am the debtor in every way," Mabel said. "I wanted work, and none could be so acceptable as the task you give me. As for Mrs. Craycroft, her society will be a great pleasure, and I think she is good enough to like me."

"It does not appear strange that she should," returned Reeves, with an odd, pained smile; but he went on, cheerfully—"You will consider yourself entire mistress during my absence. Mr. Bourne understands, and will be ready to forward any and every plan that you may decide upon."

"One thing," Mabel said—"I suppose you will have no objection to my keeping little Nettie Graves? Her grandmother is dead, and I cannot bear to let her go and live with some distant relations—ignorant, selfish people, who would make her very unhappy."

"I should think not," replied Reeves. "She is one of the cleverest children I have seen in an age."

"I can teach her myself for the present," Mabel said. "I mean to keep her as if she were my sister—you remember I am quite rich now, thanks to Mr. Harrington's affectionate thoughtfulness."

"I may tell you too what I propose," said Reeves. "I shall leave Nettie ten thousand dollars in my will. I must make one before I go—I am growing an elderly fellow, and ought not to put off that duty."

"Growing an elderly fellow!" The utterance of the words hurt him as he looked at her in the fullness of her youthful beauty, and remembered that, if there had been no other reason, the difference in age would have rendered his dream worse than folly.

But such hurts were good for him—he knew that—like jets of fire that would help to sear and heal his wound. The scars would remain—ah yes, and ache sometimes perhaps, long after the hurts were healed; but he could bear that!

We laugh often at the idea of a man gone far beyond the utmost limit of youth presuming to indulge in the sentiment which we have decided (I wonder why?) belongs to that era. Yet under high heaven, there is nothing more deserving compassion; and odd as it may seem to the very young, it not unseldom happens that a man approaches the confines of age before experiencing the beautiful dream in the fullness of its beauty.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIS DIARY.

Ralph Desborough returned at once to the southwest to finish the work which he had undertaken.

Mr. Reeves set sail for foreign lands, and Mabel Jordan lived on in the great, lonesome mansion, keeping herself busy in doors and out—that saddest sight, a youthful creature whom life has brought to a pass when reflection is pain, and leisure, instead of being filled with dreams and hopes, becomes a thing to dread.

If Ralph Desborough could have watched her in those solitary hours, he might easily have believed that she suffered remorse; but he would have erred! Whatever she endured—and the bearing taxed her whole strength of body and mind—never for an instant did she regret her action—crime though it was! Nay, if it were still to do, she would fulfill her work as unfalteringly as she did on that awful night, with the dead man who had been her benefactor lying dead in the chamber beyond!

Expiation! atonement—if the necessity of making these by confession of her sin lay between her and the possibility of a pardon, she would go on through life unforgiven—she would give no sign.

For a moment in that last interview with Desborough her resolution had faltered; she was so worn out for the time mentally and physically, that in the horror of learning he had discovered her theft, she might, had he remained, have uttered her avowal. But never now—never! Even if Ralph had not acted as he did; if, instead of guarding her secret, he had cried it out to the whole world, she would have fought her battle to the end!

After all, he could have proven nothing; it would only have been his assertion against hers, and she had the woman, Dawson, at her side, ready to swear whatever she was bidden. Ralph recollected this when, later, he went over the events which had occurred. Very probably when the girl recovered from her fright—found him gone—found that he had no intention of attempting to disturb her, she did not even give him credit for having been actuated by any sentiment of generosity. She would judge him by the wickedness of her own nature, and think that he had only made a parade of such fine motives because he knew it would be impossible for him to convict her of her guilt.

He tried to believe that he hated her; he longed to attain to mere contempt, or, better still, complete indifference; but since he had to admit that he could reach neither point, he called the bitterness which filled his heart by the name of hatred, and at times almost convinced himself that he characterized it correctly.

It was not this cold, calculating, treacherous woman whom he regretted—he could not be miserably weak enough to do so! No, he mourned over his lost ideal, his ruined hopes, his shattered faith; not the woman herself—oh, surely not her!

Ralph remained nearly the whole Winter in the town where he had set up his studio. It had become the fashion among the rich people of the place to have their portraits painted by the clever, handsome young artist; so he not only obtained work enough, but earned a good deal of money, which, in spite of his many romantic ideas, he was not foolish enough to despise.

Toward Spring a very demon of restlessness took possession of him. He gathered up his "pilgrim-staff and sandal-shoon," or what may be considered their equivalent in our modern days, and traveled incessantly for months; away off into Oregon, down to California, and the succeeding Autumn found him in Texas.

A neglected cold, followed by a low, intermittent fever, put a stop to his wanderings for a season. He might easily have been doomed to less comfortable quarters. He had halted in the village, attracted by the charms of the surrounding scenery, and taken lodgings in the house of an elderly lady, a little, solitary old maid, who was quite happy in the possession of some new object of interest to dispute the claims of her ancient parrot (a remarkable linguist, much given to profanity in foreign languages) and her three pampered, arrogant cats.

Ralph and his landlady speedily became great friends.

Before he left his sick-bed she had told him her whole history and the history of her family, atoning for the paucity of incident and the brevity of the tale, by telling it over at least fifteen times, but in Ralph's languid state the frequent repetition was not irritating.

Miss Mosely had lived for many years in her present home, having come thither with an only brother, a clergyman. They had hoped the change of air would benefit his health, undermined by the effects of over-study, but the hope proved vain ; he had died only six months after their arrival—died at seven-and-twenty.

By the time Ralph reached the convalescent stage, Miss Mosely positively adored him ; his will was law, and his advice a thing necessary on every subject, from her doubts in regard to the new minister's orthodoxy, down to the cut of the sleeves of a gown to which she had treated herself.

While still confined to the house, too weak to use his pencil much, he had exhausted the little store of books which the old lady proudly called "my brother's library." One day, soon after he got able to walk about, a heavy rainstorm doomed him to remain indoors. He tried to finish up a sketch, but his hand would not conduct itself in a Christian fashion, and the irritation caused by his own stupidity made his head ache. His restlessness moved kind Miss Mosely's heart so deeply that, in despair of finding any recreation which would help him forget his annoyance, she offered the privilege of opening the secretary where the dead clergyman's papers had lain treasured so long—a higher proof of devotion it would have been difficult for the little lady to give.

"I never had the heart to read them over, not even the sermons," she said. "Once in a great while I get up courage just to air them a bit, but it is almost like opening his grave, for they lie there just as he left them—you can understand !"

Ralph's hand was laid on hers in a mute affirmation.

"Yes, yes—I knew you could !" she added, wiping away a tear, not of present pain, only of sweet, holy regret. "Some way I never could bring myself to burn them, though I must ; for I cannot bear to think of their being examined by strange hands when I am gone, and thrown out as waste-paper, very likely."

She went away to her occupations, and left Ralph seated before the old-fashioned escritoire which contained her treasures. He found more pleasure in turning over the time-yellowed papers than he had anticipated. There were sermons which showed study and talent ; little poems which were melodious and full of quaint, sweet fancies ; and at last, under all the rest, he discovered a diary, begun during the young man's college days and continued at intervals almost up to the closing week of his patient, laborious life.

In the opening pages, Ralph came upon a name which gave him a sudden absorbing interest in the journal—the name of Gilbert Harrington's brother Danforth.

Ralph had often heard from old Waters of the wonderful fascination Danforth Harrington exercised over everybody who approached him ; the impossibility of not submitting to it and loving him through everything, in spite of everything ; and if Ralph had wanted confirmation of Waters's idea he had it in the fact that Gilbert, stern and unrelenting as he was, had borne with his brother and loved him to the end.

It was evident that this strange gift which Danforth possessed (perhaps the most dangerous that can be bestowed on any human being) had produced its effects in an extraordinary degree on Arthur Mosely. The day on which he made Danforth's acquaintance, soon after his entrance into the college—which had been, owing to his acquirements, into the Sophomore class—was set down in the poetical young fellow's exaggerated, enthusiastic language, as a red-letter day—a day to be marked with a white stone.

"I felt," wrote Arthur Mosely, "as if I were realizing the belief of the heathens, and had seen a god come down in the likeness of a man. And I find that I am not singular in my opinion—the whole class worships Danforth—the very professors. He is good enough to seem to like me—to desire my acquaintance ; I cannot imagine why, for I am always a shy, stupid fellow, and I think I was more than ordinarily so when we talked together."

It was not long before other records followed. Arthur was forced to admit that his new friend, if a god, was a deity sorely encumbered by the clay in which he had enshrined himself. Yet in spite of everything, Danforth's fascination kept its sway—in spite of Arthur's better judgment—of his consciousness that such a companion was especially unfitted to him with his intentions of devoting his life to the service of the ministry.

"He tells me," the man wrote, "that I have more influence over him than any other human being ever had—that he grows better and happier in my society. Ah, if I could believe this—could think that I am of use to him—I should heed nothing else ! Sometimes I hope it is so ; but when I cannot help seeing how powerless all my efforts are to restrain him if one of his wild caprices seizes possession of him, I am afraid I willfully deceive myself ; that I try to credit his assertions that I am of assistance merely because I cannot bear to give him up."

So the struggle in Arthur's mind between affection for his friend and duty to his own soul, went on until circumstances put an end to their companionship.

With the close of Mosely's second year in the university came the story of Danforth Harrington's expulsion. Although the justice of such punishment was patent enough, Arthur could not help feeling that his friend had been harshly treated. He was nearly heart-broken, and his affection clung to the reckless, dissolute fellow, as did the hearts of those he most injured up to the close of his misspent existence.

Then for several years the diary contained no mention of Danforth beyond pathetic allusions which showed how, in spite of his efforts, his friend's image was treasured in Arthur's mind—a wonder what had become of him—a prayer for his welfare. And it was easy to trace all through the records of Arthur's growing asceticism, how in some way the idea that his sacrifices, his fastings, his giving up even of innocent pleasures, might be turned to the account of his lost friend. More time passed.

At length, Arthur was an ordained clergyman, and established in his first parish, away down in Louisiana. His sister was living with him, and he appeared to have no care or trouble save that his failing health prevented his doing the Lord's work as thoroughly as he desired ; and it was touching to read the struggle he made to be content, since even the hindrance he deplored must be the Lord's will !

Suddenly Danforth Harrington again started up for a brief space into the life of the young clergyman. Mosely had gone with his sister to New Orleans, in order to consult a noted physician, his chest-troubles having grown so serious that they could no longer be neglected or treated lightly. And then, only two days after his arrival, he came unexpectedly upon his never-forgotten friend.

But the details are best given in the words of the diary.

TUESDAY NIGHT, December 10th, 1855.

Such a strange day ! It seems like a dream yet—like one of those visions I used to have when I was ill last Winter, and the or gave me morphine to soothe the pain, and I would lie, half

awake, living over old memories or seeing friends from whom I have been parted for years, and passing through new events as clear and connected as the most real incidents of my daily life.

I used often at such times to see Danforth. I remember once I seemed to be traveling in the East; I was sitting at the foot of the Great Pyramids in the sunset. Every object was as plain as this room in which I am now writing. I can recollect the yellow sky—a bird that went flying low over my head, uttering a mournful cry as he passed—the voices of my guides. I was asking one of them a question. Suddenly I saw Danforth coming toward me—sprang up and caught his hands.

We had a long talk; we agreed to go up the Nile together; we rode back to Cairo in company. When I woke the next morning I found a letter from him; he had gone. He told me that, when I least expected it, we should meet again; at a juncture in his life where he should have need of me—great need—and I must not fail him. He warned me not to, for if I did, he said, neither in this world or the next would I ever be able to forgive myself! I should have a work to do; I must fulfill it unquestioningly, not for my soul's sake, but his—his!

Many of those opium visions have faded from my mind; for a year has gone by—a year, and my health is not yet restored. O Lord, do Thou grant me patience to fulfill Thy will!

Many of the visions I have forgotten, but this always kept its place in my mind. I believed in my soul, though I was ashamed to write it, even here, that it was no fever-dream. I believed that my disembodied spirit did make that journey to the East, which has always been one of my fondest desires. I believed that Danforth Harrington's soul was sent there to meet me and give me the warning!

I believed it then; now I am so firmly convinced that many times during this strange day have I thanked God for His infinite mercy in having thus prepared me for what has this day happened. Had I been wholly unprepared, I might have hesitated. Had I done so, it may be that a fulfillment of the warning which Danforth's soul gave mine, away out under the yellow stretch of the Egyptian sky, would have had occurrence. But no; I will not think it! Who am I, to judge any human being? Who am I, even if a fellow-creature yielded to temptation, to dare condemn!

Let me set down how it all came about.

This morning the sun was so warm and bright, and I felt so strong, that I went out for a stroll. Hester has a cold, so I persuaded her to stop in the house and nurse herself a little. The saintly soul is always so full of care for me that she has no time to remember her own ailments.

I wandered off down on the levee. A steamer from Havana had just come in, and I stood at a short distance, watching the passengers land on the pier; in a mood when every slight thing amused and interested me; one feels so cheerful after such nights' rest as I have lately had!

Suddenly I saw Danforth Harrington; he started up before me as abruptly as he did in Egypt during my vision. I scarcely felt more surprise to-day than I did then; somehow it seemed to me that I had been expecting him. I shall be a poor, fanciful creature always—else, as I am perhaps too much inclined to think, these souls of ours have comprehensions which are beyond the conception of our boasted reason.

There he stood—Danforth! More than five years have passed since we met in bodily shape, but I knew him at a glance. Yet he was greatly changed; he looked, not as he used to do in our boyish college days—he looked as I had seen him when we met at the foot of the Great Pyramid!

That was the first thought in my mind, and back rushed the remembrance of my vision, and I seemed to hear spirit voices repeat the warning I had read in his letter, "Not for your soul's sake, but mine—mine!"

I stood for a little, stupid, motionless, between joy and the recollection of my dream. Then I hurried forward; as I did so, he stepped back, gave his arm to a lady, and they walked toward the line of carriages. He put her into the nearest—was following her, when I found my voice and shouted:

"Danforth! Danforth!"

I suppose that for an instant he did not recognize me; no wonder, such a pale, thin creature as I have grown, and in college they used to tease me with the nickname of apple-cheeks! Well, he did not recognize me at first. He gave me one of those cold, haughty glances, such as I so well remembered seeing on his face in the old days when anybody annoyed him. Never for me, though—never!

Then he was stepping into the carriage without paying any further attention; but I got up to him and caught his arm—I could not let him go.

"Danforth! Danforth!" I cried. "Have you forgotten me?"

"Great heavens—Arthur!" he exclaimed, and fairly turned pale—with surprise and pleasure, he told me later; and, indeed, he seemed as rejoiced to see me as I was to meet him; and I, well, it was all I could do to keep from weeping—I am not quite strong yet!

He kept saying over and over how glad he was, holding my two hands, and I beginning a dozen sentences and finishing none of them. Then I got my senses back, for I saw the young lady lift her vail and lean out of the open door, looking at us.

I raised my hat—it flashed across me that this was his bride. Oh, such a beautiful creature—such a glorious face! yet scarcely more than a child's still.

"Don't you mean to introduce me to your wife, Danforth—you see I have guessed!" cried I, laughing.

To my horror and distress, the young lady burst into tears, drew her vail over her face and sank back into the carriage, sobbing—oh, as I never heard any creature sob before!

Danforth motioned me to move aside; he leaned into the carriage; I saw him put his arm about the girl and whisper for a few seconds in her ear. Then she sat quite composed.

He came back to where I stood; he was very pale; his brows knit as they always used in anger or pain; but he looked at me with that beautiful smile, such as I think no other face ever wore.

"Dear old Arthur!" he said, laying his hand on my shoulder. "And how came you here?"

I told him in a few words, and of my having a cure at Meadowes up the river.

"A clergyman!" said he; "a made clergyman! Why, you are just the fellow I want! You'll help me; you see I don't even ask, I know you will; I am sure the old affection is not dead!"

"As strong as ever," I answered.

"The good Arthur—the dear Arthur!" he exclaimed, holding my hands. "What a chance, my meeting you! Now I have a long story to tell you, as fast as possible—and you'll help me?"

Then the vision flashed anew into my mind, and I said:

"With all my heart—with all my strength—with all my soul!"

I did not think until I had spoken how overstrained the words must sound, so excited was I between the joy of meeting him and the strange sensations roused by the thought of my dream. But he was too much agitated himself to notice. Indeed, perhaps the speech did not strike his ear as it might have done another's; I had always talked to him as I never did to anybody else.

"Just the same Arthur!" he cried, with a return of the almost reckless gayety always one of his chief characteristics. "He never did approve of his bad old Danforth, but he likes him!"

"Always!" I said; and now I remembered the young lady, and glanced back toward the carriage.

"Ay," said he, answering my look, "and I have no time to spare? Now listen! You were always a quick fellow, and could understand in three words, where another would need an hour's talk."

Then he told me that the young lady was named Mabel Jordan; she was an orphan—had gone to Havana with an English family as governess. He had made her acquaintance there, and quickly won her heart with that marvelous gift he possesses of winning affection. He told the whole so rapidly that I did not well comprehend the cause of the difficulty which rose between the young lady and her employers. I fear it was caused by his attentions. At all events, they behaved very cruelly; turned the poor girl out of doors, and on the same day he had brought her off on the steamer which was just on the point of sailing.

"And you are not married?" I asked.

"How could we be?—we had only time to catch the boat! The stewardess was a good old soul, and took care of her. Of course I meant to be married here immediately; but Mabel, poor thing—well, you can imagine how she feels! Such a blessing to have met you—now we can settle matters at once! She has no friends who would have any claim to meddle; I have a right to please myself, and I will—I will!" he added, passionately. "I love her, Arthur, I worship her; I'd give my soul sooner than lose her! There, don't be shocked, if you are a clergyman!"

I was not shocked; I was glad to see that his whole heart was in the matter, since, after what had happened, it would have been his duty in any case to make her his wife.

He ran back to tell Miss Jordan; in a few seconds he beckoned me to follow. Poor child! I shall never forget her lovely face as she held out her hand to me. It was radiant as a child's—an angel's!

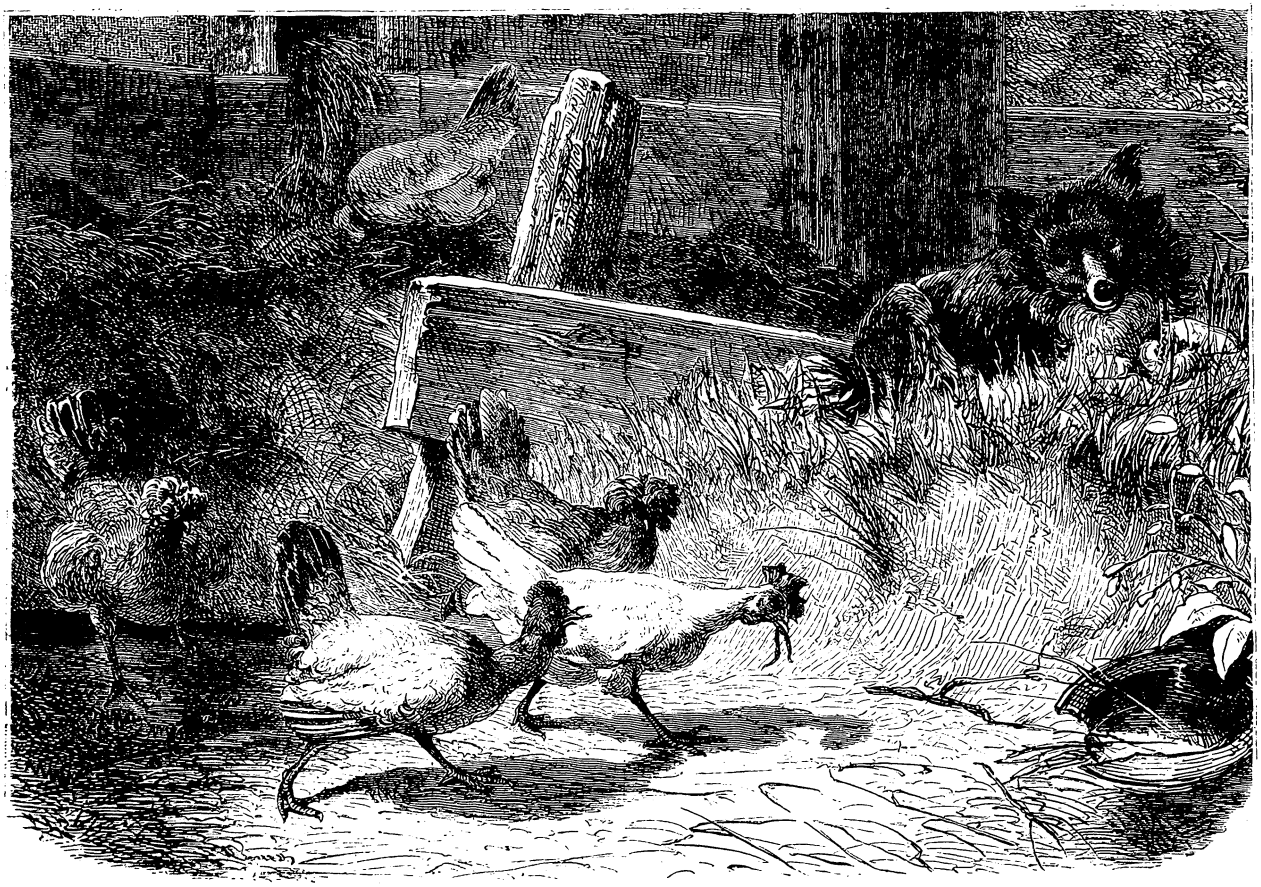
"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Arthur!" she said, addressing me as if I had been an old friend. We drove to my hotel; I married them, and my sister was the witness. In less than an hour they

were gone. Danforth told me frankly, before his wife, that it was necessary the wedding should be kept secret for a time. He was partially dependent on his half-brother, a stern, hard man, who would not forgive the step Danforth had taken, because he had other views for him. But the secresy would not last long; he would soon be free from his relative's tyrannical sway.

It seems like a dream as I sit writing these lines—not half so real as my vision of our meeting in Egypt. Ah, thank God for sending me here! I know Danforth would have meant to act uprightly, but—well, I am glad I was sent!

I hate secrets, but Hester and I will keep this religiously. Danforth has promised to write to me; but he is such a careless fellow that if I receive news within a twelvemonth it will be as much as I expect. I am sure he will make her happy, he loves her so dearly. I should have liked to talk with her, but she was so agitated that to attempt any conversation beyond mere commonplaces—congratulations and talk about their journey—would have been positive cruelty. And there was so little time; I had not half begun to realize the thing as real before they were gone.

"I used to wonder what became of them," she said; "but la! it passed out of my mind. I only saw them just during the ceremony. I was in bed with a sick headache, and in Arthur rushed—told me the story. Then I saw Danforth Harrington—such a splendid creature! Then I went in where the lady was—the loveliest creature you ever saw! I was so ill and so upset, I just sat and cried like a baby; and as soon as the ceremony was over, and I had kissed her, I turned so sick and faint—from excitement, I suppose—that Arthur had to take me back to my room. I didn't dream they were going off at once. I fell asleep, and when I woke up there was Arthur just back from the station to see them start. Why, they hadn't time to wait for a certificate, even—or, rather, it was forgotten. Arthur made it out afterward, and waited till he should hear from his friend, so as to know where to send it."



THE COVETED PRIZE.

Two months after writing those details, Arthur Mosely had been forced to resign his cure and remove to Texas. Before the year ended he was dead.

Ralph Desborough sat in the silent room and read the record over and over. Though the first perusal had brought entire conviction, he still studied it as if unable to believe the evidence of his eyes.

The story which old Waters had told enabled him to follow out the sequence of events. Danforth Harrington must have quickly wearied of his new plaything. She stood in the way of his forming a wealthy alliance, and he made her believe their marriage a mock ceremony. This was evident from one of her letters which Gilbert found among Danforth's papers.

Miss Mosely came in while Desborough still held the journal. He began asking her questions. She recollected the occurrence perfectly.

"And he never heard?"

"I am sure not—but you know how soon the end came. What with our removal and his death, you may think I had enough to occupy me, without remembering a couple of strangers."

"Yes, yes! And your brother made out a certificate?"

"Oh, yes—all legal and regular," replied the little lady. "I found it among his papers—oh, more than two years after his death."

"And—and what became of it?"

"Oh, I kept it. I have it up-stairs. I would not destroy it, you know, though it's not likely to be called for now."

"Go and get it. Let me have it at once, please!" Ralph said; then added, to himself: "Well, the poor fellow's vision is fulfilled at last!"

(To be continued.)

BAYARD TAYLOR,

TRAVELER, JOURNALIST AND POET.

By FRANK H. NORTON.

THE life of Bayard Taylor, perhaps more than that of almost any other American, illustrates the American type of character. This, without signifying that the type is, in itself, either simple or met with in frequent examples; for it is rather compound in its elements, and uncommon in its appearance in individuals. Comprehensive, yet exact; adventurous, but not aggressive; manysided, without being inconsistent: to this picturesque yet virile conclusion has the race been brought by two centuries of Anglo-Saxon, Gaul, Teuton and Hibernian assimilation. The typical American is, in fact, Miles Standish, William Penn and Sir Walter Raleigh — *plus* the nineteenth century.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Born of old Quaker stock, Bayard Taylor came into the world on January 11th, 1825, in the village of Kennett Square, County of Chester, Pennsylvania. Chester was one of the three original counties founded in the Province by William Penn. Here "Mad Anthony" Wayne was born; and here, at Valley Forge, in 1777, Washington and the remnant of the Continental army passed that terrible Winter whose privations form one of the saddest of all the sad episodes of the Revolutionary struggle. The southeastern corner of Pennsylvania, Chester fringes on Maryland and Delaware, and its people represent an ancestry in whose veins was mingled the best blood of the emigrants of those days.

Near enough to the great city of Philadelphia to feel the reflex action of the concentration of force which is the strength of capitals, yet far enough removed to enjoy the impressions of rural scenery and an agricultural life, the birthplace of Bayard Taylor was singularly well situated to develop, in the course of time, a peculiarly original and energetic character; and this occurred in his case—tempered, moreover, by the benevolent and softening influence of a long line of Quaker forefathers.

It is to be gathered from contemporary evidence that the early youth of Mr. Taylor gained but little through the benefits of what is called education. It is, perhaps, not to be regretted that those years were not wasted in the cumulative drill of the schools. At seventeen the boy began his actual education, standing before the case in a country printing-office. How it happened that this experience should have swayed his mind to the contemplation of foreign travel is one of those inconsistencies of which life is full. It is the fact that he graduated from the composing-stick to tak up the staff and wallet and go forth into the world, at once a student and a teacher of men. At the age of nineteen the young typo set out to undertake a tour in Europe on foot, with knapsack on his back.

It is to be noted here, however, that in the very year of this undertaking (1844) Mr. Taylor had preceded his journeyings by the publication of a little volume of poems, under the title, "Ximena; Or, The Battle of Sierra Morena, and Other Poems." Thus early had he commenced the career of authorship; and it would appear hat the poems then collected, and which had been originally contributed to the current periodical literature of the time, had not only put some money into his purse, but had probably afforded him, likewise, somewhat of reputation; for it is a fact that on his arrival in New York in pursuance of his new design, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Greeley, Parke Godwin, N. P. Willis, and others, who aided him with counsel and encouragement in carrying out his purpose. And so, at the beginning of his active life, we find the young man laying the foundations on which were to be reared the three towering superstructures of his after labors — Poetry, Journalism, Travel. A persistent building onward and upward in these directions is the simple history of his future career.

The two years of European travel were accomplished at

the almost incredibly small cost of five hundred dollars —an experience of inestimable value to the self-denying tourist, and a lesson to the world, whose burden of economy was gilded by the charm of the gratification resulting from its practice.

During his journeyings Mr. Taylor fulfilled contracts entered into before his departure from America, by corresponding with certain Philadelphia newspapers, and by commencing with the New York *Tribune* that long series of graphic and picturesque descriptive letters which closed only with his decease. His letters, written at the age of twenty, possessed such elements as procured them a ready reading. In them, indeed, Mr. Taylor may be said to have invented that wonderful influence of such rapid growth, the "American correspondent." Previous to his time, newspaper correspondence had been of the essay description, or had confined itself to the line of character-pictures and word-painting, which was the last effort of the old school of *littérateurs*. The infusion of positive American force, and the dramatic delineation of scenes and events, which stamped his work, was a new advent in literature, and the origination of a new method of authorship.

On his return from Europe, in 1846, Mr. Taylor's letters were gathered into a volume, and reprinted under the title of "Views Afoot; Or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff; with a Preface by N. P. Willis." The volume took the literary circles of Philadelphia, New York and Boston fairly by storm. It happened that he followed the appearance of his book in Boston by a brief visit to that city; and Mr. James T. Fields sets down his recollection of the young author as he appeared at this time in the following genial description: "Thirty-two years ago, on a bright Spring morning, a young man of twenty-three held out his hand to me, and introduced himself as Bayard Taylor. We had corresponded at intervals since his first little volume was published in 1844, but we had never met until then. He had come to Boston rather unexpectedly, he said, to see Longfellow, and Holmes, and Whipple, and some others who had expressed an interest in his 'Views Afoot,' then recently printed in book form. No one could possibly look upon the manly young fellow at that time without loving him. He was tall and slight, with the bloom of youth mantling a face full of eager, joyous expectation. Health of that buoyant nature which betokens delight in existence was visible in every feature of the youthful traveler.

> The fresh air lodged within his cheek,
> As light within a cloud.'

We all flocked about him like a swarm of brothers, heartily welcoming him to Boston. When we told him how charmed we all were with his Travels, he blushed like a girl, and tears filled his sensitive eyes. 'It is one of the most absorbingly interesting books I ever read!' cried one of our number, heightening the remark with an expletive savoring more of strength than of early piety. Taylor looked up, full of happiness at the opinion so earnestly expressed, and asked, with that simple *naïveté* which always belonged to his character, 'Did you really think so? Well, I am *so* glad!'"

Boston's favorable opinion was echoed wherever the book was read. Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, a cynical man and severe critic, praised him freely. The London *Athenæum* welcomed the young American as a positive acquisition to literature. Few young writers have sprung so suddenly and generally into popularity.

The practical outcome of Mr. Taylor's work, and of the esteem which it immediately secured, was to procure him a permanent position on the staff of the *Tribune*—though this did not occur until he had made a venture in journalism on his own account, and failed. He edited a paper in the town of Phœnixville, Penn., during the first year after his return home, but gave it up as unpromising.

This episode concluded, he repaired to New York, where he contributed to the *Literary World* and other publications; issuing, in 1847, a new volume of poems, entitled "Rhymes of Travel, Ballads and Other Poems." In fact, thus far Mr. Taylor leaned strongly toward poetry as a possible field for his future work and fame.

Already his efforts in this direction were so fortunate as to meet with the commendation of Edgar A. Poe, who wrote as follows concerning his powers and his promise: "He is unquestionably the most terse, glowing and vigorous of all our poets, young or old—in point, I mean, of expression. His sonorous, well-balanced rhythm puts me often in mind of Campbell."

This was all very well; but the ambitious writer discovered shortly that poetry, however alluring, would not serve in bread-winning, and when Mr. Greeley sent for Mr. Taylor to offer a position on the *Tribune*, he had no thought but to accept the unexpected boon gratefully.

It is probable, though, that this conclusion was not made without regret and disappointment, on purely intellectual grounds. The experience of his period of travel, and the judgment as to men and things which was quicker to arrive by reason of this experience, had already taught him that life chains often the adventurous in iron bands, and that, beat the bars as it will, the soul must suffer from more than physical imprisonment. He foresaw, in fact, that his life's work must be, in great measure, dictated by his life's needs, and by the standard measure of intelligence and the passing fancy of the hour as to all the rest. That this was the case is, in truth, indicated by his verses, entitled "Impatience," written in London in 1846, and which he afterward explained as written under a gloomy moon and a transitory sentiment. From these verses we quote:

> "Is't not enough to go
> Unknown, and scorned perhaps, amid the throng—
> The curse of want, twin with mistrust, to know,
> That mocks the pride of ever-soaring song,
> And drags the soul revolting down, to grow
> Familiarized with wrong?
>
> "Is't not enough to feel
> The spirit's manhood made a thing of scorn?
> To conquer Pride's restraining voice, and kneel
> With abject lip before the meaner born—
> But must the gathered shadows still conceal
> The mounting rays of morn?"

It will not answer to say of these expressions, and others similar to them, that they were but the momentary burst of irritation or disappointment, even though their author may have so characterized them himself at a later period. They agree with the known ambition of his life; they indicate aspirations and even powers higher than his accomplished results; and the sense of submission which came later as an adjunct of the burden of daily task-work, might readily seek to explain without invalidating them.

Again, in his poem, "An Hour," the closing stanza is—

> "Oh, triumph such as this were worth
> The poet's doom of pain,
> Whose hours are brazen on the earth,
> But golden in the brain;
> I close the starry gates of dreams,
> And walk the dust again."

And yet again, in "Love and Solitude"—

> "Even with the will our passion lends
> We cannot break the chain;
> Against our vows, we must remain
> With common men, and compass common ends.

We cannot shut our hearts from haughty fears;
We cannot purge our eyes from heavy tears;
We cannot shift the burden and the woe
Which all alike must know,
Which Love's Elected through the countless years
Have known, and, knowing died; God wills it so."

It comes to this, then, that if we are to believe the quick rendering of his hopes and fears which is to be found in those of his early writings which came freshest from his heart, we must concede that the embryo poet became the journalist from the demands of necessity, and while his "native bent and inclination" prompted him to try far other fields.

A year passed in the daily drudgery of newspaper work saw Mr. Taylor appreciated, and his rank and pay raised in accordance with his recognized merit. It was readily seen, however, that his special strength lay in the direction which he had fairly originated, and presently he was sent forth upon his travels again.

This time his course lay westward. The year was 1849, and all thoughts were directed toward the new Golden Empire, California; where in February, 1848, Col. Sutter had first made the discovery of a stream which, Pactolus-like, deposited golden sands—a mere significant of the boundless wealth of the old Castilian Missionary Province.

To California went Bayard Taylor, and wrote from thence a series of graphic descriptive letters to the *Tribune*, which, for the first time, acquainted Americans with the character and possibilties of this wonderful region. From California he traveled homeward by way of Mexico, visiting Guadalajara, Guanajuato, and the City of Mexico, Guadalupe, Chapultepec, and the other scenes of the Mexican War, and so to the sea by way of Vera Cruz.

Traveling alone in a wild district of Mexico, he met with one of the few "adventures" of his life—less eventful in this respect than those of most travelers. Near Mazatlan, he was attacked by banditti, and wisely offering no resistonce, was simply tied and civilly robbed of everything he had about him of value. After the robbers had departed, he managed to loosen his bonds; and as the party had kindly left him his horse, he had no difficulty in finding his way to an adjacent village, where he was kindly cared for until he could replenish his empty purse.

Eight months and eight days from the time he left his desk in the *Tribune* office, he returned to it. In 1850, his letters were published under the title of "El Dorado; Or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," a work which gained a circulation of ten thousand copies in a few weeks, and which was warmly praised by the critics for the freshness and vigor as well as accuracy of its description, and the easy grace of its language.

Another year saw Mr. Taylor again on his travels. He was now a stockholder in the *Tribune*, and had fairly settled down into that groove which he was so long to occupy. Now his course lay to the East. From New York to England, thence by Germany and the Rhine to Vienna, Trieste, and Smyrna, from which latter place he took his departure for Cairo, Nov. 1st, 1851. Ascending the Nile as far as the second Cataract, he traversed Arabia and Nubia, explored Soudan and the White Nile; visited Khartoum and Wadi-Halfa; and then sailed down the Nile again to Cairo, which point he reached April 1st, 1852.

His caravan journey from Khartoum to Wadi-Halfa occupied thirty-four days, and covered a distance of about nine hundred miles, passing through Dongola, a province of Upper Nubia—a country whose horses are said to "rival in beauty and surpass in size the best breeds in Arabia." At Khartoum, Mr. Taylor witnessed the New Year ceremonies of the Coptic Church.

The Copts are believed to be the lineal descendants of the people which inhabited Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies. They are Christians, and claim that theirs is the most ancient Christian ritual in existence. The Church numbers about 150,000 members, its head being the Patriarch of Alexandria, who resides, however, in Cairo. Their ceremonies, on the occasion of their frequent fasts and feasts, are very complicated and peculiar, and most interesting to the few travelers who are permitted to witness them.

When Mr. Taylor reached Cairo on his return journey, he had traveled four thousand miles in Central Africa. He now continued his tour through Palestine and Syria, visiting Aleppo, Antioch, and the chief places of interest of Asia Minor, and crossed the latter country to Constantinople, whence he proceeded to journey through Southern Europe. At Sicily he witnessed an eruption of Mount Etna. He returned to England by way of the Tyrol and Germany.

Even all of this extensive travel did not tire this indefatigable tourist, for after a short rest in England, he proceeded to Spain, where he passed a month, and on November 27th, 1852, sailed from Gibraltar for Alexandria, with the design of visiting Eastern Asia.

From Alexandria Mr. Taylor proceeded to Suez, where he took steamer for Bombay, and thence overland to Calcutta. He went by way of Delhi, saw the Himalaya Mountains, crossed the Ganges and visited Lucknow and Cawnpore—the scene of the terrible massacre of the Indian Rebellion five years later. This journey across Hindostan was made mainly on horseback, traversing more than two thousand miles, and occupied until February 22d, 1853.

From Calcutta, Mr. Taylor descended the Hoogly, and traveled by steamer to Hong Kong by way of Penang and Singapore; thence to Macao, and from there to Shanghai, where he remained for some time, acting as an *attaché* to the American Legation, and thus making his first entrance into diplomatic life.

China was at this time greatly excited by the Rebel War, and there was plenty of news as well as description for the journalist to record in his letters to the *Tribune*. The pretended object of the rebels was to overthrow the Mandchoo and restore the Ming dynasty in the person of Tien-te, the rebel leader, who claimed himself the lineal descendant of this family. The chief design of these rebels, however, was plunder; and the main cause of the outbreak hatred to the foreigners—English and Americans—who had, by treaty, obtained privileges of certain ports for trade purposes.

The conflict is known to history as the "Tae-Ping" war, this being the inscription (meaning general peace) which was displayed on the rebel banners. In December, 1852, the rebels sacked the city of Han Kaow, and in the following Spring captured Nankin and other large cities. In September, 1853, Shanghai was taken by them; and Mr. Taylor only missed being an eye-witness of the scenes which were there enacted by having taken his departure from the city a few months before for Japan.

He left Shanghai on May 17th, on board one of the ships of the Perry expedition. This squadron consisted of seven vessels of war, under the command of Commodore M. E. Perry, and the design of the expedition was to execute a treaty with the Japanese Government, by which American seamen shipwrecked on the coasts of that country should receive protection, and certain ports should be opened for trade to American ships.

This design advanced in 1853—and during the time Mr. Taylor was a guest of the fleet—only so far as consisted in the delivery of the letter from the President of the United States to the Mikado, to the officials at Yeddo appointed to

receive it. In the following year the treaty was completed and became a part of history.

Returning to Hong Kong, Mr. Taylor sailed for New York, stopping at St. Helena, and reaching home on December 20th, 1853, after an absence of two years and four months, and a journey of more than 50,000 miles.

The reader of Mr. Taylor's earlier lyrics will observe much of a personal character therein, and specially will perceive indications of the association to which it now becomes necessary to allude. This was his engagement to an amiable and lovely young lady, to whom he was married on her deathbed, a short time prior to his departure from America in 1851.

This episode in his life was one of most sorrowful character and influence, and marked, undoubtedly, not only his writings, but his hopes and aspirations. Indeed, to the painful occurrence which blighted his early life, and removed from him much of his incentive to ambition, was due, in a measure, the long journey whose course we have just indicated.

One of the most expressive poems of a sympathetic character in the language is "The Phantom," written by the poet at a period when his loss was still fresh in his heart, and Time had not blunted the barbed missile which Fate had hurled against him.

"Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

"But the sweet-brier's arms have nestled upward
In the Summers that have past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

"They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room—
To fill the house that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

* * * *

"And still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door;
Her timid words of maiden welcome
Come back to me once more.

"And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain;
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

* * * *

"But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
But never passes o'er."

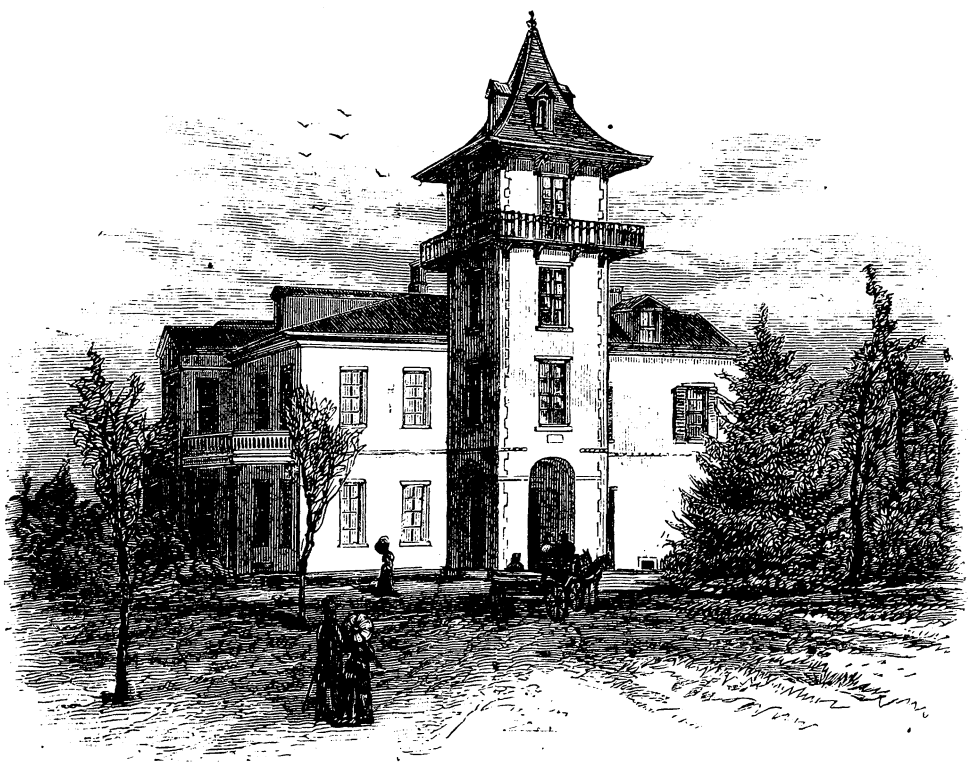
Again at his desk in the editorial room, and again toiling far into the night to produce the vivid pictures of travel which the public had now learned to expect. His journalistic work was varied, and his versatility had full swing. Now it was a brilliant and incisive review, again a biographical sketch whose comprehensive skill evinced his knowledge of human nature, then a fine piece of descriptive writing, which the country newspapers eagerly copied and carried throughout the land to the entire reading population. It is even a tradition that he once wrote a Carrier's Address, though this is no longer extant, its author, even, having failed to preserve a copy. One bit from this, preserved in the memory of a few of his friends, shall be recorded here—perhaps for the first time since its original publication. The writer is viewing the marvelous growth and power of the press, and thus refers to this mighty engine:

"Oh, the click of the type as it falls into line,
And the clank of the press—make a music divine.
'Tis the audible footfall of thought on the page—
The articulate beat of the Heart of the Age.
As the ebbing of ocean leaves granite walls bare,
And reveals to the world its great autograph there."

Mr. Taylor's Eastern tour was fertile in subject-matter for book-making, and three volumes came from the press in 1854 and 1855, bearing the following titles, respectively; "A Journey to Central Africa; or, Life and Landscape from Egypt to the Kingdoms of the White Nile"; "The Lands of the Saracen; Or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily and Spain"; "A Visit to India, China and Japan, in the Year 1853."

As one after another of Mr. Taylor's volumes passed through the press they were received with avidity and read with delight. Such periodicals as the *London Athenæum* and *Daily News*, the *North American Review*, and the *Literary World*, awarded them the highest praise as opening up the possibilities of this species of authorship, as these had never before been made known.

In considering the



BAYARD TAYLOR'S RESIDENCE, CHESTER CO., PA.

merit and value of these works at the present time, it is to be remembered that they antedated all the writings of the same class with which we are now familiar—those of Burton, Speke and Grant, Anderson, Livingstone, Barth, Du Chaillu, Hall, Hayes, Burnaby, Stanley, and the rest; and which have so accustomed us to the art of picturesque yet faithful description of foreign scenes and foreign life, that we take this as a matter of course.

According to Taylor himself, he thought "a live Arab was more interesting than a dead Pharaoh," and he accordingly "left antiquities to Champollions, Lepsius, etc," and devoted himself to studies of existing races, and the phases of unaccustomed society.

In this conclusion he was faithfully sustained by his readers, all of whom were glad to be informed concerning actual living beings, and existing scenes; while only antiquarians and other such erudite persons cared much to delve into the dead centuries and "wake the echoes of the past."

In the meantime, Mr. Taylor had not wholly neglected his poetic faculty, but had sent forth a crop of little volumes of lyrics, ballads, and such casual writings, including his "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," 1851, "Poems of the Orient," 1855, and "Poems of Home and Travel," 1855.

Dr. Griswold died in 1857, and his final verdict as to Mr. Taylor's place in literature is worth recording, considering that it only referred to the poetical works which have been already enumerated in the course of this paper. He wrote: "Eminent as he is as a writer of travels, his highest and most enduring distinction will be from his poetry. . . . His travels will hereafter be to his poems no more than those of Smollett are to his extraordinary novels."

This was written in 1855; whether it was accurate or not, must be decided by posterity.

Mr. Taylor's misfortune was in becoming so known and popular as a traveler and a writer of travels that any possible capacity of his in any other direction must needs be extinguished by this very fact; for it has come to be a part of the creed of the literary "casual" that no man can do more than one thing well;—thus ignoring the history of Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael; or, in our own times, of Gustave Doré, who models as well as he draws; of Sara Bernhardt, who is a sculptor as well as an actress; of Gérome, great either with clay or pigment; finally, of Story, who can write law-books, poetry, plays, all well, and who ranks as one of the leading sculptors of the century. Bayard Taylor painted in water-colors charmingly—dainty little bits, of which only his friends gained possession, and which these now hold among their choicest treasures. As a linguist, he was a marvel; his mastery over tongues the most difficult and opposite—Icelandic and Arabic, for instance — was acquired seemingly without effort, and retained frequently without practice. Says Mr. Stedman concerning him: "Mr. Taylor was a man of wide and thorough learning, and was a much more exact scholar than would be supposed, considering that he never was at college, and spent a great deal of time in travel and observation. . . . He was a good botanist, and something of a geologist, and was an established authority on all geographical questions."

BAYARD TAYLOR CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS IN MEXICO.

Early in his literary life Mr. Taylor became a lecturer, and his name was found with each recurring season on the lists of as many lyceums and other literary organizations as could get him; and he never failed to draw large and

interested audiences from among the most cultured classes. He was frequently chosen, too, to make addresses and to recite poems on occasions of public festival or public mourning; and these duties he always performed with perfect understanding, and fittingly.

In July, 1856, Mr. Taylor again started on one of his periodical peregrinations, now directing his steps northward. He visited northern Europe, including Lapland, Denmark, the Scandinavian peninsula, and Russia; traveled through Greece, and sojourned for a while in Crete; and returned home in October, 1858, to resume his journalistic occupation, and make more books. A quaint story is told of an incident of this tour, reciting how, on having occasion to take a Russian bath, he found himself turned over to the tender mercies of a stalwart peasant girl, who scrubbed and washed him, doubtless to her own contentment, as a rather artistic piece of work in her line, but to the young American's unmitigated horror. In Lapland Mr. Taylor experienced a temperature seldom vouchsafed to an American—that of seventy degrees below zero.

After his return to New York the traveler published "Northern Travel; Summer and Winter Pictures; Sweden, Denmark and Lapland," 1857; "Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete," 1859; and "At Home and Abroad: a Sketch-book of Life, Scenery and Men," 1859; issuing a second series of the latter in 1862. He now devoted himself closely to his newspaper work again during two or three years, but in 1862 was appointed Secretary of Legation to St. Petersburgh, Hon. Simon Cameron being Minister. In 1863 Mr. Taylor was left Chargé d'Affaires for some time, during the absence from the Legation of Mr. Cameron.

During this period, Mr. Taylor married Miss Marie Hansen, daughter of Peter Andreas Hansen, the celebrated astronomer and director of the Observatory of Seeberg, near Gotha. Hansen was best known for his investigations into the perturbations of the moon, and for his controversy with Encke. His daughter, a most charming and unassuming lady, is noted for marked linguistic talents, and is herself a writer of decided force and character.

It was during his residence in Russia that Mr. Taylor prepared his first work of fiction, a line in which he could doubtless have achieved eminence had he devoted himself more especially in that direction. His "Hannah Thurston; A Story of American Life," 1863; "John Godfrey's Fortunes, Related by Himself," 1864; and "The Story of Kennet; A Tale of American Life," 1866, have long been placed on the shelves of public libraries among the best standard writings in their department of American literature, and have been most favorably considered by the critical press, at home and abroad.

In 1863 he published his "Poet's Journal," and in 1866 "The Picture of St. John"; the former an autobiographical sketch in verse, the latter an Italian story woven in varied and ingenious changes of rhyme and rhythm, and full of sweet and pleasant pictures, as well as sad and gloomy episodes.

In 1867 Mr. Taylor issued "Colorado; A Summer Trip"; and in 1869, "By-ways of Europe." During the Winter of 1869–70, he lectured on German literature at Cornell University, Ithaca; being one of the first professors selected for that institution.

The next two or three years were occupied in lecturing, and in the translation of Goethe's "Faust," a work whose original design and extraordinary merit have caused it to supersede, among scholars, all other translations of the German poet and philosopher. Concerning this work the New York *Evening Post* says: "It was because he saw in 'Faust' that which English-speaking men had never had an opportunity to see, that he thought, in translating the poem, to give us Goethe's masterpiece in its fullness. . . . He had news of a grander poem in "Faust" than English-speaking men had yet known in it, and it was to tell that news that he made his supremely good translation."

Mr. Taylor's travels may be said to have closed with his journey over the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and through Manitoba, in 1871; and his trip to Egypt and Iceland in 1874. He was present at the Millennial Celebration in the latter country, and astonished his fellow-travelers by addressing the native Icelanders in their own tongue.

In 1870 Mr. Taylor published another novel, "Joseph and his Friend"; and in 1872–75, "The Masque of the Gods"; "Lars, a Pastoral of Norway," and "Home Pastorals, Ballads and Lyrics."

By this time he was earnestly engaged on his projected "Life of Goethe," and his hours were more than fully engrossed. Although passing much of his time in New York, Mr. Taylor had purchased property at Kennett, and built for himself a residence which he called "Cedarcroft." Here, on its completion, he gave a pleasant housewarming, inviting his friends, the poets and the journalists, and offering royal hospitality, to which the poet Stoddard refers in glowing terms. But misfortunes came upon him in the depreciation of his property; he was forced to exertion even beyond his extraordinary physical and mental strength, and his health became so seriously affected that he was obliged to repair to the White Sulphur Springs for recuperation.

On the death of Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor was chosen as one of the prominent Commemorative Speakers, and delivered an address which attracted universal attention.

So, on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of Independence Day at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1876, Bayard Taylor was selected to deliver the National Ode, which was a portion of the ceremonial. Of this work it may be said that few such writings will bear such close scrutiny and analysis. Lofty in sentiment, musical, yet free and unhampered in rhythm, and dignified, profound and picturesque in language, it should never be permitted to fade from our literature. One stanza may be properly quoted here, as illustrating the possession by Mr. Taylor of poetic fervor and power not usually ascribed to him:

"Ah, hark! the solemn undertone
On every wind of human story blown.
A large, divinely-molded Fate
Questions the right and purpose of a State,
And in its plan sublime
Our eras are the dust of Time.
The far-off Yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy feet;
Invades the lordship of the hour,
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.
From all unchronicled and silent ages
Before the Future first begot the Past,
Till History dared, at last,
To write eternal words on granite pages;
From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,
And where, uplifted white and far,
Earth's highest yearns to meet a star,
And Man his manhood by the Ganges found—
Imperial heads of old millennial sway,
And still by some pale splendor crowned,
Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,
In ghostly grandeur rise
And say through stony lips and vacant eyes:
'Thou that assertest freedom, power and fame,
Declare to us thy claim!'"

Among Mr. Taylor's editorial works should be mentioned his "Cyclopedia of Modern Travel," brought out by a

Cincinnati house in 1857; his "Frithiof's Saga," an Icelandic poem, published in 1867; Auerbach's "Villa on the Rhine," 1869; and the "Illustrated History of Travel and Adventure," 4 vols., 1872–74. One other slight effort of his pen was "The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions."

Only on the day of his death did Bayard Taylor receive the first finished copy of his last work, "Prince Deukalion," a poem as to which criticism must needs be silent, until Time shall have chastened the memory of an irreparable loss, and permitted the intellect to approach the subject unfettered by sorrow, unembarrassed by affection.

Early in 1878 the name of Bayard Taylor came, as it would seem, spontaneously before the minds of the advisers of the President as that of the one man most fitted to represent America at the German Court. There does not appear to have been hesitation or discussion as to his fitness, and the appointment was made at once. Mr. Taylor received his official notification on March 5th, and his first act was to communicate the happy tidings to his old friend Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who responded in a genial letter, congratulating him on the appointment, and alluding to the pleasant association which the two gentlemen with their families had held in St. Petersburg fifteen years before.

As Pennsylvania was proud of the appointment, and signified this through her most noted citizen, so every State and every individual in the country felt it as a most graceful, appropriate and judicious act. The press accepted it as a personal compliment, and American authorship felt an added dignity, when to the names in diplomacy of Irving, Motley, Bancroft, Marsh, and Hawthorne, was added that of Bayard Taylor.

From the day when his appointment was first made public to that of his departure, Mr. Taylor was the constant recipient of evidences of the regard and affection in which he was held by the entire country. Dinners, receptions and public ovations of every sort were employed to demonstrate a delight which had never before been felt or expressed in the country under similar circumstances. At Kennett Square, his birthplace and home, these demonstrations were not only flattering to the one and commendable to the other, but they were touching in the extreme.

Said the Kennett *Advance*, writing after Mr. Taylor's decease, "To the world he was Bayard Taylor, the traveler, poet and accomplished man of letters. To us he was all these and much more. He was our brother—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. He was our neighbor, ready by word or pen to praise our hills and wooded slopes, and to defend our good name."

On April 11th Mr. Taylor left New York for Berlin, where he arrived in due season, and was warmly welcomed —Germany claiming him as half her own. Relieved by faithful attachés from the details of his office work, he now saw approaching completion, in the near future, his *magnum opus*—his Biography of the great master, Goethe, at whose feet he knelt, as a little child; whose enchanter's wand none had felt perhaps as he.

But it was not to be. Soon sickness came upon him, and he was forced to leave his work for a time and resort to curative agencies. At home it became known that he was ill, but no serious fears were entertained, even by his intimate friends. The man, in his strength, seemed a Viking. It did not look to be among the possibilities that he should die in the prime of his powers and his years, and with his work yet unfinished. His condition improved toward the last, and promised recovery. Suddenly, about four o'clock on the afternoon of December 19th, the change came, and his light went out. Peacefully and painlessly he laid down his burden.

Perhaps none of the sympathetic expressions of regard and regret that filled the air and crowded the press on the reception of these tidings was more pathetic, more heartfelt than that of the same Kennett paper which we just quoted, "We loved him, and he is dead." This, indeed, might almost be appropriately inscribed as the epitaph of Bayard Taylor.

The funeral obsequies of the dead poet were celebrated at Berlin on December 22d, in the presence of the diplomatic corps, distinguished authors and the representatives of royalty. Herr Auerbach offered the lamentation of German writers, and the American residents of Berlin united in the expression of their grief, and their profound appreciation of the loss which had been sustained by their country and the world.

In the United States, the press teemed with evidences of the regard in which he was held; while in the Century Club, of which he had long been an honored and congenial member, in the newspaper offices (and most of all in that one which had been as a home to him), and in private circles, the sentiment was the same—that of warm and affectionate esteem for his noble character, of high admiration for his varied and remarkable talents and attainments, and of shock and inexpressible sorrow at his untimely taking-off.

Without attempting to summarize as to the character, talents or accomplished work of Bayard Taylor, it remains to give some few evidences of the consideration in which he was held, and the reasons therefor.

Said the *Tribune*, "In social intercourse he was open, candid, generous, never sacrificing truthfulness of feeling to the demands of fashion, but never making frankness of expression a pretense for coarseness or rude utterance. It is believed that he had not an enemy; it is certain that he regarded no human being with a sentiment of hostility. His scorn of all ungenerous acts, of all baseness and cowardice and servility, was not mingled with any emotion of wrath or spite."

The Rev. Mr. Talmage said of him from the pulpit, "Bayard Taylor was the highest type of a gentleman; none could stand in his presence for five minutes without learning this."

Concerning his appointment as Minister to Berlin, President Hayes said, "His appointment as Minister to Germany was one of the few appointments I have made where no especial pressure was exerted by any one in the appointee's behalf. His fitness for the position because of his standing as a journalist, his familiarity with German literature, and his ability as an educated and talented gentleman, were well-known to me, and as soon as I mentioned his name to Secretary Evarts his appointment was virtually decided upon."

Auerbach said of him that, "by making Goethe's masterpiece accessible to the American nation, he had formed a fresh link between Germany and America."

As to his poetical capacity, hear Richard H. Stoddard, his life-long friend and companion, and as critic and poet himself second to none now living of the present generation of writers: "I read his letters of travel as they appeared in the *Tribune*, and I read these letters again which he collected thus in books after his return. I saw that they were good of their kind; I felt that his prose was admirable for its simplicity and correctness; but, with a waywardness which I could not help, I slighted them for his poetry. I thought then, and think still, that his 'California Ballads,' and 'Poems of Travel' are masterly examples of spirited, picturesque writing, and I am sure that his 'Poems of the Orient' are superior to anything else of the kind in the English language. They have a local color which is absent

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 346.

from 'Lalla Rookh.' The 'Bedouin Song,' for instance, is instinct with the fiery, passionate life of the East, and is a worthy companion-piece to Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air.'"

It is the fashion to honor Bayard Taylor as a man, to praise him as a journalist, to admire him for the fairly stupendous *quantity* of his work, but to deny him the possession of "genius," and to claim that his poetry is third-rate,

and his poetic ability of but little account in summing up his life-work.

But it is also the fashion to praise inordinately some whose only real reputation rests on a single chance effort, widely known, and to decry every attempt in literature outside the line in which a writer has made his first mark. Without making invidious comparisons, or attempting to sustain that which is eminently capable of self-support, it is enough to refer fair and candid critics to Mr. Taylor's writings to insure a juster judgment. Meanwhile, it is no bad testimony in his favor that he conquered the prejudices and doubts of such critics as Poe, Griswold and Stoddard.

Beyond all this, we hold that Bayard Taylor never did his best work, being clogged and hampered by his slavery to daily journalism—that Moloch to whom are offered such hecatombs of sacrificial victims; that Juggernaut whose fateful car rides ponderously to crush the aspirations and elude the hopes of so many noble spirits, so many soul-full toilers in the army of martyrs to the "Press."

Whatever journalism has gained through Bayard Taylor, poetry and the higher arts of literature have lost. Let those who can, set down the balance, for or against. All must agree in one thing: a life so rounded into perfection in the face of such conflict and so many opposing forces, must needs have possessed hidden possibilities of result, closely akin to genius.

SUNDAY MORNING IN GUGGISBERG, NEAR BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

SUNDAY MORNING IN GUGGISBERG, SWITZERLAND.

GUGGISBERG is a mountain hamlet in the Bernese Oberland, connected with that city by the post-road. It nestles at the foot of a mountain called the Guggershorn. It stands

3,500 feet above the sea, and, with its white church and quaint houses, and still quainter people, makes a most attractive stopping-place. It is not far from Schwarzenburg, on the Wurtemburg frontier. Modern fashions are making their inroads, and store-clothes made in the style prevailing from California to the Ural Mountains will soon be the rule. The older people of Guggisberg, however, hold fast to the ancient way.

Our picture shows a Sunday morning in this little spot. The young man is approaching the utterly unpicturesque. The girl retains some traces of the olden style; but the old grandmother has the primitive costume intact. A sort of jacket, tight, low waist, showing the chemise well above it; and a skirt which barely reaches the knees, straight and narrow, with a loose affair around which looks like a sash that has fallen from the waist. The head is covered with a close-fitting cap.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

[THE fine old ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid" is on the favorite theme, a nobleman in disguise winning the love of a poor girl. In this he pretends to be a banished man, living in the wild wood, and tests her affection by demanding sacrifices from her, in order to share his life of wandering and peril. Then he reveals the real state of affairs.]

"MINE own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changéd new;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I said
To you when I began,
I will not to the green wood go;
I am no banished man."

"These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween;
Then were the case worse than it is,
And I am woebegone!
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

"Ye shall not need further to dread;
I will not disparage
You (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great lineage.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I wi l you bring, and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take and lady make,
As shortly as I can.
Thus have you won an Early's son,
And not a banished man."

Here may ye see that women be
In love meek, kind and stable;
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometimes proveth such as he loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

A RIBBON STORM ON THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.

IN the Northwest Territory there are peculiar storms that sweep through the valley of a river, following its windings; occupying but a narrow path, but fearful in their destructive power. Such a one is shown in our illustration, and a recent traveler thus describes it:

"About a week after our departure from Georgetown we were assailed during the night by a fearful storm. We were in the very focus. The atmosphere was overcharged with electricity, and as the wind changed, the electric fluid, toying with our hair, made it stand on end. The odor of ozone was so strong that it impeded our breathing.

"We endeavored at once to land; but so intense was the darkness that we were unable to discern the floating trees and other obstacles in the rapid stream which hurried us along impetuously. A few collisions taught us that it was madness to do aught but follow the channel.

"Hour succeeded hour. The storm roared around us with the same fury, the rain descended in incessant streams. In vain we looked out for the first gleam of day. The night seemed endless. Our canoes were filled nearly to the brim, and there we sat, waist-high in water, doubting whether we could keep afloat till day.

"The air was cold, so that, drenched and shivering, we could scarcely ply our paddles; yet we could not rest a moment, hand or eye, as we strained every nerve to detect, by the glare of the lightning or the phosphorescent and evanescent lights on the stream, the danger of our headlong course.

"No one of us will ever forget the sufferings of that night, or the intense consolation with which we hailed—I will not say the first gleam of day, but—the first diminution of the darkness. Soon after, the storm decreased rapidly, and we were, amid a drenching rain, enabled to reach a muddy bank, the only approachable spot, and throw ourselves, in our streaming blankets, down beside our canoes to gain a brief rest to our exhausted energies."

RAMAYA.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Sir Philip Pembroke received his East Indian appointment he was anything but a rich man. In point of fact, he was on the very verge of bankruptcy; but at the last moment, just when he was deliberately deciding between prison, poison, or pistols, and wondering how her ladyship would receive either item of distracting intelligence, that appointment came, like manna from heaven.

needless to say that its coming definitely dispelled all ideas of suicide. It really opened a new life to this good-natured spendthrift, who eventually became a rigid disciplinarian, an exemplary dispenser of justice, and a very wealthy and important personage.

As for Lady Pembroke, she, poor soul, died in the dawning of their great prosperity, and left but one child—Amy, who was born some time after their installation at Calcutta. Sir Philip followed in the footsteps of all widowers—he married again, and this second wife, who had once been excessively pretty, became, after fifteen years of married life, merely a stout, well-preserved matron.

Thanks to her dictatorial spirit, however, Amy Pembroke had been reared in a sensible manner, and, consequently, at seventeen, she still was what so few of her sex ever are in those enervating climates—strong, healthy, bright-colored, and charmingly vivacious; impulsive, too, and firm-willed, as all such vigorous temperaments must be, but very loving and tender-hearted. If we speak of her accomplishments, we must acknowledge that they were manifold, for she could lisp in Hindostanee like a native, and dance like a nautch-girl, and sing like a nightingale. Could more be expected?

Such, then, was Amy Pembroke—a woman who, for many years, played an important *rôle* in Eastern politics, and the story of whose life is one of the saddest, yet most romantic, on record, even in that land of mystery and romance. And at seventeen this young woman had a lover, to whom Sir Philip, in his wisdom, and my lady, in her tyranny, strongly objected.

"But why?" demanded Amy. "Is he bad?"

"My dear child," said her father, with great gravity, "If by *bad*, you mean *vicious*, I answer in the negative. To be frank about it, I truly believe Godfrey Oglethorpe to be as free from vice as any young man of my acquaintance, but——"

"Ah," interrupted my lady, "your Godfrey is far worse than *bad*, my love; he is *poor*."

"I was not aware that poverty was a crime," said Amy.

"Decidedly!" answered her stepmother, with emphasis.

"Is it, papa?"

Papa made no reply. He was thinking of the time when, according to his wife, he must have been one of the greatest criminals in all England. But the thought was not pleasant; neither was the discussion; so, to end both, the worthy knight flew into a rage.

"I'll tell you what it is," he cried. "This business shall be finished in a very summary manner. I'll marry you to Lord Roxburghe before you are a week older, miss. I will, by Jove!"

"Tell her that his lordship is very wealthy, my dear."

"I shall not!" thundered Sir Philip.

"You need not," retorted Amy. "Wealth does not influence *me*, if it does *other people*. If it did, I would never forget that my Godfrey will one day be a peer of the realm, dear papa."

"Your Godfrey—the rascal!—is waiting for dead men's shoes, young woman. There are three lives between him and the peerage. We will not wait for him—do you hear?"

But Amy did not reply. She just threw back her pretty head defiantly, and marched from the parlor to her own room, where Zuba was busy with some finery.

This Zuba, a native woman, and Amy's foster-mother, was ugly, garrulous, and a fierce fatalist; but she loved the girl who had lain in her bosom; and love with those poor wretches means so much! Therefore, as you may believe, this old pagan was not long in reading the woes of our young Christian. And, having learned all, she ventured upon consolation.

"I will pray to Buddha," she declared; "he is wise and mighty; he will help us, and send that Lord——"

"What folly!" interrupted Amy; "it would be far more sensible to ask him to send a fortune to poor Godfrey."

"Or a wife," suggested the Hindoo.

"Zuba!"

"Joy of my life, hear me—listen to the poor slave who would die for you! Let Zuba devise, and be you strong and brave, and we—you and I, two weak women—will surely triumph in the end. "Dare you obey me?"

"Ah, speak!" cried the girl—"speak! Though you bid me face death itself, I will obey!"

Chapter II.

Sir Philip and his wife were prepared for violent opposition to their project. Imagine, then, their surprise when Amy announced her entire willingness to become Lord Roxburghe's wife!

His lordship, be it understood, was a man of sixty, at least, and it is but seldom that a man of sixty inspires love; but, at all events, Roxburghe was in a fair way to secure a very handsome woman, and that rendered him an object of envy to his younger and less fortunate rivals.

As for Godfrey Oglethorpe, he read Amy's letter of dismissal in grim silence. He uttered no protest, made no appeal, but the blow was hard, for the poor fellow had loved well and truly. Such silence puzzled Amy; so, after a few weeks' waiting, she sent Zuba to him privately with a word of cheer.

But the mission failed. Mr. Godfrey Oglethorpe, of the East India Company's service, had sailed for England only a few days after the receipt of the fatal letter, and would not return for several months yet.

"Do you see that?" laughed Amy, through her tears. "He intends to stay away until I am married. My poor boy! he little guesses what good fortune is in store for him."

Nor could the Pembrokes possibly have guessed what bad fortune was in store for them. It was this: The wedding-night had arrived, and, after three full hours at the important toilet, her ladyship pronounced her approval of the bride in terms by no means measured.

"You are lovely," she declared. "Rather pale, it is true, but wonderfully lovely, and your dress is simply perfection. Really, it gives me pleasure to remember that my idea is illustrated in the arrangement of those flounces."

The dress in question was of white silk, almost hidden by rich lace and clusters of snowy orange-blossoms, with no ornaments but pearls.

Well, all was ready; the parlors were thronged with guests, the radiant groom and his future father-in-law were pacing the hall with measured strides, awaiting the looked-for summons, and her ladyship's hand was upon the door-knob when Amy made this entreaty:

"Let me be alone for a moment, please—only a single moment."

Her prayer was granted. All had gone, even old Zuba, who lingered longest. Then the girl locked the door, and going to the dressing-table, took something from a hiding-place in the little jewel-box—something, a folded paper merely, but it contained a grayish powder, which she dextrously slipped into a glass of water.

"I drink to you, Godfrey," she murmured; and to the last drop she drank—slowly, unflinchingly. Then she staggered to the bed, and threw herself upon it. "Godfrey!" she sighed, as her white lids fell. "Oh, my beloved, my beloved; who can part us now?"

Minutes passed. Her ladyship, grown impatient, knocked and called. No answer.

"Amy! Amy!"

With alarm now. Still no answer. Then Lady Pembroke summoned her husband.

"The door must be forced open," she said, speaking always in that calm, impassive manner; "it must be forced open, but with as little noise as possible."

Moments that seemed hours elapsed before the mandate could be obeyed; but at last the lock yielded, the door swung open, and there, upon the bed, apparently sweetly sleeping, lay Amy Pembroke—dead!

So in place of a wedding there was a funeral, and for a

A RIBBON STORM ON THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.—SEE PAGE 346.

bridal bed there was an ugly metal box, the key of which was given to her ladyship for safe-keeping.

But the ugly metal box, which was now in the vault of the English chapel, awaiting transportation to England, was not permitted to remain undisturbed. On the very first night following the day of the funeral, Zuba, accompanied by two men of her race, effected an entrance to the gloomy place, and, disdaining the aid of a key, removed the corpse of the young girl. A bit of wood, swathed in cloths, was now placed in the empty coffin, which, when securely fastened again, could tell no tales. Then, carefully bearing their ghastly booty, the three reached the body of the church, where streams of radiance, pouring down through the stained windows, revealed the way by which they had entered—a low door, the key to which had been stolen from the careless sexton by Zuba herself. They were in the shadow of the trees now—a friendly shadow, that concealed them even when they reached the wall; this they scaled, and, leaping into a wagon that awaited them, placed the old woman down among the bundles of straw, with her horrible burden closely clasped in her arms. Then, seating themselves in front, the men drove rapidly away. All this happened at midnight. Well, by day-dawn the supposed corpse was sitting in a little bamboo hut beyond the city—very white and faint, it is true, but alive still, and comfortably sipping a bowl of some fortifying herb-tea.

RAMAYA.—"'THERE!' SHE EXCLAIMED, POINTING TO SOME ONE CROUCHING AWAY IN A CORNER—A WOMAN! WITH A LOW CRY HER COMPANION SPRANG FORWARD, AND CAUGHT THE COWERING FORM IN HIS ARMS."—SEE PAGE 346.

Zuba, on her knees before this child of her heart, was eagerly scheming, and Amy, loving, hopeful Amy, listened, approved, and, as she had promised, prepared to obey.

BEFORE the year was ended, Godfrey Oglethorpe had returned from England, a married man, and nearer, by two of the three intervening lives, to the family title and estates.

He had married in a spirit of desperate recklessness; but, more fortunate than many of his fellows who marry for the purest love, he had secured a good, kind-hearted wife, whose perfect faith and patience and adoration were manifested with childlike simplicity.

A very pretty creature she was—a brown-haired, brown-eyed little body; sufficiently well dowered, too, for the Varleys of Staffordshire were not the folk to let a daughter of their house go from them empty-handed.

So, with a more important rank in the honorable company's service, as befitted his greater expectations, Godfrey Oglethorpe returned to Calcutta with his bride. From thence he was soon after called to Moulmein, an English military post with cantonments, barracks, and the Company's custom-house: and at Moulmein the Oglethorpes were established.

Their home was an imposing structure of half-burnt brick, set in a grove of mangoes and plantains, where many grotesque monsters and undeniably absurd demons of stone, all very old and very curious, kept solemn watch and guard.

And soon there came a time of merry-making for the young couple—the infant heir's first birthday, of course. A well-remembered time, indeed. All the English residents of note were assembled at the Oglethorpes', where they enjoyed themselves in true English fashion. There was music and dancing, flirtation and card-playing, supper and scandal. But the pleasure culminated at midnight, when a young and beautiful nautch-girl then appeared.

This nut-brown maid wore an *engi* of crimson silk, and about her graceful form was twined a voluminous scarf of pale-colored gauze. Her superb neck and arms were bare,

whilst sandals of delicate workmanship confined her slender feet. Ear-hoops, rings, bracelets, necklace and anklets were of dead gold, richly set with precious stones; and a turban of silver tissue but partially concealed the heavy tresses of raven hair.

Such was Ramaya, whose performance had already elicited the approval of the highest dignitary of Moulmein. Such was Ramaya, the dancer, who had deigned to amuse these unbelievers; and now, her task accomplished and rapturously rewarded, she hastened to the *garree* that awaited her at the great gate.

But she had not long been gone ere the gladness of that noble company was changed to sorrow, the rejoicing to lamentation. Oglethorpe's child was missing!

It had been taken from its cradle, beside which the *ayah*, or native nurse, lay sleeping soundly—drugged, that was evident—and search was unavailing now. The cruel theft may have been effected hours before, or, at least, which conclusion was more probable, when all the servants except the *ayah* were grouped about the doors and windows to catch a glimpse of the wonderful dancer.

"I will never see my boy again!" moaned the poor mother—"never! never!"

She spoke with the spirit of prophecy. Never again in this world would that happiness be hers—never again.

Chapter III.

Three months had barely elapsed when a still greater outrage was perpetrated than the kidnapping of Godfrey Oglethorpe's child; it was the abduction of Godfrey Oglethorpe's wife.

That lady was last seen at twilight, on the lower terrace of the garden, restlessly pacing to and fro, as was always her wont. No one could say when she had quitted the terrace; no one knew anything, in fact, except that she was gone.

After having instituted a vigilant system of detection, which was not for a moment relaxed, the bereaved husband addressed himself both to the Governor-general of India and to the native Governor of Moulmein. The reply of the former, Sir Archibald Claiborne, was brief and to the point. If Mr. Oglethorpe could name the abductor of his wife, or even indicate the suspected person, he might rely upon earnest co-operation in all his plans; otherwise, as Mr. Oglethorpe must clearly perceive, Her Majesty's officials could take no steps in the matter. The decision was just. His Excellency remembered that, even in the most civilized countries, no one ever dreamed of drumming up the militia to seek for missing wives.

The Governor of Moulmein, however, consented to receive the suppliant, and hear from his own lips the story of his wrongs.

To the west of the town runs the river, skirting, on its rapid way, a vast grove of talipot trees, and finally losing itself in the fringe of jungle that closes about the background of low, wooded hills. In the heart of the grove was the palace of the Maha Inzoola, or Governor—a palace built of rock, and covered from base to dome with a network of glistening leaves and flaming, flaunting flowers.

A lofty flight of dark stone steps running between great balustrades led from the court to a gallery of spiral columns hewn from teak, and richly gilded. Mosaics of black and white marble formed the flooring, and at the further end draped curtains of gold cloth revealed an elevated dais whereon was a divan of the same precious fabric.

Upon this divan reclined the mighty captain, Maha Inzoola—a handsome heathen, handsomely attired, and wearing a *dhar*, or sword, with golden hilt and scabbard of chased gold. Behind him stood a slave, holding aloft the inseparable gold umbrella, that true insignia of high rank; and at his feet sat a woman, magnificently robed, but, contrary to the general custom, closely vailed. This was the potentate's *mica* or true wife of his bosom.

As for the potentate, he was urbanity itself. He graciously protested his appreciation of all the English, and of Oglethorpe in particular, and, moreover, he gave his word that the lost should be found; that justice should be done, and the guilty meet a merited punishment.

"We owe you so much," were the Governor's last words to the heavy-hearted petitioner—"we owe you Englishmen so much! Shall I leave aught undone that might prove my devotion? Our gods forbid!"

As Oglethorpe humbly withdrew from the august presence, his glance fell upon the *mica*. The woman's vail was raised, and she was looking fixedly at him.

"My God!" he cried; "it is Ramaya! Ramaya, the nautch-girl!"

Acting upon an impulse that he could not have explained to himself, he sprang forward; but at that instant the golden curtains fell, and the strong hand of a guard drew him back.

"Come away!" whispered his companion, who was also of the Honorable Company's service—"come away! Are you mad?"

The poor fellow obeyed; but this was what his heart was saying as he went:

"Ramaya! Ramaya! Ramaya!"

Wife—child—where were they now?

Month followed month until a year had gone by. Active search for the missing mother and her little one had been finally abandoned; and Godfrey, instead of putting a bullet in his brain, and thereby verifying the predictions of sympathetic friends, haunted the governor's palace, and when not thus employed remained at home invisible to all.

He had long since resigned his position in the Company's service, and soon afterward succeeded to the Combermere title—Lord Combermere now; and if riches could have brought contentment, he would have been a very happy man.

"But I would resign it all," he sighed—"all for *her!*"

For his wife? Indeed, no, For the wife of Maha Inzoola—for Ramaya, the nautch-girl.

Judge him not harshly. He had not ceased to care for the missing ones; but something mightier than the love which had stirred his heart for them had taken possession of him now—something fiercer than passion even—it was madness!

Ramaya! Earth could not give nor Heaven promise aught half so precious!

And through the dim, barbaric streets, alone in the gloom, she came to him one night.

"Sahib, it is a woman," said the slave who announced her presence.

A woman! His heart beat fast.

"I will see her."

She stood before him, her dark eyes gleaming, every curve of her beautiful face plainly visible through the sheer vail. She was there, an actual presence; silent, but ah, what need was there for words? He saw her, touched her, held her hands in his.

"Beloved!" he murmured, "I have been waiting. Ah, best beloved!"

Words of love, set to the music of that sweet, strange tongue. But the woman drew away from him.

"Arise!" she said, coldly. "I am not here for this. I have come to warn you of danger."

"You are here!" he cried, impetuously. "I fear no danger now! Ramaya! Ramaya, hear me!"

But the true *mica* of Maha Inzoola staid the bold hand that grasped her vail.

"I have come to warn you of danger," she repeated. "If you receive me thus, I go. For what do you mistake me? The gods have given me a lord whom I adore. Shall I forget him as you forgot the woman whom you loved?"

"The woman whom I loved is dead."

"Yes, your wife is dead."

"My wife? Why do you speak to me of my wife? Hush! That is over. Let it be——"

"Forgotten, as she is. You are right. May I tell you my mission, now?"

"Tell it," he answered, gloomily.

"It is this: Before to-morrow night is ended, every stranger in Moulmein will be sleeping his last sleep. My people have willed it."

"Good God!" cried his lordship.

"And the mighty Maha Inzoola approves."

"Ramaya!"

"There is my mission. Was I wrong in coming?"

"Wrong? God bless you and forgive me!" he cried, all his better nature aroused now. "You are an angel of mercy, and I—I am a demon!"

In a little half-hour Ramaya had returned to the palace, and to the man whom she had betrayed.

THE following day passed without incident. As soon as night set in, however, there came from a distance shouts that rose on the air, and grew louder and louder. Could anything have been more frightful than those horrible cries? anything more appalling than the pitchy darkness, and the monotonous war-note of all those invisible devils? The lights in the town had been extinguished. There was no moon. There was nothing but the turmoil and agonizing expectancy of those anxious watchers, who had worked with a will, and who were prepared to sell their lives very dearly. All the women and children had been removed to the barracks, where one room was set apart for a person of distinction—for Maha Inzoola. But Maha Inzoola was there as a prisoner, and not as a guest.

Presently several hundred fellows, with muskets and *dhars*, rushed to the very edge of the lower stockade, and fired a volley into the town. And now the work began. The soldiers of the garrison retorted with round shot and shell, and for two good hours did this bloodthirsty work continue, the insane wretches beyond the stockade pushing on, only to be ruthlessly slaughtered. By three o'clock, the few who remained had fled into the jungle.

And through all this wretched night there had been no one so busy as Ramaya. She was here, there, everywhere; finding words of comfort for the women, caring for the wounded—doing, in fact, all that a brave woman could do. Before the firing ceased she went to Lord Combermere. He was at the barracks, one of the guard about the women.

"The palace is a-fire!" she cried, hoarsely; "a-fire; do you hear? And your wife is there!"

"Who?"

"Your wife. Come!"

He asked no question, but threw down his gun and followed her. Through the dim streets they rushed, balls pattering thickly around, but sparing them always. They reached the palace. The flames were crawling lazily about the huge stone monster of a place, lapping up what food they found, and filling the air with a stifling murkiness that was almost worse than all the rest,

To a cell in the rocky foundation sped Ramaya, Combermere following. She unlocked the door. It swung slowly back.

"There!" she exclaimed, pointing to some one crouching away in a corner—a woman!

With a cry her companion sprang forward, and caught the cowering form in his arms.

"Come!" he shouted: and dashed off again. But Ramaya darted on before him.

"Follow me!" she cried. "There is safety here."

It was the western tower. The man staggered into the entrance-hall, and placed his burden on a divan near the door.

"Rosa!" he cried.

The poor creature raised her head. Ah, how changed and ghastly was she!

"My child!" she murmured, looking up at Ramaya.

"Your child is safe."

"Ah—if—if——"

"Rosa!" cried the man, again, "speak to me!"

She stared up at him blankly. Death was in her face, and her eyes were closing.

"Rosa! Rosa! wife!"

There was no reply.

"She is dead!" cried Combermere, starting to his feet. "Your murderous work is finished. She is dead, Ramaya!"

But he was alone with the corpse. Ramaya had disappeared.

WE all remember that terrible ending to the Moulmein insurrection. The engagement lasted for hours, but toward morning the enemy ceased firing, possibly to deliberate upon a change of tactics. Then the commander of the garrison, understanding that the only chance for safety lay in a prompt course of action, caused the Maha Inzoola to be brought in chains, and placed directly in front of the cannon. Then, aided by an interpreter, he assured the insurgents that if another shot was fired he would return it with one which should go to them through the mighty Maha's head.

This announcement was received in silence, the mighty Maha—for your savage is the only true fatalist—appearing to be just the last person interested in the business. Presently a defiant ball whistled through the air. Quick as a flash went the answer—a deafening roar from a great sixty-pounder. And the high and mighty Maha Inzoola was—well, whatever was left of the high and mighty Maha Inzoola was certainly quite dead.

And the last roar of the sixty-pounder effectually silenced the wretched rebels.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO WOMEN wandering through a jungle, their only passage a tiger-trail, their only hope a delirious one of eventually reaching some human habitation. They seemed to have no sense of danger, those two poor creatures; and death, quick death, dealt by wild beast or venomous serpent, would have been heavenly, compared to their fate should they have fallen into treacherous hands.

Hours—ages, it seemed—of unceasing march; then they were away from the trail, away from the jungle, and standing among the half-charred ruins of a little village.

"Rest," said the elder of the two women, gently forcing her companion to a seat upon a fallen beam. "Rest—we can go no further yet."

"Must we die here, Zuba?" asked the other, wearily.

"Hark!"

Both were listening now. There were hoof-beats in hot haste. Nearer and nearer they came, until at last a brave company burst upon them. Horsemen—a thousand, a least.

"Saved!" cried the old woman, rushing out to meet them. "The gods have heard my prayer. Saved! saved!"

A man leaned from his saddle to speak to her—a man with fine features, a dark, clear tint, a narrow but finely molded forehead, and keen black eyes. It was the Rajah of Dallah, and he was now on his way to Lenne.

"Pity us!" pleaded the woman, when she had breathlessly told her story. "Pity us! If you leave us here, we die."

"Who is she?" asked the Rajah, motioning toward the crouching figure, which his presence had failed to arouse.

"The wife of the Maha Inzoola."

"And where is the Maha Inzoola?"

The crouching figure uplifted itself now.

"Dead," was its answer; "and he died the death of a traitor."

The Rajah looked long and earnestly at this woman who had been a wife. Then he said, quietly:

"I will protect you. Come."

The suppliants were speedily mounted, and the party were off again. The *mica* rode beside her new protector. Zuba, however, had for companion a gossiping barbarian, who heartily rejoiced in an opportunity of glorifying himself, and making the most of what he knew; and what he knew, he told. And what he told, Zuba repeated that night to the *mica*, when they had reached their destination. It was but little, after all—merely a brief account of some incidents that had transpired at Calcutta within the last few years. Among other things, he told her of the death, by fever, of both Sir Philip and Lady Pembroke.

It is only a few years since the Rajah of Dallah, whose unconcealed contempt for the Honorable East India Company had always been a source of infinite annoyance, consented to accept the offered friendship of England. Of course his principal counselor in favor of this important decision was his wife—she who had been the true *mica* of the ill-fated Maha Inzoola: a truer *mica* now, for there is none to share with her the honor and dignity of wifehood.

THE MONGOOSE AND THE COBRA.—SEE PAGE 355.

"Put by your women," she had said to her princely suitor. "Take me as Christians take their wives, and I will go to you."

"You are a Christian, then?"

"I am a Christian."

The great Rajah did not hesitate. His women were put away, and the one wife ruled—how well, we all know.

To the Rajah's palace came one day a wan and weary man, who prayed to see Ramaya. She went to him, that

MARY THORNE'S COUSIN.—"WHAT A COZY PLACE FOR A CHAT THAT GNARLED OLD TREE WAS."

beautiful woman, her beauty enhanced by the magnificence of her apparel—a robe and *engi* of crimson satin, elaborately wrought with gold and seed-pearls, her dimpled feet in gemmed sandals, a silver snood confining her hair; jewels flashed about her; but the rarest jewel of all to the man was Ramaya. He sank down at her feet.

"Pity!" he cried. "I have sought you so long! Ah, have pity! Let me die here!"

Was he not dying? His white face, his hollow eyes, his colorless lips, all answered, Yes.

"Raise him!" said the woman to her attendants. "Place him on that divan, and then leave us alone together."

Alone together, she bathed his brow with aromatic waters, and poured strong wine between his lips.

"Ramaya!" he murmured, life and consciousness returning; "Ramaya—my child? Where is it?"

Poor Combermere, you see.

The woman turned from him and touched a silver bell. At that instant a curtain was lifted, and something appeared—a crooked figure, a white, blank face, and great, staring eyes—a horrible thing, made more horrible yet by the dress of fantastic richness. This creature ran to Ramaya.

"Behold your child!" she said, coldly.

"Ah, my God!"

"The child of the woman for whom you proved yourself a traitor. Do you hear me?"

No answer. The man had fallen back. His breath was coming in short, hard gasps, and a glassy film was stealing over his eyes. Then the woman bent down and called, in his own tongue: "Godfrey! Godfrey!"

The heavy lids were slowly raised.

"Who is it?" he murmured.

"It is I. Look at me, Godfrey!"

"It is Amy's voice."

"It is Amy. Oh, Godfrey, it is Amy!"

"Yes, it is Amy. And they told me she was dead. Ah, the frightful dream! She is here, you see, and—— Kiss me, beloved—kiss me!"

THE powerful Rajah and his wife yet rule. They are childless. Even the little creature that Ramaya protected is gone.

In the palace garden is a consecrated rock, hollowed out into columns of great girth and murky niches. A spring, crystaline and cool, winds through it like a slender thread. Between colossal stalactites are brazen images of Guadama, the Eternal. Afar off, in the remotest depth, something shows, pure and white—a simple cross of marble—and it marks the last resting-place of Godfrey and his child.

MARY THORNE'S COUSIN.

"MARY, I am astonished!"

Of course the grave elder sister was astonished. In truth and in fact she lived in a chronic state of amazement, for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives.

Miss Ruth could scarcely credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the clematis shadows of the little south porch, and discovered that yonder moving object half-way up

among the umbrageous branches of the huge old pear-tree was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a russet-plumed robin, nor a cluster of sun-cheeked pears swinging in the blue empyrean, but—Miss Mary Thorne, comfortably perched in the crook of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap.

"I don't care," said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here. I feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face, and the wind blowing so softly, and I intend to stay here. Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruthy? It's easily done. Just put your foot on that knot, and then——"

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.

"Mary Thorne, are you crazy? Come down this instant!"

"I shan't!" said naughty Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels.

"But we are all going——"

"Yes, I understand; you are all going in triumphal procession to the depot to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, sagest and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall. Oh, dear!" ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere and hide. I hate this paragon of prim precision. I shan't marry him if he asks, and I mean to behave so badly that he won't dream of it. No, I am *not* going with you. I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. *I* shall stay at home."

And Mary settled herself so snugly, with one tiny, slippered foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled birds' eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well then, have it your own way, you incorrigible romp. I wish you weren't too big to shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed."

"It *is* a pity, isn't it?" said Mary, demurely.

"Of course it is, Mary. If cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure to explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady, mind."

"All right," said Mary, dauntless. "I always liked Tom. We used to have grand romps together when we were children."

She sat there in the old pear-tree, prettier than any hamadryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up rapt in girlish reverie into the blue sky, as it sparkled down through ever-moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins themselves put their heads on one side to listen.

The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of the shadow was slowly following the creeping sun-glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church-spire among the far-off woods had chimed out eleven. And still Mary Thorne sat there in those forked branches of the giant pear-tree.

Suddenly there floated up into her leafy sanctuary a pungent, aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses, not the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums—none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell.

"My patience!" said little Mary, "it's a cigar!"

A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat, and a tall head covered with black, wavy curls—stood on the porch steps quietly smoking, and indulging in a lengthened view of the garden-slopes.

"That's Tom Bradley," said Mary to herself. "Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious, cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors, he's mistaken. Tom!" she called out, in a silver accent of imperative summons and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed around him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded. "You dear, stupid Cousin Tom!" she ejaculated, "don't stare off toward the cabbage-beds. Look straight up here. *You* may come up if you please; there's plenty of room for both. You are Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course I am, and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself. Up with you, Tom. Catch hold of this branch—there! Now shake hands. You saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it, and besides, aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might better view the playmate of her childhood's days. "Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice mustache you've got! I shouldn't have known you, Tom."

"No?" said Tom, roguishly.

"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid!"

The gentleman laughed.

"I could return the compliment if I dared. But where are all the rest of my relations? The house below is as empty as a haunted hall."

"All gone to welcome that horrid, poky old Professor La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that professor!"

"Hate him—what for?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure! He is a snuff-dried, conceited old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves he wears spectacles!"

"Nonsense, Mary! Why, he is only twenty-six!"

"I don't care; I know he is rheumatic, and wears spectacles, for all that. And, Tom—now, if you'll never, never breathe a word of this——"

"I won't, upon my honor," said Tom.

"Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—and——" Mary turned away with crimson indignation flashing in her cheeks. "It is too bad of you to laugh, Tom! I never, *never* will marry that man!"

"I wouldn't, if *I* were you," consoled Tom. "But, Cousin Mary, wait and see the man before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."

"No," said Mary, shaking her head, and biting her cherry lips firmly; "I hate him beforehand!"

"What a spiteful little pussy you are!" said her companion, laughing.

"No, Tom, I'm not," and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and Ruth dearly, and I love almost everybody. I like *you*, Tom, but I hate Professor La Place. And I want you to promise, Tom, that you'll stand my friend, and not allow him to tease me into walks, or rides or *tête-à-têtes* of any kind—will you?"

Would he? If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear-tree upon the steps below, with those blue eyes fixed on his, he'd have done it; any man of taste would.

"I promise," he said, and they shook hands on it.

What a cozy place for a chat that gnarled old tree was! And when they had talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book which had slipped down into the network of tiny boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin, in the deep, musical voice that maidens love to listen to; and Mary sat there watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad, white brow, and the long black lashes almost touched his olive cheek; and she thought how very, *very* handsome Cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the last ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him last; and she wondered whether Tom was engaged to any pretty girl. Somehow, she hoped not.

"Now, why couldn't Tom have been rich, like that horrid Professor La Place, instead of a poor medical student, and——"

And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet.

"Come, Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I will show you the old sun-dial that we used to heap up with buttercups when we were children."

What a tiny, insignificant little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin! And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents, for, somehow, Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wondrously shy. A rumbling of wheels; it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor!" she whispered. "Now, Cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me in everything."

"To my life's end!" was the whispered answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning, much as she strove to repress the tell-tale blood.

But there was no one in the barouche save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep beside the two cousins.

"Where is the professor?"

"He was not at the depot," said Ruth; "and——"

But Mr. Thorne had sprung from the carriage, and clasped both the stranger's hands in his.

"La Place, is it possible! Why, we have been looking for you at Mill Station."

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind now, so you are safely here!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Professor La Place."

Mary had dropped his arm, and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were Cousin Tom!"

"So I am Cousin Tom; that is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating archness, "don't be angry because I don't take snuff nor wear spectacles. I beg the other Cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is; but I am very glad he isn't here. Mary, be just, and don't hate Cousin Tom because his other name happens to be La Place."

He need not have been so apprehensive, for, in their twilight walk beside the sun-dial, that very evening, she confessed that she did not find Professor La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little Cousin Mary all the better for those pear-tree confidences.

But, no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have two Cousin Toms, and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate that inconvenience, by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship; and, spite of all her asseverations to the contrary, she is Mrs. Professor La Place. For it's a solemn fact in this world that, whenever a girl says she never, *never* will do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets; and Mary is no exception to the general rule.

THE MONGOOSE AND THE COBRA.

If Nature has given to India the deadly cobra, it has furnished a check to its malice in the lithe, active mongoose. This animal is called, scientifically, *herpestes*, or the creeper, from its stealthy movement. It has a long body and snout, short legs, and a slender tail. Its activity is immense, and it destroys crocodiles' eggs and young, snakes and lizards.

Trusting to its agility, and the unerring certainty of its eye, it never hesitates to attack even the deadly cobra. The cobra, or *haje*, a serpent five or six feet long, is no mean antagonist for the little mongoose. But the cobra, who can put a leopard to flight, recognizes in the mongoose an enemy to the death. At its approach it rises with swelling hood and fury in its eye; but, swift as thought, before it can strike its deadly fangs, the mongoose pounces upon its head, and, fastening its sharp teeth into it, soon dispatches the terrible reptile.

INDIAN INGENUITY.

A Spanish traveler met an Indian in the desert; they were both on horseback. The Spaniard, fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out to the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young, strong and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused. The Spaniard, therefore, began a quarrel with him. From words they proceeded to blows. The aggressor being well armed, proved too powerful for the native. He seized his horse, mounted him, and pursued his journey.

The Indian closely followed him to the first town, and immediately went and complained to the nearest judge. The Spaniard was obliged to appear, and bring the horse with him. He treated the Indian as an impostor, affirming that the horse was his property, that he had always had him in his possession, and that he had raised him from a colt.

There being no proof to the contrary, the judge was about dismissing the parties, when the Indian cried out:

"The horse is mine, and I'll prove it!"

He immediately took off his mantle, and with it instantly covered the head of the animal. Then he thus addressed the judge:

"Since this man affirms that he has raised this horse from a colt, command him to tell of which of his two eyes he is blind."

The Spaniard, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered:

"Of the right eye."

"He is neither blind of the right eye," replied the Indian, "nor of the left!"

The judge being convinced, by a proof so ingenious and decisive, decreed him the horse, and the Spaniard to be punished as a robber.

TRIED BY FIRE.

By Annie Thomas.

Three of my sisters had been comfortably settled in homes of their own for a long time, and to-morrow the fourth—the next youngest to myself—was to take wing from the paternal nest in company with one who was still a stranger to us. But we accepted him, and I really believe loved him very honestly and heartily, on the strength of her vivid representation of, and ardent love for, him.

She—Annette, or "Nettie," as she was generally called in the family and by intimate friends—had, like the rest of us, felt it incumbent upon herself to repay our parents for the education they had pinched themselves to bestow upon us, by turning that education to account the instant she was able to do so. In other words, ours had been the fate and fortune of the majority of struggling, middle-class men's daughters in England. We had all of us been out as governesses in our turns, and now three were already married, and the fourth was about to marry well, "and happily," we all trusted.

INDIAN INGENUITY.—SEE PAGE 355.

Our home was in a pretty west-country village, and our father was of some repute in it and the neighborhood as a clever, careful, attentive medical man. Our house was picturesque, old-fashioned, full of cupboards and comfort, and just now it seemed especially charged with the latter, for fires blazed in every room, and my three married sisters, with their respective husbands and babies, made the old place resound again with mirth and happiness.

These three married sisters of mine (the eldest of them was only twenty-seven) were all pretty, graceful women. Clear-minded, clever and animated, they had all made their way in the world in a blithe, light-hearted way that had made them favorites in every family in which they had lived, and that had won them the love of men clever enough to appreciate their cleverness, and sensible enough to know that it is such women who have the power of making a heaven of a home. But, prepossessing, clever, charming as they were, they all paled before Nettie.

Indeed, at the date of which I am writing it would have been difficult to find the woman who would not have paled before the splendid, voluptuous beauty of a girl whose grace and warmth were almost Southern, while her golden hair and fair white skin told of the dash of snow that came to us through our Scottish mother.

She had only been away from us for six months as musical governess and companion to an ugly and amiable heiress, when she came back, engaged to be married immediately to that heiress's cousin, a Mr. Herbert Falconer, the squire of his parish in a midland county, and a man of ascertained wealth and position.

All that Nettie had told us of her enthusiastic lover had inclined us strongly in his favor, though we had never seen him yet. The circumstances of his not having sought to make the acquaintance of the family of his future wife had disturbed us a little now and again when we had time to think of it in cold blood. But it was difficult to think of anything in cold blood in the face of Nettie's fervor and passionate defense of his apparent carelessness.

"He wants to make the place that is perfect already, a paradise for my reception," she would say, when we would any of us humbly venture to ask if Mr. Falconer "couldn't manage to get over to see us at least a day or two before the marriage?"

"He isn't conventional a bit, mamma. If you expect him to come and make salaams to you all because you're *my* people, you'll be mistaken. He'll like you very much—when he knows you. But he is too much accustomed to being taken on trust to put himself out of the way to make a good impression upon anybody."

"I hope he won't turn out to be a mere independent, heartless, fine gentleman, who will think that in giving Nettie money and grandeur he has bought the right to alienate her from us all," my mother would say to me sometimes, after one of these bursts of vindication from Nettie. "You girls have always been so fond of one another, that it would hurt me dreadfully to see anything like an estrangement growing up between you now."

"Fifty husbands on either side couldn't cause an estrangement between Nettie and myself," I answered, laughingly and confidently. Then, as I remembered how Nettie had soothed and reconciled me to life again when, a year

TRIED BY FIRE.—"HOW LONG I SLEPT I CANNOT TELL, BUT I WAS ROUSED BY A SMOTHERING EMBRACE OF SMOKE AND A LICK OF FLAME ACROSS MY FACE. TERROR-STRICKEN AND STIFLED, I COULD NOT SCREAM—I COULD ONLY WAIL AND COWER."

ago now, I had come home broken, outraged, duped and reckless, a softer and more sober mood set in, and I added, "Mother, Nettie's husband will surely know my story soon, and when he does know it, he will let her be my anchor and salvation still, for Nettie couldn't love him so well if he were not tender-hearted and generous."

"My poor child, how well *you* loved a man who was neither of these things!" my mother said, gently, shaking her head.

And I, as I had done a thousand times before, knelt by her, kissed her, clung to her, and implored her piteously, for the love of Heaven, and for the love of *me*, never to refer to that mistake or that man again.

There was great excitement in our usually quiet home on this night as the hours wore away. The railway station was five miles distant from our village, and the roads were heavy with half-thawed snow. Still, for all these impediments, we began expecting Herbert Falconer long before he could possibly appear.

My brothers-in-law came in earlier than usual from their prowls over the adjacent marshlands in search of wild duck. My father got through his afternoon round with more than ordinary expedition, and the bride-elect sat radiant, in a softly falling dress of rich violet velveteen, in our cozy old paneled drawing-room, surrounded by our handsome mother and sisters and myself.

I recall that scene, and the actors in it, even now with pleasure. The big room, with its low-raftered roof, and panels of oak that were polished up to the semblance of black looking-glass. The worn Turkey carpet covering the centre of the oak floor. The rick masses of china that were grouped together on quaint, spindle-legged old tables, and cabinets full of mysterious drawers and flaps, that fell down and revealed more china in the interior. The portraits of my grandfather and grandmother, in costumes that looked like jokes to us young people, smiling benignly down upon us. The dear, comfortable, selfish, fat, ease-loving tabby cat, that was stretched upon a rug of foxes' skins in front of the fire. And the group of happy, expectant women, scattered about on stout old sofas, and sleep-inducing old chairs, who contributed the rich elements of youth, beauty and happiness to the scene.

I think my mother was truly justified in the pride which filled her heart as she looked upon us this night. I have said what my married sisters were like, and I have striven faintly to outline Nettie's incomparable charms. It remains for me now to say a word or two about myself.

No! It can't be done. It would be impossible for me to do it faithfully, for I am so bitter against this poor person of mine for having failed to enchain the admiration it once excited, that I should do it less than justice if I attempted to give a verbal photograph of it.

It is enough for the purpose of my story to say here that all my own called me "the witch," in their fond belief in the sort of spell which they liked to think I held for others besides themselves, while the fluent, subtly eloquent tongue of the man who has made a heaven of my past, and a Hades of my future, proclaimed that I was

> "——not pretty, many said;
> To me she was far more;
> The sort of woman women dread—
> Men fatally adore."

Well, at any rate, on this the eve of my sister's marriage, my good looks, whatever they might have been, were not seared, whatever might might be the portion of my heart. I could read in the eyes and manners of those who came about me that they did not think me "gone off" and faded, although it was pretty well known throughout the family that I had been the victim of a ghastly disappointment. I had responded all too quickly to passionate love, passionately proffered in haste. I had staked my life's happiness on the changeable, versatile fancy of a man whose power of fancying that he "admired" intensely was all but boundless.

I had believed in all the arguments he used to woo and win me—I had given unquestioning credit to all the excuses he offered for that delay and decay which betokened a waning love; I had clung to the shadow rapturously, faithfully, long after the substance had evaded my grasp, and finally I had been compelled to relinquish the hope of the brightest love-dream that could ever have gilded a young girl's path being realized. Our love had grown to passion, and to passion's sure decay, in such a brief space of time, that it was as nothing compared to the years of my life; but, ah! how it altered, influenced, blighted that life, mere speck as it was!

But on the eve of lovely Nettie's wedding-day I cast all my miserable memories behind me, and presented myself at my best among them, for the sake of the love I bore her, and also for the sake of making the family picture complete. I, in common with the rest of us, was intensely interested in the prospect of the approaching introduction to our new brother-in-law. Nettie had no maligning *carte-de-visite* of him to show, but she had a fondly-loving heart, and a wealth of words wherewith to give expression to her feelings.

So, somehow or other, it came about that we all seemed to know Herbert Falconer and his appearance as well as if we had seen him, and to be as proud of the coming Apollo as if he already belonged to the family.

It had been a fancy of my mother's that Nettie and I should be dressed alike this last day of Nettie's sojourn under the family roof-tree. We were not alike in either coloring or expression, and yet between us there was that strange sort of similarity which one does sometimes observe between two daughters of one race. She was infinitely the "fairest in the face," but some men thought that what I lacked in brilliancy I made up in earnestness and intensity.

I can recall vividly the hopeful, happy anticipations of further free, paternal intercourse with which I rose up presently at the sound of wheels on the paved drive, and then a hearty ring at the bell. We all crowded forward tumultuously—happy, proud Nettie in our midst—to welcome the new member of the family.

We all forgot ourselves, and sunk our own individuality as we glanced at her and saw how gladly she went out to meet him.

We all—ah! how can I tell what the others felt when I feel cowering back as if *I* were the guilty one, as I recognized in the man who came forward as my bright young sister's authorized lover the man who had played fast and loose with my happiness, and blighted my heart!

It was a stunning blow to me, this, the first sight of him under these altered, these incomprehensible circumstances. I seemed to be hurt, even physically hurt, for a few moments, but at the expiration of those few moments it dawned upon me that I was *not* surprised. Vaguely, dimly it was borne in upon me that, in dreams, and in moments of abstraction, I had been prepared, if not for this exactly, for something very like it.

In spite of all arguments—in spite of the fervent desire I had that everything should be fair and right as it seemed, I *had* conjectured as to why Herbert Falconer had not made time and circumstance subservient to himself in the matter of making our acquaintance. In spite of the golden glow my hopes for Nettie threw over everything, I had felt

by intuition that there was something dark and gloomy in store for some of us.

Now the golden glow was shaded over for ever as far as I was concerned, and my intuition was justified. My happiness was marred—but why should I speak of that which had perished, under his auspices, months ago? My self-content was gone, my power of endurance was shaken; what was there left for me to do?

Fortunately for myself, for Nettie, for everybody, I was not called upon to do anything. His manner was perfect, so perfect that he rendered everybody else's part comparatively easy. He met his future bride with rapture, and the whole of the family with the most perfect self-possession.

Yes, "the whole of the family," even my most unfortunate self! At first, when his hand touched mine, and he repeated my name after Nettie, I thought he had forgotten me, but one glance at his false face, the face that was still so infinitely dear to me, convinced me that he had done nothing of the kind.

Something in his eyes compelled me to mutely promise him with mine that I would not give the faintest sign of recognition, and I kept my promise, this night, though to do so required almost superhuman strength and skill. I kept my promise; not for my own sake, not for his, though that would have been by far the stronger motive, but for Nettie's.

"Will he seek an opportunity of speaking to me once before the ceremony which will make Nettie and himself man and wife?" This was the question I kept on asking myself, with wild eagerness, as the long hours of that evening passed away. "Will he give me one word?—will he tell me that he has felt one pang of regret for his perfidy and my credulity? Will he assure me that it is real, genuine love for Nettie which is urging him on now to disregard the common claims of humanity in my case?"

All the others were loud in his praises as soon as Nettie and he had got themselves away together somewhere for a lovers' confidential chat.

We were all too sensible not to have congratulated ourselves over and over again on the fact of Nettie being about to contract an alliance with a man of wealth, for we all knew well the utter misery and wretchedness of the married home in which the want of money is felt. Penury, in nine cases out of ten, casts out not only all love, but all consideration, for the wife from the breast of a man. She, even if she be the bread-winner in a great measure, is regarded as the cause of all the additional expenses that have come upon him since his marriage.

On his wife, therefore, he vents all the sour spite and narrow-minded spleen that he is ashamed to exhibit before his fellow-men. On his wife he lays all the burden of the fault of his embarrassed circumstances—on his wife (if she has the capacity to make money), all the responsibility of relieving them.

What wonder that confusion frequently comes of this sordid state of things? What wonder that when the woman, worn out with work and the agony of bringing children into the world whom she will have to support, frequently seeks refuge in a shameful flight, rather than go on enduring the bondage of the taskmaster who goads her to desperation?

We had all asked and answered these questions of and for ourselves too often, not to be fully satisfied that, if a curse frequently follows the loveless marriage, it invariably does the moneyless one.

But this night my tongue refused to wag glibly when my sister spoke in eloquent tones of Herbert Falconer and his position. I could only remember that *I* ought to have been the one to share it with him. I could only madden myself with wondering whether he had never loved me at all, and whether or not he *had* so utterly ceased to love me now as his relations with Nettie seemed to imply.

The happy pair staid out wandering about till late that evening, for Nettie was such a girl still that she wanted to introduce him to our old pony and yard-dog, and to show him all the pet haunts we had in the old-fashioned, well-wooded garden.

We all thought little of the slight cold she had evidently taken when she came in; but in the course of the night the cold developed in a direful way, and the next morning the early symptoms of typhoid fever set in, and the marriage had to be deferred for a week or two.

Instead of standing at the altar in white satin and orange-flowers, the bonniest bride that country-side had ever looked upon, poor Nettie was tossing on her pillow, with ice on her brow, and a scorching heat raging through her frame.

For the first ten days she absorbed the attention of all of us. Father, mother and sisters were rarely absent from the room in which the poor, stricken-down darling of the family was lying on her bed of suffering; but at the end of that time she began to rally, and we began to breathe again, and to resume our usual avocations, and to speak of the marriage as likely to come off very soon.

During her illness, Herbert Falconer had been unexceptionable in his manner to us all. He had shown bitter disappointment on the wedding-day, when he found that there was to be no wedding, and bitter grief when her danger grew. Now, as she got better, he became more light-hearted and hopeful again, and fascinated my married sisters by a display of that alternate passion and *abandon* in his manner which had already fascinated both Nettie and me.

To my infinite relief, to my fervent thankfulness, ten days had passed over our heads since the recognition, and though the same roof-tree covered us, we had never been one moment alone. But it had come about now that the arbitrary conditions of the sick-room were relaxed, and I had to use some subtlety in evading one of those private interviews which are so difficult to arrange gracefully when you want them to come about, and so impossible to avoid when you have reasons for shunning them.

At length it came upon me—that explanation which I so dreaded, and so pined for. I was down in the breakfast-room one morning, making out a list of groceries that were wanted, when he came in from the garden through the window, and arrested my progress before I could escape.

"I must speak to you—this can't go on!" he exclaimed, hurriedly; and I turned on him, enraged that he should have broken the silence between us.

"By what name am I to address you?" I asked. "*I* knew you—ah, how well I thought I knew you!—as Bernard Doyle; now I meet you as Herbert Falconer, my sister's future husband; what does it mean?"

"That I have been a fool!" he whispered, passionately. "Trixy, forgive me; I loved you as a man only loves once in his life, but considerations of prudence restrained me from being perfectly open and honest with you. Then when I met Nettie, and saw how lovely she was, and heard that you were well and happy, admiration for her, and pique with you for forgetting me so soon, urged me on to this!"

He looked so wonderfully devoted to me still, as he spoke, that the old glamour came over me again. And, forgetting both my sister and myself, I whispered:

"I do forgive you; it is so sweet to be told by you again that you *did* love me!"

"Did—and do—far better than I can ever love Nettie!" he muttered. "Let us both be frank and straightforward, honest and open, at last; having seen you again, I can't in honor fulfill my engagement without telling her of what has been between us."

In answer to this, I passionately implored him to keep silence still—to spare Nettie, and to save me from the shame that would be my portion in the family should this become known. But he was like a whirlwind in the force of his will, and eventually—to my everlasting contrition—he swept my will along with his, and we stood a guilty pair of passion-tossed culprits before my parents, with the truth on our tongues at last!

Looking down upon that degraded position, from the height of the expiatory suffering to which I have attained now, I pity my father and mother more than any other actors in that miserable scene. I was their daughter, as well as Nettie; they loved each child equally well. It was with agony that they tried to advise me to be steadfast, and Herbert Falconer to be true to that poor child up-stairs, whose happiness in the thought that she was soon to be his wife was hastening her recovery.

At length (what madness made us both eloquent in so foul a cause!) we carried the day, and it remained only for the mother who had borne so many things for us all to bear the additional burden of breaking the change to Nettie.

To my credit be it said that I could not face my sister; and as for Herbert Falconer, he went and took up his quarters in a town about ten miles distant, until our hurried, disgraceful nuptials could be accomplished.

They were all too kind to me during those brief days that intervened between the discovery and the climax. They, in pity for my agony of self-humiliation, left me very much to myself, and only brought me a kind, forgiving word from Nettie now and then. But, oh, the sleepless nights I passed! And oh, the dread I had of the undefinable punishment that must overtake such treacherous dealings!

* * * * * * *

Worn out with self-reproach and excitement, I had fallen asleep over my self-imposed task of packing one night. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was roused by a smothering embrace of smoke and a lick of flame across my face. Terror-stricken and stifled, I could not scream—I could only wail and cower.

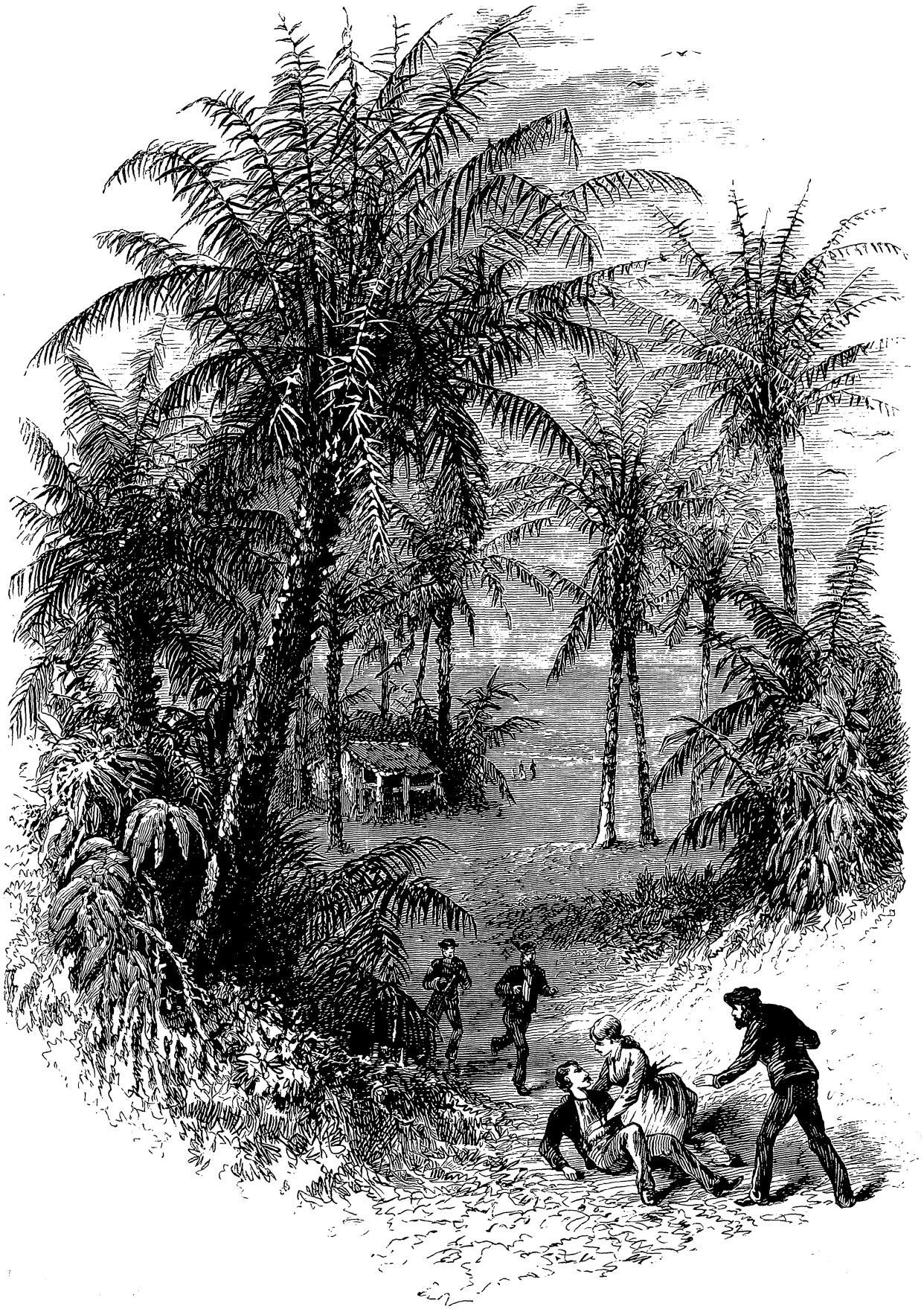
When I recovered my senses and memory, I was in my father's surgery, and they were all, even Nettie, about me. I learned then that my hair had caught in the candle, that the whole of the room had been in flames speedily, that the house and all in it (save the furniture of my room) were safe, and that I was seamed and seared by fire for life!

All hope for better things in this world, all passion, all youthful anticipations of greater happiness to come, were burnt out of me this night. Better so, for Nettie is my loving sister still in her happy matronhood, and Herbert Falconer is my very kind brother-in-law.

ESCAPE OF THE CHEVALIER JOHNSTONE.—"AT BROUGHTY THE CHEVALIER WAS ROWED OVER THE FRITH BY TWO YOUNG GIRLS, THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LANDLADY OF THE ALEHOUSE THERE, WHEN THE BOATMEN HAD REFUSED."

ESCAPE OF CHEVALIER JOHNSTONE.

One of the most active partisans of the exiled House of Stuart was the Chevalier Johnstone, the son of a merchant in Edinburgh. On the first landing of the Pretender, in 1745, he received a captain's commission, and was appointed aid-de-camp to Lord George Murray. He bore a part in all the movements of the rebel army, and at the fatal battle of Culloden charged on foot, leaving his horse in the care of



THE SILVER SLUG.—"SHE SAT THERE UPON THE SWARD, TIGHT PRESSING HER STRICKEN LOVER TO HER HEART, HEEDLESS OF THE FACT THAT THE CRIMSON BLOOD WELLING FROM THE WOUND IN HIS BREAST WAS BEDEWING HER ROBE."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

a servant; but when the day was lost he could find neither man nor horse. He was so much fatigued that he was scarcely able to walk, when fortunately he got a horse, mounted it and escaped.

At Broughty the chevalier was rowed over the Frith by two young girls, the daughters of the landlady of the alehouse there, when the boatmen had refused. When he reached St. Andrews he called on a Mrs. Spense, who was too much suspected to afford him an asylum, and therefore she gave him a letter to her farmer to lend him a horse; but he refused, saying that his landlady might take his farm from him and give it to whom she pleased, but she could not make him profane the Lord's Day by giving his horse to one who intended to travel on the Sabbath. Near Wemyss he was secreted in a cavern, which has been called the Court Cave, on account of its having been a place of refuge to King James IV.

On reaching Edinburgh the chevalier found an asylum in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, where he remained two months, and then set off for London, disguised as a Scotch peddler.

He regretted much that he did not die at Culloden, and envied the fate of his comrades who fell on the field of battle. The dread of the hangman, and the prospect of perishing on a scaffold, in presence of a brutal and cruel populace, almost tempted him to abridge his existence.

He remained some time in London, and afterward embarked at Harwich with Lady Jane Douglas, as her servant, and reached Helveotsluys in safety. Toward the end of the year 1746 he repaired to Paris, where he received a pension of two thousand two hundred livres, out of a fund of forty thousand livres ordered to be distributed annually among the Scottish exiles in France.

The chevalier received a commission as ensign in the troops detached from the marine to the island of Cape Breton. He embarked at Rochelle in a vessel which was not seaworthy, and encountered more imminent dangers than he had done when a fugitive in Scotland. After remaining at Louisbourg until 1751, the chevalier returned to France. He afterward went again to Louisbourg, where he remained until it was captured by the English in 1758, when he escaped to Nova Scotia, and thence to Canada. Here he remained until the subjection of these provinces by the British arms again compelled him to seek refuge in France, where he long survived most of his fellow-countrymen, and died in a good old age, leaving a memorial of the last effort of the Stuart, which many years afterward was published, and some very curious memoirs of the last struggle of France for North America, in which he did good service under Montcalm.

THE SILVER SLUG;

Or,

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

We sailed in the *Diomede* from Boston on the 13th day of January, which chanced to be Friday. Some of my crew demurred at my sailing upon that day, for they held by that time-honored superstition.

Upon my passenger-list only two names were inscribed, Messrs. Walter R. Liston and Frank L. Osgood. Liston was a tall, slim, fair-haired youth, *ætat* twenty-two, the gentlest boy that ever drew the breath of life; while Osgood was a dark-haired, handsome lad, with eyes that flashed like diamonds set in jet.

I liked both the boys well from the first hour I became acquainted with them. Good friends, all hands. We played chess, we skylarked, we smoked, we told old stories with peculiar zest, for they were fresh to all listeners—their tales new to me, my old, well-worn yarns new to them—"and all went merry as a marriage-bell."

"Sail, ho!" feebly sounded the voice of Jim Kelson, the sailmaker, as he, perched in the foretopgallant crosstrees, leisurely repairing the main-royal staysail, hailed the officer of the watch.

"Where away?"

"Two points on our lee-bow, sir. I don't exactly think 'tis a vessel; it looks more like drift," responded Sails.

I came upon deck just then, and Mr. Mirvan, the chief officer of the *Diomede*, pointed out to me a dark spot upon the horizon. By the time the great golden sun had reached its zenith, we were sufficiently near to ascertain, with the aid of a powerful telescope, that the object was a raft, and that human beings were aboard of it, though how many, and whether alive or dead, was a mere matter of conjecture.

"Get my gig ready for lowering, Mr. Mirvan. I don't think it will be quite safe to run the bark alongside that raft, for it might do us some damage," I said, when we were within a mile of the object of our curiosity.

The mate did as directed. I took my place in the sternsheets of the boat, and was soon coursing over the swelling surface of the sea, as fast as four pairs of lusty arms could propel the light shallop. My heart sickened as we approached the raft, for extended upon it were the apparently lifeless bodies of five persons—two women and three men.

"Steady, my lads; take care it does not stave in the boat. I'm going to jump for it; directly I'm aboard, shove off a short distance," I said.

A vigorous spring landed me safely upon the rudely constructed raft, which was composed of a number of studding-sail booms and rough spars, securely lashed together with chains and ropes. A man was lying close to the spot upon which I alighted; one quick glance sufficed to tell me he was dead, for a film overspread his lustreless eyes, his lower jaw was hanging, and his body was rigid.

I stooped and uncovered the head of one of the females. An involuntary exclamation of astonishment escaped my lips, as I gazed into features fair as the ideal of a poet's dream. It was the face of a girl just budding into prime, and my heart throbbed with thankfulness as I perceived that the poor creature's spirit had not fled, though the angel of Death was hovering near, indeed.

Knowing delay was fraught with danger, I glanced hastily at the other unfortunates. Two of the three men were dead, and the second female, a middle-aged woman, was still alive.

I hailed my crew, and they brought the boat alongside. Two of them assisted me to place the still living castaways in her, and heave the two corpses into the sea. Then we pulled back to the bark as quickly as possible, and found that Mr. Mirvan, who had been watching our movements, had caused a tackle to be rigged on the main yardarm, in readiness to hoist the sufferers on board.

In a very short space of time we had converted the cabin into a hospital, and were using every means in our power to restore animation to the unconscious trio we had rescued from the raft. Osgood had studied medicine, and his knowledge proved of the greatest value at this critical period.

I gave strict orders that the ladies should not be pestered with questions until they had recuperated their strength, though, I must confess, my curiosity to hear the story of their misfortunes was quite as great as that of Liston and Osgood, both of whom labored incessantly in the cause of our new passengers.

Within a fortnight, judicious treatment had, in a great

measure, restored to health and strength the two ladies, and then we had the grim satisfaction of listening to their tale of trial and suffering. I shall merely give a synopsis of it.

The British ship *Dartmoor*, whose captain was the husband of the elder, and the father of the younger of the two ladies we had rescued, had been burned while on her passage from Australia toward London, and the raft had been constructed and provisioned when it became obvious that all chance of saving the vessel was gone.

Captain Chisholm had been killed by a falling spar, as he was about to abandon his vessel, and the longboat, containing twelve seamen and the second mate, had been capsized during a fierce squall, so that within two days of the burning of the *Dartmoor*, only eight of the twenty-one persons she carried remained alive—two fragile women and six stalwart men.

Stalwart then, but ere long weak and debilitated from fasting and privation. Then their supply of water was exhausted, and the demon thirst aided hunger to accomplish its fearful work; three of the poor fellows passed away, the others lived on, striving against death for the sake of the women with them.

Brave, noble fellows, these! In all their sufferings they never forgot what was due to the gentler sex; their self-abnegation was wonderful; they died, at last, that those their late commander loved might live!

By the time the *Diomede* reached Cape Horn, Mrs. Chisholm and her daughter had entirely regained their health and good-looks. I have seen many beautiful women in my time, but never have I beheld any so marvelously lovely as Miss Caroline Chisholm. She was but eighteen years of age, yet her proportions were fully developed, and the graceful contour of her form it would have been impossible to improve.

Her head was small and shapely, and poised upon a slender, arching neck of alabaster whiteness; her face was a delicate oval, and every feature exquisitely chiseled. A glory of rich, nut-brown hair crowned her high, intellectual brow; her teeth gleamed, when her rosy lips parted, like pearls set in coral, and the most piquant of dimples circled in her dainty chin. But in her eyes lay hid her choicest charms—great, languid, hazel eyes, fringed by long lashes that swept her damask cheeks—eyes that were watchfires of love—eyes that one moment would seem as if they swam in a sea of tears, the next sparkling and flashing with vivacious merriment.

As might be naturally expected, my two young passengers, Liston and Osgood, became desperately enamored of Miss Chisholm, and it was not long before I noticed that they were gradually becoming estranged—were not such inseparable companions as formerly, and seemed to regard each other as with feelings akin to aversion—they were rivals.

Walter Liston, in his quiet way, used his utmost endeavors to find favor in the eyes of the beauteous Carry; while Frank Osgood, ever impetuous, sought to win the lady's affection by every conceivable exhibition of the feelings which agitated him.

He was just the kind of man to attract the attention and kindle the fires of love in the bosom of a young and inexperienced girl, and I soon noticed that Walter's chance of winning Carry for his wife was but a shady one at the best. I pitied the boy, for I was fully convinced that he really loved her. I was sorry for her, fearing that she was rejecting pure gold for brighter metal that had in it much alloy.

We encountered very stormy weather off Cape Horn, head winds and strong gales detaining us for nearly six weeks in that very uncongenial latitude; but at length the *Diomede* succeeded in rounding Terra del Fuego, and then, with eased sheets, we stood up the Pacific.

"Captain Carline," said Mr. Mirvan, addressing me as I came upon deck one morning, "I'm afraid we'll have to put into some port for water. I discovered a little while ago that four of the casks below were fetched away during the late gale, and have got stove in. Every drop of fresh water aboard is in that cask forward, sir."

This information was terribly annoying, as you may suppose, for I had calculated on our making a quick run to San Francisco, and my vessel had been delayed so long by adverse winds and calms that every hour was of value to us. However, it was no use crying over spilt water, so I placed all hands on short allowance, and shaped the bark's course for De Paque's or Easter Island.

We sighted this island just before dusk one evening, and hove to for the night, as I did not wish to run any unnecessary risk. The next day we anchored in a beautiful bay, and the empty water-casks were soon floating alongside; then the long-boat was lowered, and, in charge of the second mate, proceeded to tow them ashore.

"How I should enjoy a stroll along that silvery beach! Those trees look magnificent, also. I am sure they must bear fruit," said Miss Chisholm, who was leaning over the taffrail, in company with Osgood.

"If you really desire to visit the shore so much, Miss Carry, I've no objection to having the gig manned, and landing you for a little while; but I must invite your mamma and Walter and Frank to accompany us," I said.

Miss Chisholm was delighted with my proposal, and at about ten o'clock I beached the gig upon the soft, white strand, and handed mother and daughter ashore—the boys needed no assistance.

We left the beach, and roamed beneath the arching fronds of giant ferns, the broad, fanlike leaves of cryptogamic plants, the palmate and pinnatisect crowns of many a fecund palm.

Then, tired, we sat down beneath the umbrageous foliage of a mighty fir-tree, and Carry sang to us a sweet home-song. Her voice was as sweet as the chime of silver bells; even the birds ceased their chants to listen to their queen.

"Captain Carline, the second mate sent me to tell yer a squall's comin' down right end-on, and he thinks we're agoin' to hev a reg'lar snorter soon. It's tuk me more'n an hour to find yer, sir, for I didn't know 'xactly which course yer'd steered arter yer quit the gig," said Ben Seacoure, one of the smartest of the *Diomede's* crew.

I mentally anathematized my folly in having strolled so far away from the beach, and I made my friends hurry to such an extent that all hands were perspiring freely when we sighted the sea once more.

The sea was no longer calm and peaceful and bright, but dark and angry; its surface tossed into wild, hissing waves by the whistling wind, that was momentarily increasing in force. I saw at a glance that it would be madness for us to embark, as no boat could live in such a sea; and I strained my eyes gazing over the raging billows, hoping to see that Mr. Mirvan had had the good sense and determination to slip cable and stand off shore until the gale abated.

Soon the clouds opened, and rain poured down in sluicing torrents, blinding us completely. I ensconced the ladies in a leafy covert which afforded them partial shelter; but my anxiety was far too great to allow of my doing aught but pace the beach, though I could see nothing for the flying spray, hear nothing save the mingled roar of the surges and the crashing of "heaven's dread artillery."

I knew that storms were seldom of long duration in that latitude, and I praved and waited and hoped, hoped and waited, until one giant billow, stronger than its fellows,

flung full at my feet a portion of the poop-deck of my hapless bark.

Then I knew that my worst fears had been realized—that the *Diomede* had been driven upon the treacherous coral reef, and dashed utterly to pieces!

For the remainder of that day, and during the ensuing night, the gale continued to rage with unabated fury; but the morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the rosy sun shone down upon a wreck-strewn strand, upon a still troubled sea, upon the pallid, sand-excoriated corpses of ten of my gallant crew.

It was a sad day for us all; yet sailors are so accustomed to face death and danger that they seldom give way to vain regrets.

We interred our drowned comrades in a pretty dell not far from the beach, and there, with the moaning surges chanting an everlasting requiem over their graves, they will sleep until the archangel's trump shall sound the last grand reveille.

As soon as this solemn duty was performed, all hands set to work collecting the jetsam which lined the beach.

Fortunately the *Diomede* had been laden with a general cargo, among which were several hundred barrels containing tins of preserved provisions. We managed to rescue from the sea very many of these, and also a plentiful supply of other edibles that the salt water had been impotent to impair; therefore we had no dread of starvation, for we numbered but nine persons, all told; and, aided by the bounteous gifts of Nature, our supply would easily hold out until some vessel touched for water as we had done.

"I knowed we'd never hev any luck this trip—th' old man would sail on ter a Friday," I heard Ben Seacoure remark to one of his shipmates.

I checked the fellow for uttering such nonsense; but to this day he continues to believe that our misfortunes emanated from that cause.

With portions of the wreck which the sea cast upon the strand, we fashioned a couple of rude huts, one of which we dedicated to the sole use of the ladies. They had plenty of pluck, these luckless ones, and lightened our labors by their bright presence.

Liston and Osgood proved of great service, for they were always cheerful, and ready to assist in promoting the happiness of our little coterie. They had brought shot-guns with them from the ship, and managed almost daily to bring into camp a few of the gay-plumed birds that abounded on the island. Liston also possessed a revolver, and with this he managed one morning to slaughter a wild pig, that proved excellent eating.

A SCAMPER AROUND THE FIELD.

The young men vied with each other more than ever now in their endeavors to gain Miss Chisholm's favor; and at length, seeing that there was every probability of an open rupture between the ardent admirers of the beautiful girl, I took advantage of my years to recommend her to give a decisive answer to one or the other of them, and so end, as I thought, the feud.

"I will follow your advice, Captain Carline, for I am sure it must be good," said the blushing girl; "but you must give me until to-morrow to make up my mind. The fact is, I have the greatest regard for Mr. Liston, but I think I love Frank most—he is so grand and noble."

"Have a care, little woman; all is not gold that glitters. Don't allow yourself to be misled by appearances," I replied.

I slightly mistrusted Osgood's ability to love a girl

steadfastly, while I was certain of the rectitude of Walter's principles.

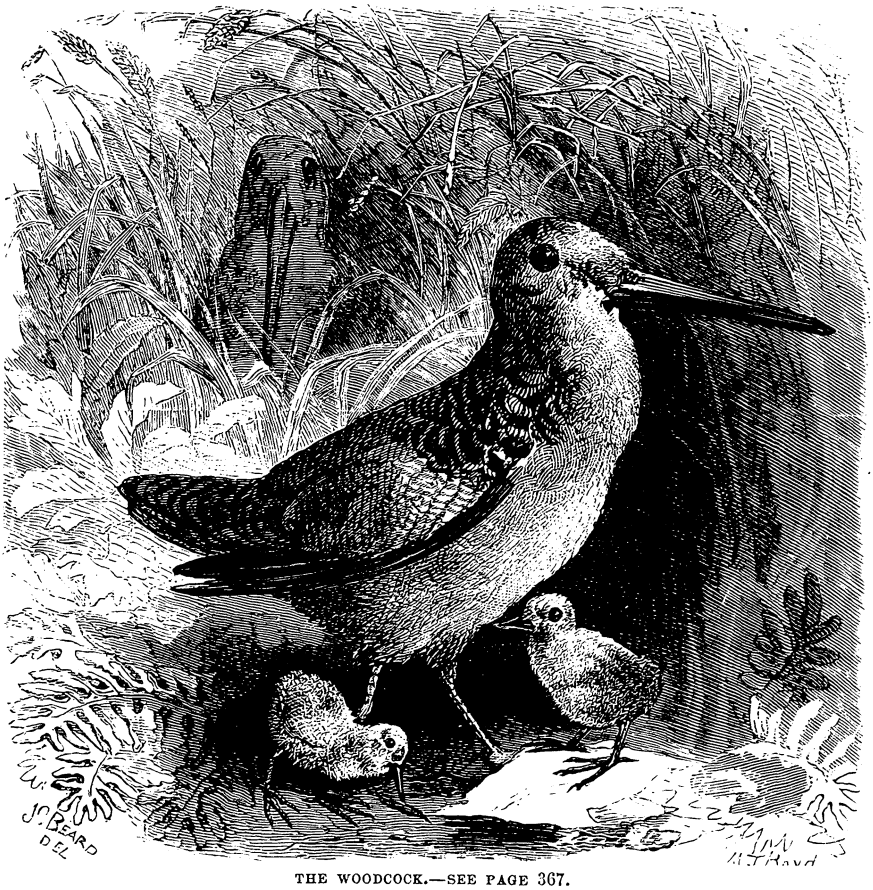
The first disturbance that had taken place since our advent to the island occurred that evening. Osgood discovered that a man named Sam Salter had been purloining some of his private property; and, in his impulsive way, Frank meted out chastisement to the fellow, instead of referring the matter to me. Sam was rather "a bad egg," and he murmured an unlimited amount of imprecations upon the man who had thrashed him.

Next day Osgood came to me, his handsome face aglow with pride and satisfaction, and told me that Carry had promised to be his bride as soon as an opportunity for their union presented itself.

I congratulated him, as in duty bound, and recommended him to tell Liston how matters stood, and express to him a hope that, their rivalry being at an end, their old friendship would be recemented.

He took my advice; but, to my surprise, the quiet Walter rejected his advances with violence, called his successful rival a traitor, villain and defamer, and uttered threats of dire vengeance against the man whom he accused of having suborned Miss Chisholm to break faith with him.

I tried to pacify Liston; but, though he was generally willing enough to be guided by me, he refused to be comforted, and would not hear of becoming reconciled to his old comrade.



THE WOODCOCK.—SEE PAGE 367.

At an early hour the following morning he started from the camp, merely remarking that he was going shooting—a statement that excited some surprise when it was discovered that he had not taken his gun with him.

It was nearly noontide, and Carry was strolling with her betrothed through an alley of palms, not far distant from the camp, when the report of a firearm fell upon Miss Chisholm's ear, and her lover sank expiring at her feet.

She gave utterance to a cry so shrill and piercing that I knew something dreadful must have happened; so I hurried in the direction I had seen them take, and arrived at the fatal spot just in time to hear poor Frank murmur the words, "Carry—Walter—forgive!" and sink a corpse upon the panting bosom of the girl whose holy love he held.

Miss Chisholm did not swoon or give way to her grief; she sat there upon the sward, tight-pressing her stricken lover to her heart, heedless of the fact that the crimson blood welling from the wound in his breast was bedewing her robe—oblivious to everything save that he whom she adored was dead. She shed no useless tears, but her eyes seemed to start from their sockets, and glared like those of a maddened tigress.

"It is Liston who has done this vile deed. You or I must avenge my darling's death!"

They were the only words she uttered until I led her away from the scene of blood, and placed her in her mother's charge; then the floodgates of her heart opened, the rushing torrent of her grief burst its banks, and broke with such fury that I feared her reason had departed.

I caused Frank's body to be brought into camp, and on examining it carefully I found that the assassin's bullet had penetrated the unfortunate man's left breast, and probably passed through his heart.

My men were loud in their denunciation of Liston, and threats of summary justice were freely uttered. I pacified them somewhat, however, by promising I would not attempt to shield Liston after I had delivered him over to the proper authorities at the first port in America we reached; but, though I detailed two men to arrest him as soon as possible, I bade all hands remember that I would not allow one hair of the culprit's head to be injured while we were on the island.

I had scarcely concluded, when Liston walked into camp, his dress much disordered, and his face tear-stained and dirty.

"What the deuce is the row now?" he coolly inquired.

Three men instantly seized him, and one drew from Walter's pocket the six-shooter which he invariably carried.

"What's the meaning of all this, Captain Carline?" he asked, indignantly.

I was astounded at the fellow's *sang froid*.

"You know full well that, barely an hour ago, you shot and killed poor Frank Osgood!"

"I killed Frank! Great God! he's not dead?"

"He lies within there," I replied.

Walter fell to the ground—he had fainted.

"There's one chamber in this here shooter that's bin

discharged. Guess there ain't no doubt about where that bullet went," remarked Salter.

When Liston revived, I openly accused him of the murder.

He repudiated the charge with much firmness, declaring that, though he had cherished angry feeling against the deceased, no thought of taking Osgood's life had ever entered his head. So earnest was he, and so concerned did he appear about the lamentable affair, that I began to doubt whether he could really be guilty.

That night I lay awake thinking over the occurrences of the past day, and the result of my cogitations was a determination to search for the fatal bullet.

Walter had asseverated that he had fired a shot at a monkey early in the day, and thus accounted for the one chamber in his revolver being empty.

It was worth while to try and find the bullet, for if it was similar to those in the patent cartridges which he used, Liston's guilt would be proven conclusively.

At early dawn I aroused Mr. Stevens, the second mate of the *Diomede*. and Seacoure, who was a very trusty fellow, and we conveyed poor Frank's body to a sequestered spot in the rear of the camp.

Stevens had some slight knowledge of surgery. He probed the wound, and found that the ball had pursued a lateral course, and could be easiest found by making an incision a little below the left shoulder-blade. This he did with a keen-edged knife, and in a few moments he produced the messenger of death.

It was not a leaden bullet, but a silver button of such a peculiar construction that it would have been impossible to discharge it from a pistol.

"I know that button, sir! I've seen it a score o' times. It b'longs ter Salter. Yer'll find an S scratched on it if yer look keerful."

I took the button out of Stevens's hand. The letter S was plainly visible upon it!

"I'll take my oath Salter shot Mr. Osgood! They had a muss only the other day, you recollect, sir. Sam is a real hard case, and I reckon he knew Mr. Liston would be accused, if any harm happened Mr. Frank, so took the row between the gentlemen to gratify his spirit of revenge," said Stevens, earnestly.

"Where was Salter at noon yesterday?" I asked.

"Away from camp, sir. I missed him, and then he came back just arter you'd found Mr. Frank," replied Seacoure.

"Look here, my lads. Say nothing about this matter until you see what transpires at the funeral. Stevens, let some of the men prepare a grave close to those in which our poor drowned shipmates sleep. We will bury Mr. Osgood at two o'clock," I said.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Then we replaced the dead man's clothes, and bore his body back to camp.

I called upon Mrs. Chisholm soon afterward, and found that Carry was very much better. She had slept for several hours, and though, of course, she was suffering much mentally, her firm will sustained her, and she was quite calm and collected; but she still inveighed bitterly against Liston, of whose guilt she did not deem there was the shadow of a doubt.

Later on in the day, I summoned all hands to attend the obsequies of our late friend.

A rude coffin had been fashioned, and poor Frank's body was inclosed within it.

We stood around the new-made grave, a sad and sorrow-stricken throng. Dappled shadows lay across the dell, the birds ceased to carol their songs to the sun, and down many a bronzed and furrowed cheek trickled sad, silent tears.

Carry was apparently the most composed—her grief no tears could assuage. Liston was the most moved; he stood in the rear of the sailors, and I could tell by the convulsive upheaving of his chest that he was wrestling with his sorrow.

I deemed it advisable to address a few words to my audience prior to consigning the coffin to its final resting-place. I spoke of the murder as a foul crime. I urged upon my comrades the expediency of proving conclusively whose hand had fired the fatal shot.

"This," I continued, producing Liston's pistol, "is the weapon which is supposed to have been the instrument which sent poor Osgood to his death; but this is *not* the weapon! neither did Walter Liston do the direful deed! for this reason, as three of you already know—Frank was not slain by a pistol-ball, but by this button, which has to-day been extracted from his body. To you, Samuel Salter, it belongs! *You* are the assassin who slew in cold blood our comrade! You obtained one of the fowling-pieces; you loaded it with the silver slug for want of a bullet, and you thought that a guiltless man would suffer for your crime!"

"It's a lie!" screamed Salter, red with rage.

"It's true! I saw the button found!" cried Seacoure.

As if possessed of some evil spirit, the murderer, with foaming lips, clinched teeth and starting eyes, bounded toward me, and strove to stab me to the heart with a long sheath-knife he drew from his girdle.

My fate would have been sealed, so sudden was the onslaught, had not Carry, into whose hands I had delivered Liston's revolver while searching in my pockets for the button, leveled the weapon she held, and, with a well-aimed ball, brought low the man who had murdered her betrothed!

He staggered, reeled and fell upon the mossy turf, whose vivid green the crimson life-blood ebbing from his wicked heart incarnadined.

"I'm gone up!—played out! I killed Osgood because——"

The confession was never concluded. The death-rattle sounded in the throat of the moribund—another moment, and he had ceased to have existence.

When the murderer's body had been removed, I recited such portions as I could recollect of the funeral service over poor Osgood's coffin, and then the grave was closed upon our friend. Perhaps there was a feeling of relief at most of our hearts as we turned away, for we knew that he was avenged by the woman he had loved so well.

I gave orders to Mr. Stevens to see that Salter's corpse received decent sepulture. I never cared to see it more.

About a week afterward, a vessel was descried in the offing. I dispatched the second mate and four hands in the gig to ask relief from exile. It was willingly granted to us by the skipper of the whaler *Wanderer*, and in that vessel we proceeded to Honolulu, from whence Mrs. Chisholm, Carry, Liston and I took passage by steamer for San Francisco.

Not many months subsequent to my arrival in New York, I received a letter from Walter, telling me that pretty Carry—bearing in mind all his past kindnesses, probably—had consented to share with him the joys and sorrows, the light and shade which may lie across the pathway of their future lives.

False friendship is like the parasite moss that feeds on the life of the tree it pretends to adorn.

THE WOODCOCK.

If you should happen to be in a low, swampy or wooded tract of land, very early in the morning, or during early twilight, you may, perhaps, notice that the soft earth is full of small round holes, as if some one had been industriously occupied in probing the whole marshy flat with a small walking stick. These are called, by sportsmen, "borings," and are an infallible indication of the presence of woodcock. If you will remain still for a length of time in the vicinity of these borings, you will discover that what at first seemed to be a deserted solitude is peopled by a busy multitude of these timid creatures, who, when they are persuaded they have the forest to themselves, again recommence moving about in the undergrowth, or start up from unexpected places, with a quick, sharp, "chipper-chipper," or "bleatta-bleatta."

Perhaps a pair of shining black eyes will meet yours from a bed of dead leaves, or covert of low bushes, and the little brown head of a young woodcock peep out from the feathers of the old one's breast; or you may chance to see on a bed, rather than a nest, of grass or ferns, three or four cream-colored eggs, marked with fine spots or blotches of two shades of brown, and obscure spots of lilac.

During the hours of dusk, between the coming of the morning and the darkness that precedes it, or at early twilight, the woodcock devotes itself to getting its living in its own peculiar fashion. How it discovers the exact locality of the hidden worm, larva or beetle, upon which it lives, under a bill's length of deep mud, has not been positively ascertained; but it never makes a mistake, or brings its bill up empty. There is, indeed, a special adaptation to its manner of life in the bird, with its mallet-like head, stilted legs, and eyes placed far back, to be out of the way, and allow the head to be buried more deeply in the ooze.

At the end of the bill is a short barb or notch, which secures the bird's larger prey while such prey is being drawn from its deep bed of earth, and the tongue within the bill is coated with a sticky saliva, to which adhere insects, or animalculæ too small to be held by the bill.

The woodcock is one of our earliest Spring arrivals—coming about the first of March, or even earlier, and remaining until the 10th of November. At the latter part of September, and during the whole month of October, it is in its prime, and during that time affords as fine sport as can be had in the Atlantic States.

PUNISHMENT FOR BURGLARY IN MASCAT.

ORIGINAL NOTES OF TRAVEL BY AUGUST LOCHER.

A few years ago I paid a visit to Mâscât, or Muscât, the capital of the dominion of the "Imaum" (Spiritual Teacher) of Mâscât and Sultan of Zanzibar.

I had taken passage at Bombay on the Indo-British mail-steamer *Penang*, which plied semi-monthly between Bombay (India) and Bassora (Lower Mesopotamia), calling at the intermediate ports of Mâscât (on the northeast coast of Arabia), Aunder Abâs, Linga or Congoon, and Bunder Abushehr (three seaports on the northern or Persian coast of the Persian Gulf).

No sooner had the steamer reached her anchorage and the chain-cable rattled down into the deep with deafening noise, that echoed loudly through the narrow, cliff-bound, romantically picturesque harbor of Mâscât, than the vessel was already surrounded by a shoal of *balâams* (long but very narrow canoes, hewn out of a solid log of teak-wood), manned almost exclusively by athletic negroes clad only in short, gaudily striped tights (just like our bathing-drawers) and scarlet-colored, coarse woolen caps, resembling those worn by the Venetian and Neapolitan *gondoliers*.

Luckily for us, however, the steward and provision-master—an Englishman—made the timely discovery that he was short of fresh provisions, and aware of our desire to go ashore, invited us to accompany him to the bazaar, for the purpose of making the requisite purchases.

Seizing the opportunity, we slipped our pistols into our pockets, because it is unsafe for a European or American to venture unarmed among the wildly fanatic population of Mâscât, which to this day is in bad odor throughout the East as being composed chiefly of pirates, slavers and slaves, and thereupon stepped nimbly into one of the numerous *balâams* still hovering round the steamer. But we came very near upsetting the treacherous little craft in getting into it.

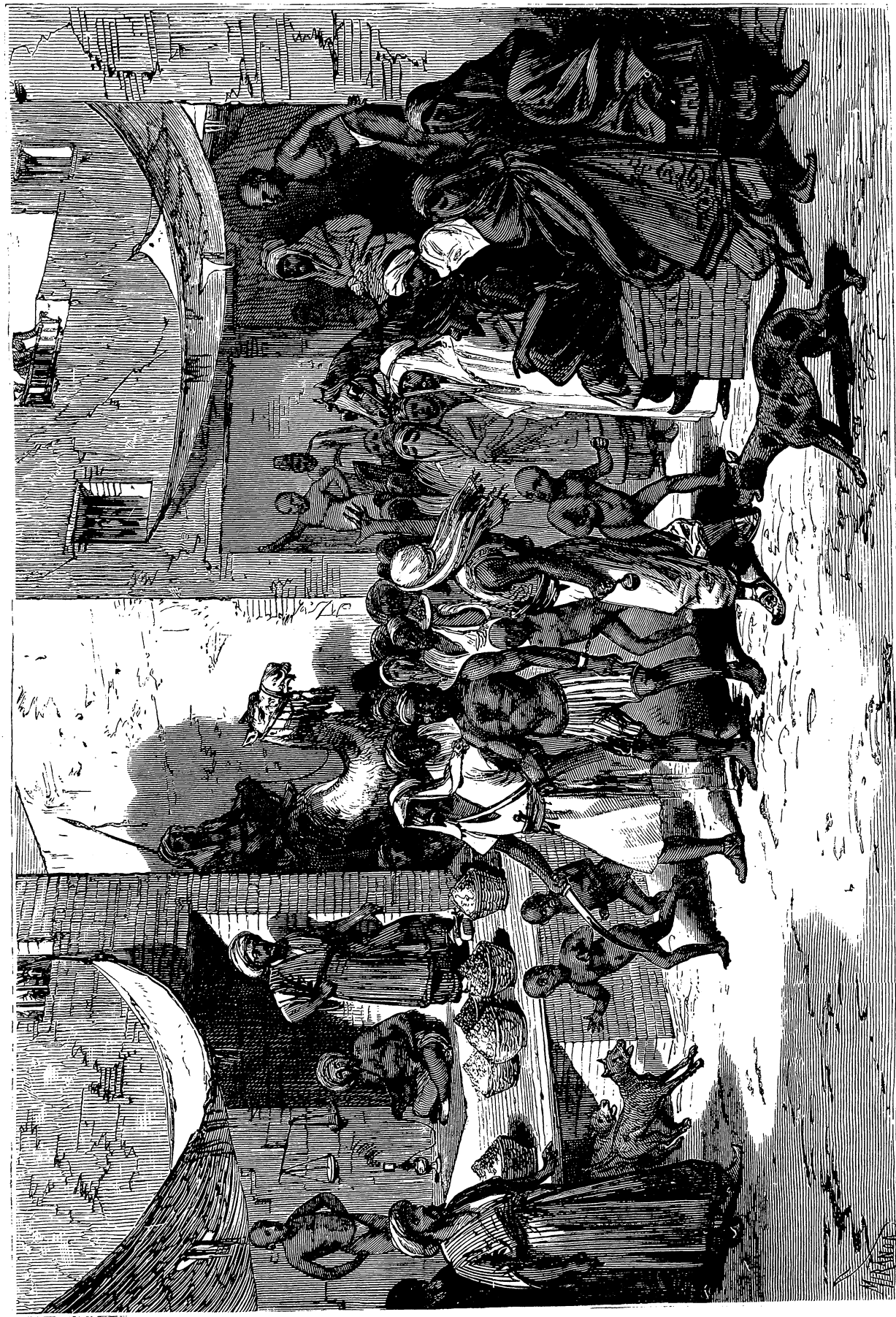
Pursuing in Indian file—because the camels, horses, donkeys and people, which we constantly met in the narrow thoroughfares, compelled us to fall into this æsthetic line of march—our tramp through the sinuous lanes of the town, we penetrated through the very heart of Mâscât to the gate in the wall at the back of the town; and, pushing through the dark passage of this gate, which is guarded day and night by the mongrel soldiery, we even ventured a short distance into the suburbs, situated on the borders of the dismal sandy desert, "El Omân," which extends to the very gates of Mâscât.

Arrived at the bazaar, our steward began to attend to the business that brought him thither in right good earnest, and the manner in which he bartered for the provisions he required, the quickness with which he discovered the tricks of the rascally dealers in trying to palm upon him inferior goods or cheat him by short weight, and in the exchange of money, and the business-like way in which he dispatched the purchased goods to the steamer, proved him to be "the right man in the right place."

Just about retracing our steps toward the beach, our attention was attracted by a densely packed crowd of people which poured around the nearest street-corner.

At first sight we were under the impression that an arrest had just been made by the police of the bazaar; but the next instant we discovered that the athletic, half-naked negro, who appeared to be the originator and centre of the commotion, walked between two specimens of the mongrel soldiery previously mentioned, with a chain shackled around his left wrist, while his right hand seemed to be covered with blood, and the gore to have trickled over his striped tights and lower limbs. Upon closer observation, however, we were horrified to discover that his right hand was entirely absent—had, in fact, been severed from the wrist, evidently quite recently, and with a faint attempt at surgical skill, for it was cut off just at the joint of the wrist, proof positive that the amputation was not the result of a fight or other accidental injury; moreover, there was a sort of ligature noticeable on the fore-arm, close to the wound, a string or piece of catgut tightly drawn around the amputated limb, undoubtedly for the purpose of preventing excessive hemorrhage.

But what puzzled us most was the circumstance that the unfortunate man, evidently a prisoner in the hands of a ruffianly barbarous soldiery, had his wound neither dressed nor protected against the swarms of troublesome flies which pestered him continually, and unquestionably caused him intense pain by alighting on and crawling over the wound; moreover, we were at a loss to understand for what earthly reason any human being who had just undergone amputation of a hand should be promenaded through the narrow, densely crowded bazaar, where the patient was liable to



PUNISHMENT FOR BURGLARY IN MASCAT.—SEE PAGE 367.

run his unprotected stump of a fore-arm foul of every person he met.

My fellow-passenger and I turned for an explanation to our companion, the steward; but saw at once in his astonished face that the spectacle was equally new to him, though by no means so to the natives, who were evidently accustomed to such scenes, because, as if specially drilled for the occasion, they promptly cleared the narrow passage, and studiously kept out of the way of the procession.

At a rapid stride the strange cortége passed by, and as soon as the din of the commotion had sufficiently abated to admit of conversation we went to inquire of the grocer, with whom our steward had just been dealing, and in the vicinity of whose stall we were standing when the queer procession issued from around the corner, what it all meant; whereupon he informed us that the individual with the amputated hand had just been punished for theft, or rather, burglary, he having been caught the night before robbing a stall or store of the bazaar into which he had broken; that the fellow was now officially promenaded and exhibited in his mutilated condition by order of the *cady* (judge), to serve as a warning to others; and that immediately after having officially perambulated every street of the town, he would be released from custody and presented with a small sum of money for his sustenance during the time required by the wound to heal; and that if caught again at the same crime he would have to pay forfeit with his other hand.

Whew! We shuddered as we hurried off to the beach. What a country! what a people! and now, whenever I recall that incident to memory, the thought involuntarily occurs to me—if Mâscât justice were meted out here, what a number of cripples should we meet!

THE GAME OF BOWLS.

By R. R. Macgregor.

Queen.—What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
First Lady.—Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen.—'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
King Richard II., Act III., Sc. IV.

"There is another recreation," writes the author of the "Country Gentleman's Companion," nearly two centuries ago, "which, howsoever unlawful in the Abuse thereof, yet, exercised with Moderation, is, even of Physicians themselves, held exceeding wholesome, and hath been prescribed for a Recreation to great Persons."

The amusement that thus received the approval of the Faculty was the old English game of Bowling, a fine old pastime, too much neglected in its old home in these days of violent athletic exercises. It is a game peculiarly English, being one of the few amusements owing to native invention.

PLAYING BOWLS—A FRENCH SCENE BY VERNET.

Strutt declared himself unable "by any means to ascertain the time of its introduction," though he has traced it back to the thirteenth century. A writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," however, has gone further back than this, and has pretty conclusively proved that the "in jactu lapidum," which William FitzStephen includes among the amusements practiced by the young Londoners of the twelfth century on Summer holidays, refers to bowls and not to slinging stones, as has been generally understood. However this may be, it is clear the game is a very old one, though from the early drawings of players we see that it, like most other pastimes, has passed through various

changes and modifications in its long career. In the earliest of these representations of the game—a drawing in a MS. in the Royal Library, which is reproduced by Strutt—"two small cones are placed upright at a distance from each other; and the business of the players is evidently to bowl at them alternately; the successful candidate being he who could lay his bowl the nearest to this mark."

In others of these delineations, in which the attitudes of the bowlers are given with remarkable spirit and effect, we find other varieties of the game—such as one player being required by the game not to lay his bowl close to a mark, but to strike away from its place the sphere cast by his opponent.

In process of time the third ball, or Jack, of smaller size than the playing bowls, was introduced to serve as a mark toward which to direct the bowls, and from then the principal changes in the game were probably only in the number of bowls allowed to each player, and in their material and shape.

In the old drawings, instead of using two balls, as in the modern game, the player is provided with one only. The bowls were round, and certainly up to 1409, and most probably for long after, were made of stone. As we shall see, stone bowls were used in Scotland pretty commonly till about the end of the seventeenth century; in 1657 Lord Lorn, son of the Marquis of Argyll, was struck senseless by one of these "stone bullets" in Edinburgh Castle, and continued in danger of his life for some time.

It seems clear that this game was originally played on open greens, more or less made smooth and prepared for the pastimes. These greens, however, being without cover, necessarily restricted the enjoyment of the game to the dry days of the warmer months of the year, and this naturally suggested the idea of making covered alleys, where the ground, being roofed over, might be used when the state of the weather would not permit the pursuit of the pastime outside.

Unfortunately for the fair fame of Bowls, these alleys became the haunts of idle and dissolute persons, and the discredit that fairly enough attached itself to them was extended to this innocent and healthful recreation as practiced on the green in the open air. This discreditable relation it was that brought down on lawn bowls the pains and penalties fulminated against it by so many statutes from Richard II.'s time till 2 Geo. II. c. 28—though, no doubt, its own popularity, and the consequent interference with the due practice of the all-important Archery, had caused it before then to be classed in the Close Roll of Edward III in 1366, with other "games alike dishonorable, useless and unprofitable," that absorbed too much of the leisure time of the king's famous bowmen.

The name "Bowls" first occurs in an Act of Henry VIII. in 1511, where, and in a subsequent Act thirty years later, various "artificers, husbandmen, apprentices," and others of the lower classes are prohibited on pain of 20s. from playing at ". . . bowls . . . or other unlawful games out of Christmas, and in Christmas may play thereat in their masters' houses or presence; and no person shall play at bowls in open places out of his garden or orchard, under pain of 6s. 8d."; but these laws must have been systematically broken, for many old writers deplore the excessive number of bowling alleys and the evil effects arising from them.

Stephen Gosson, in his "School of Abuse" (1579), speaking of the "wonderful change when . . . our courage is turned to cowardice, our running to ryot, our bowes into bowls and our darts into dishes," says that "common bowling alleys are privy mothes that eat up the credit of many idle citizens, whose gaynes at home are not able to weigh downe theyr losses abroad; whose shoppes are so farre from maintaining their play that theyr wives and children cry out for bread, and go to bedde supperlesse ofte in the yeere."

Stowe, too, laments the closing up for building purposes of the common grounds, before then appropriated to open-air amusements, which began to take place in his day, and which drove the citizens for amusement "into bowling alleys and ordinarie dicing houses neer home, where they have room enough to hazard their money at unlawful games."

Up to the time of Henry VIII., bowling, both in greens and alleys, seems to have been an amusement little played except by the lower classes; but not only did that bluff monarch add to Whitehall "divers fair tennice courts, bowling alleys and cock-pits," but bowling greens began to be looked on as indispensable in the laying out of gentlemen's gardens. "Though gardening and horticulture in general, as arts," says Mr. Wright in his "History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments," "were undergoing considerable improvement during this period, the garden itself appears to have been much more neglected, except as far as it was the scene of other pastimes. A bowling green was the most important part of the pleasure garden in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and bowls and exercises of a similar character, were the favorite amusements of all classes."

Of all the English kings, Charles I. was the greatest enthusiast in our game. Many anecdotes are told of his great love for it, a love that survived through all his troubles, for we find him alike devoting himself to it while in power and solacing himself with it while a captive.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas—"Curl's Corinna," as Pope calls her, when impaling her in the *Dunciad* for selling to Curl some boyish letters of his to Henry Cromwell—in her autobiographic volumes, "Pylades and Corinna," speaks of a house at Barking, called Barking Hall, which once belonged to her great-great-grandfather, Richard Shute, Turkey merchant, and Member of Parliament for the City of London in Charles I.'s time. According to her description, it was situated at the end of a long avenue of elms, and was an antique building of a castellated form. In the grounds of this house Mr. Shute made one of the prettiest and most commodious bowling greens that had ever been seen.

King Charles, Mrs. Thomas tells us, having heard of this fine new bowling green, and being very partial to the amusement, told Mr. Shute when he next came to court that he would dine with him the following day at Barking, and try his skill at bowls. Mr. Shute made the best preparation that the shortness of the warning would allow, and King Charles was so well pleased with his reception and entertainment that, frequently afterward, he would lay aside all state and repair to Barking Hall, with only two or three gentlemen as attendants, that he might enjoy a game on Mr. Shute's unrivaled grounds.

They generally played high, continues Corinna, and punctually paid the losings, and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the King would at one time bet higher than usual, till, having lost several games, he gave off.

"And if it please your majesty," answered Mr. Shute, when asked what he had won, "£1,000;" and then he asked the King to play some rubbers more, as perhaps luck might turn.

"No, Shute," replied the King, laying his hand gently on his shoulder, "thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children."

Charles is said to have been playing at bowls when seized

by Cornet Joyce, and frequently during his captivity we find him engaged in the game. While at Homby in Northamptonshire, he often went over to Lord Vaux's at Harrowden, and to Earl Spencer's at Althorpe, "both of which seats possessed unrivaled bowling greens."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in a note on some tavern signs, tells of this tradition of the unfortunate King and his love for this game: "In a secluded part of the Oxfordshire hills, at a place called Collins's End, situated between Hardwicke House and Goring Heath, is a neat little rustic inn, having for its sign a well-executed portrait of Charles I. There is a tradition that this unfortunate monarch, while residing as a prisoner at Caversham, rode one day, attended by an escort, into this part of the country, and hearing that there was a bowling green at this inn, frequented by the neighboring gentry, struck down to the house and endeavored to forget his sorrows for a while in a game of bowls. This circumstance is alluded to in the following lines, written beneath the sign-board:

"Stop, traveler, stop! in yonder peaceful glade
His favorite game the royal martyr plade;
Here, stripped of honors, children, freedom, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowl'd for what he drank;
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
And changed his guinea ere he lost his crown."

"The sign," continues the writer, "which seems to be a copy from Vandyke, though much faded from the weather, evidently displays an amount of artistic skill that is not usually found among sign-board painters. I once made some inquiries about it of the people of the house, but the only information they could give me was that they believed it to have been painted in London."

Evelyn frequently mentions bowls and bowling greens in his "diary." When describing the attractions of Swallowfield in Berkshire, he sums up an enumeration of its beauties thus: "Also a very fine bowling green; meadow, pasture, and wood; in a word, all that can render a country-seat delightful."

On several occasions, even during the game-abhorring days of the Puritan rule, we find Evelyn, regardless of all risks from fierce zealots, playing bowls, not only for amusement, but for stakes! While even the starchest wearer of sad-colored raiment might have overlooked the anxious husband beguiling the weary hours of waiting at Rys with a game—"June 11th, 1652. About four in the afternoon, being at bowls on the green, we discovered a vessel, which proved to be that in which my wife was, and which got into the Harbour about eight that evening, to my no small joy,"—what would the Puritan despots have said to this indulgence in the "unclean thing"?—"August 14th, 1657. We went to Durdan's [now Lord Roseberry's seat at Epsom], to a challenge match at bowls for £10, which we won."

With the Restoration, the click of the bowl was heard again on many a green. It became a fashionable Court amusement; great attention was paid both to the manufacture of the bowls and to the preparation of the greens; whose velvety softness, and perfect level, excited the admiration of many of the foreign visitors of the day.

In July, 1662, Pepys notes—"Whitehall gardens and the Bowling Alley (where lords and ladies are now at bowles) in brave condition"; while on another occasion he and some friends, being on an excursion, got "up early and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the king lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry and played with our wives at bowles."

It is in the Grammont "Memoirs," however, that we find the most complete picture of this game as a Court amusement of Charles II.'s reign. When the Court was at Tunbridge Wells—"the place of all Europe," we are told by De Grammont, "the most rural and simple, and yet at the same time the most entertaining and agreeable"—the company are accommodated with lodgings in little, clean, and convenient habitations that lie, straggling and separated from each other, a mile and a half all round the Wells, where the company meet in the morning. . . . As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling green."

"The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen, and requires both art and address. It is only in use during the fair and dry part of the season, and the places where it is practiced are charming, delicious walks, called bowling greens, which are little square grass plots, where the turf is almost as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there; they play deep, and spectators are at liberty to make what bets they please."

Elsewhere in the Count's "Memoirs" we find the inhabitants of the "little palaces" using the bowling greens for another purpose—"those who choose dance in the open air upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world."

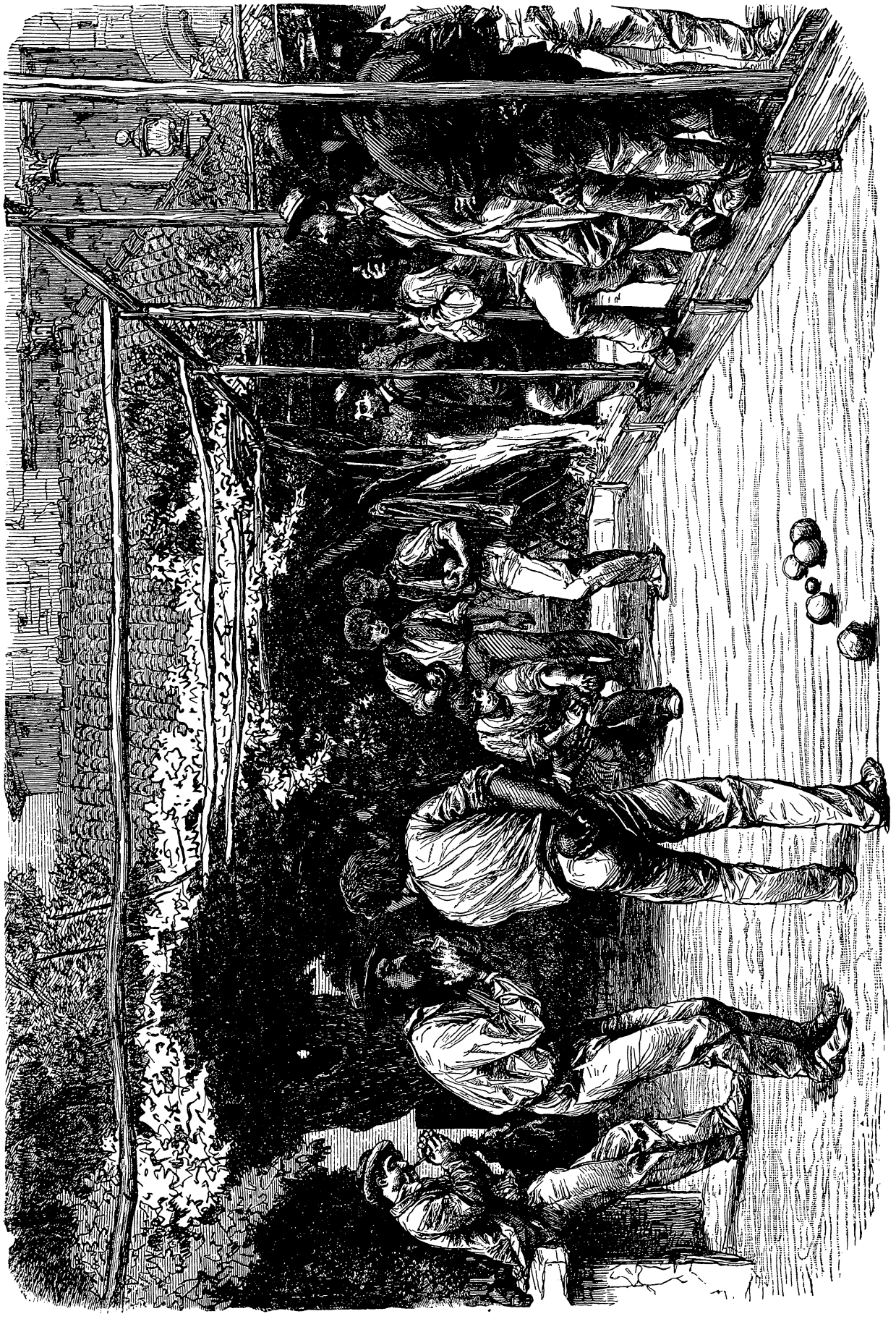
The great John Locke, writing in 1679, says that "the sports of England for a curious stranger to see are horse-racing, hawking, hunting and bowling. At Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week; also wrestling in Lincoln's Inn Fields every evening; bear and bull baiting in the Bear Garden; shooting with the long bow and stob ball in the Tothill Fields; and cudgel playing in the country, and hurling in Cornwall."

While "persons of quality" were thus casting their bowls through the statute law on the open greens, the lower orders still clung to the alleys, which receive quite as much condemnation from the moralists of this as of an earlier time. Bishop Earle devotes the whole of Essay No. XXX. of his "Microcosmography" to the evils caused by them. "A bowl alley," writes the Bishop, "is the place where there are three things thrown away besides bowls—to-wit, time, money and curses, and the last ten for one. The best sport in it is the gamester's, and he enjoys it best that looks on and bets not. It is the school of wrangling, and worse than the schools; for men will cavil here for a hair's breadth, and make a stir when a straw would end the controversy. No antick screws men's bodies into such strange flextures, and you would think them here senseless to speak sense to their bowl, and put their trust in intreaties for a good cast."

In Scotland, as in England, the game had been played from an early date, but probably both the greens and the bowls were of a rougher type than on the south side of the Tweed. James IV. and James V. were players at bowls, as they were of most games then known, but in the general estimation "trulis," as the game was often called, seems to have been looked upon as rather a childish pastime. Dunbar, in one of his poems, alludes to it in this light when he speaks of—

"So mony lordis, so mony naturall fulis
That better accordis to play thame at the trulis;
Nor seis the dulis that commons dois sustene."

In process of time the game grew in popular favor, and many greens and alleys sprang up throughout the kingdom. As we have seen, it is said to have been the game at which Lord Lorn met with his severe accident in 1657; but this identification of the particular game is scarcely



PLAYING BOWLS.—AN ITALIAN SCENE BY H. REGNAULT.

borne out by the account of the mishap in the invaluable Letters of Principal Baillie of Glasgow University. Baillie, in a long letter to his cousin in Holland, giving "a large account of our affaires this twelve moneth past" (1657–8), says: "My Lord Lorn, a most excellent and honest-minded youth, prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, walking about while the lieutenant of the castle with others are playing with hand bullets, one of them, rebounding off the wall, stricks him on the head, whereon he fell down dead and speechless for a long time; his death sundry dayes was expected, but, blessed be God, I hear this day he was better."

A few years afterward the frequenters of bowling greens had a grievance which they brought before the Scots Parliament for redress. In 1673 two brothers, Edward and James Fountain, got a patent as "Masters of the Revels within the Kingdom," granting them the privilege of licensing all balls, plays, and similar entertainments. They put a wide interpretation on the wording of their grant; for within the next few years the records of the Privy Council are full of complaints by and against them. So intolerable did their exactions become to lovers of all kinds of amusements, that, Lord Fountainhall tells us, when the Scots Parliament sat in August, 1681, among other proposals "rumoured as designed to be past in Acts" was one complaining of "Mr. Fountaine's gift as Master of the Revels, by which he exacts so much off every bowling green, kyle alley, &c., through the kingdom, as falling under his gift of Lotteries." Though Parliament did nothing for the complainers then, the Lords of the Privy Council did a year or two afterward; and it will give an idea of the number of such places of amusement, even in those days of religious objections against pastimes, that the Fountains were said to have forced six thousand keepers of such places to compound with them, and had thus realized about £16,000 sterling, "which is a most gross and manifest oppression."

When an Act of George II. gave magistrates power to commit to prison frequenters of public bowling alleys, these went down rapidly, and greens correspondingly increased. While cricket was scarcely deemed a game for gentlemen about the middle of last century, bowling was in high repute. Then—

"Some Dukes at Mary'bone bowled time away;"

while the Duchess of Devonshire of that day often watched

A DEVOTED SISTER.— COPYING LEARNED PAPERS.

A DEVOTED SISTER.— A SHORT LESSON ON THE FIDDLE.

the play of her guests at the game till nine P.M., like the King of Hungary's daughter in the old poem, to amuse whom in her garden—

"An hundredth knights, truly tolde,
Shall play with bowles in alayes colde."

Rogers, in his "Recollections," tells of Lord Chatham and Lord Temple, while on a visit to Lord Grenville in 1767, at Wotton, Bucks, playing for an hour and a half after dinner, while "the ladies sat by, looking on and drinking their coffee, and in our walk home we stopped to regale ourselves with a syllabub under the cow."

While bowling greens in the south of England began to be deserted about the end of last century, in the northern counties and in Scotland the game has continued to be held in high favor for a long time. In nearly every town of Scotland there is at least one bowling club and green, on which, in the Summer evenings, elderly men or people tired out with work may enjoy a pleasant exercise, and one not too vehement for those even of the most sedentary habits. In Edinburgh the city has long provided public greens for the use of those not able to pay club subscriptions; and lately the Town Council has authorized a considerable additional expenditure for the same purpose in a part of the town convenient for the artisans living in the southwestern districts. The game has long been a favorite in the Scottish capital. Probably the first club of which a trace exists was the society that Hugo Arnot says was "erected by a 'seal of cause' [charter of incorporation] granted by the magistrates of Edinburgh, November 15th, 1769. This society, immediately upon its erection, took from the governors of Heriot's Hospital a lease of the bowling green belonging to the Hospital for twenty-one years." This is a much older club than the "Willowbank," which the "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives as probably the first regular club founded.

A DEVOTED SISTER: CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

THE second of these names is known by every reader, the first probably by few. Caroline was the sister of that Sir William Herschel who earned undying fame by his achievements in astronomy, and the aunt of that Sir John Herschel who so worthily carried forward the great work which his father's long life only sufficed to begin. Miss

Herschel's claim to public notice rests on the extraordinary service which she rendered to her distinguished brother, from 1772, when he was at the turning-point of his great career, to 1822, when he died at the age of eighty-four. A girl of two-and-twenty when her service began, she was an old woman when it ended. Other women certainly have filled in as many years with service as leal, but surely never another sister spent fifty years in devotedly helping a brother after quite the same fashion.

The home of the Herschels, in Hanover, was at least one of virtuous industry—we are not told enough to enable us to say that it was distinguished by piety. The father, Isaac, a bandmaster in the army, spent whatever leisure his military duties allowed him in cultivating music and teaching pupils, struggling bravely thus to maintain his family after his health had been broken by severe campaigning. Of his ten children, six came to maturity. The first, Sophia, was early married. The rest were sons, with the exception of our Caroline, who was born in 1750, and stands eighth in the list. Frederic William, who was to set the family name high beside the names of Galileo and Newton, was her senior by twelve years ; and, although he was not the eldest son, his remarkable gifts and excellent character had made him the natural head of the family, even before the father's death.

Music was the profession to which Isaac bred all his sons, their natural gifts in that direction being as great as his own. William had early become proficient as a musician ; but at the same time his bent toward natural philosophy was manifest, and met with hearty encouragement from his father.

Speaking of these early days, Caroline says : "Had my brother William not then been interrupted in his philosophical pursuits, we should have had much earlier proofs of his inventive genius. My father was a great admirer of astronomy, and had some knowledge of that science ; for I remember his taking me, on a clear, frosty night, into the street, to make me acquainted with several of the most beautiful constellations, after we had been gazing at a comet which was then visible. And I well remember with what delight he used to assist my brother William in his various contrivances in the pursuit of his philosophical studies ; among which was a neatly-turned four-inch globe, upon which the equator and ecliptic were engraved by my brother."

When the Hanoverian army returned from England in 1756, Jacob, the eldest son, brought with him only specimens of English tailoring, but William had spent all his spare cash on a copy of "Locke on the Human Understanding." He was now eighteen, growing fast, and showing signs of delicacy ; so his parents helped him to escape from the army, and during the next fifteen years he earned a livelihood in England by his musical skill.

Meanwhile the child Caroline was being trained by her mother as a domestic help, not to say servant, so thoroughly and so exclusively that "all my father could do for me was to indulge me (and please himself) sometimes with a short lesson on the violin, when my mother was either in good humor or out of the way." She was sent to the garrison school long enough to learn to read and write ; after that, all her time and strength were required for the duties of the scullery, and knitting stockings for her manly brothers.

She remembered, when an old woman, that "the first pair for Alexander touched the floor when she stood upright finishing the front." Her literary labors were limited to the writing of frequent letters for her mother and other soldiers' wives when their husbands were absent. When her father and William were at home, the little drudge kept herself awake to listen to their discussions on philosophy ; but when Jacob came to dine, the mother was put out of humor by his fastidious criticisms of her beefsteaks, "and poor I got many a whipping for being awkward at supplying the place of footman or waiter."

And so the years wore on, Caroline having no higher ambition than to make herself fit, by certain clandestine acquirements in the way of fancy needlework, to earn her living some day as governess in a family where French might not be required. William came over on a brief visit when she was fourteen, and made her happy by his praise of the new gown in which she was setting forth to be confirmed, but made her miserable also by driving off in the Hamburgher post-wagon, "the postillion giving a smattering blast on his horn" just as she was entering the church for her first communion. Old Isaac died when she was seventeen, and Caroline gave herself up more fully than ever to the daily round by which she could help her mother.

At length William, who was thriving in Bath as organist and conductor, sent word that his little sister (she was always little) should be prepared for taking part in his concerts. Jacob sneered, the mother doubted, and for two years Caroline was divided between her conscientious desire to do her duty at home, and the wild hope of perhaps going to be beside her brother William. England in itself seems to have had little attraction—to be with the brother whom she so passionately loved was the great desire. So she knitted ruffles which were to be Jacob's if she went, but William's if she stayed, and a supply of cotton stockings which would, in either case, last her mother and Dietrich for two years—stilling her eager heart with duty.

In 1772, William came and carried away the little woman. The ostensible reason was that she might take part in his concerts, which she did for a time ; but William's genius must, we think, have discerned in Caroline's strong intellect, trained diligence, and unusual force of character, qualities which would make her very useful to him in other ways, even should she fail as a musician. At any rate, such was the event. For ten years Caroline worked harder in Bath than she had ever done in Hanover. She did not fail as a musician, but rose to be *prima donna*. She became her brother's housekeeper, having her honest, thrifty soul vexed by one worthless "Betty" after another ; and all the while she was learning other work of a very different sort.

For "William Herschel was fast becoming famous as a writer, a discoverer, and possessor and inventor of instruments of unheard-of power." Music was no longer with him an end, but the means by which he could obtain money for the purchase and manufacture of expensive instruments. Every hour that could be spared from playing the organ in the Octagon Chapel, conducting concerts, or giving lessons to ladies of quality, was spent in the eager pursuit of science, and in perfect apparatus for investigating the wonders of the heavens, which his genius had invented. Thus it came about that his sister, besides learning the English language, and keeping domestic accounts and practising music, had to copy learned papers, and to master the higher mathematics, and to stand by her brother in his workroom, sometimes literally putting food in his mouth that his polishing might not be interrupted, and to spend the night beside him when he was observing, watching the clock, and registering his observations.

In 1782 genius won its way ; music was finally abandoned, and William Herschel went from Bath to Datchet, at the age of forty-four, to become Royal Astronomer on £200 a year. The only friend to whom he named the sum, exclaimed, "Never bought monarch honor so cheap !"

The record of the next forty years is scarcely more than

one unvarying round of polishing seven, ten, or twenty-foot mirrors, "sweeping," not common floors, but the floor of heaven, registering nebulæ, copying learned papers, making catalogues of stars by the thousand, and generally "minding the heavens."

Her brother's marriage in 1788 was a trial to her faithful heart; but it made no change in her service—the time saved from housekeeping was given to keeping her brother's voluminous papers in order. The ink sometimes froze in her bottle on bitter nights, but on went the indefatigable little woman, her brain working at high pressure, her habits of order and method saving the eager genius whole years of life, and no satellite of Saturn diverting her mind from the necessary cup of coffee.

One would have thought that, when she saw the snows of four-score whiten on her brother, a woman of so strong common sense would have begun to lay her account with the inevitable parting; but that was far from being the case. She watched and waited on him to the end with an undiminished enthusiasm of love, reading the newspapers to him, and often assuming an air of cheerfulness when her heart was very sore; but when the end did come, she behaved like one who had been grievously ill-used. She made haste to forsake England for ever; was with difficulty persuaded to accept a very modest annuity; went to the house of her younger brother, Dietrich, in Hanover; and began, after a worldly fashion, to prepare for her grave.

But that rest was yet six-and-twenty years distant, for Caroline Herschel lived to be ninety-eight. Although she never ceased to lament her passionate haste in leaving England, and in committing herself to a brother in whom she was utterly disappointed, these long, tedious years were not without certain alleviations. When her nephew, Sir John Herschel, began to enter on his father's work, she took the most earnest interest in all he did. The "Recollections" from which this little sketch is taken were written, after she was eighty, in order that the son might know under what difficulties the father had prosecuted his noble labors. In 1832, when Sir John set forth for the Cape of Good Hope, her exclamation was, "Ja! if I was only thirty years younger, to go with you!"

In 1834 she suddenly remembered that her brother had once, "after a long, awful silence," cried out, "Hier ist wahrhaftig ein Loch in Himmel!" and wrote to Sir John, bidding him search for the hole in the body of Scorpio or thereabout. On his reporting that he found "beautiful globular clusters of stars" in it, she was not satisfied, and he had at last to report, with mathematical precision, five blank places.

The Royal Society made her a Fellow, and gave her its gold medal within a few days of her eighty-fifth birthday. And so year after year slipped away, the power of skipping up and down-stairs, and reading, and receiving visitors, and going to the play or to concerts gradually failing her as she got beyond her ninety-fifth year.

These last years are undeniably melancholy. Not only was her "occupation gone," but the comforts of religion do not seem to have been enjoyed in any considerable degree. Perhaps, however, reticence has been used in this matter; and large allowance is to be made for so singul r a training and l'fe. Her last letters do make allusions to prayer, and the inscription on her tomb, written by her own hand, speaks of her as "glorified"; but that may be no more than an idiom.

Caroline Herschel deserves to be held in remembrance as a splendid example of how much a woman can do when she thoroughly devotes herself to helping one whose aims are worthy and noble, if not as a wife, then as a sister or a friend.

GLADIATORS AND THE ARENA.

VAGUE visions of Rome's past grandeur float before the eyes of the modern visitor to that grand monument of a nation's rise and fall—the Colosseum of Rome. Visions of powerful Cæsars, grand generals, noble senators, excited populace, heroic Christian martyrs, daring gladiators, and fierce and hungry wild animals.

This immense amphitheatre, capable of holding 80,000 spectators, is the largest permanent structure of the kind ever built. It was begun by Vespasian, built by him as far as the top row of arches, and was finished by his son, Titus, by whom it was dedicated, A.D. 80, with a series of games, gladiatorial shows, and scenic exhibitions of unprecedented splendor. We are told that on this occasion several thousand wild beasts were slain, and a great number of gladiators.

St. Ignatius is said to have been the first Christian martyr who suffered in the arena; St. Potitus, St. Prisca, St. Martina, and many others, are recorded as having been put to death in the second and third centuries.

If the walls could speak, what thrilling tales of heroic devotion, superhuman courage, fierce strength, daring fights and bloody scenes they would tell. How, with what feelings of pleasure the perfumed beauty, aristocratic noble, learned lawyer, and youthful citizen, could gaze upon the dying struggles of some defeated gladiator. Originally captives, slaves, or condemned criminals, but under the republic, free-born citizens; and under the empire, knights, senators, and even women, fought.

The malefactors were divided into two classes: those condemned *ad gladium*, to be killed within a year; and *ad ludum*, who were discharged if they survived three years.

The training of professional gladiators was a matter of great interest to the greater part of the Roman citizens. Training schools were established in Rome, Capua and Ravenna, and the overseers of these establishments either purchased and maintained the gladiators to let them out for public exhibitions, or else only trained them for their respective owners. These men were taught the different postures to be assumed in falling and in dying.

Public combats between gladiators generally began with weapons of wood, which were soon exchanged for deadly arms. They were generally matched by pairs, but sometimes fought in troops of various numbers. Gladiators were divided into numerous classes. The *andabatæ* fought blindfolded; the *catervarii*, in troops; the *essedarii*, in chariots; the *equites*, on horseback; the *hoplomachi*, in full armor; the *laqueatares*, with the lasso; the *mirmillones*, with the weapons of ancient Gaul; the *Samnites*, with those of the people of Samnium; the *Thraces*, with a dagger and round buckler. The *retiarii* were lightly equipped, and fought by throwing a net, lasso-fashion, over the heads of their antagonists, and then dispatching them with a three-pointed lance, or trident. If a combatant was vanquished, but not killed, his fate depended upon the people, who turned their thumbs down if they wished him to be spared. It was considered a disgrace to have been a gladiator, and if a knight he could not resume his rank; and yet the Romans took great pride in their gladiators, and many of them were held in great esteem.

Titus ordained a combat of 100 days, and Trajan one of 123 days, in which 10,000 gladiators fought, and 11,100 fierce animals were killed. In 72, B.C., Spartacus, a Roman gladiator, was the leader of an insurrection. He persuaded seventy-three of his associates to escape with him from the school of Capua. They took refuge in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and chose him for their leader. C. Claudius Pulcher was sent against the insurgents with

THE FIGHTING LION OF ANCIENT ROME.

30,000 men, but they were defeated and their arms became a trophy to the victors.

Spartacus now proclaimed liberty to all slaves who should fly to him, and for two years he held the supremacy in Campania, Lucania, Bruttium, and other parts of Italy.

At the head of 70,000 men this desperate man defeated two consular armies, and forced his captives to fight as gladiators at the funeral games which he celebrated. His army increased to 100,000 men, he again defeated the consuls, and meditated an attack upon Rome. He finally desired to leave the country, and settle beyond the Alps; but his troops refused to leave Italy.

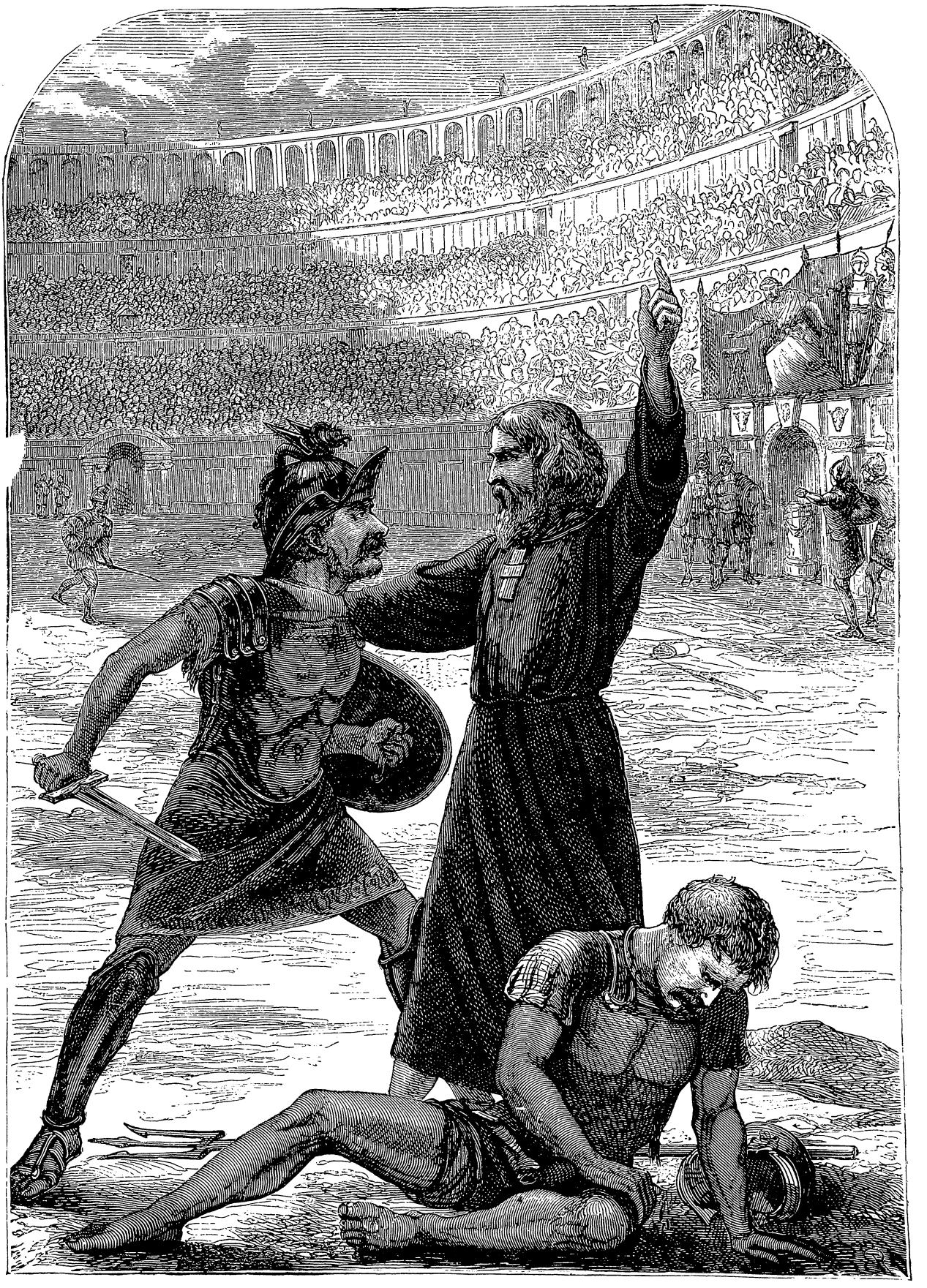
At length, in consequence of disputes among his troops, he was twice defeated, and forced to fly. He was at last killed in a battle with Crassus; of his army, 60,000 fell in the combat, and 6,000 were crucified in the Appian way.

Telemachus, a Christian monk, occasioned the decree for the abolition of gladiatorial games; and the incident is thus poetically described:

"Ay, Telemachus, with swelling frame,
Saw the inhuman sport renew'd once more.
Few among the crowd could tell his name,
For a cross was all the badge he wore.
Yet with heart elate and god-like mien,
Stepp'd he forth upon the circling sand
And, while all were wondering at the scene,
Check'd the encounter with a daring hand.
'Romans!' cried he, 'let this reeking sod
Never more with human blood be stain'd!
Let no image of the living God
In unhallow'd combat be profaned!
Ah! too long has this colossal dome
Fail'd to sink, and hide your brutal shows;
Here I call upon assembled Rome,
Now to swear they shall for ever close!'
Parted thus, the combatants with joy,
'Mid the tumult found the means to fly.
In the arena stood the undaunted boy,
And, with looks adoring, gazed on high.
Peal'd the shout of wrath on every side—
Every hand was eager to assail;
'Slay him! slay!' a hundred voices cried,
Wild with fury. But he did not quail.

* * * * *

Fiercer swell'd the people's frantic shout;
Launch'd against him flew the stones like rain;
Death and terror circled him about;
But he stood and perished—not in vain.
Not in vain the youthful martyr fell;
Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed;
And his high example shall impel
Future heroes to as great a deed."



THE LAST GLADIATORS' FIGHT IN ROME.

A GLASS OF WINE.

By Professor F. R. Eaton Lowe.

When the Tartar brings out his oldest arrack, the South American settler his very best chica, the simple African his choicest palm wine, and the European his bottle of "generous" port, they are doubtless actuated by the best intentions; but whether their hospitality might not be exhibited in a more suitable form is a question that is acquiring, almost daily, increased importance. However, we are not called upon to discuss it here, and from *our* special standpoint we may, perhaps, spend half an hour not unprofitably in considering the chemical properties of a glass of wine, and in tracing its action on the human economy.

Common alcohol—the intoxicating element in beer, wine and spirit—is only one of a large chemical group, and is known as *ethyl* alcohol, to distinguish it from other fluids of a similar volatile nature obtained from other sources. Thus, there is *amyl* alcohol, obtained by the distillation of potato starch; and *methyl* alcohol, or wood-spirit, obtained by the dry distillation of wood. Both of these latter kinds are much cheaper than ethyl alcohol, and are consequently much used in adulterating wine and ardent spirits. Alcohol is produced by the fermentation of sugar, and any substance containing sugar is capable of yielding it, by applying a ferment, and afterward distilling off the vinous product. In general, the larger the amount of sugar in the fruit employed in the process, the greater will be the quantity of alcohol it will afford, if the fermentation is permitted to go on till all the sugar is expended.

Thus, the luscious grapes of Spain and Portugal yield strong wines, while the more acid vintages of Germany and southwest France produce wines of only half the alcoholic strength. What are called British wines, again, as currant, gooseberry and orange, are weaker still, as these fruits have very little saccharine matter, and a large proportion of acid; so that sugar is added to disguise the excess, and sometimes a tablespoonful of spirit to each bottle to delay acetic fermentation. Sugar exists in grapes and fruit generally in the form of glucose, and is composed of six equivalents of carbon, twelve of hydrogen, and six of oxygen. Alcohol is composed of the same three elements, but it has only two equivalents of carbon, six of hydrogen, and one of oxygen. During fermentation, then, the sugar has lost several equivalents of each element by disengaging carbonic acid, water, and some other products. The frothy scum which always accompanies the process is produced by the passage of the escaping carbonic acid through the gummy and saccharine matters of the fermenting wort, or *must*, as it is termed by the vintners.

Ethyl acts the part of a base, because other compounds besides ethyl alcohol are built upon it. Thus, common alcohol is ethyl plus the elements of water, and is, therefore, called hydrated oxide of ethyl. We may exchange the elements of water for iodine, chlorine, and many metals, and thus by substitution get ethyl iodide, ethyl chloride, zinc ethyl, and so on. If we put a glass of port or sherry into a retort and boil it, the vapor or distillate which passes over is spirit of wine, or alcohol containing about 20 per cent. of water, to which it clings so tenaciously that repeated rectification will not reduce the quantity to less than 10 per cent.

Absolute alcohol, or perfectly pure spirit without water, is a curiosity of the chemist's laboratory, and is prepared by distilling the strongest spirit of wine with some caustic substance, such as potassa, which has a stronger affinity for water than the alcohol has, and immediately combines with it when brought into contact. Ordinary spirit burns with a pale blue flame, giving out a strong heat, and depositing little or no carbon or soot. On this account it is very suitable for combustion in the small glass lamps used in conducting experiments on a small scale. It will float on water, as its specific gravity is less, in the proportion of 792 to 1,000. The weight of a spirituous liquor relatively to water gives an estimate of its alcoholic strength; and in this way the excise officers calculate the amount of duty to be levied. The instrument used to measure specific gravities is a hydrometer of brass, with a bulb at one end, weighted to enable it to float in a vertical position in the liquid under examination. The heavier the liquid, the more the hydrometer will be buoyed up; and the lighter it is—or, in other words, the greater the proportion of alcohol—the deeper will the instrument sink.

In making these calculations, temperature must be taken into account, as heat expands alcohol considerably, and thereby lowers its specific gravity. Ethyl alcohol boils at a much lower temperature than water, that is 172° as compared with 212°. Methyl alcohol or wood-spirit boils at a still lower temperature—viz., 140°; and if some of it be put in an exhausted glass tube, it will begin to bubble as soon as the vessel is grasped by the hand. An instrument exhibiting this phenomenon, and called a "pulse glass," can be purchased for a trifling sum at most of the prominent opticians. Amyl alcohol, or potato-spirit, on the other hand, boils at a very high temperature—viz., 270°, or 58° above the boiling point of water. On account of the expensive nature of spirit of wine, the excise allows the admixture of 10 per cent. of wood-spirit, or methylated spirit, as it is sometimes called, for scientific purposes.

In wine-making it is unnecessary to add a fermenting substance, as in the case of beer, for the fruit contains sufficient nitrogenous matter in the shape of gluten, which speedily undergoes decomposition, and communicates its state of change to the associated sugar. The grapes are gathered and pressed during the day, and left to ferment in the night; but the process is not complete, nor the wine ripe, till the middle of the succeeding Winter.

A few days suffice for the subsidence of the more active fermentation, and the liquor becomes clear and loses sweetness, indicating that the greater part of the sugar has been transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid. It is then racked off from the lees, and run into tuns for the second, or what we may call the quiescent, stage of fermentation. In February it is run into casks, and is then fit for sale as new wine. Some minor changes still take place in the wood. In the first place, there is a certain amount of evaporation of water, so that the wine becomes rather stronger; then a little of the coloring matter is absorbed by the wood, and the product becomes of a somewhat lighter hue; while a portion of the alcohol, by oxidation, becomes converted into *aldehyde*, and subsequently, by the appropriation of another atom of oxygen, into acetic acid, of which, according to Mulder, there are two or three parts in the thousand. If this oxidation were allowed to go on in the open air, the whole of the alcohol would become acetic acid or vinegar, this acid containing one equivalent more of oxygen and two less of hydrogen.

Wine is still further altered by being kept some years in bottle. Evaporation is impossible, so that the wine cannot acquire strength; and the popular notion that wine becomes stronger in proportion to its age in bottle is a fallacy which it is to the interest of the dealer to keep up. The principal changes which take place in bottle, are the deposition of coloring matter and salts constituting the "crust," and the development of the *bouquet*, or peculiar aroma, which is such a distinguishing characteristic of the high-priced varieties.

Red wines contain a blue coloring matter, which only exhibits its proper hue when thrown down; because, as long as it is in solution, it is reddened by the tartaric acid of the wine, in the same way as blue litmus, or blue cabbage liquor, which are used by chemists as acid tests.

The action of acids upon blue coloring matter may be illustrated in a very simple manner. We can easily make a blue solution by infusing small pieces of pickling cabbage in hot water. A drop of any acid, such as sulphuric acid, or even vinegar, will immediately change the blue color to red. A blue juice can be expressed from many red flowers, whose hue, as in the case of red wine or red cabbage, depends upon the presence of a vegetable acid. The subsidence of this coloring matter is due to the insoluble tannic acid and alumina, which are very slowly precipitated, carrying down at the same time the vegetable matter and cellulose, in a finely divided state.

The process by which coloring matter is deposited may be illustrated by a simple experiment, which requires no manipulative skill for its performance. Make a solution of cochineal by boiling the powdered insects in water. To the dark-red liquid add a small quantity of strong alum solution or cream of tartar, and await the result. You will soon observe that the coloring matter is being slowly precipitated, and accumulating at the bottom of the vessel, while the solution itself is becoming proportionately clearer, till it finally loses nearly all its color. The precipitated powder is the famous *carmine;* and colors obtained in this way on a large scale are commercially known as *lakes*. In this case the phenomenon is due to the carrying down of a coloring principle in combination with some animal matter by the slow subsidence of the alumina.

The deposition of Port-wine crust is effected under precisely similar conditions. In the wine there is the alumina, the acid tartrate of potash, the coloring principle, and the vegetable matter or cellulose, instead of the animal matter of cochineal. These constituents are so intimately incorporated that the process of precipitation is necessarily slow, and occupies several years.

Tannic acid is a very astringent substance, and communicates the roughness peculiar to new wine. When the insoluble portion of this acid is entirely precipitated, which does not take place for five or six years in the wood, though more rapidly in bottle, the wine acquires that softness of character which, connoisseurs tell us, is one of the principal tests of its excellence. After a certain period, no greater degree of softness can be secured by keeping, but rather an insipidity to which roughness would be preferable.

Tannic acid, or tannin, is the active principle of oak-bark and gall-nuts, used in the manufacture of black ink; it is also abundant in those excrescences well known as "oak-apples," which are abnormal growths, produced by the puncture of a small insect belonging to the genus *Cynips*. It is of somewhat common occurrence in the vegetable kingdom, and the bitter astringency of fruit skins and seeds, especially those of the grape, is due to its presence. Tannic acid has a powerful affinity for gelatine and albuminous matters, with which it forms an insoluble compound; indeed, the manufacture of leather is based upon this property, the tannin of the oak-bark uniting with the gelatine of the skins.

The frequent use of very rough wine, or wine adulterated with logwood, in which tannic acid occurs, would have the effect of hardening the throat and palate, by the transformation of the delicate cuticle into a membrane of unusual density and dryness. A characteristic test for tannic acid is the black color it produces with salts of iron. By this means it may be detected in wine and tea; the depth of shade produced varying with the quantity of tannin present.

The agreeable bouquet or aroma is developed at the expense of the alcohol, and is much improved by age. This accounts for the loss of strength in very old wines, as a portion of their alcohol is decomposed, and becomes aldehyde and ether. The ethers are fluids derived from alcohol by the action of various acids, and are extremely volatile. The ether of the photographer's shop, with the peculiar smell of which we are all of us familiar, is made by acting upon spirit of wine or methylated spirit with strong sulphuric acid. Hence it is called sulphuric ether.

Now there is no sulphuric acid in wine, but there are several other acids capable of acting upon the alcohol. There is tartaric acid, acetic acid, butyric acid, caproic acid, and some others. These acids produce different ethers, which combine to give the much-valued bouquet to old wines; but the principal agent is *œnanthic ether*, which is powerfully aromatic in old Ports and Sherries.

The bouquet of wines has nothing to do with their flavor, except, perhaps, to deteriorate it; for these ethers, when prepared in a pure state in the laboratory, have by no means a pleasant taste, and their odor is rather disagreeable than otherwise. The flavor of the wine is the aggregate of the flavors of the different acids and salts contained in it; and analysis shows us that the juice of the grape holds in solution a considerable number of substances, among which may be mentioned chloride of sodium (common salt), chloride of potassium, phosphate of aluminium, sulphate of potash, tartrate of lime, tartrate of iron, tartrate of alumina and tartrate of potash. This latter salt usually occurs in the form of the bitartrate, in which the acid is in excess, and then constitutes the well-known cream of tartar, or *argol*, often found deposited in wine-casks in the form of small, white or reddish crystals.

Besides the salts already referred to, there exist in the fresh juice glucose or sugar, gum and blue or brown coloring matter, the latter being derived principally from the skins, which, in the case of dark or red wines, are allowed to ferment with the expressed juice.

The lighter-colored, or white wines, are not necessarily produced from white grapes, but the fruit is carefully pressed to avoid extracting coloring matter, and the skins are separated before fermentation begins.

Why is one wine sweet and another dry? In the first case, all the sugar is not transformed into alcohol, but part of it remains in the wine after the fermentation has subsided. In the dry wines, on the contrary, the fermenting process has proceeded till the whole of the sugar has been decomposed or split up into alcohol, carbonic acid and the other acids and ethers already referred to as combining to give character to the wine.

Thus we have sweet Sherry and dry Sherry, sweet and dry Champagne, sweet and dry Moselle, and so on. Sparkling wines owe their character to the escape of carbonic acid gas in bubbles, as in effervescing drinks generally. These wines are bottled while active fermentation is going on, so that the carbonic acid is retained in the wine. Sometimes the fermentation is arrested before all the sugar is exhausted; in that case we get a sparkling sweet wine. Thus, in sweet Champagne there is one-third of an ounce of sugar to the pint, while we have met with samples that have contained nearly one ounce to the pint.

The sparkling wines with which we are most familiar are Champagne, Moselle and Hock; but there are others of less note, as Hermitage, St. Peray and white Burgundy. According to the principle just laid down, red wines ought to be susceptible of effervescence by the fermentation of their sugar. Accordingly, such wines are not unknown, as

VINTAGE AT VEVAY, SWITZERLAND.

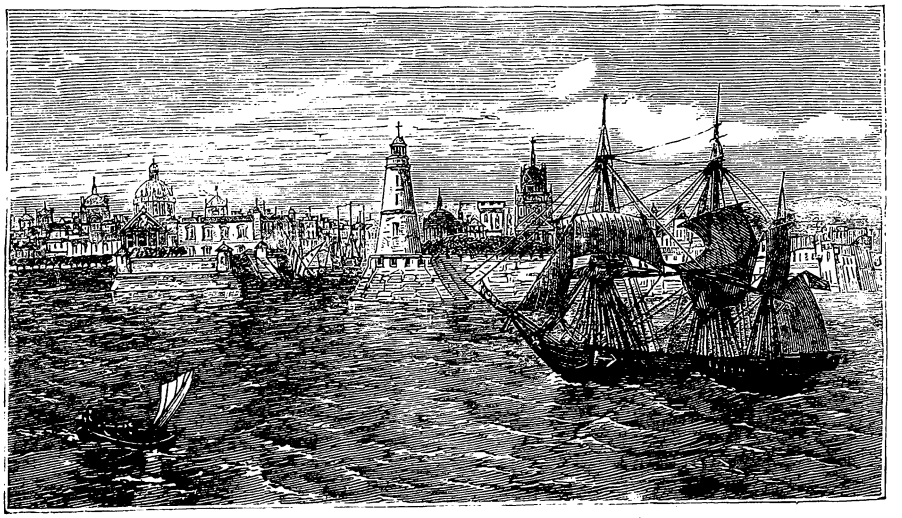
sparkling red Burgundy, which is somewhat of a curiosity here, but much consumed in the district where it is produced. If the fermentation of Port were not arrested by the addition of alcohol, that wine would be liable to disengage carbonic acid, especially when new. Some black or red grapes, however, are not favorable to the production of sparkling wines, owing, probably, to the disproportion between their saccharine matter and the gluten or nitrogenous matter, which, as we have said, is the fermenting agent.

The sweet wines are Tokay, Malaga, Samos, Tent, Cyprus and Constantia from the Cape. The first three are made from dried grapes, and contain four or five ounces of sugar to the pint of twenty fluid ounces; while the three latter hold in solution from two to four ounces of sugar. Roussillon, or French Port, is a sweet wine from the extreme South of France, often used, on account of its cheapness, to adulterate genuine Port; and Tarragona, or Spanish Port, is another sometimes used for the same purpose.

Next in order of sweetness come Port and Madeira, which contain about one ounce of sugar to the pint; brown Sherry, three-quarters of an ounce; dry Sherry, one-sixth of an ounce; while Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Moselle (dry), Maçon, and other French wines of the same district, have none at all.

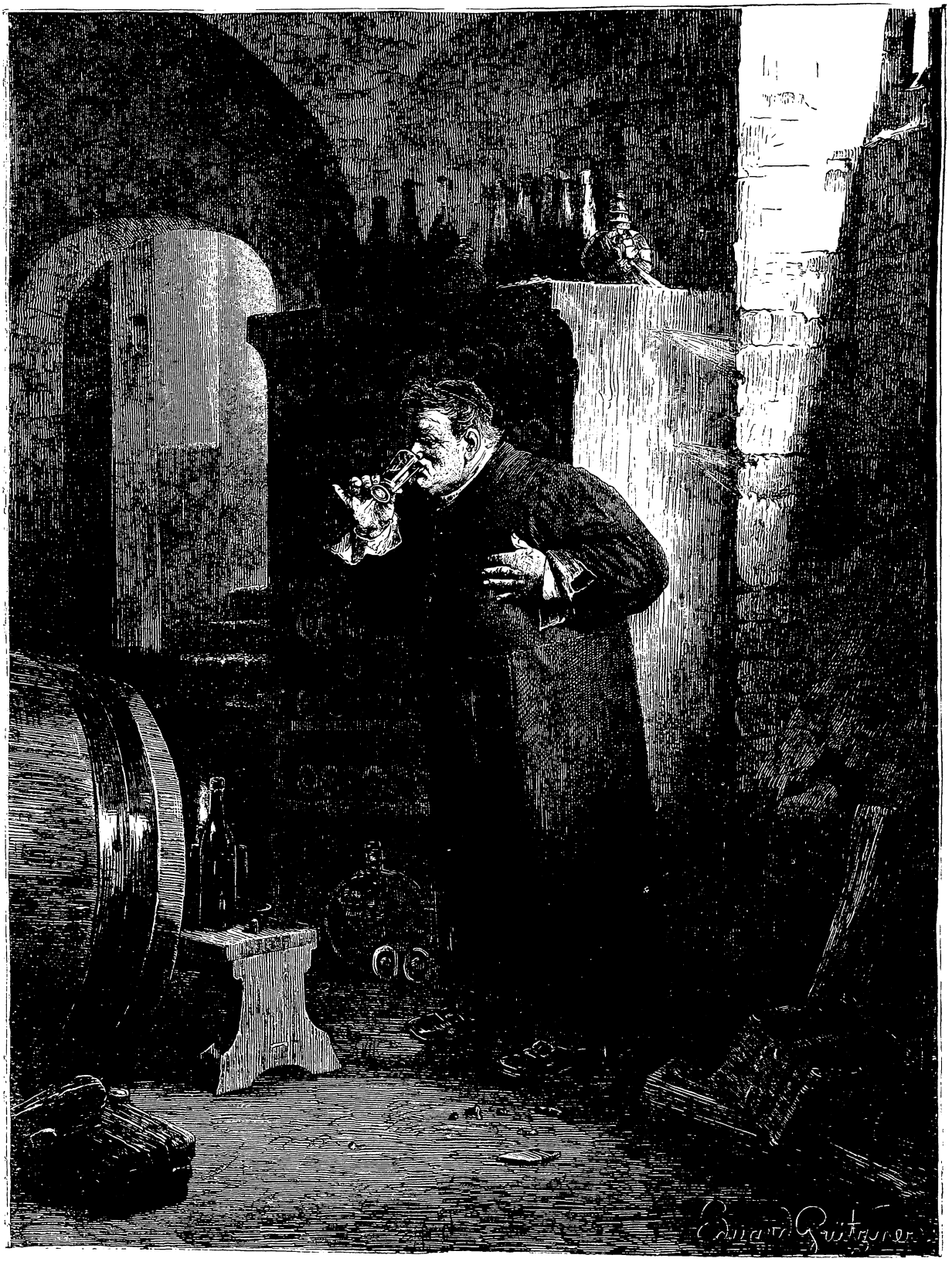
We now come to the subject of alcoholic strength. This is

VINTAGE SCENE, ISLE OF CYPRUS.



A SPANISH WINE PORT—THE CITY OF CADIZ.

a matter of some importance to wine-drinkers, as the physiological and psychological effects following its use are mainly due to the spirit it contains, and are little influenced by the acid, sugar and ethers. As the physical evils attributable to alcohol are augmented exactly in proportion to the strength of the stimulant, it is important that we should know the percentage of that potent agent in the wines most likely to come under our notice. We find, then, that the wines of Spain, Portugal and the Madeiras are much the strongest. Port naturally contains about 24 per cent. of alcohol, but its strength



A CONNOISSEUR.

is always increased by the addition of brandy, and almost every shipment to this country is fortified to such an extent that its alcoholic percentage is brought up to 35, or even higher. Much of this is added to arrest fermentation, and thus prevent the loss of sugar. The strongest brown Sherries contain the same proportion of spirit as Port, and are fortified in a similar manner.

Madeira averages 20 per cent. of alcohol; while the light French and German dinner-wines, as Claret, Hock, Burgundy, and Rhine wines, possess from 9 to 12 per cent.

Champagne is rather stronger, having 14 per cent. of alcohol. The reader may, perhaps, wish to know the relative strength of some other alcoholic stimulants in common use. There is the London porter, for instance, so much appreciated by metropolitan workingmen, but, perhaps fortunately, unknown in the provinces. Its depth of color and density, due on the one hand to burnt sugar or caromel, and on the other to gum and extractive matter, are the qualities which appear to recommend it; for, as it contains 98 per cent. of water and but 2 of alcohol, it cannot be called a very powerful stimulant. An ordinary wine-glass holds about two fluid ounces, and the quantity of spirit in an imperial pint of London porter would be three-quarters of an ounce, or a little less than half a wine-glassful. Strong ale has 8 per cent. of alcohol, and is sometimes as strong as Claret; while London and Dublin Stout have 6 per cent.

With regard to ardent spirits, rum is the strongest, having 60 per cent. of alcohol; brandy 50 to 55, whisky 50, and the gin commonly retailed in London little more than 20 per cent, or 4 ounces (two wine-glasses full) to the pint. The best gin should contain just double this quantity. The proportion of water in wines can easily be calculated when the amount of spirit is known. Thus Port, with 35 per cent. of alcohol, will have 65 per cent. of water, Claret 90, and Burgundy 88 per cent.

We now come to speak of the acids of wines. The acid which exists in largest quantity is tartaric acid; there are others whose chemistry is still somewhat obscure, but they exist in such small proportions that we need not dwell upon them here. Amongst the most acid wines are Claret, Burgundy, hock, and Moselle. According to Mulder, the first holds in solution about 170 grains of tartaric acid to the pint, Burgundy 160 grains, and the rest a little less. Port has only 80 grains, and brown Sherry 90 grains. Pale ale contains 40 grains of acetic acid, and cider 120 grains of malic acid in the same quantity. Some French wines, as Beaune, Beaujolais, and others produced north of the Gironde or Bordeaux district, are still more acid than the above, but they are not in much repute in this country.

White wines of the Burgundy district, as Chablis, Sauterne, and Barsac, are stronger than the red, and are justly esteemed for their flavor and freedom from excess of acid. From Germany we derive some of the finest wines with which we are acquainted. Steinberg, Rudesheim, Hochheim, and the world-renowned Johannisberg, are produced in the valleys of the Mayne and Neckar. The last-mentioned district is, perhaps, the best wine-growing country in the world, as its climate is said to be the finest in Europe. The best vineyards here are surrounded by high walls to protect the trees from winds, and the utmost care and vigilance are exercised in the cultivation, in order to secure luxuriance of growth and freedom from partial decay or blight. The produce is necessarily limited, and veritable specimens of Johannisberg are somewhat difficult to procure in this country.

The vine of Europe (*Vitis vinifera*) belongs to the natural order *Vitaceæ*, which contains also the well-known Virginia "creeper." Although found wild in many parts of France, Spain, and Italy, it is probably only an offshoot, and not indigenous to any part of Europe. Its home appears to be the shores of the Caspian Sea, and the south-east shore of the Black Sea, about latitude 37°. Its cultivation in Europe extends to the 49th parallel.

Of the American vine, botanists recognize four species—*V. labrusca*, the fox grape; *V. æstivalis*, the Summer grape; *V. cordifolia*, the frost grape; and *V. vulpina*, the muscadine, from which our cultivated wine-producing grapes are obtained.

The vine is now cultivated in warm latitudes all over the world. On the equator itself, in South America, it is grown for the purpose of making wine, and in Hindostan there are vineyards at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea. In Sicily the sides of Mount Etna are planted to the height of 5,000 feet, and the produce is the famous Marsala, or Sicilian wine, which, by the way, is less likely to be sophisticated than any other wine sold at fifty cents the bottle, with the exception, perhaps, of the wines of Bordeaux. The leaves of the vine are five-lobed, the flowers small and green, and the tendrils, by means of which the plant climbs, issue from the points where the leaf-stalks join the stem.

It only remains to glance very briefly at the physiological effects of alcoholic stimulants. With the moral, social, and physical evils of intemperance we are painfully familiar; but our present purpose is simply to investigate the subject from a chemical and pathological point of view, or to trace the changes which follow the admixture of alcohol with the blood. One of the characteristics of alcohol is its powerful affinity for water. Placed in contact with an animal membrane, it immediately withdraws the water, which is an essential component of the structure, and partial or complete destruction is the result. Now, the human stomach is lined with such a similar tissue, distinguished as the mucous membrane; and upon its healthy condition depends the due performance of the function of digestion.

In the confirmed dram-drinker, this membrane is mottled with inflamed patches; and the intemperate use of the stronger wines is sooner or later followed by a similarly diseased condition. As pure water forms the weightiest constituent of the human body—a man weighing 154 pounds having 111 pounds of water in his composition—it follows that the substitution of alcohol for that element, and its permanent fixation in the blood, must vitiate the condition of every organ, vessel, and tissue containing water as an integral portion of their substance, and seriously interfere with the performance of their functions.

The great centre of the circulation—the heart—participates in the disturbance. Its action is intensified, and it is called upon to perform one-fourth more work than is ordinarily expected from it; in other words, the rate of its pulsation is increased from the normal number of 100,000 to 125,000 per day. The effect is that the blood is driven with greater force into the minute circulation, where there is insufficient resistance to propel it through the minute veins or capillaries.

These little vessels consequently become enlarged and gorged with blood; hence the suffusion and red blotches which advertise the professional tippler, and render his appearance so uninviting, especially as the nose is the part usually selected for their display.

Till a comparatively recent period, the opinion was universal amongst physiologists that alcohol acted as a respiratory food—that is to say, it was burned in the body like fat or starch, with the production of heat and the evolution of carbonic-acid gas from the lungs. The researches of Dr. Edward Smith proved that under alcoholic stimulus there is a marked diminution in the quantity of carbonic acid respired, so that alcohol must be decomposed in the body without any of the phenomena which accompany the decomposition of heat-givers.

Dr. Richardson has further shown, in opposition to the generally received opinion, that there is a reduction of temperature in the advanced stage of alcoholic poisoning from 98° to 96°; and that the narcotism of alcohol may be thus distinguished from the coma of appoplexy, in which there is a rise of temperature. It thus appears that a glass of hot brandy and water is a very poor protection against

cold, and an equally poor remedy when a cold is contracted.

The action of alcohol upon the blood corpuscles is remarkable. These minute globules are slightly concave, but it was discovered by Mr. Addison that, in contact with alcohol, they become changed in form by the withdrawal of water, and are aggregated into columns, or disposed in star-like groups. The result is that the flow of the blood is impeded in the minute circulation, and in many cases actual coagulation occurs. Under such circumstances, adequate nutrition is an impossibility; food is rejected because it cannot be assimilated, and general atrophy or wasting speedily follows. The existence of this atrophy is not contradicted by the apparent fattening which often accompanies it in the case of persons who consume much beer or spirits. The increased deposition of fat is probably due to the transformation of sugar, which such persons ought sedulously to avoid.

The want of tone in the nerves indicated by the trembling limbs and shaking hands is one of the most distressing symptoms of alcoholic poisoning, for, as the nerves emanate from the brain, that organ participates in the mischief, and loss of memory, dimness of sight, drowsiness, dullness of perception, and, lastly, the fatal delirium which ends this "strange, eventful history," are so many signs of progressive cerebral disorder.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

DISCOVERY OF NATIVE IRON IN GREENLAND.—The existence of metallic iron in nature has always been disputed, on account of the highly oxidizable character of the metal. This doubt appears to have been removed by the discovery of pure iron in Greenland, by Prof. Nordenskiold. The specimens brought back by this intrepid traveler were at first assumed to be meteorites, but a careful analysis and microscopical examination have proved them to be of terrestrial origin. Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, who is our best authority on the subject of meteorites, pronounces the Greenland iron to belong to the geology of the earth. He thinks that they are derived from the partial reduction of the basaltic rocks, under the influence of the carbon which is so abundant in the North. Stanislas Meunier is rather of the opinion that the iron was thrown up from the interior of the globe, where the centre is supposed to be made up exclusively of metals in fusion. Without deciding which theory is correct, the fact appears to be certain that masses of native iron have been found on the surface of the earth.

SPREADING SEEDS BY WORMS.—The earthworm not only draws into its tube or hole the loose leaves and fibres which may be lying about, but also drags after him seeds of plants and trees. Mr. Wilson, of England, in searching for the seed of the ash, found that, in a great many cases, the seed had been drawn into a worm's hole, and had there found moisture and other essential conditions of growth; while the same seeds, lying dry upon the surface, had not germinated. There can thus be no doubt that many seeds of all kinds are drawn under the surface of the ground, or covered by the earth thrown up by worms. They are thus preserved from birds and various enemies, and are placed in the proper position for germination. The dead plant is perpetuated from its fallen panicle by the earth-worm. An ash-tree, or a whole forest of ash-trees, may have been planted by earthworms.

A NEW BLEACHING PROCESS.—Messrs. Bayle & Pontiggia have applied a new process to the bleaching of vegetable fibres and similar goods, in order to remove the gums, resins and incrustations naturally belonging to them. The operation is accomplished by dipping the articles in the usual chlorinated alkaline bath, to which some fatty acid (margaric, stearic or oleic) has been added. This fatty acid is kept in solution by some convenient solvent, as oil of resin, oil of tar, etc. The addition of fatty lubricants to the bleaching bath has for its object to prevent the destructive action of chlorine on the fibre, and at the same time to accomplish the solution of the gums, resins and incrusting material with which the crude article is impregnated; that is to say, by the new process the purification and bleaching are hastened, while the fibre is protected from the injurious action of chlorine.

THE SALICYLATE OF SODA.—Dr. Blanchier and Dr. Rochefontaine have made some experiments on the elimination of salicylate of soda, and the action of this salt on the heart. It stimulates various secretions, notably the salivary. In man, it is at once expelled by the kidneys (appearing in the urine in twenty minutes); in the dog, it appears both in the urine and the saliva, also in the bile and pancreatic fluid. The hyper-secretion of saliva is due to action of the salicylate on the gray substance of the central nervous system. In strong doses, the salt stops the heart in diastole.

TO PREVENT THE INCRUSTATION OF BOILERS.—Pulverized talc (soapstone) has been employed with success for the prevention of incrustation in steam boilers, and also for effecting disincrustation where deposits have been permitted to accumulate. In preparing the talc for locomotive boilers, it is mixed with ten or twelve times its weight of water. On the Paris and Lyons Railway, where it has been employed, new boilers, or boilers which have been cleaned out, have been preserved from incrustation during the whole of the time that they have been submitted to the action of talc. After the supply was stopped, incrustation ensued within a month. The talc in the water appears to have the effect of reducing the friction of pistons and valves, the rubbing surfaces of which receive an additional polish, while the packings last longer. Its action is purely mechanical, in virtue of its scaly structure. It presents a great extent of surface, offering many points of attachment for the salts of incrustation.

DANGER FROM WOOD SPIRIT.—According to Prof. Poincarré, of Nancy, the use of methylic alcohol, or wood spirit, is not without its dangers. As is well known, this liquid is much used to adulterate vinous alcohol, or to be in many cases substituted for it. But it results from the observations of the author, that to live for several months in an atmosphere charged with vapors of methylic alcohol, causes a number of disorders. There is a tendency to obesity which is due to an abnormal development of the abdomen. Hypertrophy of the liver sets in, and fatty degeneration occurs, which includes the heart and lungs. Congestion of the brain is also common. As a good many artisans, especially hatters, work in an atmosphere contaminated with the vapors of wood spirit, it is well to have some regard to the dangers pointed out by Prof. Poincarré.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHEN are the clouds like jockeys? When they hold the rains.

GOOD company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.

THE man who married an incorrigible shrew, declared to a friend that he had contracted a dangerous scold.

"WHERE can I get good, cheap, plain board?" asked the traveler. And the boy sent him to the planing-mill.

IT is a row of empty houses that gets its windows broken; and empty heads, empty hearts and empty hands are sure to come to grief.

A BACHELOR has left a boarding-house in which were a number of old maids, on account of "the miserable *fair* set before him at the table."

SQUIRE: "Now, boys, what is the gender of eggs?" Sharp lad (whose mother keeps chickens), "Please, sir, you can't tell till it's hatched!"

THAT was a bright old salt who, when he was asked to take a fellow to ride on shore in the captain's gig, said, "I will if you get the ship's horse, sir."

SOME one said to a *parvenu* whose brother had remained in poverty, "You are, I believe, the brother of Mr. Durand?" "No, sir; I am not his brother—he is mine!"

"SEE, mamma!" exclaimed a little one, as puss, with arched spine and elevated rudder, strutted round the table; "see, kitty's ate so much she can't shut her tail down!"

ALL the teeth of a certain scolding lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who answered that it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.

A WRITER on the effects of good taste says "a man's dress should not be remarkable." That is why we always said a black patch should not be seated on white pantaloons, or *vice versa*.

BEFORE marriage, a husband is generally greeted by his sweetheart with, "My darling, is it you?" But after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "John Henry, wipe your boots!"

A JAPANESE husband, it is said, can get a divorce if his wife disobeys his mother. A good many married men in this country are calling the attention of their mothers-in-law to this fact, in the hope that, seeing the estimation in which the relation is held there, they may be induced to emigrate.

THE relationship of a man and a woman in rainy weather is easily discovered. If they are lovers, the woman will have all of the umbrella, and the man won't care a fig how wet he gets; but if they are married, it is just the opposite. Marriage makes the difference, that is all.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was asked by a lady, a few days since, for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked, "Ah, but you are rubbing it off." "No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder; "I'm rubbing it in!"

A RICH family named Hill, suddenly became poor, and a poverty-stricken family in the same town, named Valley, as suddenly becoming rich, the editor of the village paper remarked that "it was interesting to observe, in the mutations of time, how the Hills sometimes sink while the Valleys rise."

THE ORPHAN.

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UNIV. OF MICH.

SEE PAGE 399.

THE GATE OF THE SERAGLIO.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BY H. A. SEYGUERN.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, EX-PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

UNIV. OF

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

By H. A. Seyguern.

Marie-Edme-Patrice-Maurice, Count and Marquis of MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal of France, and, until his resignation, January 31st, 1879, President of France, was born in 1808, at the ancestral chateau of Sully, near Autun, in Burgundy. As his name indicates, he was sprung from one of those Irish gentlemen who went into exile after the overthrow of the House of Stuart. No body of men ever strove more valiantly for the maintenance of a Lost Cause, and few such have ever achieved like success in the lands in which they made their new homes. The MacMahons settled in Burgundy, where from generation to generation they intermarried with the noblest French families, but made their own Irish name more illustrious than that of any of those with which they became allied.

From first to last the MacMahons were Monarchists of the strictest "Legitimate" type. The father of the ex-President was in 1817 raised to the peerage under the title of Marquis of MacMahon. He was a personal friend of Charles X., upon whose overthrow, in 1830, he forfeited his peerage by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe. He married Mlle. de Caraman, a lady of high rank and large fortune, and was the father of four sons, of whom Patrice, or Patrick, was the youngest, and with him only have we here to do.

The younger son of a noble family, it was but natural that the military career should be selected for him. After preparatory studies at Autun and Versailles, he entered the Military Academy of St. Cyr at the age of seventeen, where he remained for two years, when he entered the army with the rank of sub-lieutenant. At this period he is described as a tall youth, with light hair, large blue eyes, of thoughtful demeanor, a devoted Catholic and firm Legitimist—characteristics which have marked him through life. He had, however, more than the usual share of the not very sanguinary student duels of the time. He was noted as a master of the foils, and had one special thrust which was named after him, *la botte MacMahon*. It consisted in pinking his opponent in the right arm, just above the elbow, and thus practically disarming him.

In 1830 we find young MacMahon serving in Algeria, and two years later as aide-de-camp to General Achard in the siege of Antwerp; after which he returned to Algeria with the rank of captain. In 1837 he was severely wounded at the siege of Constantine, and received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. In 1845 he took the oath of fealty to Louis Philippe, and was made colonel. His father dying about this time, he was permitted to assume the title of marquis, although his elder brother, who obstinately refused to acknowledge the right of Louis Philippe, was still living.

Notwithstanding all this, MacMahon was recognized as a Bourbonist, and he was heartily rejoiced at the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848. He, indeed, hoped that the Comte de Chambord, the self-styled Henry V., would be placed on the throne of France, and took no pains to conceal his dislike of the Republican government which followed. But he was quite satisfied with the accession of Louis Napoleon, by whom, in 1852, he was made a general of division. Napoleon took a strong liking to MacMahon, declaring, "He has the eyes of an honest man, and will never betray a trust"; as indeed he has never done.

MacMahon had in the meantime made a splendid marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Duc de Castries, and was soon sent back to Algeria as commander of the military division of Constantine. He remained here until the breaking out of the Crimean War, toward the close of which he was sent to Sebastopol as the commander of a military division. He showed high capacity as a bold and dashing soldier, and the capture of the Malakoff, the deciding event of that war, was owing mainly to his energy. At the close of this war he took his seat in the Senate, where he attained some prominence. In 1857 he was again sent to Africa, where he bore a prominent part in the successful expedition against the Kabyles, and was soon after placed in command of all the land and naval forces in Algeria. He went back to France, resumed his place in the Senate, where, not long before the breaking out of the Austro-Franco-Italian War, in 1859, he distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the stringent restrictive measures urged by the Government for the maintenance of public safety.

The services of MacMahon during the Austro-Italian War were notably brilliant. His division was the first to cross the Ticino, June 3d, and to commence the actual campaign by intercepting the march of a strong Austrian column. On the next day ensued the great battle of Magenta. The issue was decided by the arrival of MacMahon at the critical moment when the chances of battle were greatly in favor of the Austrians. He had fought his way desperately to Magenta, which was strongly held by the enemy. The fighting here was terrific, for this point was conceded by both parties to be the one upon the possession of which everything depended. MacMahon stormed the town, actually carrying it house by house, and the victory was won. The Austrian General, Gyulai, officially announced his loss at 9,713 killed, wounded and missing, and estimated that of the enemy at 6,000 or 7,000 killed and wounded. The official French accounts state their loss at only 4,957, and estimate that of the Austrians at 20,000, including 7,000 prisoners. So uncertain and unreliable are even the deliberate official reports of great battles. But be the losses what they may have been, the victory was a decisive one, the immediate result being that the Austrians evacuated Lombardy. For his share in this victory MacMahon was rewarded by being made a Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta.

During the next few years we have occasional glimpses of MacMahon. In October, 1861, he was officially present, with a display befitting his great wealth, at the coronation of the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany. From October, 1862, to September, 1864, he was stationed as military commander at Lille and Nancy. Late in 1864 Napoleon made him Governor-general of Algeria.

This apparently distinguished appointment was, however, generally looked upon as in reality a kind of honorable exile. Napoleon, or, rather, his favorites of the time, it is said, had become jealous of the growing popularity of MacMahon, and put him where the wisest man could scarcely avoid failure. The plan of the new Governor-general to convert the colonial administration into a military vice-royalty failed completely. Difficulties of various kinds arose, culminating in 1869 by a rising of the native tribes, which was, however, speedily suppressed, and with great vigor. MacMahon was severely censured in the Senate, where, in January, 1870, he vindicated his course, and offered his resignation, which was not accepted; but, though nominally Governor-general of Algeria, he remained in France up to the time of the beginning of the great Franco-German War, in July, 1870, when he was placed in command of an important military corps.

Of this war we shall speak only in as far as MacMahon was concerned. Never did a war between two great nations break out with so little warning and upon grounds so apparently trivial; though now, when looking back upon it, we

can see that there were weighty political motives, and that the reason assigned was a mere pretext. But at the time no one imagined that there could be any reason to apprehend that the peace of Europe would be disturbed. On July 15, 1870, just four days before the formal declaration of war by France, Earl Granville became British Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the full belief that the task before him would be an easy one. The Permanent Under-Secretary, who was presumed to know all about the political outlook, officially declared that "the world has never been so profoundly at peace, and the diplomatic atmosphere so serene." A fortnight before, M. Ollivier, the real head of the French Ministry, had assured the Legislative Bodies that "the Government has no uneasiness whatever. At no epoch was the peace of Europe more assured. Military questions no longer exist. The European Cabinets understand that treaties should be maintained. We have developed liberty to assure peace, and the accord between the Nation and the Sovereign has achieved a French Sadowa in the *plebiscitum*."

In the results of that *plebiscitum*, or general election of May 8th, 1870, lay the real cause of the coming war. The result, indeed, was apparently an overwhelming triumph for the Imperial policy. Out of about eight and three-quarter million votes, seven and a quarter millions were for the Government, and only one and a half millions against it. But it was an ominous feature that in nearly every one of the great cities, which sooner or later decide political issues in France, the Imperial candidates were defeated; and it really mattered little that the rural deputies were almost to a man Imperialists. Of still more sinister omen was it that in the army, where entire unanimity was looked for, there were fifty thousand votes against the Government. The opposition in the Legislative Bodies grew more and more defiant, and it was soon perceived that their following was rapidly increasing. This general dissatisfaction was intensified by the assassination of Victor Noir, a journalist, by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, a disreputable cousin of the Emperor, and his acquittal when tried for murder. This had, indeed, occurred some six weeks before the election, but now it was discussed in every hamlet in France. The Emperor and his foolish advisers came to the conclusion that some glorious foreign war was necessary to regain the waning prestige of Napoleon III.; and, as it happened, Prussia was the only nation a war with which promised glory to the French arms, followed, if successful, by the acquisition of territory up to the coveted banks of the Rhine. On paper, the French army was in a state of perfect preparation, in respect both of numbers and equipment; while it was believed that the North German Confederation, of which Prussia was the head, would go to pieces at the first shock, and that all the minor German Powers would at least hold themselves aloof, and possibly would even side against Prussia. So war was secretly resolved upon by the Emperor and his cabal. A plausible pretext only was wanting.

Where a pretext is looked for in such a case, one will easily be found. Spain was looking about for a king, and the Spanish ministers announced that they should propose as a candidate Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. Though nominally a member of the family of which the King of Prussia is head, Leopold was a very distant cousin. Indeed, one would have to look back five hundred years to find a common ancestor of the two. One would have supposed that there could have been no prince of royal blood whom France would more willingly see upon the throne of Spain. His branch of the Hohenzollern family had always been Catholics; and he himself was in blood more a Frenchman than a German. His paternal grandfather was a Murat; his maternal grandmother a Beauharnais; his mother a Bourbon-Braganza. But the French Government affected to believe that it would be dangerous to France to have even such a remote kinsman of the King of Prussia placed upon the Spanish throne; and the Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin was instructed formally to remonstrate at his candidature. The Prussian Ministry responded that they had nothing to say or do about the matter. Some diplomatic correspondence ensued; and Leopold put an end to the difficulty, as one would have thought, by refusing to be any longer a candidate.

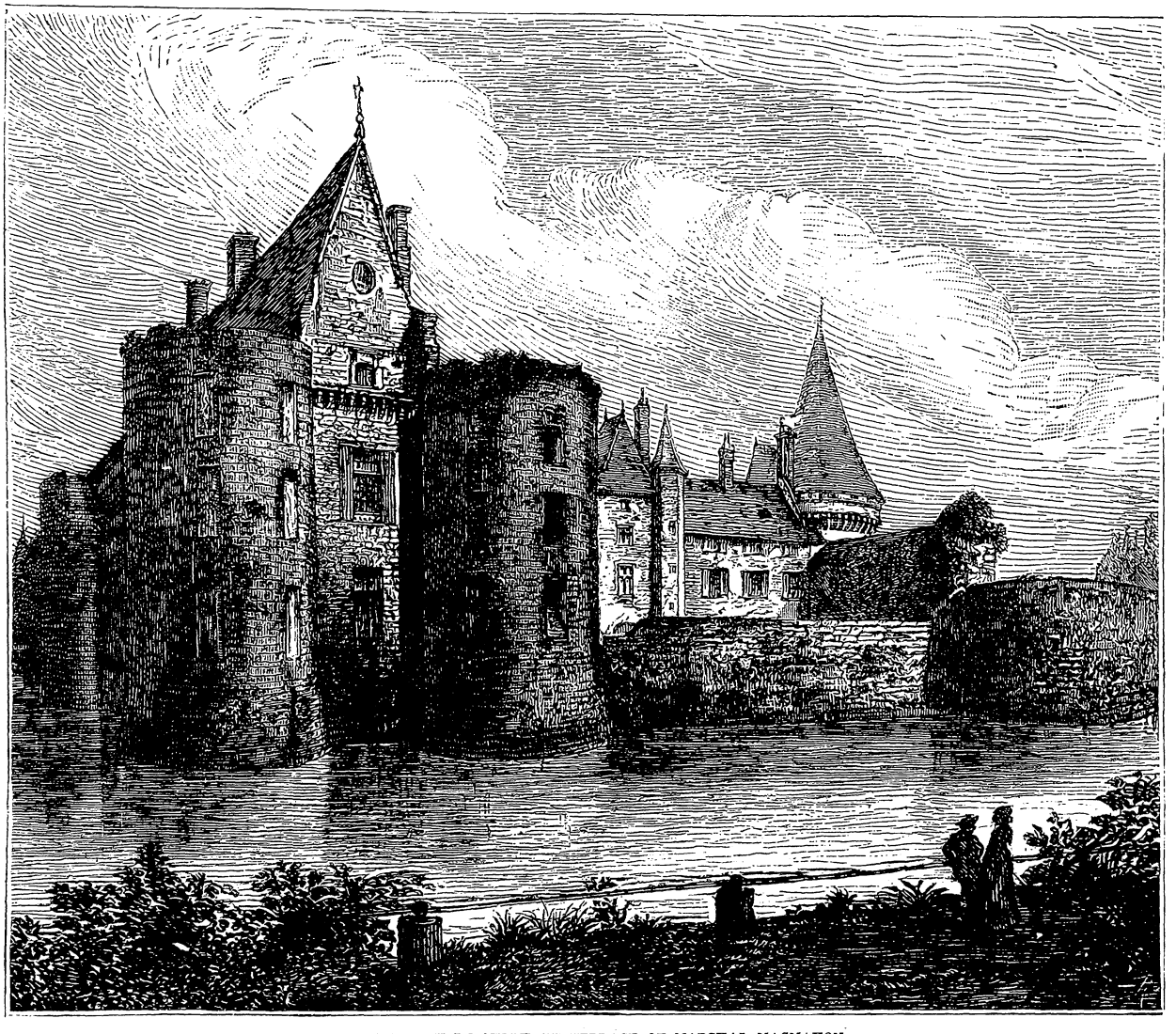
But the foolish war party in France were by no means satisfied with such a cutting of the Gordian knot. They demanded that the King of Prussia should write an autograph letter to the Emperor of the French, apologizing for having permitted Leopold to be named as a candidate, and pledging himself that no prince of the House of Hohenzollern should ever be a candidate for the Spanish crown. Bismarck indignantly refused even to lay this demand before the King; whereupon M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador, undertook to present the question in the most insulting manner. On the 9th of July he accosted the King, who was walking in the public garden at Ems, and insolently presented his demand. In reply he was told, in a manner altogether undiplomatic, to be off with himself. Never was an impudent diplomat more significantly snubbed.

On the 15th the foolish De Gramont laid the matter before the French Senate. "Under these circumstances," said he, "we should have forgotten our dignity, and also our prudence, had we not made preparations. We have prepared to maintain the war which is offered to us, leaving to each that portion of the responsibility which belongs to him. Since yesterday we have called out the reserve, and we shall take the necessary measures to guard the interest and the security and the honor of France." On Sunday, the 18th, the Senate went to St. Cloud to congratulate the Emperor on the decision which had been reached. The mobile Parisian populace were at war heat. The boulevards sounded all that Sunday with shouts of "*Vive la guerre!*" "*A Berlin!*" "*A bas la Prusse!*" And on the next day war was formally declared.

On the 24th of July the formal manifesto of the French Government appeared. It had in it about as much and quite as little truth as one expects in such documents. "There are"—so it ran—"solemn moments in the life of a people, when the national honor, violently excited, imposes itself with irresistible force, dominates all interests, and alone takes in hand the destinies of the country. Launched on the path of invasion, Prussia has aroused defiance, everywhere necessitated exaggerated armaments, and turned Europe into a camp, where only uncertainty and fear of the future reign. It only remains to confide our destinies to the decision of arms. We wish to conquer a lasting peace."

"Are we ready for war?" asked the incapable De Gramont of the equally incapable Lebœuf, the War Minister. "Ready? Ay, more than ready," was the unhesitating reply. Not very long afterward, when De Gramont had come to be a sadder if not a wiser man, he declared: "I could easily have avoided the war in twenty different ways."

That Napoleon should have vastly underrated the military strength of Prussia is not, perhaps, to be wondered at; but, except from his own private correspondence, subsequently captured by the Germans, and from a pamphlet put forth by him while a prisoner, we should never have dreamed to what an extent he was misled by his cabal of counselors as to the actual number and efficiency of his own force. The correspondence shows that the army was



THE CHATEAU DE SULLY, BIRTHPLACE OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

destitute of the most necessary appliances for an offensive movement; and in the pamphlet Napoleon says that it was his intention—an intention confided only to MacMahon and Lebœuf—to mass 150,000 men at Metz, 100,000 at Strasburg, and 50,000 at Chalons; then, leaving 50,000 behind to garrison the fortresses, the remaining 250,000 were suddenly to unite and cross the Rhine; but when the time came to invade Germany there were only 140,000 at both Metz and Strasburg, instead of the expected 250,000.

If Napoleon had been jealous of the popularity of MacMahon, he at least knew that he could depend upon his fidelity as a soldier, and he trusted much to his as yet untried ability as a commander. As it happened, at this time there was, indeed—Bazaine, perhaps, excepted—no other French general from whom much could be expected. So MacMahon was placed in command at Strasburg, and Bazaine at Metz.

Metz seemed at this time to be the most important point, and to this Napoleon went in person, leaving the Empress Eugenie as Regent at Paris. He reached Metz on July 28th, nominally assumed command of the army, and issued a proclamation which now reads strangely enough: "Soldiers," so ran the proclamation, "I am about to place myself at your head, to defend the honor and the soil of the country. You go to fight against one of the best armies in Europe; but others, who were quite as worthy, were unable to resist your bravery. It will be the same again at the present time. The war which is now commencing will be a long and severe one, since it will have for the scene of its operations places full of fortresses and obstacles; but nothing is too difficult for the soldiers of Algeria, the Crimea, Italy and Mexico. Whatever road we may take beyond our frontiers, we shall find glorious traces of our fathers. We will prove ourselves worthy of them."

But of the French army, not a man ever crossed the German frontier except as a prisoner. On August 2d, indeed, the French, under the eye of Napoleon and his sickly young son, shelled the little open town of Saarbrück, on the German side of the Saar, a small affluent of the Moselle, where the Prussian outposts were posted. The Prussians fell back from the fire, but the French did not attempt to cross the Saar; and these few cannon-shots were the only ones from French guns that fell upon German soil during this war. This trifling affair, however, gave occasion for Napoleon to send a bombastic dispatch to Eugenie—the only undesponding one which he was ever able to dictate. "Louis," he said, "has gone through his baptism of fire, and his presence of mind has drawn tears from the eyes of the soldiers."

But while martial play was going on near Metz, work was

being done about Strasburg, thirty leagues southeastward, where MacMahon had command. He ought to have had with him 100,000 men; he had barely 40,000. He had sent an advance division, under General Abel Douay, to Weissenburg, about ten leagues toward Metz, where, on the 4th of August, it was pounced upon and routed by the Germans, under the command of the Crown Prince of Prussia. MacMahon, apparently quite ignorant of the immense German force in that direction, got together all the men under his command, and moved toward Weissenburg. Before he had gone more than half way, he found that the enemy were before him in great force. He took up a strong position at and around the little village of Wörth. Here, on the morning of August 6th, he was fiercely assailed by greatly superior numbers. The battle lasted until late in the afternoon. Then all the strong points of the French position having been either turned or carried, orders to retreat were given. The retreat soon became a panic. The French, followed by the German cavalry, fled through the rugged passes of the Vosges Mountains.

In this first important action of the war, the loss to the Germans in killed and wounded is put down at 8,000; that of the French at 10,000. But this is no measure of the extent of the disaster; for when the retreating army reached Chalons, some fifty leagues to the west, barely 18,000 men could be mustered.

Never were tidings of disaster more unexpected than those which reached Paris of the crushing defeat at Wörth. Only the day before the telegraph had told that MacMahon had routed the Prussians, taken Landau, and made 25,000 prisoners, among whom was the Crown Prince himself. This was the news on Friday. On Saturday came something very different, in the shape of a telegram from the Emperor, who said, "Marshal MacMahon has lost a battle. General Frossard, on the Saar, has been compelled to fall back. The retreat is being effected in good order. Everything may come right again (*tout peut se retablir*)."

Such was the best face which could be put upon the news which reached poor Eugenie on Saturday night. Poor woman! whose face was her fortune, and who really wanted nothing more in this life than to say her prayers, and be confessedly the best-dressed woman in the world—one can do nothing less than pity her when the nominal burden of government came upon those feeble shoulders of hers, which had already come to need cosmetics to render them attractive to that jaded old fellow which her imperial husband had come to be. Poor Eugenie did the best she could. We doubt if a much wiser woman could just then have done much better. The ill news came late on Saturday. Day had scarcely broken on Sunday morning before the poor Empress hurried from St. Cloud to the Tuileries, and issued a proclamation. There was nothing in it which any school-girl could not have indited, although we suppose that she consulted with some of that absurd crew who formed the Ministry. "Citizens, be firm and orderly," was about the sum and substance of the proclamation. But in the meanwhile, Paris was to be in a state of siege; the Council to be in permanent sitting, and the Chambers were to be forthwith assembled.

STORMING THE MALAKOFF.

Sunday passed, and Monday; and on Tuesday the Chambers met—the Ministers apparently quite prepared to discourse with the honorable deputies. But never before did a poor Ministry encounter such a cat-calling. Some deputies shouted for Henri Rochefort, of whom the less here said the better; and M. Jules Favre, who is by no means destitute of capacity, made some startling propositions, which were greeted with loud applause. The substance of them was that the Emperor should be deprived of the command of the army, and that the existing Ministry should be kicked out.

Never before had a poor Empress-Regent to listen to such demands; but luckily for her they did not involve matters so important in her eyes as the fit of a skirt or the shade of a flounce. So the Emperor got his go-by; the Ministers resigned their portfolios, and a new Cabinet was appointed. Of this Cabinet we need name only one, who was made Minister of War. His name was Charles Montauban. He was seventy-five years old; had served in many parts of the earth, notably in China, in 1860, where he did something at a place called Pa-lia-kia-ho, on account of which he received the title of Count Palikao. He was a firm Napoleonist, as well he might be, since, as came to light, the Emperor had made him a present of 600,000 francs, from the sum which had been wrung from the Chinese by way of indemnity.

Nobody seemed to know or care where the Emperor was. Up to this time he had been at Metz with Bazaine. But

Bazaine, as well as MacMahon, had had his full share of ill-luck. On the 14th of August, a sharp encounter took place at Courcelles. Each side, if the bulletins are to be believed, won a great victory. But the fruits remained with the Germans, who retained the battlefield, while the French retired into their stronghold of Metz. Poor Napoleon thought that Metz was no place for him or his son; and forthwith they took carriage westward for Chalons, where MacMahon had by this time gathered a considerable force. On the way, the Imperial fugitive narrowly escaped capture at Verdun. Before leaving Metz, Napoleon issued a proclamation to the people: "In leaving you to oppose the invading enemy," he said, "I rely upon your patriotism to defend this great city. You will not allow the foreigners to seize the bulwark of France, and you will emulate the army in courage and devotion. I shall preserve a grateful memory of the welcome I have found within your walls; and I hope to be able to return in happier times to thank you for your noble conduct." Vain hope! In a fortnight after the issue of this proclamation, the Emperor, with MacMahon, and fully 100,000 men, surrendered at Sedan; and before another two months had passed, Bazaine surrendered Metz with well-nigh 200,000 soldiers.

We now return to MacMahon. He had, as we have seen, reached Chalons with some 18,000 men. Here reinforcements from many quarters reached him, until his entire strength was 100,000 or more. Then came an order from the absurd Count Palikao, the Minister of War, that MacMahon should march toward Metz, so as to unite with Bazaine. This movement was just the one which should not have been made. The Germans in that direction were in overwhelming force; but Bazaine, with his 200,000, were, for the time, safe enough behind the strong works at Metz; and if the Germans chose to besiege him there, so much the better; for it would keep a good part of their army engaged in the siege. MacMahon's idea was the really sensible one. His force should fall slowly back toward Paris. Every league which he went in that direction would add to his strength, while every league would weaken the Germans if they should follow him up; and long before Paris was reached, the opposing forces would become so far equalized that a battle might be offered or accepted, with fair hope of victory. But the orders from Paris were imperative, and MacMahon proceeded to endeavor to carry them out. So in the last days of August he left Chalons, and headed eastward toward Metz. But disaster, which had met him from the first, still clung to him.

The truth was, that there was among the Germans one presiding intellect—that of Count Helmuth Von Moltke—*Vater Moltke*, as the German soldiers called him—a man of threescore and ten, whom history will recognize as one of the greatest military commanders of any age, although he never led an army in the field. From his quiet headquarters, with maps and reports before him, he knew every rood of ground where operations were to be carried on, the position of every division of the great German army, and the exact number of hours required to put each command upon the spot where it was most wanted, at any given moment. The consequence was that, while there might be no very great disparity in the numbers of the entire opposing forces, the Germans were always greatly preponderant at every decisive point.

So MacMahon found it. Scarcely had he moved out of Chalons when he found his way barred. On the 29th of August his foremost division was absolutely surprised at noonday, and utterly routed, at Beaumont. We recall nothing of the kind in modern warfare, except the like surprise of Howard's corps at Chancellorsville. To cut his way to Metz was now wholly out of the question for MacMahon. All that was left for him was to turn due north to Sedan. The Germans, in superior force, were there almost as soon as were the French. The best account of what ensued is given by the King of Prussia, in a letter to the Queen, bearing date September 2nd, which we greatly abridge:

"On the evening of the 31st and the morning of the 1st, the army had reached its appointed positions round Sedan. The Bavarians held the left wing, near Bazeilles. Notwithstanding a thick fog, the battle began at Bazeilles early in the morning, and a sharp action developed itself by degrees, in which it was necessary to take house by house. It lasted all day. It was at eight o'clock, when I reached the front before Sedan, that the great battle commenced. A hot artillery fire now began at all points. It lasted for hours, and during it we gradually gained ground. The villages of Illy and Floing were taken, and the fiery circle drew gradually closer round Sedan. It was a grand sight from our position, on a commanding height.

"The violent resistance of the enemy began to slacken by degrees, which we could see by the broken battalions that were hurriedly retreating from the woods and villages. The cavalry endeavored to attack several battalions of our 5th Corps, and the latter behaved admirably. The cavalry galloped through the intervals between the battalions, and then returned the same way. This was repeated three times, so that the ground was covered with corpses and horses—all of which we could see very well from our position. I have not been able to learn the name of this brave regiment, as the retreat of the enemy was in many places a flight.

"The infantry, cavalry and artillery rushed in a crowd into the town and its immediate environs; but no sign was given that the enemy contemplated extricating himself from his desperate situation by capitulation. No other course was left than to bombard the town with the heavy battery. In twenty minutes the town was burning in several places, which, with the numerous burning villages over the whole field, produced a terrible impression.

"I accordingly ordered the firing to cease, and sent Colonel Von Brousart, with a flag of truce, to demand the capitulation of the army and the fortress. He was met by a Bavarian officer, who reported to me that a French messenger had announced himself at the gate. Colonel Von Brousart was admitted, and on asking for the commander-in-chief he was unexpectedly admitted into the presence of the Emperor, who wished to give him a letter for myself. When the Emperor asked what his message was, and received the answer, 'To demand the surrender of the army and fortress," the Emperor replied that on this subject application must be made to General De Wimpffen, who had undertaken the command in the place of the wounded General MacMahon."

It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and the battle had begun at dawn. MacMahon had received a slight wound in the thigh at seven in the morning, whereupon he made over the command to Ducrot, who was soon replaced by Wimpffen. Up to this moment the Germans had not the slightest suspicion that Napoleon was with the French army; and indeed from the moment of his leaving Metz he appears to have taken no action in military matters. He had certainly lost heart, and probably had lost head also. It is said that he had grown gloomy and unsettled, and was constantly complaining that he had been falsely advised and betrayed. In his Wilhelmshöhe pamphlet he declared that the fatal movement which led to Sedan was made against his own judgment, and only in accordance with the orders of the incapable regency at Paris. MacMahon,

although he took no personal part in the capitulation, was man enough to assume the whole responsibility of the movement which led to it. When, three years after, Bazaine was upon trial for what was alleged to be the needless surrender of Metz, evidence was adduced to prove that he had sent a letter to MacMahon, directing him not to march eastward. But MacMahon, then President, declared that no such letter had ever been received by him.

The Emperor of France had in the meanwhile sent an autograph letter to the King of Prussia. "This letter," writes the King, "began thus: 'Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I lay down my sword to your Majesty,' leaving all the rest to me." The King was not a little puzzled what to do. "I had," he says, "seen Napoleon, only three years before, at the very summit of his power." He was not long, however, in inditing a very significant letter, in French, couched in the courteous phrases to which that language so readily lends itself. "*Monsieur, mon frère,*" wrote William, "while regretting the circumstances under which we meet, I accept the sword of your Majesty, and beg you to have the kindness to name some one of your officers furnished with full powers to treat concerning the capitulation of the army which has fought so bravely under your orders. On my side, I have designated General Moltke for that purpose. *Je suis de votre Majesté le bon frère.*

But it was Bismarck, not Moltke, with whom Napoleon had to do in the first place. The quarters of the great Minister were in a poor weaver's cottage in a little village not far from Sedan, and thither Napoleon rode next morning. There was no convenient room in the cottage, and a couple of chairs were placed before the door. Bismarck brought up the question of peace; but Napoleon said he had nothing to do with that. The Empress was regent, and he could give no orders to the army, nor could he enter upon any negotiations. He had simply surrendered as an individual—that was all. "Then," said Bismarck, "there is no use of more talk." Napoleon desired to have an interview with the King. "That can't be done," replied Bismarck, "until the capitulation has been signed."

Where all the power is on one side, matters get to be quickly settled; and an hour before noon the terms of capitulation were drawn up. As we count, there were surrendered 100,825 officers and men, of whom 14,000 were wounded. In the battle of the preceding day the Germans claim to have made 28,000 prisoners. There must have been a large number killed; so that the entire force of MacMahon when he reached Sedan, was not far from 140,000. The Germans there numbered about 220,000. The French also lost 10,000 horses, 70 mitrailleuses, 150 fort-guns and 355 field-guns, besides the flags of all their regiments. Never before in the history of modern war had so many men laid down their arms at once; and only once since has that number been exceeded—when Bazaine surrendered Metz.

The surrender at Sedan closed the relations of MacMahon with the war. He was suffered to go on parole to Wiesbaden for the recovery of his health, where he remained until the preliminary treaty of peace in February, 1871. Returning to France, he found Thiers at the head of affairs, by whom he was placed in command of the French troops operating against the Paris Commune, and he was military governor of Paris for a month after the overthrow of the Commune. At the supplementary election in July, 1871, he refused to be a candidate for the National Assembly.

In August, Thiers was made President of the newly-formed French Republic, with great powers and without expressed limitation of term. As the Act of the Assembly phrased it, his tenure of office was to be prolonged "until it shall have concluded its labors." With what skill he wielded the executive power during the critical period which ensued, need not here be narrated.

But Thiers was not, any more than his predecessors in power had done, to find his position a bed of roses. The opposition to him, composed of all sorts of elements, made head in the Assembly. As early as January, 1872, he announced his purpose to resign; but MacMahon, in the name of the army, urged him to remain in office. At length, in May, 1873, Thiers found himself defeated by a decided majority of the Assembly, upon a measure which had been made a test question; and forthwith he sent in a peremptory resignation. A further test question was then raised as to refusing to accept this resignation. It was decided, by a vote of 365 to 339, that it should be accepted. Then ensued a scene of wild confusion. A deputy undertook to make a speech eulogizing the late President, but was hissed down.

At length, a motion was made that MacMahon should be invited to accept the Presidency. Only 392 deputies voted, a little more than half of the whole number; but of these there were only two in opposition. A committee was sent to lay this vote before MacMahon. The Marshal was found in company with M. Thiers. He was not disposed to accept the office, for which he had never sought. He reminded Thiers that he had often voluntarily pledged himself that he would never be the man to supersede him in the Presidency. Thiers responded that he had never said a word which could, by any possibility, be construed into a recognition of any such pledge.

At length M. Buffet—the same who had just before attempted to eulogize Thiers—urgently appealed to MacMahon to save the country by accepting the Presidency. After further entreaty, the Marshal yielded to the urgency, and sent a letter of acceptance to the Assembly: "Gentlemen," he wrote, "I obey the will of the Assembly, the depositary of the National Sovereignty, and accept the functions of President of the Republic. A heavy responsibility is thrust upon my patriotism; but with the aid of God and the devotion of the army, which will always be an army of the law, and the supporter of all honest men, we will continue together the work of liberating the territory, and restoring moral order throughout the country; we will maintain internal peace, and the principles upon which society rests. That this shall be the case, I pledge my word as an honest man and a soldier."

No man, then or afterward, had reason to doubt the word of MacMahon—Thiers least of all. Thiers took his displacement very coolly, and, for a time, believed that he would be recalled to the Presidency. To his friends he said: "I fall with the flag in my hand, having rendered some service; and I give up the position to those who wish to fling themselves into the adventures of a very grave situation. I shall take again my place in the Assembly. I hold myself, above all, at the command which shall come to me from the nation."

MacMahon's first Message to the Assembly, read by the Duc de Broglie, who had been made Minister for Foreign Affairs, was significant of the line of policy which he meant to follow. First of all things, it recognized the National Assembly as the source of all political power: "Called to the Presidency by the National Assembly," he said, "I have exercised my power by choosing a Ministry taken from your ranks. I believe that the majority invariably constitutes the law in a parliamentary *régime*, and this is still more the case in the present instance, where, by virtue of the existing laws, the First Magistrate of the Republic is the delegate of the Assembly, and the delegate of the law."

THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

Then followed a delicate compliment to Thiers, in regard to his foreign policy, which had resulted in the virtual liberation of the country from the conquerors. "It would have been impossible to accomplish this if the country had not lent itself to the task with heroic patience; and it has been ably conducted by a man from whom a disagreement on home policy alone could induce you to separate. I rely upon you to complete this task."

Some further sentences sharply indicated what MacMahon intended should be his policy: "We desire the maintenance of peace, and the reorganization of the army, which is necessary to repair the strength and retain the rank which belongs to France. The home policy of the Government will be imbued with a character of social conservatism. The Government must introduce and impress upon the Administration the spirit of conservatism. It will not fail in its duty, and will defend society against all factions. The post in which you have placed me, is that of a sentinel who has to watch over the integrity of your sovereign power."

ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

MacMahon's Government was early enabled to complete the great work left to it by that of Thiers—the complete liberation of France from the presence of the German troops. On September 5th the last franc of the enormous indemnity was paid over, and on the 15th, Verdun, the last of the French fortresses, was formally given up, and the tri-colored flag of France displaced the black eagle of Germany, amid shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*" "*Vive l'Armée!*" and "*Vive Thiers!*" France had no present foreign enemy to face, and factions and parties at home had a free field to fight out their own battles.

A large volume would be quite insufficient to give even a *resumé* of the partisan conflicts which ensued. Sufficient here to say that the two branches of the Monarchists—the Bourbonists and the Orleanists—joined hands. The Comte de Paris had a meeting with the Comte de Chambord, in which the former said: "In the name of my family I present you our respectful homage, not only as the chief of our House, but also as the sole representative of the Monarchical principle in France. I hope that a day may come when the

French nation may understand that its safety is in that principle. If ever it wishes to have recourse to the Monarchy, no competition for the throne will arise in our family." The reconciliation of all Monarchical interests appeared to be complete, if only the French people could be brought to believe that they wanted a King of Bourbon or Orleans blood. But besides Monarchists there were Bonapartists, who longed for a reconstruction of the Empire, and Republicans, who wanted neither a Monarchy nor an Empire. Nobody, just then, could tell what were the relative numbers of these three main parties, or at what moment or in what manner any two of them would form a temporary coalition to put down the other one.

Two parties had come to look upon MacMahon as the man who might be relied upon to carry out their views, provided they were once shown to be those of the majority of the people, as authoritatively declared by the Assembly. It was well known that his own personal opinion was in favor of a Monarchy, with a Bourbon or an Orleans as king; but he had also faithfully served the Empire, and might be trusted to do so again, if it were re-established. But, How about Republicanism? was a grave question. He was a kind of provisional President, with quite undefined powers, and a wholly undefined tenure of office. What should be his powers, and for how long should he hold them? was the grave question which came up before the motley Assembly when it reassembled at the middle of November, 1873.

MacMahon himself was evidently determined that these questions should be measurably settled. The preservation of public order was, in his view, the one thing of present moment. In his first message, after touching upon some formal topics, he said: "Among the matters claiming your attention is the examination of the Constitutional Laws presented to my predecessor. This brings forward the question of the definitive form of Government. You will perhaps find it more prudent to maintain in present institutions a character enabling the Government to surround itself, as at present, with all the friends of order, without distinction of party. If you think so, permit him whom you have elected to an honor which he did not seek, to tell you frankly his opinion. To give public peace a sure guarantee, the present Government lacks two essential conditions, of which you can no longer leave it destitute without danger. It has neither sufficient vitality nor authority. With a power that might be changed at any moment, it may be possible to secure peace to-day, but not safety to-morrow. Stability is wanting in the present Government."

In a word, the French Republic of 1873 was in every respect as bad, and in many respects much worse, than the old American Confederation of States. MacMahon closed his message by suggesting a remedy. "You will consider," he says, "these dangers, and will give to Society a strong and durable Executive power which will be solicitous for its future, and able to defend it with energy." This suggestion brought out the opinions of all sections in the Assembly. Changarnier offered a motion to the effect that the powers of the President should, in their present form, be prolonged for ten years. Eschasseriaux, a violent Bonapartist, moved that a *plebiscite* should be ordered to decide between a Republic, a Monarchy and an Empire. At length, after much of what we style "filibustering," the question was reached in this form: "Shall the powers of the Marshal be prolonged for ten years?" but appended to this was a proviso which really deprived him of all actual power; vesting everything essentially in certain Committees of the Assembly, the control of which each faction hoped to secure.

It soon came to be understood that MacMahon would hold office on no such terms. If this motion prevailed he would resign. When the vote came to be taken, it was to the last moment uncertain what would be the result. Member after member changed his vote from one side to the other. Finally, when all had voted definitely, there were 350 for the motion, and 360 against it. MacMahon had not been defeated; yet he had apparently narrowly escaped defeat. But the heterogeneous combination which had been formed against him fell to pieces from its own want of coherence.

MacMahon adroitly took advantage of the situation. He would not, he said in effect, hold office without adequate power; but ten years was too long a term. In a special message he said, "After having maturely considered the subject, I have come to the conclusion that a term of seven years would be sufficient to meet the requirements of the general interests. If the Assembly thinks that in the position in which it has placed me, I am still able to render some services, I openly declare that I shall use the powers which will be intrusted to me for the defense of Conservative ideas." Upon the whole, the Assembly thought so too; and when the final vote was taken, on November 19th, MacMahon was, by a majority of 66, established as Chief of the Executive for seven years.

A notable incident marked the early part of MacMahon's administration. In October, 1873, Marshal Bazaine was brought to trial before a military tribunal, charged with gross misconduct in the surrender of Metz. The general charge was, that he had suffered himself to be hemmed up there for two months, and then, without having made any effective effort to escape, he had surrendered nearly 200,000 men, with all their arms and colors. The trial lasted several days, and the unanimous verdict of the court was a complete condemnation; and the sentence ran thus: "In consequence of this, Marshal Bazaine is condemned to the penalty of death, with military degradation, and ceases to belong to the Legion of Honor; and besides is condemned to pay the expenses of the trial as regards the State." But this sentence was really meant to be a farce; for the court unanimously requested President MacMahon that it should not be executed. The President ordered that the ceremony of military degradation should be divested of all its usual humiliating accompaniments, and that Bazaine should be imprisoned for twenty years in a fortress on the Isle St. Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, off Cannes. He remained there for several months, in scarcely more than nominal confinement, and then made his escape, under circumstances which left little room for doubt that the authorities were more than glad to get rid of him.

Of the political course of MacMahon, until it was finally brought to a close by his recent quite unexpected resignation of the Presidency, we shall not speak at length. Indeed, to no mortal man is it given, we believe, to comprehend, much less to unfold, the course of French domestic politics for any ten consecutive years. But in general it may be said that for five years the almost unbroken tendency has been toward Republican institutions, as opposed to Monarchical or Imperial. But MacMahon, though ostensibly the President of the Republic, has never disguised the fact that his own feelings are and have always been in favor of a Monarchy or an Empire; and more than once, when he has allowed this feeling to have a kind of official expression, he has encountered a sharp rebuff. Thus, in January, 1875, the Orleanists and Bonapartists proposed that there should be a Senate, or Second Chamber, which should, in conjunction with the President, be a sort of check upon the Assembly. MacMahon sent in a message advocating such a body; but, in a vote of 670,

there were only 250 in its favor. Not very long after, by some curious freak of the Assembly, a Senate was constituted, upon principles quite unexpected; and the Republic assumed a form not altogether to the liking of the President. On the other hand, MacMahon has more than once been able to prevent the passage of measures obnoxious to him by threatening to resign in case they were pressed to an issue.

Upon the whole, he was in favor of giving the Constitution of 1875 a fair trial, in default of a better. This feeling was specially indicated in his proclamation when the general election of 1876 was at hand. He said: "Our institutions, I think, should not be revised before they have been honestly tried. But to try them as the safety of France requires, it is indispensable that the conservative and truly liberal policy which I always intended to pursue should prevail. France knows that I neither sought nor desired the power with which I am invested; but she may rely upon my exercising it without weakness."

When the result of the elections came to be declared, it was found that the Republicans had met with quite unexpected success in almost every quarter. Out of 300 senators they had 148, lacking only three of a majority; while the others were divided among a number of different parties and factions, who hated each other quite as much as they hated the Republicans. In the Assembly the Republicans had a clear majority of some twenty over all others. The popular vote was still more significant. The Republicans had cast 4,687,000 votes; the Conservatives, who might perhaps be styled MacMahonists, 2,147,000; the Bonapartists, 1,699,000; the Republicans having thus a clear majority of a million over all others. MacMahon yielded to the popular voice, and formed a new Ministry. The Government of France was coming to be, in one important respect, like that of Great Britain: the President governed only through a responsible Ministry, and the Ministers were virtually appointed, not by him, but by the majority of the Assembly for the time being.

Matters were brought to a crisis at the election of 1877. The Republicans were resolved to have everything their own way, and demanded a further change in the Ministry. MacMahon resolved upon a last stand. He would, if possible, appeal from the Assembly to the people. By the Constitution he could dissolve the Assembly, with the concurrence of the Senate. In hinting at such a concurrence, he clearly indicated what policy he meant to pursue. "I have received," he said, "my right to remain in office until 1880, from this Assembly; and I shall remain, unless a contingency, which I shall point out to you, shall arise. Let me also assure you that I shall lend myself to no venture of Imperialism or Monarchic restoration. I have souvenirs from the Empire, just as I have souvenirs and connections with Legitimism. I am on excellent terms with the Orleans princes; but I shall participate in nothing favorable to the restoration of the Prince Imperial or of the Comte de Chambord, or of the Comte de Paris."

Then came the paragraph which contained the gist of the whole: "I am, till 1880, invested by the Constitution with definite power. I shall exercise that power to the full extent, according to circumstances. But I can pledge myself to no enterprise contrary to the Constitutional Laws, to which you are also subject; nor do I ask any pledge of you. It will be necessary, perhaps, to ask a dissolution. If you accord it to me, I shall use it as well as possible. If you refuse it, I should have two forces out of three against me, and should withdraw." On June 16th he formally asked for power to dissolve the Assembly. A fierce discussion ensued in both Chambers. The members of the Assembly were naturally unwilling to be sent back to their constituents; for it was quite certain that many of them would not be returned again. But the majority of the Senate were not prepared to push matters to an extremity against the President. The assent to a dissolution was given by a vote of 150 to 130; and the resignation was not sent in.

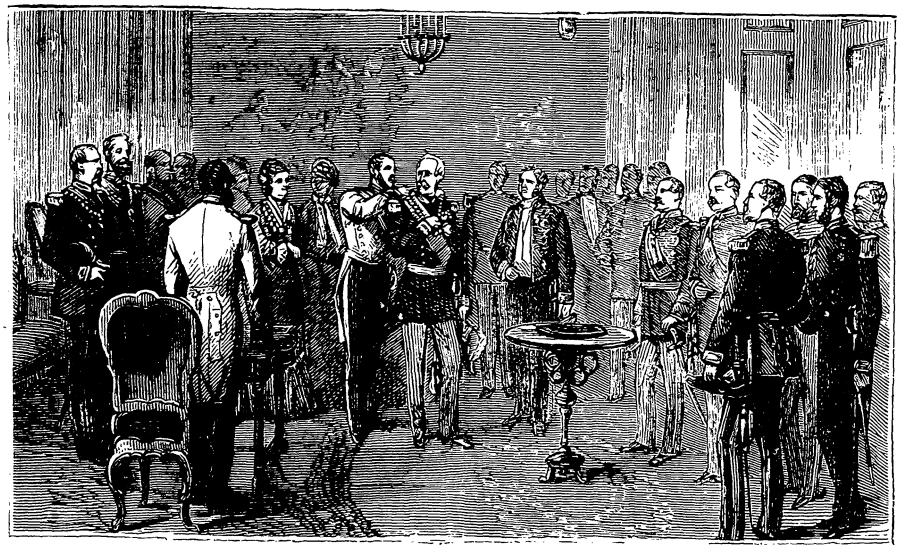
The election was hotly contested, and resulted in the triumph of the Republicans by an overwhelming majority. MacMahon could do nothing but yield to the national will so unmistakably expressed. He dismissed his Cabinet, and named new Ministers, taking them wholly from men who had borne no prominent part in the recent political struggles. It was a last and well-meant attempt to carry water on both shoulders. The Assembly, by the decided vote of 323 to 208, rejected the nominations. MacMahon yielded the point, and surrendered to the Assembly, just as English monarchs have over and over again surrendered to the existing majority in the House of Commons. He nominated a Ministry satisfactory to the party of "the Left"; and so the Legislative, as such, achieved a triumph over the Executive.

The President endeavored to put the best face on the matter. In his next message he said: "The end of this crisis will be the starting-point of a new era of prosperity. All the public powers will co-operate in promoting the development of this era. The Universal Exhibition is about to be opened. Commerce and industry are about to take a new spring; and we shall give to the world a fresh testimony of the vitality of our country, which has always revived through labor, through thrift, and through its profound attachment to ideas of conservation, order and liberty."

When all disputed elections had been decided, it was found that the Republican triumph had been even more signal than either side had supposed. At the last election they had a majority in thirty-six departments; now they had a majority in forty-five—a preponderance which made it certain that at the election of 1878 they would have a clear majority in the Senate, as well as in the Assembly. The new Ministry, the cabinet of the Assembly rather than of the President, set itself at work to make sure of the fruits of the victory which had been won. M. Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, undertook to make a clean sweep of all the Conservative officials under his control. The prefects of the departments exercise great influence in the elections. Of the eighty-nine prefects, eighty-two were displaced, and their posts given to new men; one prefect was removed from one department to another; and only four were left undisturbed.

During the greater part of 1878 there was an apparent lull in political agitation. The minds of all men were turned toward the Universal Exhibition. In relation to this, MacMahon acquitted himself to general satisfaction. This over, political disputes revived. Their details, even could one fully understand them, are scarcely worth narrating. MacMahon grew heartily sick of his position, in which he found himself in perpetual collision with the Assembly, and perpetually worsted. His intimate friends knew that he was awaiting only a fair occasion to offer his resignation; but none the less was the public surprise when this resignation was sent to the Assembly on January 30th, 1879. The immediate occasion was a dispute with the Ministers, who seem to have "gone back" on him, in accordance with the will of the Assembly, in the matter of grave proposed changes in the military administration. The President shall here tell his own story, as he told it in his letter of resignation. He says:

"At the opening of this session of the Chambers the Ministry presented to you a programme which, while



MARSHAL MACMAHON RECEIVING THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE FROM THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR IN THE THRONE-HALL AT THE PALACE OF THE ÉLYSÉE, PARIS.

affording satisfaction to public opinion, appeared to the Cabinet such as might be voted without danger to the security or good administration of the country. Putting aside all personal views, I had given the programme my approbation, for I was sacrificing no principles to which conscience commanded me to remain faithful. To-day the Ministry, thinking to respond to the opinion of the majority of the two Chambers, proposes to me, in regard to high military commands, some general measures which I consider contrary to the interests of the army, and, consequently, to those of the country. I cannot subscribe to them. Any other Ministry taken from the majority would impose upon me the same conditions. I consider myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of the mandate which the National Assembly confided to me, and I therefore tender my resignation. In quitting power, I have the consolation of thinking that during the fifty-three years I devoted to the service of my country, either as soldier or citizen, I have never been guided by sentiments other than honor and duty and absolute devotion to my country. I request you to communicate my decision to the Chambers."

It is quite clear that if MacMahon had become tired of the Assembly, the Assembly were no less tired of him—both sides were glad to part company.

MARSHAL MACMAHON VISITING THE FAUBOURG ST. CYPRIEN, TOULOUSE, AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD.

MADAME MACMAHON DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TO THE SUFFERERS.

When the Chambers met in joint session, one senator attempted to have it put to vote whether the resignation should be accepted. The Chambers, by a large majority, refused even to consider the point; but ordered the previous question, which was, that they should jointly proceed to the election of a new President. This matter had already been cut and dried. A caucus of all the Members of the Left had been held, at which, upon the motion of Gambetta, a candidate had been unanimously selected, in the person of M. Grévy. All told, there were 670 votes, 336 being thus an absolute majority. Of these M. Grévy received 536, and

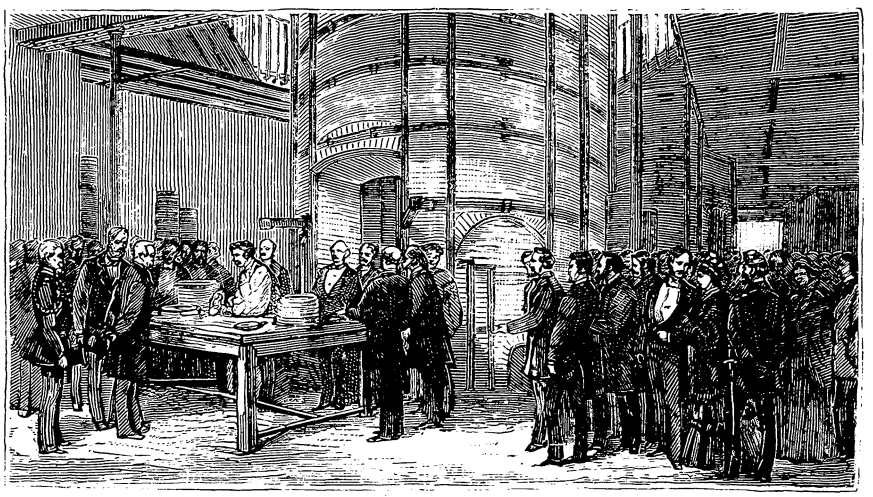
General de Chanzy 99; the remainder being either blank or scattering. So M. Grévy was declared duly elected President of the French Republic.

Here, to all human seeming, ends the long military and civil career of Marshal MacMahon—a career stained nowhere with dishonor, and, taken as a whole, worthy of decided respect. At the age of three-score and ten, possessed of an ample private fortune, and every way happy in his domestic relations, one can scarcely find any reason why he should again wish to enter upon the stormy career of public life.

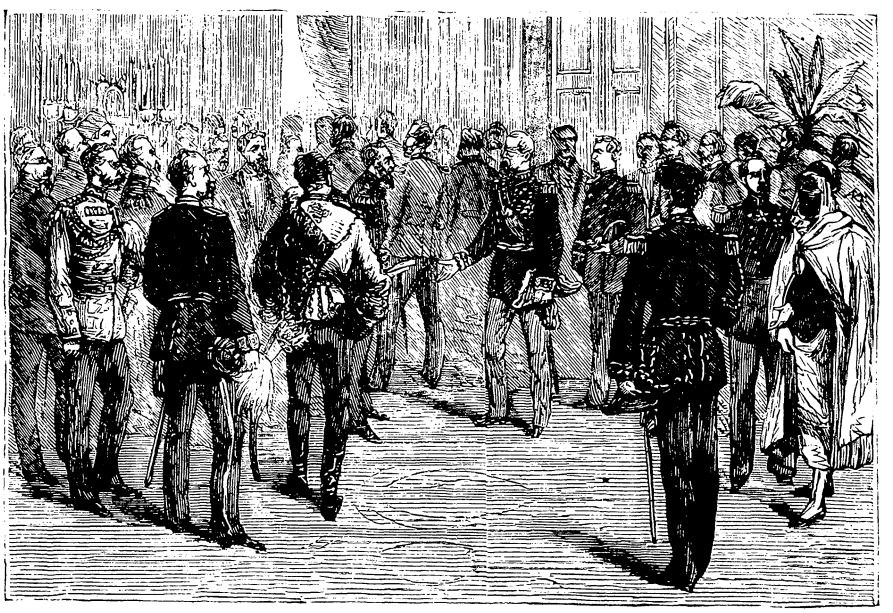
Of his successor, Francis Paul Grévy, a few words should be said by way of conclusion. He was born in the Department of Jura, near the borders of Switzerland, his father being a petty farmer. He studied law, finally, at Paris, where he was a student at the time of the Revolution of 1830, and was among those who fought behind the barricades. In due time he was admitted to the bar, where he gained some prominence as a defender of members of the Radical party, who were charged with political offenses. In 1848 he was elected to the Constituent Assembly from his native Department of Jura, and distinguished himself as an able speaker on the democratic side, although his views were, upon the whole, rather moderate than extreme. Perhaps his most significant action at this period was the advocacy of several amendments to the proposed Constitution, the substance of them being that "The National Assembly delegates the executive power to a citizen, who receives the title of President of the Council of Ministers; he shall be elected by the National Assembly in secret ballot, by a majority of votes, and for an unlimited period; but the appointment is always revocable." These amendments were rejected by a vote of 633 to 158.

He firmly opposed the Presidential Administration of Louis Napoleon, and protested against the French expedition to Rome; and after the *coup d'état*, and nearly through

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND STAFF AT BREAKFAST IN A BARN NEAR REAUVILLE.



MARSHAL MACMAHON INAUGURATING THE NEW SEVRES PORCELAIN WORKS.



MARSHAL MACMAHON HOLDING A RECEPTION AT THE ÉLYSÉE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

the Empire, he held aloof from politics, and devoted himself to the successful practice of his profession. In 1868 he was again elected as deputy from the Department of Jura. In February, 1871, he was elected President of the National Assembly, just removed from Bordeaux to Versailles. In this position, which he held until April, 1873, he displayed great tact, judgment, and moderation. In October, 1873, he put forth a pamphlet, entitled "The Necessary Government," which may be considered a fair exponent of his political creed. "France," he says, "has been transformed, and has become a pure Democracy. . . . Her first mistake was not to have founded a Constitutional Monarchy when she possessed the elements of one; and her second mistake would be to attempt to establish it when those elements no longer exist." Since that time M. Grévy has occupied a prominent place in French politics; and the great majority of votes which he received for President evinces the respect and esteem in which he is held by men of very diverse political sentiments.

THE GATE OF THE SERAGLIO OF THE SHOUBRA PALACE.

By Oscanyan.

The land of the Pharaohs has ever been remarkable in the annals of Oriental history, and Cairo, the capital of modern Egypt, though of recent origin—for it was founded during the latter part of the tenth century by Abu-Tammin, a general and chief of the Fatimites—is nevertheless replete with thrilling incidents and barbaric adventures.

Musr-el-Cahireh, called Musr for short by the natives, for Cairo, has a pleasing appearance from a distance. Much of this effect was formerly lost, because, the city being situated a few miles from the Nile, and approach being effected by that river, a full or panoramic view of its splendor was impossible. But now, access being by railway, one is enabled to enjoy the picturesque tableau of the city, with its four hundred minarets—for Cairo is a rival of Brooklyn, the City of Churches *par excellence*—its famous citadel, with the Moukattem Mountains as a background.

The city has been done by travelers so often and so minutely that we will not attempt repetition; but will invite the attention of the reader to the historic Shoubra Palace, built by Mehmed Ali himself within the acropolis, where many acts of barbaric prowess have been perpetrated, and many romantic incidents have been ruthlessly enacted.

It was within this bourg that the Borgian festival was re-enacted by Mehmed Ali; where the Mamelukes were enticed to a festival and treacherously assassinated.

The Mamelukes were of two classes—Bahree, and Bourghee. The Bahrees, or the Mamelukes of the river, on account of their being trained on an island in the Nile, were created by Turan Shah during the thirteenth century, from young captives purchased from the Moghols, as a body-guard. But, like the Janizaries of yore, these Mamelukes became refractory and rebellious; dethroned their liege lord and replaced him by one of their own commanders. A line of sultans now followed, known as the Bahee Sultans. Even many of these became the victims of the fury or caprice of this turbulent band.

To counteract this pernicious influence, and suppress the unruly conduct of these turbulent cohorts, a new corps of Mamelukes was formed from Circassian and Georgian slaves. These were designated as the Bourghee Mamelukes, in contradistinction to the Bahrees, or the Mamelukes of the citadel; because they were trained and kept within the acropolis.

These Bourghee Mamelukes having gained the ascendency over the Bahrees, made, in 1382, Barkouk, their commander, Sultan of Egypt. This dynasty lasted till 1517, when they were subdued by the Turks, and Egypt became a dependency of the Porte.

The Turks found Egypt divided into twenty-four provinces, each governed by a Mameluke Bey, or chief. The Porte, from motives of diplomacy, did not think it prudent either to change the system or appoint new governors. So these Beys were not only kept in their places, but were made to watch over the conduct of the Valli, or Governor-general appointed by the Porte.

Each of the twenty-four Beys, in accordance with feudal system, maintained 500 or 600 warriors, thoroughly armed and equipped, forming an admirable cavalry force.

When Napoleon invaded Egypt, he, of course, encountered these Mamelukes at the battle of the Pyramids, under the leadership of Mourad Bey. They displayed on that memorable occasion such desperate courage, tact, ability, and specially horsemanship, as to elicit the exclamation from the military genius of that day, "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I would have reckoned myself master of the world!"

Mehmed Ali, a scion of humble parentage, born in 1769 at Kavala, in Macedonia, was, when thirty years of age, sent to Egypt with the contingent troops as Beoluk-Bashi, or captain of a corps, to quell the disturbances there.

Destitute of means, he applied to the then well-known Armenian bankers, G'ellg'ell Oghloo and Karakiahia, for pecuniary aid, so as to be able to reach the place of his appointment; asking only for the loan of $50 or $60. Moderate as was his requirement, the senior partner of the firm objected; but Karakiahia, taking a fancy to this fellow, who had all the airs of an adventurer, advanced him the required sum on his own responsibility. It seems that Mehmed Ali was so touched by Karakiahia's generosity, that he there and then vowed to make him an independent man ever after, if Fortune should smile upon him.

Mehmed Ali kept his word; for the Karakiahias are now the richest family in Constantinople, and one of the scions, Apraham Pasha, is now a Müshir, or grandee of the realm; and even the wife of Nubar Pasha, of Egypt, is a Karakiahia.

Soon after his arrival in Egypt, Mehmed Ali so ingratiated himself with the soldiery that he became their chief commander. The Albanian contingent, a set of mercenary scoundrels such as never to be met with anywhere, and ready to do any job for a consideration, being in arrears for their pay, were not slow to revolt, and Mehmed Ali, availing himself of the opportunity, became their leader.

A long and confused struggle now ensued between various factions, the result of which was that, through the anarchy, Mehmed Ali assumed the supreme authority in Cairo. He was confirmed by the Porte, as the only man capable of restoring order and ruling the people. Notwithstanding that he was made the Valli of Egypt, with the title of Pasha, his authority did not, however, extend much beyond the city walls; for the Mameluke Beys were everywhere powerful. The consequence was a constant struggle between the Beys and the Pasha for supremacy.

Seeing that they were too strong for him, Mehmed Ali resorted to stratagem. One day he issued a general invitation to all the Mameluke Beys residing in and about the city to *assist*, as the French would say, at the investiture of his son, Tossoun Pasha, with the command of the army about to start against the Wahabee Arabs. The Mamelukes, not suspecting in the least any designed treachery, and desirous, also, to reconcile matters, repaired, to the number of 470, to the citadel. They were courteously

received and sumptuously feasted, *à la* Borgia. At last they took leave, and mounted their horses to depart. But all of a sudden a fire of musketry was opened upon them through the loopholes in the walls, and all perished, with the exception of a single individual, who leaped over the ramparts with his horse.

I believe it was Talleyrand who said that "the Turkish Government was a despotism tempered by assassination"; and surely assassination has ever been, and is, the order of the day in Turkey. Oh, if the drawbridge at Boulack could tell how many of the heirs of the Egyptian dynasty were precipitated there through methodical accident—the bridge being left open as the train approached—or if we could number the various victims who were consigned to the bosom of the Nile at different periods, what a startling revelation there would be! No wonder, then, that the gates of their palaces are always strongly guarded.

Common gossip reports that even Nagha Hannum, the Pasha's daughter, was a great contributor to that classic stream, owing to her position and peculiar idiosyncrasy. It is said that this lady had the same influence with her father, the Great Pasha, as Lady Hester Stanhope with her uncle, Pitt; and her intrigues almost rivaled those of Catherine II. It is moreover said that she was charmingly beautiful and insinuatingly captivating.

There has ever hung over the East a vail of mystery—it may be from the warmth of the Oriental imagination and its own extravagant creations, or from the seclusion of the women, who, as they became unfamiliar objects, seemed to be the very Venuses and Peris of the world of fables. The reserve of the men themselves, leaving their better halves to an obliviousness from all the world, is calculated to excite the curiosity of the community at home, and the rest of the world abroad, and to invest the fair sex with most improbable charms. The difficulty of immediate danger of a single interview excites the love of adventure.

Once upon a time, a young Italian nobleman was so carried away with the personal charms of this modern Cleopatra, the Pasha's daughter, that he actually ran the gauntlet. Encouraged by successful intrigues during carnivals in his native land, where his metamorphosis from manhood to womanhood was always completely carried out without the least detection, on his arrival in Cairo the rash youth sought an interview with this Peri of the Nile, and obtained it as a disguised female of distinction traveling for pleasure.

On the appointed day he was seen in a carriage, in feminine attire, accompanied by a female interpreter, and preceded by two *sayisses*, or runners, to clear the way, as becomes personages of distinction, driving furiously toward the Shoubra Palace in the citadel. The guards at the gate, who lay sprawling in the full enjoyment of their noontide siesta, under the influence of *hashish*, were somewhat surprised at the sudden apparition of these guests, and were slow to realize the fact; for nothing is so difficult and distressing as to wake from a dreamy lethargy. They at length woke up, and, seeing that the intruders were females, handed them over to the eunuchs, who took charge of them, and led them into the harem.

The count was duly received by Her Highness and grandly entertained, as became a lady of distinction. Etiquetical set phrases were gone through; sweetmeats, coffee, sherbets were duly served; dancing girls brought in; female orchestra introduced, etc.; but all the while Her Highness seemed to be absorbed in her guest, whom she was studiously scanning.

At length, all of a sudden, she rose, and taking hold of her guest's hand, invited her to accompany her to the garden. During their perambulations, notwithstanding the delicate form, the small hands which she was holding, and the general feminine make-up of the youthful adventurer, the instinctive faculty of the Princess revealed to her that things were not exactly as they appeared, and that the current of electricity circulating through her fingers was of an opposite nature. So when the girls in attendance were at some distance, Her Highness arraigned her guest abruptly, by saying: "Young man! you have acted your part very well indeed! but I am astonished at your temerity; for, had you been discovered, you would have been cut to pieces by those stern guardians of the harem. What can be your motive for such a daring enterprise?"

"Question your own reflection in the glass, my Princess," replied the rash youth, "and you will there find the answer which this tongue is incapable adequately to express!"

"Ah, I see! You are on a romantic venture. Well, I receive you to-morrow at the palace on the Nile. Take this rose——" plucking one from the plant—"and display it at the Eozbekeeyeh Square, where one of my negro attendants will accost you and lead you to my presence."

The next day a young man, with a *distingué* appearance, delicate form and appearance, and elegant toilet, was seen perambulating through Eozbekeeyeh, flourishing a red rose in his button-hole.

It was not long before one of those ominous-looking sable guardians of the harems accosted him, and with a respectful *selam*, signed to him to follow,

They neared the Nile. On the bank stood the palace, looking more like a fort than a residence. Its ponderous gate was opened with a prodigious key, and locked again after they had entered. They walked through narrow and winding passages and between massive walls. At last they reached a large hall on the ground-floor. Here our hero was left alone by the sable eunuch. In surveying the apartment he discerned the object of his adventure majestically reclined on a downy couch, resplendent with golden embroidery.

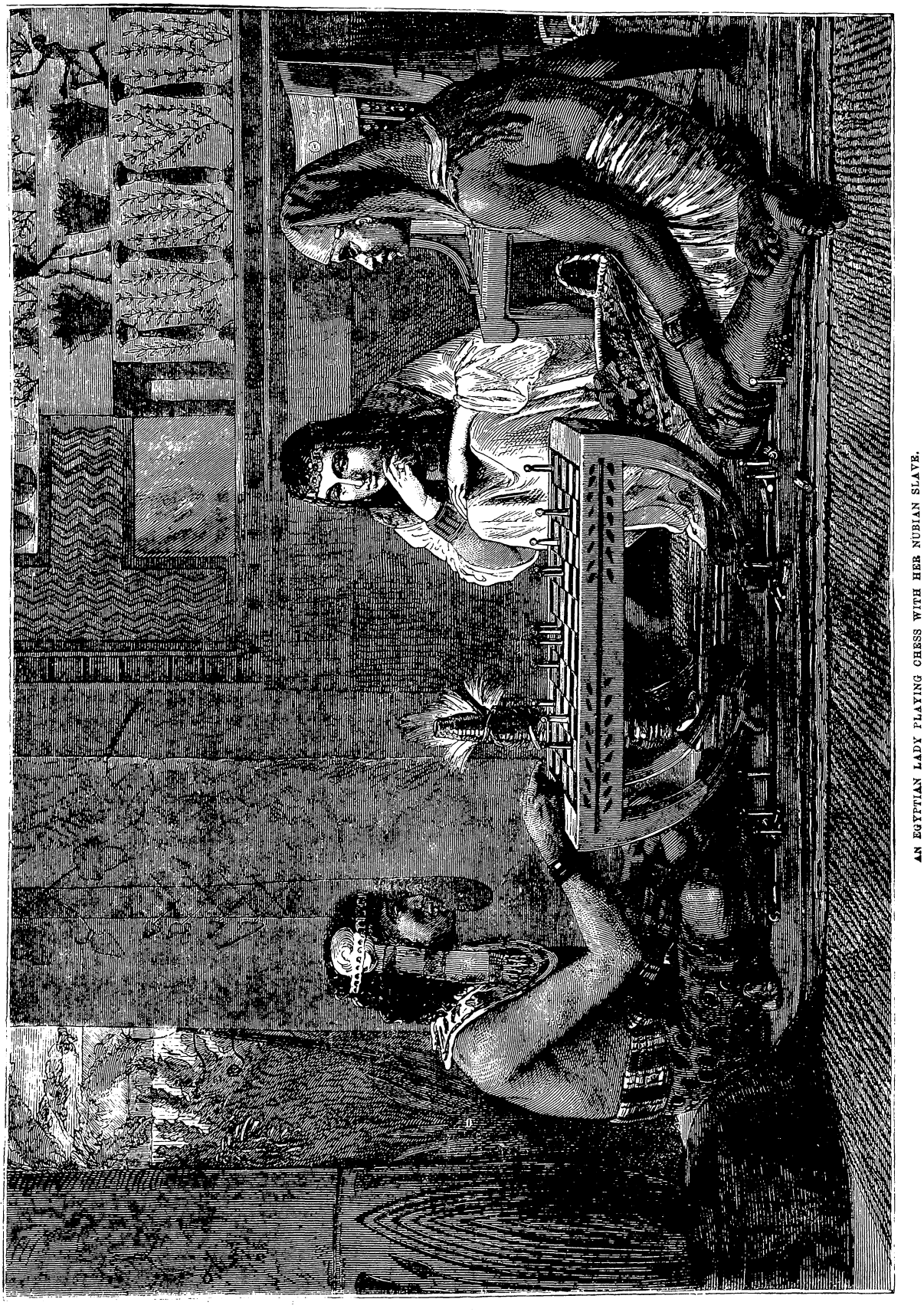
At last the hour of parting had arrived; for, with a farewell kiss and the clapping of her hands—summoning the sable attendant, she consigned him to his charge.

They now proceeded again through long, narrow, winding and mysterious passages; but evidently no longer the same that led to the outer gate.

Finally they arrive before a gate; the weird guide opens it with a solemn clank of the bolt. They enter and proceed as before, silent and sullen, till they reach another gate. It also is opened, presenting to view the milky stream of the Nile. The young man is thrust out, and the gate closed upon him. At the threshold he is seized by two ruffianly-looking individuals, who endeavor to garrote him. Then ensues a death-struggle.

The young man, who had wisely provided himself with a dagger, instinctively resorted to it, and drawing it forth, defended himself as best he could. He succeeded in disposing of one of his assailants; but the other, enraged at the temerity and prowess of the youth, grappled with him and leaped into the stream, as the crocodiles do with their prey, evidently to render him helpless, and gain an advantage over him—for the *fellahin* are noted for their amphibious nature—but he found himself mistaken, for the young man proved to be as clever as himself in the water, and as undaunted in his situation as ever.

They kicked and splashed, dove, and came to the surface again. The struggle for the mastery was great; but it ended in the final triumph of the rash young man, who, with a dexterous blow of the weapon in his hand, which he had never let go, caused the ruffian to relax his hold and sink. The young man, now left free, swam ashore.



AN EGYPTIAN LADY PLAYING CHESS WITH HER NUBIAN SLAVE.

GERTRUDE'S TEMPTATION.

Aunt Hulda always did hate me. In the first place, my mother committed the dire offense of marrying the man she loved, instead of the one Aunt Hulda selected for her. Then I had the audacity to present myself to the world with my father's black hair and eyes, and tall figure, instead of perpetuating the *petite* blonde loveliness of the Croftons, and Aunt Hulda's own style of beauty.

I was altogether amazed when I was left an orphan at eighteen, that Aunt Hulda sent for me to come to Crofton Place, but I soon found I was to have no life of easy indolence in that luxurious home.

"I will give you five hundred dollars a year," my great-aunt said to me, "to teach Ellie anything you know, and to wait upon me. I don't want a maid, for I have one; but somebody to write my letters, read to me, and sit by me when I am sick."

I was all alone in the world, deprived suddenly of loving parents and a pleasant home, and glad of any refuge, so I accepted Aunt Huldah's terms. In a very short time I felt so sorry for her that I would have loved her out of sheer pity, if she would have allowed me.

GERTRUDE'S TEMPTATION.—"MY COUSIN STOOD LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW. I SAW THAT HE WAS A NOBLE-LOOKING MAN RATHER THAN A HANDSOME ONE."

At eighty, sole mistress of a million, Aunt Hulda was the victim of an internal disease that entailed upon her the most excruciating agony.

She was very small, thin as a shadow, while I was tall, strong and young. Very soon we discovered that no one could lift or move her so easily as I could, no one could ease the pain by applications, rubbed on with the hand, so soon as myself; and it came to be a matter of course that I was to leave everything else to do duty in the invalid's room, whenever one of the paroxysms of pain came on. I moved her here or there, as the restless desire for change of position dictated; I rubbed her till my own hands were almost raw from the irritating applications; I administered the powerful opiates, and softly stroked her hair when she could sleep, till unconsciousness came.

But if I attempted a caress, moved by deepest pity, she would retort by asking me what legacy I was angling to obtain.

So, having some pride, I became in time a mere gentle machine, striving, out of the pity I was forbidden to express, to carry such relief as I could to the sufferer, and as cold and as impassive as I was requested to be. Not that I escaped sarcasm then, being called a stone, a statue, and asked if anything could move me.

In the intervals of my duties as nurse, when Aunt Hulda was able to be about the house, ruling all with a rod of iron, I was governess to Ellie Crofton, Aunt Hulda's great-niece too, and my second cousin. She was only two years younger than I was, but I had been educated for a teacher, and she had never been systematically educated at all. Aunt Hulda, who was favored with numerous orphans to protect, had taken Ellie when she was a baby. Sometimes she had a governess, who stayed till Aunt Hulda's tyranny became unendurable. Oftener she was left entirely to her own devices.

She reminded me of a white mouse. She was small, with features of extreme delicacy; a little mouth with pearly teeth; blue eyes, large, but with a baby innocence of expression; a profusion of hair of the palest yellow; tiny hands and feet, and the most timid manner.

She had been "snubbed" (no other word expresses it) till she was afraid to stir, or speak, without permission. Her voice was so low, it just escaped a whisper; her step was like a cat's; her fingers touched the piano as if the

keys were of spun glass, and she was terrified to pallor if she dropped her thimble or scissors.

I tried to stir up a little spirit in her, but finding it a vain effort, took to petting her.

For a whole year I devoted myself to the child, coaxing her out of doors, teaching her to the best of my ability, making the most of her beauty, by trying my taste in making her dresses for her, and arranging her flaxen tresses. And she clung to me, and loved me.

We were complete hermits on account of Aunt Hulda's health, but she required the same dress as if we had a house full of company.

The second year was a month old when Wilfred Crofton came home from Europe. I have said that Aunt Huldah was rich in orphan relatives, and Wilfred was one of these —another great-nephew, but not dependent upon Aunt Huldah. He had inherited a moderate income, and increased it by the profession he selected—that of an artist.

In vain Aunt Huldah stormed. Wilfred was the only relative who would not submit to her exactions, except so far as his own judgment indorsed them, and he quietly studied, and finally went to Italy for five years.

He had never known any home but Crofton Place, and was coming there, a man nearly thirty, and already well known in the art-world. I was holding Aunt Huldah in my arms while she writhed in pain, when the servant announced, "Mr. Wilfred, ma'am!"

"Go down, Gertrude," Aunt Huldah gasped, "Ellie is out. Go tell him he is welcome. His old room is ready, and I will see him to-morrow. Come back as quickly as you can, for—for——" and pain held her mute, till, finding I had not started, she gasped out, "Go!" like the crack of a rifle.

I went then. I saw my cousin long before he saw me, for I crossed the long drawing-room, softly shod, on a thick velvet carpet, and he stood looking from the window at the leaves tossing in the November wind.

I crossed the room to his side, and said:

"Miss Crofton has sent me to say that you are very welcome, that your old room is ready, and that she will see you to-morrow. To-day she is ill."

He looked at me in unfeigned surprise.

"You are not Ellie?" he said.

I burst out laughing. The idea of the wee white mouse ever growing to such an Indian squaw as I was!

"I am Gertrude Hemming."

"My cousin still, then," he said, extending his hand. "I did not know you were here."

"No! I noticed in the long letters Aunt Huldah dictated to me, for you, that I was too insignificant to mention. Yet, as you say, we are cousins, and I am glad to welcome you home again."

"Will you not sit down and chat awhile?" he asked.

"I can't. I am head nurse, and needed in the sick-room. But Ellie will be home soon, and in the meantime the open grate in your room looked very inviting as I passed the door."

"Well, since I must—I must!" he said; "but I hope you are not always so closely occupied!"

We sauntered slowly across the hall, chatting all the way, till he turned in at the door of his room, and I quickened my steps back to Aunt Hulda.

She gave me a savage glance, muttering that she thought I meant to stay all day.

A month later she sent for me one morning.

"Miss Hemming," she said, icily, "when I took you here, a pauper, you will recollect, I defined your duties very clearly. I do not remember that making love to my nephew was one of them."

My face burned, and I cried, hotly:

"Wilfred is my cousin, and he gives me the same cousinly regard he gives Ellie."

"But he is to marry Ellie!" she fairly screamed. "He must marry her! I won't leave him a cent if he does not. Remember that! He is to marry Ellie!"

Would he marry Ellie? I wondered, when I escaped. He was very kind to her, and Ellie was never very strong in cold weather, and fond of petting. Wilfred treated her like a child still. Whenever he went to the city he brought her *bon-bons*.

But to me he brought books, music, and sometimes flowers, and gave them to me with words more precious than the gifts. He did seek me, as Aunt Huldah said. He did sketch my face, again and again. He did praise my voice. Ah, let me write it! He did love me—he did love me!

I had a craving to walk down by the seashore once more, to hear the waves, as Ellie and I had often heard them during the past Summer, before Wilfred came to make the happiness and the misery of our lives. It was a long walk, nearly two miles, but I had a fancy to say farewell to our favorite haunt—a cave in a rock, that was only accessible at low tide.

I walked slowly now, often hidden from the sea by the great rocks, till I saw the rock, and—great Heaven! Ellie sitting in the cave, her hands folded before her, her eyes looking far, far forward, her lips smiling in happy reverie —all unconscious of the waves rising, rising till they would soon sweep into the hollow where she sat. Already they covered the whole base of the rock. Already she was in danger, for the water would cover her shoulders, and she could not swim.

Involuntarily I hastened toward the nearest point where I could obtain a boat. Two or three lay upon the shore, turned over to dry—little row-boats, such as Ellie and I had often taken for an hour's pleasuring, for my father had taught me the use of oars in my happy home-days. My hands were already upon the nearest boat, when I suddenly sank upon the stones, utterly prostrated by a hideous possibility that rose phantom-like before me.

If I turned back now, and went home, no one need ever know I had been there. Not a human being was in sight. Ellie would die, and Wilfred inherit all the vast estate, and be free to marry whomever he would.

I lay face down on the stones while the hurrying thoughts crowded upon my brain, too stunned by the awful temptation tearing my heart, to rise and carry out my scheme I must go home. I said it over and over till the words conveyed their meaning, and I struggled to my feet.

As I stood erect, my brain reeling, the waters dancing before my dazed eyes, a piercing scream rang out upon the air—another followed, and another. It was Ellie's voice —Ellie, awake now to the full danger of her situation; Ellie, drowning within a few yards of where I stood.

I waited still. No one came. In a little while the death-agony would be over, and Wilfred free! And I! what would I be? Wilfred's wife, with the conscience of a murderer! How he would hate me if he ever knew the truth! Perhaps I should go mad, and tell him. Again those agonizing screams so near me, so far from all other human help.

I stooped and turned over the boat, dragged it to the water, took my place, lifted the oars, and then, by a superhuman effort, raised my voice:

"Courage, Ellie! I am coming!"

The screams ceased instantly. I struck out with all my strength, and rounded the great rock safely.

Ellie was standing in the hollow, clinging desperately to the rock, the water nearly to her waist.

As the boat grated against the rock, Ellie dropped like a dead woman, and I caught her dress as she floated past the boat. Strong as I was, it was a terrible strain to lift her. Twice she slipped back—once carrying me almost over the side of the boat. For one flashing second, the temptation seized me to sink with her, and so end the struggle.

But I made one desperate effort, and this time succeeded in lifting the insensible figure into safety. It was but a few vigorous strokes, and we were on the shore, Ellie in my arms, dragged out of the reach of the hungry waves.

She gave no sign of life, though I rubbed her temples, and tried to revive her. I was afraid she had died of sheer terror, when she shivered, and opened her eyes.

"Well, well," I said, choking back the desire to scream hysterically, "have you concluded to wake up? A pretty scrape you have got into—half-drowned, two miles from home."

"Oh, Gertrude!" and then she clung to me, sobbing.

"Don't cry!" I said, crossly; "there is quite a sufficiency of water here."

Just at that moment I heard a merry whistle, and looking in the direction from which it came, spied a ragged boy strolling leisurely along, tossing pebbles into the water. I called to him, and with the promise of a dollar for speed, sent him over to the hotel, half a mile off, on the beach for a carriage.

He earned his money. Before I thought he could have reached the hotel, he was back with the vehicle, into which I lifted Ellie, shivering as if with ague.

The driver understood the emergency.

Ellie, blue and cold, was carried to her room, and I worked busily till she was rubbed, warmed, dosed with hot drinks and asleep. Then I astonished Mrs. Crofton and the relatives waiting for the midnight train, by fainting, for the very first time in my life.

They put me to bed then, after pouring something hot down my throat, and I never wakened till morning. Fanny Greyson had left me a kind note, telling me to come to her as soon as I was able, and I rose and dressed hastily to obey the summons. But before I had completed my toilet duties, the room floor seemed to rise and strike me in the face, and I could see the ocean dashing with a great roar in at the window.

Worn out by long nursing and the excitement of saving my cousin, was the doctor's verdict, as I tossed in delirium. For Ellie had told her story, though she said I seemed to rise out of the grave to rescue her. She was well the next day, but I lay at death's door for many long days, coming back to life slowly, and oh, so reluctantly! What did life offer me? Ashes!

Yet, in those days of convalescence, I wondered at the change in Ellie. Wilfred, having accepted the sacrifice required of him, would not embitter her gentle heart by a knowledge of its magnitude. He altered nothing of the kind, brotherly affection he had given his little cousin, and she required no more for perfect content. The old look of fear was gone from her soft, blue eyes, and the tenderest blush, like the petal of a wild-rose, bloomed upon her cheek. Her step became more buoyant, her voice gained a clear, sweet melody.

In the days when I lay, too weak to rise, but once again conscious, Ellie was my companion, whenever Wilfred was out. She would nestle her face close to mine upon the pillow, and talk to me softly of her lover, of his goodness to her, of her happiness—blind to the misery I succeeded in hiding.

I wonder now that I escaped raving insanity in those days; but I recovered slowly, till I could venture to write to Fanny Greyson, and prepare for my journey to New York. I had kept my room until the last day. Then Ellie insisted upon my coming down to dinner. I was to leave on an early morning train, though the young heiress begged me to stay, at least till after the quiet wedding, drawing very near. But I was obstinate.

The dinner was a very quiet one. Wilfred gave me a grave, tender greeting, evidently requiring all his self-control to keep calm; and I thanked him for his kind congratulation upon my restored health.

But as I went to my room, he offered me his arm. For one moment we were alone in the hall. He bent over me then, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Farewell, Gertrude! The last few hours prove to me that we may not meet soon. May God bless you, wherever you may be!"

"May He send you every happiness," I said, steadily. "It will be my constant prayer, Wilfred, that you may forget me, and learn to love Ellie as she loves you."

That was our parting, fifteen years ago. It was ten years before I looked again on Wilfred Crofton's face. I was Fanny Greyson's governess for five years, most kindly treated. Then my father's brother left me a moderate fortune, and I ceased to drive grammar into juvenile heads. Fanny Greyson will never let me speak of leaving her.

Five years ago I visited Crofton Place, at Ellie's urgent request. Wilfred, a portly gentleman, gave me cordial welcome, and I soon saw that my conscience-exacted prayer was granted. The sweet-faced little matron who welcomed me had developed in the sunlight of happiness to a perfect womanhood, and had won the heart of her husband. Three beautiful children gave a holy strength to the tie, and I could weep softly and be glad at the home-love never to be mine.

Since then I spend a Summer month every year at Crofton Place—old maid auntie to the babies, as hey claim my love, true friend to Wilfred and Ellie, glad to my heart's core that I do not reign there with a murderer's conscience to sap away all happiness.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

In the Polar World, and its regions of eternal Winter, and on the tops of snow-clad mountains, where snow and ice, and dark, drear waters, huge glacier and colossal berg, combine to form an awful and impressive picture, the traveler is thankful for the abundance of the humble and primitive forms, which communicate the freshness and variety of life to the otherwise painful and death-like uniformity of the frost-bound Nature. It is true that here,

> "Above, around, below,
> On mountain or in glen,
> Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant nor flower,"

may be found in the lands beyond the line of perpetual snow; it is true that

> "All is rocks at random thrown,
> Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone;
> As if were here denied
> The Summer's sun, the Spring's sweet dew,
> That clothe with many a varied hue
> The bleakest mountain-side;"

but vegetation is not absolutely wanting, and the lichens are so largely developed and so widely distributed as to impart quite a peculiar and distinctive character to the scenery.

A lichen which is discovered in almost every zone of altitude and latitude, which ranges from the wild shores of Melville Island in the Arctic to those of Deception Island

in the Antarctic Circle—which blooms on the crests of the Himalayas, on the lofty peak of Chimborazo, and was found by Agassiz near the top of Mont Blanc—is the *Lecidea geographica*, a beautiful bright-green lichen, whose clusters assume almost a kaleidoscopic appearance.

In Novaia Zemlaia and other northern regions the vegetation is so stunted that it barely covers the ground, but a much greater variety of minute plants of considerable beauty are aggregated there in a limited space than in the Alpine climes of Europe, where the same genera occur. This is due to the feebleness of the vegetation; for in the Swiss Alps the same plant frequently usurps a large area, and drives out every other—as the dark-blue gentian, the violet-tinted pansy, and the yellow and pink stone-crops. But in the far north, where vitality is weak and the seeds do not ripen, thirty different species, it has been observed, may be seen "crowded together in a brilliant mass," no one being powerful enough to overcome its companions.

In these frozen climates plants may be said to live between the air and the earth, for they scarcely raise their heads above the soil; and their roots, unable to penetrate it, creep along the surface. All the woody plants—as the *Betula nava*, the reticulated willow, *Andromeda tetragona*, with a few bacciferous shrubs—trail upon the ground, and never rise more than an inch or two above it. The *Salix lanata*, the giant of the Arctic forests, is about five inches in height; while its stem, ten or twelve feet long, lies hidden among the moss, and owes shelter, almost life, to its humble neighbor.

In Spitzbergen the flora contains about ninety-three species of flowering or phænogamous plants, which, like those already mentioned, generally grow in tufts or patches, as if for the sake of mutual protection. The delicate mosses which clothe the moist lowlands, and the hardy lichens which incrust the rocks up to the remotest limits of vegetation, are very numerous. Some of the Spitzbergen plants are found on the Alps, at elevations varying from 9,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea-level; such as the *Arenaria biflora*, the *Cerastium alpinum*, and the *Ranunculus glacialis*. The only esculent plant is the *Cochlearia fenestrata*, which here loses its bitter principles, so much complained of by our Arctic explorers, and may be eaten as a salad. Iceland moss and several grasses afford sustenance for the reindeer.

ALPINE FLOWERS.—SEE PAGE 403.

HUNTING SCENES IN INDIA.—A TIGER CARRYING OFF A HINDOO GIRL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

HUNTING SCENES IN INDIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

Some of the commentators upon the Bible have contended that the Scriptural Garden of Eden, or Paradise, was located in India. They cite many reasons in support of their theory; without stopping to examine them we may safely assert that India is a modern Paradise—the Paradise of sportsmen. Hunting in Africa has many claims to superiority; but in that country the hunter must bury himself in the wilderness, and depend entirely upon what he carries with him, or upon what he procures by his own skill and exertions. In India the case is different, as there is the curious anomaly of a region having the advantages of a dense population, and being at the same time abundantly stocked with game.

Ever since the English obtained a foothold in India, that land has been a famous resort for the hunter, and will so continue for a long time to come. The resident or visitor who has a fondness for sport finds little difficulty in gratifying it, and not a few have had more of it than they wanted.

During my stay in India, I was several times invited to participate in the noble sport of that country. At the head of the list of Indian sports, we have the chase of the tiger; the old residents prefer it to any other, on account of the excitement it affords, and the fact that the element of danger is by no means small.

"What is the glory," said an official, who had been twenty years in the valley of the Ganges—"what is the glory of killing a deer or an antelope, who has no power of resistance, and whose only defense is in running away? No true sportsman will ever indulge in it, and it is only fit for weak-hearted milksops who are unwilling to risk a scratch. You might as well have the animal tied to a post, and then walk up and hold the muzzle of your gun to his ear."

I listened in silence, and when he had finished, I gave an evasive response, for the reason that I was just in receipt of an invitation to join in an antelope-hunt under the guidance of another official. Under such circumstances there is an awkwardness in discussing a question like the foregoing, and I was fain to avoid it. And as proof of the danger attending a tiger-hunt the questioner showed his arm, which had been chewed from wrist to shoulder by one of the lordly beasts, and revealed a perfect patchwork of scars. And he added the remark that has become proverbial throughout India, and also in other lands: "Hunting the tiger is very pleasant as long as the tiger is hunted, but when he turns and hunts you it isn't half so funny."

I asked the veteran to give me the story of that wound, as I was sure it would be interesting. He nodded assent, and called his servant to bring another "peg." Among the English residents of India, a "peg" means a glass of brandy-and-soda, and is probably an equivalent for what the New Yorker sometimes denominates "a nail." The "peg" was brought, and partly swallowed, and then the major settled into a comfortable position on his reclining chair, lighted a fresh cigar, and told me his story.

"We were having a great hunt," said he, "up in the Terai district, which is a famous one for tigers. The Terai tigers are among the largest in India, and they are as savage as they can be made. Generally speaking, the tiger is a coward; that is, he will never come face to face with you if he can avoid an encounter. He will sneak off if he can, and it is only when he finds himself surrounded, or has been wounded, that he turns and fights. Then he is dangerous, and full of courage. He is tenacious of life, and will fight bravely to the last; and it is a proud moment when you have laid him low, and can apply your measuring line to make a record of his length. Our rule of measuring tigers is to apply the end of the line to the nose, and have a man hold it there firmly; then we slowly extend it backward to the tip of his tail, following all the curves of his head, neck and backbone. The body of the animal is first laid straight upon the ground, and we have all agreed that when it is thus laid straight the measurement I have indicated is the fairest possible.

"We don't get tigers so large now as we used to twenty-five or thirty years ago. The country has been cleared and settled, roads have been opened, more people have firearms, and more men have joined in the sport than we used to have. Nowadays it is not often that we shoot a tiger more than ten feet long; while in the old times we used occasionally to get tigers of eleven or twelve feet. I have heard of tigers thirteen, and even fourteen, feet long; but they were always shot in some distant part of the country, and, though lots of people had heard of them, nobody could be found who had ever seen the tiger or the skin, or seen anybody who had measured it.

"I have shot," continued the major, "forty-seven tigers, and the average length of them is nine feet seven inches and a quarter. I have kept a careful record of every one, and always made the measurements myself. In every case where an Englishman was present, I have had him go over the measurement after me, and have taken every precaution to have the record absolutely correct. Here is my tiger-book, with the date and place of every hunt I have been in, the measurement of every tiger I have killed, and the names of the witnesses. I wouldn't take a fortune for that book; and when I give up hunting I shall send it to England and have it retained as a family treasure.

"The longest tiger I ever shot measured eleven feet and seven inches; and the longest I ever *knew* anybody to shoot measured twelve feet and six inches. I have heard on good authority of several tigers over twelve feet long, and two of exactly twelve feet; but I have grave doubts about thirteen-foot tigers, and still graver ones about fourteen-footers.

"But I am forgetting the hunt where my arm was hurt. It was a regular hunt in the jungle, and we had about forty elephants in line to beat the brute out of his hiding-place. The way we do these hunts is this: We make up a party including any number of gentlemen, from two or three to a dozen, and sometimes more. Each gentleman has an elephant, with a howdah, or seat. The howdah is a sort of box, in which you sit as you would in a small carriage; and behind you there is a seat for your bearer, or attendant. Your guns are slung in racks, ready to your hand, while directly in front of you there are pouches containing your cartridges. When you are supposed to be in the vicinity of a tiger you have your rifle ready in your hand, as there are times when quick work is necessary, and the question of a second or two makes the difference between shooting a tiger or losing him altogether.

"The oldest and most experienced sportsman is chosen captain of the hunt, and his orders must be implicitly obeyed. Then there is a hunter at each end of the line, the captain being in the centre; and the other hunters, if there be any, are scattered along at regular intervals. The mahout, or driver, of each elephant sits on the animal's neck, and directs his motions by means of a goad, or pointed rod of iron, having a hook near the point. There are as many howdah elephants as there are hunters, and between every two howdahs there are from two to five pad elephants. The use of the pad elephants is to keep the line well closed. They carry no hunters, but we generally

have a lot of natives perched on the pad to assist in making the noise which is intended to frighten the tiger out of his lair and compel him to show himself.

"I have been in a hunt where we had sixteen howdahs and sixty-six pad elephants—eighty-two in all. When the long line was drawn up, and those stately beasts marched forward, the sight was a magnificent one. But the number was too great, and we only bagged one tiger. Next day the party separated, and two of my friends and myself, with thirteen elephants, beat the same jungle, and were so fortunate as to get two tigers—one of them a fine male nine feet and eight inches long. We frequently have from twenty to forty elephants and from five to eight howdahs in a hunt; but even these are too many. I like best a hunt with ten elephants, three howdahs and seven pads, with a captain in the centre and two experienced sportsmen at the ends. Then you have a line that can be easily controlled, as it can be turned suddenly, doubled, hurried, or slowed down. You can follow the tiger's movements, and keep closely upon him until the favorable moment comes; and if he tries to escape across country, you can pursue him. But with a larger number than this, your line gets unwieldy, and, though you find a large party very pleasant in a social way, it is unfavorable for sport.

"The time that I speak of we had, as I said, about forty elephants—forty-one was the exact number—and there were seven of us in the hunt. We always take along plenty of provisions, and one of the party is appointed to look after the commissary department, while another attends to the forage for the elephants, and their general management; a third is paymaster and general accountant; and all these are under control of the captain, who decides upon the plan of operations, assigns the place for each man and each elephant, and is, in fact, as high in authority as the general on a battle-field. For the time being, nobody can appeal from his decision, and sometimes he is obliged to be very autocratic. The most frequent exercise of his authority is in deciding the ownership of a tiger, as it frequently happens that two or more men may shoot at him at the same time, and hit him, too. In such cases the captain acts as judge, hears the story of each claimant, looks at the ground and the fallen beast, and decides accordingly.

"I once had a very awkward case to settle. We were out in the Terai with seventeen elephants and five howdahs, and I had been chosen captain. The scouts had reported a tiger in a small jungle. He had carried off a bullock from a neighboring village, and several of the natives had seen him. They were sure he was a large one, as he had killed the bullock with one blow of his paw, and then borne him off as easily as a cat runs away with a rat. He carried his prey more than a mile, and the natives said that in doing so he jumped a small brook as easily as though he had had no load.

"We examined the ground, and found that what they said was true. There were the marks on the soft earth where the bullock had been dragged along, and at the water-course it was evident that he had made a clear jump of at least six feet, carrying the bullock with him. The bottom of the sluggish stream was full of dead leaves and sticks, and they were not disturbed in the least; while the soft ground on both sides showed the prints of the tiger's feet, and there was a deep indentation on the bank where he landed with his prize.

"We formed the line at the edge of the jungle, and then beat slowly through it; the elephants treading down the tall grass, and reeds, and small bushes, as though they were the merest trifles. There was a little clump of bushes somewhat thicker than the rest, and it was here that the tiger lay concealed, as we found when we approached it. He gave a loud roar, and sprang out into an open space just beyond.

"The line had been curved around a little at each end, so that two of the hunters, Captain S—— and Dr. B——, saw him at the same instant. They fired so closely together that the reports of their rifles sounded like one. The tiger gave a convulsive leap into the air, and then fell dead.

"We gathered around him, and dismounted from our elephants. He measured ten feet and two inches, and was a magnificent specimen. The doctor and the captain both claimed him, and appealed to me to determine the question of ownership.

"'I aimed at his heart,' said the doctor.

"'You'll find my bullet in his head,' said the captain.

"And, sure enough, there was a hole just behind his fore-shoulder, and another under his ear. I postponed the decision until we reached camp.

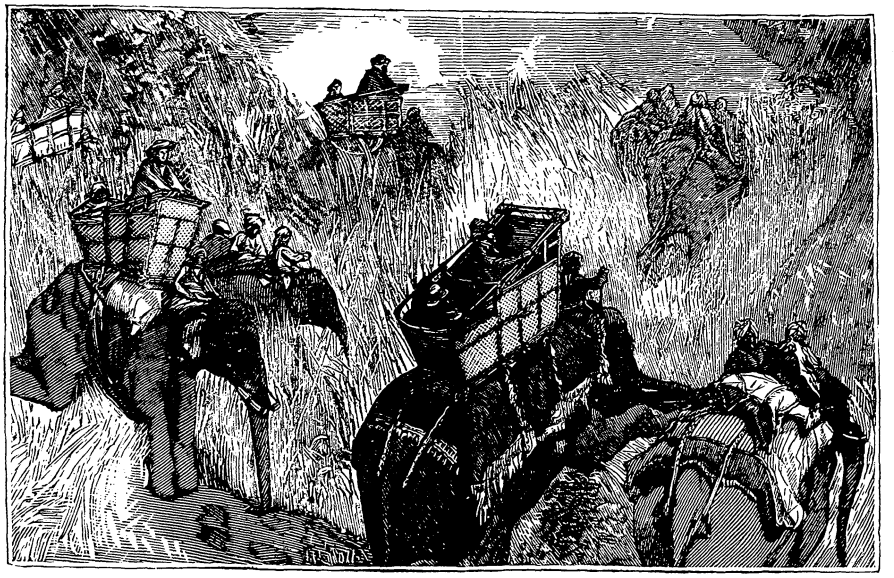
"We always put our dead game on the pad elephants, and one of them was brought forward to receive the prize. The tiger is very heavy in proportion to his size, as he is all muscles and sinews and solid bones. There is no dropsy, and no superfluous fat about him; every ounce of a tiger is intended for use; and his body, when stripped of its skin, is one of the finest anatomical specimens you ever saw. Dissect a healthy, full-grown tiger side by side with the most powerful bull, and the bull will seem, when compared with the tiger, as devoid of muscles as a jelly fish. The sinews of a tiger are so hard that they will turn the edge of the sharpest knife; and to attempt to cut through them is like trying to cut through a piece of sole leather that has been hammered full of iron-filings.

"One of the pad elephants was brought forward and made to kneel. The *mahouts* and attendants attempted to lift the tiger on the elephant's back; but he was so heavy that enough of them to lift him could not get around his body. So we did what we always do in such cases—we made an incline of bamboo poles, with one end on the elephant's back and the other resting on the ground at the tiger's side. On this we slid the carcass as you might slide a block of stone or a box of goods; and very soon we had it properly lashed down and secured.

"It is very necessary that the lashing should be well done, as an elephant is easily frightened at anything slipping from his back to the ground. He has great fear of a tiger, and I have known an elephant to become uncontrollable when an improperly fastened tiger slipped off. It hung to the pad by a rope around its neck; the elephant ran away over the rough country, and before he could be stopped, the skin of the tiger was completely ruined. And, besides, the elephant was never of any use in hunting after that, as he could not be kept in line, and would run away at the very first smell of the jungle where the tiger was concealed.

"When we dissected the tiger, I found that one bullet was lodged in the heart, and another had penetrated the brain. Either shot would have been fatal; and the best I could do was to award the skin to one and the skull to the other, and let the doctor and the captain toss up for choice. The doctor won and chose the skin, so that the captain had the skull. Each entered the tiger in his hunting record, and credited the other with assisting in the slaughter.

"In the hunt where my arm was injured——" (I began to think we should never get to it, but I felt no disposition to interfere with the major's garrulity, as every word was interesting)—"in that hunt Colonel M—— was captain, and we had a couple of gentlemen up from Calcutta, who

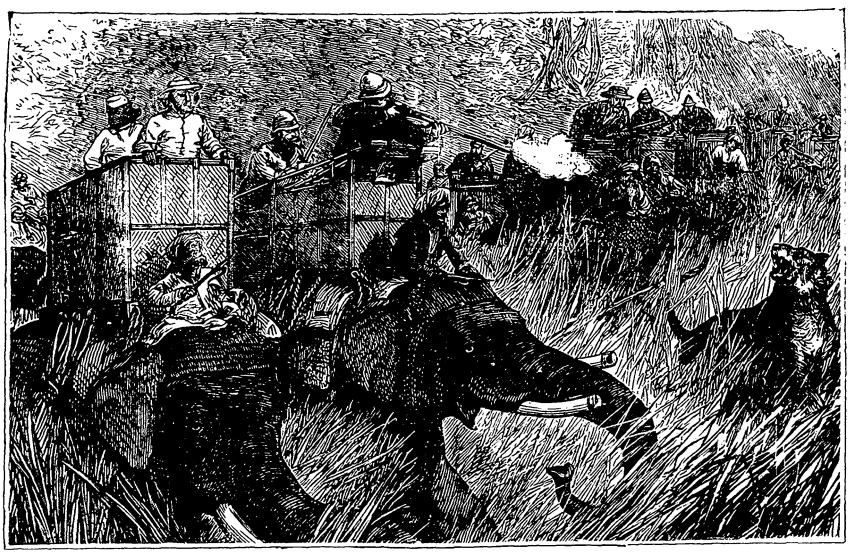


ELEPHANTS CROSSING A NULLAH IN THE JUNGLE.

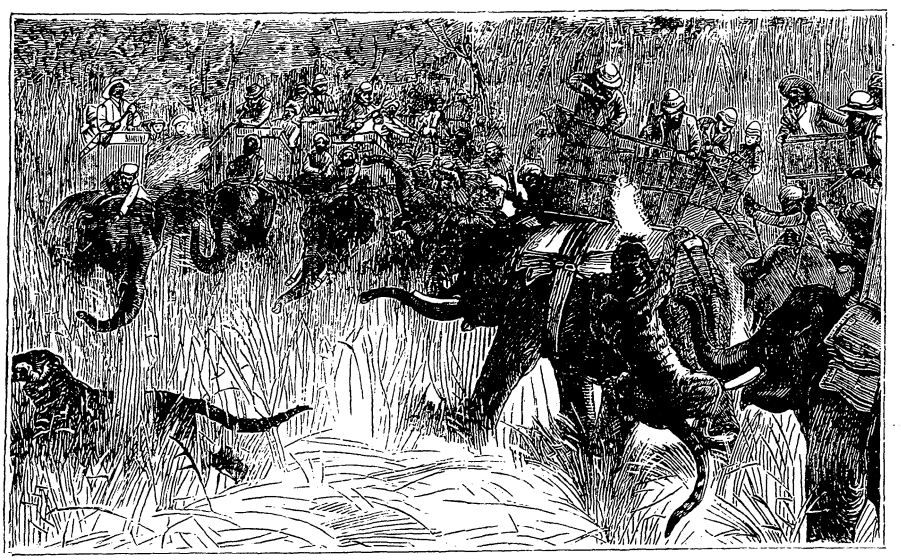
were our guests. Two tigers had been reported close by a village near Pulopatam, where there was a very dense jungle that afforded a good hiding-place. We beat slowly and stirred up the tigers, but the grass was so thick, and they sneaked off so stealthily, that we were unable to get a sight of them.

"We were at it for several hours, and as it was time for *tiffin*, or lunch, we determined to halt and finish our sport in the afternoon. The lunch boxes were spread under a large tree, and we found a good deal of refreshment in the food and drink that the servants set before us. One of the best things in a jungle-hunt is a glass of Bass's ale; and it is interesting to observe how the eyes of a hunting party turn toward an ale-bottle while the cork is being drawn. One of those brown bottles with the triangular spot of red on its label, and in the hands of a native servant armed with a corkscrew, is a most welcome sight when you are thirsty.

"We finished our lunch and then returned to work. Just before we started, the scouts came in and reported that the tigers had gone to a separate patch of jungle about a mile away, where the beating would be very easy. The line was formed, and we went at it in earnest, and it wasn't long before our game was stirred up. There was some thick jungle grass, so that it was not possible to see the tiger, but we knew by the waving of the grass that he was making off and trying to escape. The captain gave the signal for full chase, and away we went.



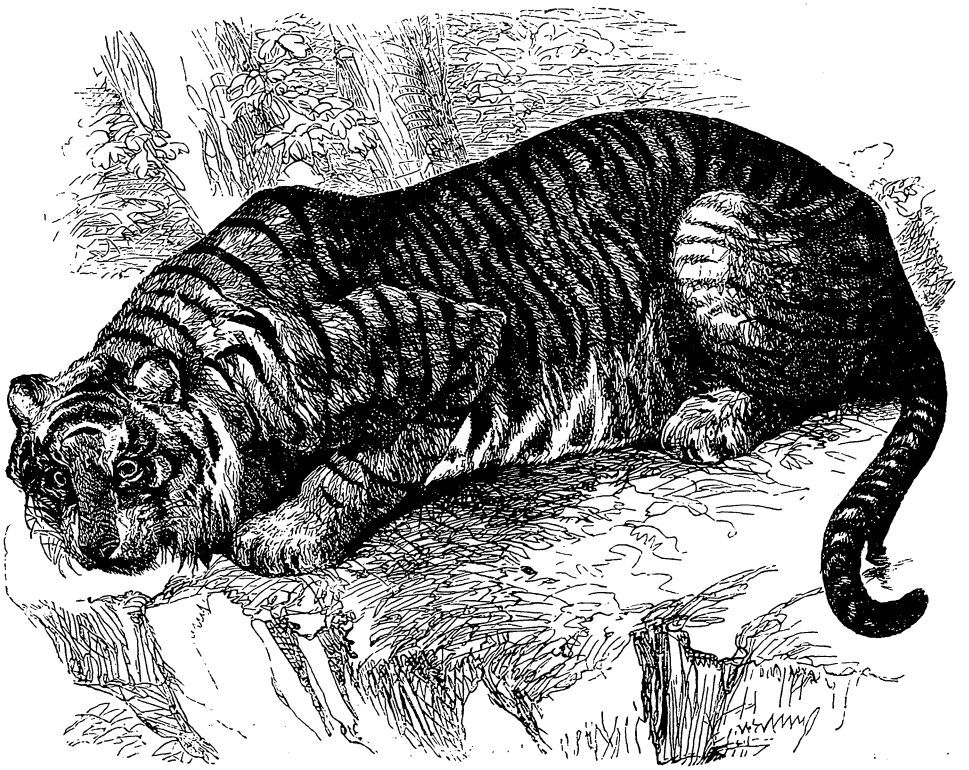
AN EXCITING MOMENT IN A TIGER HUNT.



A TIGER ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT.

"This is the exciting time in a tiger-hunt. The *mahout* urges the elephant to his best speed by prodding him with the iron and pounding his heels on the animal's ears. Every man stands up in his *howdah*, with his gun in hand, and ready to blaze away at the first sight of the yellow brute. Your attendant behind you tries to keep cool, but he is as excited as you are, and swings from side to side, looking first one way and then another, in hopes of sighting the game and calling your attention

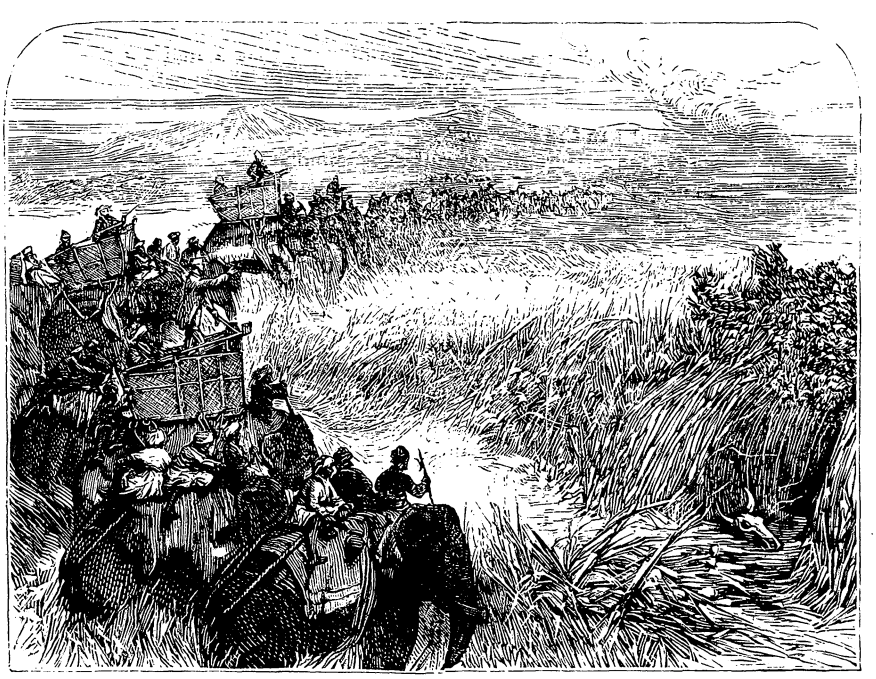
to it. The line is kept well closed up, for unless it is so, the tiger may watch his chance and break through. I have known this to happen several times, and once a tiger remained crouched in the grass till the elephants were fairly over him. Then he gave a spring and went off to the rear between two elephants that were not more than ten feet apart. Before we could bring a gun on him he was out of sight, but we turned the line and doubled on him inside of a minute. We followed him up and finally shot him, just as he was climbing the bank of a dry *nullah*, or watercourse.



AN INDIAN TIGER.

"Well, we followed our tiger in the tall grass until we got near the bank of a stream. It is a mistake to suppose that a tiger is like a cat in dreading water; true, he does not often take a bath voluntarily, but in hot weather he will enter a stream and lie there for an hour or more to cool himself.

"And this reminds me of a strange scene I once witnessed—a fight between a tiger and a crocodile. I was out one afternoon along the Koosee, looking for antelope, and had stalked one successfully. I came to the bank of the river, and sat down to rest under a tree for a few minutes, not dreaming that there was any game about. The river abounds in crocodiles, and on looking at a sand-bar close to the opposite shore, I could see the snouts of two of the reptiles just sticking out of the water. While I was deliberating whether to take a shot at one of the snouts, by way of practice, there was a slight crackling in the dry reeds and grass, and a splendid tiger showed himself just at the edge of the water, and within ten yards of one of the crocodiles. Now, I thought, there will be some fun.



A TIGER-HUNT WITH ELEPHANTS—BEATING THE JUNGLE.

"The tiger was thirsty and hot, and as he lapped the water he settled nearly half his body into it. Instantly one of those dark snouts moved toward him, but so gently that it did not make a ripple, and I am sure there was not the least noise in the movement.

"Within three feet of the tiger the black snout disappeared under the water. In an instant it rose again like lightning, the great jaws were opened, and in the same instant the tiger's head was inclosed between them.

"Then there was a terrible struggle. The tiger was powerful, and so was the crocodile. It was the tiger's fight for life, while for the crocodile the affair was not a small one.

"The tiger's head is so strong that even the jaws of a crocodile, powerful as they are, cannot readily break it. In this case the tiger's head was not crushed or

he would have been instantly killed, and the fight brought to an end at once.

"They lashed the shallow water near the sand-bar into a mass of foam. Twice the tiger got his feet planted in the bottom, and fairly drew his adversary out of the water. They rolled over and over, the crocodile steadily maintaining his hold, which the tiger tried in vain to break. At last they rolled off into deep water, and as the tiger had no hold for his feet, he was carried under. The commotion was kept up even after they went below the surface; other crocodiles came and added to the disturbance by lashing about with their powerful tails. The crocodile had the best of it, and disappeared with his prey.

"I think the fight must have lasted not less than a quarter of an hour; at any rate it seemed so, though it may have been less, and certainly it was a very lively fight while it lasted. I might have shot one, or perhaps both, of the fighters while they were rolling about on the sand-bank, but it would have done me no good, and, besides, I wanted to see fair play.

"But this isn't telling you how my arm was hurt. When we got near the stream that day, we were all excitement, as I told you. The grass was lower close to the stream, and as I was looking anxiously ahead, I saw it moving in one place, and knew that the tiger must be there. I fired at the spot, and then there was a frightful roar that said my shot had taken effect.

"The tiger raised his head and tail, so that I had a full view of him. Another rifle was ready, and I blazed away as he faced about. I aimed at his mouth, and sent the ball crashing down his throat. Others of the party saw him at the same time, but they were a second or more behind me, and before they could fire he had tumbled into the grass.

"Then we gathered around him and dismounted to put the prize on one of the pad elephants to carry home. And, by the way, let me tell you that you should never approach a dead tiger, or one you suppose to be dead, except with the greatest caution. It is wonderful the tenacity of life that they show, both in resisting the effect of a shot, and in suddenly recovering from it and making a final effort. Once I shot a tiger, and he ran at least three hundred yards before he fell; when we cut him up I found the bullet lodged right in the middle of his heart. Once Major B—— and I were out together, and we flushed a fine old tiger which the major brought down. He lay there apparently quite dead, and we got down to look at the prize and take his measure.

"The major had lain his line on the tiger's nose, and carefully extended it backward along the curves of the head, neck and spine. I think he was somewhere along the middle of the back, when the tiger sprang up with a roar, and struck out heavily with his fore-paw. Luckily for the major, the blow just grazed his leg; he went spinning backward as the tiger gave a spring and jumped completely over him. The tiger then made for one of the elephants, and fell dead at his feet. This time we approached him more cautiously, and had the servants prod him with sticks, while we stood ready with our rifles. But he was really dead this time, and no mistake; and he measured nine feet four and a half inches. The major sent the skin to England as a present to a friend, and kept the skull as a trophy.

"Never be in a hurry to approach a fallen tiger, and never descend from your elephant without a revolver in your hand, and ready for instant use.

"Another time I knew a tiger, supposed to be dead, that made sad havoc in a hunting-party. We had descended to measure and secure him, when he suddenly sprang up and charged upon one of the gentlemen, rolling him over in the grass and injuring him so severely that he died a few days later. The poor fellow's leg was bitten and crushed to a jelly from hip to ankle, and the bone was broken in three places. The shock was very great, and, taken in conjunction with the wound, produced a fatal result. Poor Somers! he was only a short time among us, but he had made many friends, and his death was a sad blow to all in the district.

"Well, the time that I speak of, we got our first tiger all right, and then started in for the other. We had beaten up to a partially bare spot, where the grass was trodden down, and one end of the line was swinging around so as to change the direction a little and sweep a bit of jungle beyond the open spot. Suddenly two tigers got up almost under the feet of one of the elephants, that had been pushed a little in advance of the rest. One of them tried to make off, and presented a chance for one of the gentlemen near the end of the line. I was at the extreme end, and stood with my gun ready; but my neighbor got the first sight, and, as he was very quick on the trigger, he got the first shot too.

"The other tiger was shot at but only slightly wounded, and he immediately faced about and charged upon the elephant who had disturbed him. The elephant had turned slightly and exposed his flank, and the tiger charged directly upon it. At one spring he landed fairly upon the elephant, and he had one foot on the pad close to where the *howdah* ropes are attached. Major S—— was in the *howdah*, and he is one of the coolest of hunters in all India. He sent a bullet into the tiger's skull; and, as he could bring the muzzle close to the brute's head, there was no occasion for elevating the sights. The tiger fell off, and after a few kicks he was dead.

"The other one was lying not twenty yards away, so we had two of them at once. I was helping take the measure of the first one—the fellow that tried to sneak off, when he suddenly sprang up and seized my arm in his teeth. He gave only a single bite, but as he did so he twisted his head with a tearing motion, so that he lacerated my arm the whole length. My friend whom I was helping, drew his revolver and sent a bullet through the tiger's neck, making an end of him.

"And that's the way my arm was torn, and you may be sure I had no more taste for tiger-hunting that day. Luckily the hunt was over, so that I had no disappointment at having been left out in the sport. It was three months before I was well again and ready to take my place in the *howdah*."

Here the servant was summoned to bring another "peg," which he did with such promptness as to indicate that he had been standing ready with it. The narrator's throat was dry from his long talk, but the irrigation speedily set it right, and he continued upon his favorite theme.

"There are other ways," he said, "of hunting tigers, as you are doubtless aware; and everybody cannot get elephants to beat the jungle with. In the northwest of India, and in other districts, the hunting is done by means of *mychans*."

"And what is a *mychan?*"

"It is a stand where you take your place, behind the shelter of a wall or a bank of earth. Beaters are sent out through the forest, and they endeavor to drive the game in your direction. If they are successful you get a convenient shot, and have a comfortable rest for your rifle. It is a poor marksman who cannot hit a tiger under such circumstances.

"Shooting from a *mychan* is not popular among the best tiger-hunters, as it is far less exciting than a chase with elephants. You may have to sit still for hours with abso-

lutely nothing to interest you, and all the time you must keep a sharp lookout for the tiger. He may not come near you at all, or he may show himself too far away for a shot. But in beating with elephants, every moment is interesting, and when you are in the vicinity of the tiger the interest changes to intense excitement. I do not know of any sport in the world that can equal it. And besides, you have society and companionship, which you cannot have in the still mode of hunting.

"When the Prince of Wales made his tour through India he had several tiger-hunts. The most of them were with elephants, and were on a magnificent scale, especially those in the Nepaul district. But his first tiger was shot from a *mychan* at Jeypoor, under the personal direction of the Rajah of the district. A comfortable *mychan* had been erected for the occasion. The Prince took his position in the corner, while the Rajah stood by with his rifle and watched for the game. They waited an hour or more before the sharp eyes of the Rajah saw the tiger approaching. Almost at the same instant His Royal Highness espied the animal. He dropped on one knee, rested his rifle over the parapet, and fired. The shot took effect in the tiger's neck, and bowled him over. He struggled a good deal, and a second shot was needed to finish him.

"Generally the *mychan* is so constructed that a tiger cannot spring into it; but such is not always the case. I have known a tiger, hit and slightly wounded, to jump into a *mychan* and clear it of its occupants. On one occasion, near Jubbulpore, an Englishman was almost torn in pieces by a beast he had wounded. He was accompanied by only one servant, who escaped and brought the news of the accident. When the party went to the *mychan* they found the dead and lacerated body of the Englishman lying there. The tiger was gone, and was not again seen.

"Another way of hunting the tiger is practiced by the natives, but very rarely by foreigners, as it does not require much courage, and gives even less excitement than the mode I have just described."

"What is that?" I asked.

"We call it 'baiting,'" was the reply. "They take the carcass of a bullock and drag it into the jungle, or they find one that has been killed and partially eaten by a tiger. In the latter case they are certain that the tiger will return to its prey, and in the former there is a good chance that the bait will be scented and will bring something worth shooting. It is not true, as many people suppose, that the tiger will eat nothing that he has not killed himself, and then only in a fresh state. He prefers to kill his own food, and when he has done so he drags it to a place of concealment, and makes a meal of it. The next day, or two or three days later, he returns for a second feed, and it makes no difference to him if the meat has become tainted in the meantime. And if he comes across an animal that has died a natural death, or one in whose slaughter he has had no share, he is not fastidious on the subject, but sits down and helps himself. I have known so many instances of this that I can positively assert that the tiger will eat carrion when he is hard pressed for food, and it makes no difference whether the meal is of his own killing or not.

"There are always plenty of jackals about, and they snarl and fight over the unsavory feast. They keep up a perpetual row, but they serve very well as sentinels to the pot-hunter, in his perch up in the tree-top. As long as the jackals continue their noise he may be sure there is no tiger about. When the tiger comes they shut up and run away, and this is the signal for him to be on the alert. The tiger sneaks along through the grass and bushes, taking a careful observation of the surroundings. He does not observe the man in the tree-top, and very often he comes so near that the hunter has a point-blank shot at not more than twenty feet of distance. If the first shot fails to kill, the tiger stretches himself up and looks for his concealed assailant, and thus affords a chance for a second shot. Anyway, the hunter is pretty safe, as the tiger cannot get at him; and this is the reason why the true sportsman disdains this mode of tiger-killing. In the howdah of an elephant a tiger may have a chance at you, but when you are in a tree-top he has no show at all.

"Tigers have been known to spring clear from the ground into the howdah, but such instances are rare. Generally he does not appear to distinguish between the elephant and the persons on his back, and his attack seems to be aimed at the beast more than at his riders. Elephants are very fearful of tigers, and always show more or less alarm when in their vicinity. I have known many an elephant to turn tail and run away when near the tiger's lair, and sometimes all the efforts of the mahout failed to check them. Not unfrequently they run under the limbs of trees in their flight, and the howdah and its occupants are brushed off. Major R——, of Lucknow, was killed in this way during a tiger-hunt in the Purneah district. A tiger charged his elephant, and the latter ran away. As it passed under a tree the howdah was swept off, and the major and his servant were both killed by the fall.

"When in the neighborhood of a tiger the elephant generally holds his trunk high in the air, as it is his most vulnerable point, and he is anxious to protect it from injury. In a fight with a tiger the elephant uses his trunk very little, through fear of injury, but endeavors to trample his enemy under foot or pierce him with his tusks. Once let an elephant get his heavy foot fairly on a tiger, and the fight is soon over; it is all up with the yellow-coated thief —or, rather, it is all down with him. But in the majority of fights between them, the tiger generally gets the best of it, or would do so, if man did not come to the elephant's aid. In one of our hunts in the northeast we had one elephant killed by a tiger—or, rather, he was so badly hurt that he died the next day—and another very severely wounded. Even the elephant's thick hide cannot resist the tiger's claws; and as for his teeth, they have been known to make an impression on a plate of iron.

"Speaking of *mychans*, there is one in the Lucknow district, in the top of a large tree, or, rather, just above the fork of its trunk. The last time I was there a large party of us had been out on a hunt, and came around to this tree for tiffin, or lunch. The servants opened the tiffin-boxes on the ground, and while they were getting things ready we climbed up, and wondered how it would seem to sit there three, four, or five hours and wait for a tiger to come along. We all voted it a bore, and by the time we had come to that conclusion tiffin was ready, and we came down.

"One of our fellows was a capital artist, and he made a sketch of the rest of us when we were up the tree. Here it is. You would think it no easy matter for a man to go into that *mychan* in a hurry, and it wasn't; but they say that a wounded tiger once went up there, and actually got his paws on the cross-plank before he was finished by a shot from a revolver."

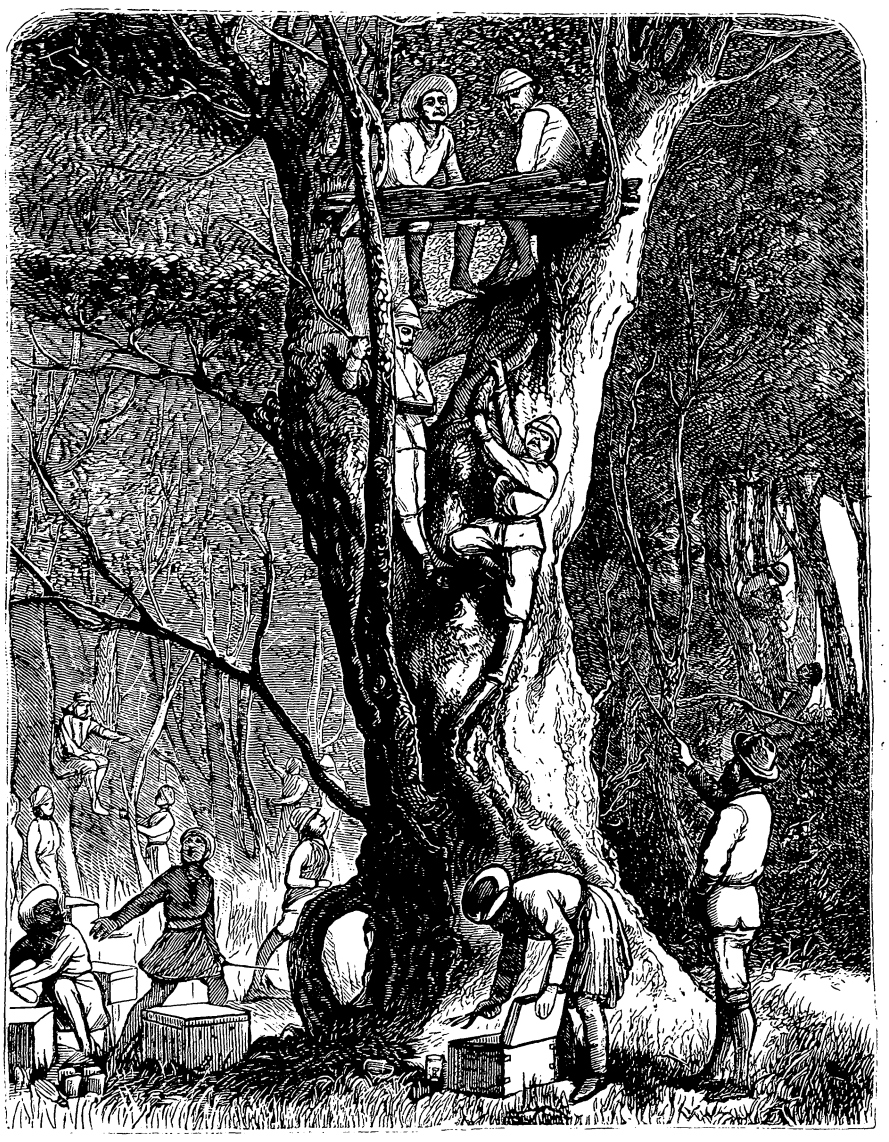
I was anxious to hear something about the man-eating tigers that infest certain parts of India, and so I asked about them.

"I had quite forgotten them," was the reply. "I'll tell you about them. Boy, bring another "peg"; this hot weather makes one thirsty.

"A man-eater is an accidental sort of tiger, and, happily, does not prevail often. As you are well aware, all wild animals, whether noxious or otherwise, shun the society of man. All the noxious animals dread his presence, and I

think we may safely say there is not a single animal that will attack man, except in return for provocation, or to escape from danger.

"The tiger is no exception to the rule, and when you let him alone, you may be pretty certain he will let you alone. When searching for his prey he will run away at sight of a man, though he is ready to attack a bullock much larger than a man. He catches sheep, goats, pigs, and cows, in preference to man; and he has been known to run past a native, or a group of natives, to attack a cow beyond them. But sometimes, while lurking in the forest close to a path, he sees a native walking along. Perhaps he mistakes the man for a lower animal, or perhaps his hunger overcomes his timidity at the human presence. Who can tell? He crouches exactly as you have seen a cat crouch before a mouse; he lashes his tail from side to side, and with glistening eyes springs without warning upon his victim. The unfortunate being is killed, dragged into the jungle, and eaten.



TIFFIN PARTY AT A MYCHAN IN LUCKNOW.

"The tiger has learned something new. He has found that man is an easy prey—far easier than a bullock; that his flesh is edible, and that the supply is abundant. He has only to watch by the path and secure his food any time he wants it. Henceforth that tiger is a man-slayer, and will capture no other game.

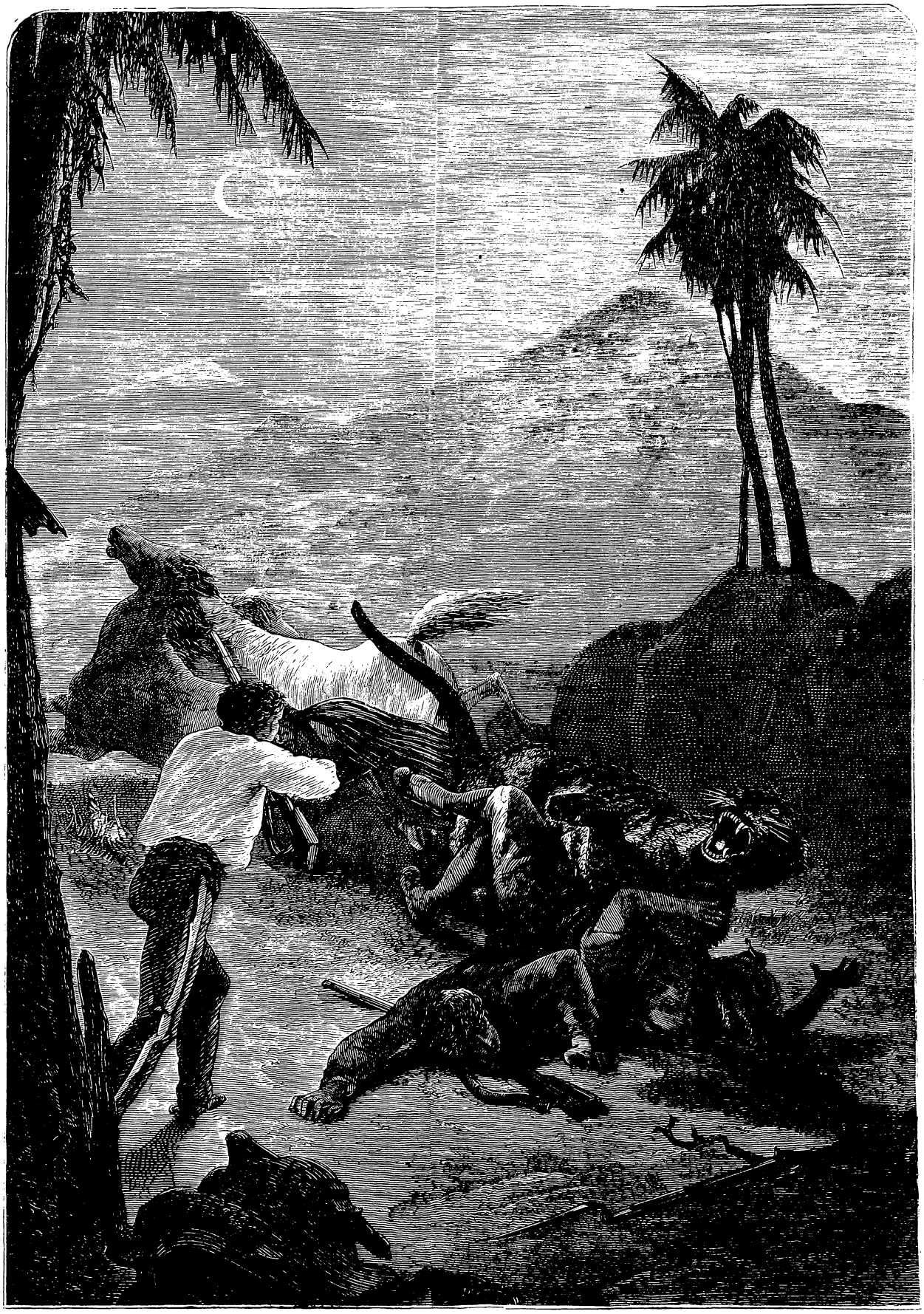
"A man-eating tiger spreads terror through the district wherever he appears, and I have known whole villages to be abandoned when it was known that one of these pests was in the neighborhood. Two or three persons a week have beeen carried away by a single tiger; and sometimes he becomes so bold as to come into a field where men are at work, pounce upon a victim, and rush away with him to the jungle.

"When the presence of a man-eater is known, the local government offers a large reward for his destruction. A veteran hunter comes, and sometimes days and weeks elapse before the brute is killed. Usually he must be hunted on foot or baited, and great patience and watchfulness are required for his capture. The tiger is very cunning, and the man who hunts him finds that he needs to exercise no ordinary strategy and skill to secure a triumph.

"The natives are justly very much afraid of the tiger; their first impulse on seeing one is to run away, and they lose no time in obeying it. And they do not stop to consider in what peril they may leave any one else by their sudden departure; their motto seems to be like that of the donkey that danced among the chickens—'let everybody look out for his own legs!'

"They once left me in a very uncomfortable lurch. I was traveling in the Agra district by *palkee*, or *palankeen*. The *palkee* is a box seven feet long, four wide, and about four in height, and has sliding doors on each side. You lie in it at full length, and it is not an uncomfortable mode of travel. At each end there is a pole braced by iron rods, and this pole rests on the shoulders of the bearers, of whom there are generally four, with as many more to relieve them at regular intervals. Then you have lantern or torch-bearers to light the way at night, and your private servant generally walks in advance to see that the way is clear.

"We were ascending a slope about a mile from one of the stations along the great road, and had just crossed a bridge over a small stream. It was a little after daybreak, and I was meditating upon the possibility of obtaining something good for breakfast, when suddenly I felt the *palkee* drop to the ground. Then followed the sound of retreating footsteps, and I heard a shout of '*Bagh! bagh!*' (Tiger! tiger!).



PERILS OF TIGER-HUNTING A SURPRISE.

"I looked out, and saw my men running over the slope as fast as their legs could carry them. About twenty yards away, at one side of the road, stood a large tiger, calmly surveying the scene.

"I was younger then than now, and did a very foolish thing, though luckily it had no bad result. I opened the door of the *palkee*, aimed my revolver at him, and fired.

"The bullet passed over him, or at any rate did not hit him. Then I thought I had best let him alone, and did not repeat the shot.

"He took two or three steps in my direction, as if intending to attack me, and he showed his great white teeth to indicate his intention. Then he stood still for at least a minute, uncertain what to do.

"It was a moment of intense anxiety for me.

"Finally, to my great relief, he turned and slowly walked into the forest, looking around occasionally by way of farewell. It was half an hour before my men returned, and with them several of the attendants at the station. I was much relieved, you may be sure, when the *palkee* was again on the bearers' shoulders and moving along the road.

"In some parts of India, especially in Baroda and the north, it is the fashion to hunt the antelope by means of the cheetah. This animal belongs to the leopard family, and his thirst for blood is quite equal to that of the tiger. I was invited to a hunt of this sort while sojourning in the Bombay Presidency, and was not slow in accepting the invitation. But after all preparations had been made for the start, it was announced that the sudden illness of the high official who had charge of the affair would prevent the novel performance. So I was forced to content myself with the account of this mode of hunting, by a gentleman who had witnessed it the preceding year. It was about in this wise:

"At most of the native courts cheetahs are kept for hunting purposes. They are caught when about half-grown, and it is considered a nice point to capture them at exactly the right age. They should not be taken from a wild state when too young, as they are then likely to lose their hunting instinct; and if too old at the time they go into captivity, they cannot be rendered sufficiently docile. They are kept in cages, and fed upon raw meat, while occasionally they are treated to a quart or so of fresh blood, in order that they may not lose their taste for it. Once in a while they are permitted to slaughter a goat, so as to keep them in practice, and the greatest care is taken to secure the most complete docility in combination with the instinct for the chase.

"These hunts are generally given in honor of visitors of distinction, and the occasion is one of great importance. I had an invitation to attend one, and found when I arrived that there was a large party of native officials and high dignitaries generally. We went from Baroda by rail to the station of Etola, where the royal preserves were situated, and found everything in readiness. There was a fine array of saddle-horses, there were numerous gayly dressed attendants, and there were a couple of *palankeens* standing at one side, with four bearers to each.

"'Surely,' I thought, '*palankeens* are not the proper things for a hunting excursion! Their occupants will be left far behind by the horsemen, and they certainly can see very little when shut up in those boxes.'

"The mystery was soon explained by the master of the hunt, who observed my surprise. He led the way to the *palankeens*, and then I found that they each contained a beautiful cheetah. Each animal was fastened by a small chain, and had a hood over his eyes. They lay perfectly quiet, and paid no attention to the bustle and excitement going on around them. When the *palankeens* were hoisted to the men's shoulders the beasts did not even stir, but lay perfectly still, as though enjoying their ride.

"'But do you let off two leopards at once?' I asked.

"'Not by any means,' was the reply. 'The hunt is divided into two parties, and one leopard goes with each party.'

"The two parties set off in opposite directions, each with its leopard. Ours went two or three miles before we sighted any game, and then we found a large herd of antelopes. The master of the hunt had carefully noted the direction of the wind, and we had to make a long *detour* in order to reach the proper position. It is necessary in approaching a herd to keep always to leeward. If you approach on the windward, the antelopes scent the cheetah and run away immediately. They are not at all afraid of horsemen or pedestrians, as they see them daily, and are never shot at; the use of firearms in these royal preserves being forbidden. The tactics of this form of hunting consist in getting as near as possible to a herd without alarming them.

"We got within six or eight hundred yards of the herd, and then the signal was given to loosen the cheetah. The animal was released, and the hood taken from his eyes. He remained crouched on the ground for an instant, and then raised his eyes and saw the game. Then he crept slowly forward, taking advantage of some bushes to conceal himself. His motions were exactly like those of a cat after a mouse.

"Within a hundred yards of the herd the shelter of the bushes ended. Then he went forward at full speed, and in a few seconds was in the middle of the herd. Of course they took alarm, and ran away. He singled out the finest buck, and soon overtook him. It is a curious circumstance that the cheetah does not attack the female or young antelopes, but only the full-grown bucks. If there is only one in a herd, he will single him out from all the rest, and pay no attention to the others.

"We followed at a gallop, so as to be in at the death. The leopard had the deer upon the ground, and was holding him down with his claws. His teeth were buried in the neck of his victim, from which he was sucking the blood. The attendants came up and threw the hood over the creature's eyes. Then they replaced his chain, and pulled him away from his feast. They had considerable difficulty to make him release his hold, but they succeeded, and then gave him a gourd full of blood to drink, as a reward for his services. Then he was returned to his *palankeen*, and the party moved on.

"In a little while we sighted another herd, and made another capture. The movements were almost identical with those of the first, so I need not repeat them. We took six antelopes, all splendid bucks, and then the cheetah gave signs of fatigue. We launched him at a seventh herd, and he dashed at a fine buck and threw him down; but before he could secure a hold the antelope was up again, and struggling with his adversary, whom he hit very savagely with his fore feet. Then he ran after his rapidly retreating companions, and as the cheetah showed no disposition to follow, he was secured, and the hunt was declared to be over. We returned to the station, and five minutes after our arrival the other party appeared. They had only taken four antelopes, to our six, and so we had the laugh upon them."

The spotted leopard abounds in the northwest of India, and in some other portions of the peninsula. He never attacks man, and does not, in fact, do much damage, as he rarely approaches human habitations, and is content to live upon deer, antelope, and other wild game. He even condescends to eat rabbits and hares, and such small ani-

mals, and his depredations among the natives are confined to an occasional kid or sheep. He sticks to the forest, and it is only when pursued that he takes to the open country.

The leopard is hunted by the native princes, and sometimes by foreigners, though not very often. The mode of pursuing him is by means of dogs, and sometimes a pack of forty or more will be turned loose upon him. The object is to worry the leopard, and hold him at bay till the hunters can come up and dispatch him. The dogs are large, powerful hounds, but they are no match for the leopard's claws and teeth, and frequently fall victims to their temerity in rushing upon him. The old dogs that are familiar with the sport are inclined to hold aloof, and do their work by barking and making pretenses of attacking, while the young ones rush in bravely, and frequently get the worst of it.

A leopard-chase, with the pack in full pursuit, is a fine sight. The panting animal glares upon his pursuers, and shows his glistening teeth; the dogs follow, barking furiously, and occasionally two or three of them rush up together and endeavor to puncture his mottled hide. Now and then one is thrown down, and rolls over and over with the momentum he has attained, and sometimes half the pack will be tumbling about together. Down the slope of a hill the leopard has the advantage, but when he attempts to ascend a declivity the dogs move more rapidly than he can. Here they generally bring him to a halt, and form a noisy circle around him. The hunters hurry forward as rapidly as possible, and dispatch the game by a bullet through his head, or a spear-stab in his neck. After he has fallen, it is no easy matter to prevent the dogs tearing him to pieces, and thus ruining the beautiful skin, which is an important trophy of the chase in India.

A favorite sport of Englishmen in India is the chase of the wild boar, popularly known as "pig-sticking." Many persons prefer it to tiger-hunting, for the reason that it affords a fine opportunity for horseback exercise over the open country, and is not unattended with danger. Many a horse and many a man have come to grief on the tusks of an old boar, and there is not a hunter who cannot tell of numerous narrow escapes. Great skill is required in handling the spear, the horse must be well-trained and obedient, and the rider must have perfect confidence in his steed.

Eight or ten is the usual number for a hunting party, and each man is mounted on his favorite horse. The pigs are driven out of the jungle by a line of native beaters on foot, and when they emerge into the open country the hunters pursue them. No firearms are used, the only weapons being sharp-pointed spears with handles about eight feet long. Servants follow the party, and carry bundles of spears to replace those broken or lost; and in an exciting hunt, where pigs are abundant, each man will need several spears before his day's work is ended. A boar will run very rapidly when he has an open stretch of country before him and a crowd of hunters at his heels. The hunter must come up to him so as to pierce the fleeing animal with his spear, and it often requires a good many attacks to lay him low.

The boar often turns suddenly and charges upon his pursuers, inflicting terrible wounds with his tusks. He almost invariably turns upon receiving a prod of a spear, and it is in avoiding these charges that the horse and rider exercise their combined skill, and display their mutual confidence. The well-trained horse directs his course so as to bring the pig on his rider's right hand, and immediately after the blow is made he swerves away to the left. An experienced horse will guide himself, but a verdant one must be directed by the rein; and it takes a very experienced hunter to guide a horse properly and attend to pig-sticking at the same time.

There isn't a braver animal in the world than the wild boar of India. He will run away from danger if he can, but when he finds himself at close quarters, he faces about and charges over and over again at his assailants until he falls from loss of blood and dies. He will break through a line of horses, wounding several of them more or less severely, and he has been known to put elephants to flight. Instances are on record of fights between the tiger and wild boar, in which the tiger came off second best, and found that his claws and teeth were no match for the powerful tusks of the boar.

On one occasion a tiger and a boar, both of the largest size, were found dead near each other, and the ground in the vicinity gave evidence of a fearful struggle. There were great gashes in the sides and belly of the tiger where the tusks of his adversary had done their work; and the neck of the boar was bitten and torn by the tiger's teeth and claws. Each had fought in his own way and succeeded in killing the other.

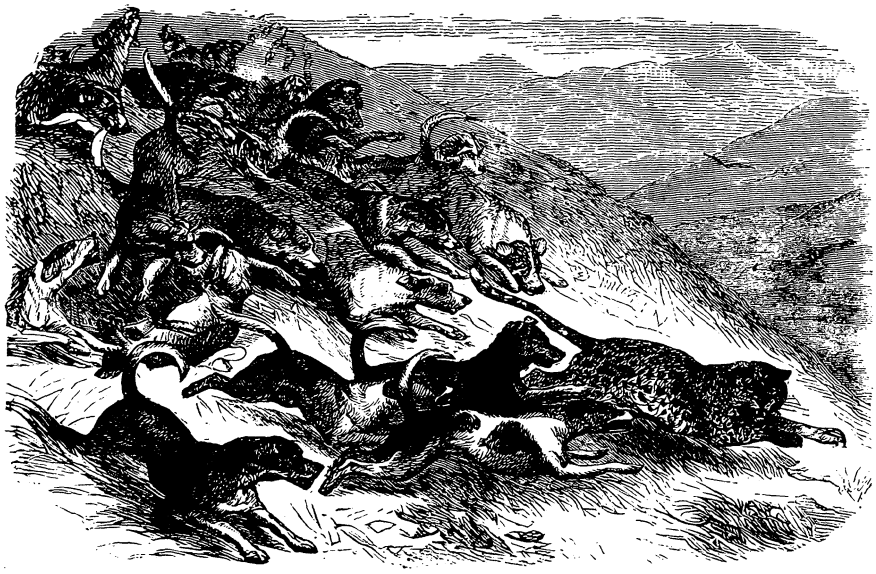
The boar shows great cunning in getting any natural object, such as a stream, gully, or ridge of earth, between himself and his enemy. Then he wheels around and stands ready to attack at the moment when his pursuer is at a disadvantage. The old hunters know this trait, and either outflank the beast or wait until he turns around to resume his journey. And the pig has sometimes been known to pretend to go on and then suddenly turn and renew his fight. If the grass is long enough to conceal him, he is very apt to lie down, and suddenly spring up to deliver a blow that generally puts a horse out of the fight for the day, and not unfrequently lames him for life.

The tenacity and persistence of the wild boar are well illustrated by a fight that occurred a few years ago in one of the northeastern districts. The boar repeatedly drove the beaters out of the jungle where he was concealed, and finally walked coolly forth and made a charge at the line of horsemen. He ripped one horse severely, and then stood still to wait for another. Whenever he was approached he charged at his adversary, and though he was hit nearly every time, he did not flinch in the least. After wounding five horses, he went to a little hollow where there was some water, deliberately refreshed himself with a mud bath, and then returned to the fight. His hide was like leather and turned the points of the spears, but finally a lucky blow finished him. The party included some of the best pig-stickers in the district, and for nearly two hours this veteran resisted them.

The hyena abounds in India, and causes much destruction among chickens, kids and other small property of the farmer. He is trapped, shot, poisoned and otherwise disposed of, but in spite of the reductions in various ways, he continues to flourish.

Alone or in small numbers the hyena is timid, and will run rapidly from the presence of man. But in large numbers, and perhaps pressed by hunger, he becomes bold, and not unfrequently he will enter houses at night and carry away edible things that may be lying about. Droves of them have attacked men, and in this peculiarity they are not unlike the prairie wolf of the Far West. A gentleman who was traveling in India some years ago, had an unpleasant introduction to a drove of hyenas, but, happily, without any serious consequences.

"I was traveling," said he, "by *palkee dawk*, and early one morning reached a station where the bearers were to be changed. They set me down in front of the dawk



A LEOPARD CHASE WITH HOUNDS.

bungalow, or traveler's station, and then went away to rouse up the new bearers. I concluded I would not get out of the *palkee*, as I didn't want anything, and so I lay still and went to sleep again.

"Suddenly I was waked by a scratching and sniffing at the doors of the *palkee*. Raising myself on one elbow, I looked through the blinds and saw a number of gray forms moving around in the dim light of the dawn. There were a dozen or more of them, and I could distinctly hear their breathing as their noses were held against the sides of the *palkee*.

"I shouted to drive them away, but they were not inclined to go. They retreated a few steps, and then came back and began pawing and sniffing again. Then I rapped on the sides of the *palkee*, but to no purpose; they seemed determined to have me, and I was equally determined to stay in, and had no wish for their further acquaintance, as I had already had more than I desired.

"I was not more than ten feet away from the front of the bungalow, and hoped that my shouts would arouse somebody who might be sleeping there. But evidently the place was empty, as no one came out in response to my calls.

"Things were getting serious, as the next moment the brutes might have made an attack at the doors and windows of the *palkee*, and the thin material could not hold out long against them. If my revolver had been handy I would have settled some of them; but,

A TIGER AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

THE CHEETAH RUNNING DOWN AN ANTELOPE.

unfortunately, it was in my box on the top of the *palkee*, and just then it wasn't easy to get at. I kept on shouting, and the hyenas kept on sniffing and scratching. My shouts finally brought the new lot of bearers, who were preceded by a couple of torches. At sight of the light the brutes ran away, and I saw no more of them."

A GREAT PERIL.

MRS. CANTERBURY'S English footman, Jeames, had a respect for his mistress, because, he said, she was so "'aughty." Mrs. Aminadab Podgers, with whom Mrs. Canterbury boarded some weeks, for the sake of country air and fresh milk, said she was all well enough, only she was "so stuck-up." Josephine, the French maid, praised her as having "*l'air du grande monde*," and the Rev. Mr. Coverdale told her, with severity, that she must learn to bow her head as it had never yet been bowed before she could "enter in at the gate of the strait and narrow way."

Mrs. Canterbury bowed and smiled with all the polished insolence of a fine lady, and laying a twenty-dollar bill upon the rector's table, said, sweetly:

"My contribution to the widows' fund, sir. I suppose it will do the poor creatures as much good as if it came from a worthier source, will it not?"

"It will not do you as much good as if it were given in another spirit, and a very small personal effort would be far more to your credit than a much larger share of the wealth intrusted to your care," said the parson, as sternly as though madame had not been one of the handsomest women he ever saw, and one of the most charming too.

Mrs. Canterbury smiled again, and then frowned a little, as she abruptly asked:

"Who is the young woman I met going out as I came in, Mr. Coverdale?"

A GREAT PERIL.—"A VIOLENT KICK BURST OPEN THE DOOR, AND MRS. CANTERBURY TURNED SHARPLY TO CONFRONT THE INTRUDER. IT WAS JIM BOWEN, A KNIFE IN HIS HAND AND A STRING OF OATHS UPON HIS LIPS."

The rector hesitated a moment, and a shade of something like confusion crossed his brow; but at length he replied, steadily enough:

"She is named Porter—Amelia Porter."

"Is she one of your parishioners, sir?"

"No, poor child! She is not settled enough in her resolves for amendment to become fitted for any connection with a church. I wish you would go and see her, and try to reclaim her, Mrs. Canterbury. Surely the charms of manner and the nameless attractiveness with which God has gifted you should be powerful instruments for His service. Why not use them upon this unfortunate girl?"

Mrs. Canterbury looked as nearly angry as was compatible with elegance and the respect due her clergyman.

"I don't think I have the talents for a city missionary," drawled she, smelling at her vinaigrette. "There is the Magdalen Hospital for such cases, isn't there?"

"Yes; and our Lord blessed and saved the Magdalen, while He said, 'Woe to you, rich men!' but sometimes the rich were allowed to escape their awful danger by helping him to rescue the Magdalen."

"How very nice! But really, Mr. Coverdale, I don't feel the danger so pressing just now, that I need resort to such heroic remedies. I'm not rich enough to be in any danger. So you won't join our little gathering this evening? No? So sorry! Good-morning, then, for really I have a thousand things to do. Good-morning!"

The door shut between the two, and a sudden change passed over each face; the clergyman buried his face in his hands for a moment, then raised it, pale and disturbed, murmuring, half aloud: "If I were what I should be, surely I could influence her more. If I did not fear to show how much she is, or might be, to me, I could speak so much more freely; but I am afraid, I am a coward!"

And she? The door once closed, the supercilious smile faded from her lips, and was replaced by a look of real and simple suffering, as she turned and silently fixed her eyes upon the barrier she had just closed between herself and him.

Then she walked very slowly down the long corridor leading to the street, and at the outer door paused, went as slowly back, until her hand was extended to touch the handle of the study door, then impetuously turned again and hurried, as if pursued, through the passage and out into the street, and along the pavement to where her carriage stood waiting.

"Home, Peter." But with her foot upon the step, Mrs. Canterbury stopped again; meditated again, and withdrew the foot, saying:

"You need not wait, Peter. I shall go home later by myself."

And then she walked rapidly away, leaving Peter to drive home discontentedly, muttering:

"Why couldn't she have knowed her own mind when she went into that blessed church, and let me go then? Women is all alike, high and low, rich and poor, I do believe."

"They were telling about such numbers of poor people in Rochester Street," said Mrs. Canterbury to herself; "I'll go and look up some of them, just for the joke, and see what sort of creatures they may be. How crushing to come down upon his next attempt at lecturing me with the

information that I have pensioners in Rochester Street who take up all the time I have to devote to such pursuits!

"If he only knew how gladly I would do for love what it irritates me so to be ordered to do for duty's sake; if he only knew how much power he might gain if he chose; but no marble is colder, no painted saint more motionless, and yet——"

The yet, whatever it may have contained, was so engrossing that the lady's dainty feet trod, all unconsciously, a greater length and poorer quality of pavement than they had often known, and it was almost a surprise when, in raising her head to look about her, she found the name Rochester Street confronting her from the nearest lamp-post.

"And how does one do it?" muttered she, turning into the *terra incognita* whither her caprice had so unexpectedly led her.

Walking along the broken and filthy pavement, among the groups of squalid children, mangy dogs and furtive cats darting from one to another cellar window, Mrs. Canterbury suddenly encountered a handsome young face, at sight of which her own reddened angrily, and was resolutely turned aside from the smile of recognition with which Amelia Porter sought to greet the lady she had an hour before met in the entrance to Mr. Coverdale's study.

Not at all disconcerted by the haughty manner, so successful generally, the young girl paused directly in front of the lady, asking, volubly:

"Oh, did the parson send you to see that woman? He said he would, and she's mortal bad already. I'll show you the way, shall I?"

"Let me pass, if you please," replied Mrs. Canterbury, icily, and barely glancing at the glowing face before her, its dark eyes already full of tears at thought of the suffering she had been to ask the clergyman to relieve. And, still undismayed, she asked again:

"Ain't you going to see Mrs. Johnson? Didn't the parson send you? He said he would send."

"What do you mean by this insolence, young woman? Stand aside and let me pass at once!" replied Mrs. Canterbury; and so peremptory was her tone that she was at once obeyed, Amelia stepping into the gutter and suffering her to pass.

A few steps further on, Mrs. Canterbury turned into an open door, and went swiftly up some stairs, until, upon the fourth story, she paused at an open door, and looking hesitatingly in, saw a woman lying upon a heap of rags in one corner of the room, while beside the broken stove crouched a younger and more attractive one, whose vacant eyes and nerveless mouth suggested a feeble intellect.

Mrs. Canterbury looked, hesitated, and went in.

Neither the sick woman nor the foolish girl moved, or showed any consciousness of her presence, and standing beside the former, she kindly asked:

"Are you ill, my poor woman?"

"Awful sick I be, ma'am."

"And needing help, perhaps?"

"I wish't I had some tea!"

"Well, can't this young woman make you some?"

"She could if she'd the tea, and coal and wood to make a fire, and a tea-kettle and tea-pot, sure enough," replied the sick woman, peevishly, and turning her head away, as if weary of such useless questioning.

But it was not among this class of our fellow-creatures that Mrs. Canterbury showed herself haughtily or easily offended. Her enormous pride taught her to feel so far above the grade of such humanity that nothing it might do or say was capable of affecting her in any manner. So she only smiled in notice of the peevish question, and said:

"All these things may be bought near here, I suppose, and I will give—— Is this your daughter, and what is her name?"

"Her name's Johanna, and she's my daughter, worse luck!" replied the woman, sullenly. "But it ain't no good to give her money. She's foolish, and, what's worse, she's bad! If you give her money she'd spend it at Jenks's round the corner, treating a lot of her pals to rum, and let me lie down and starve. That's the sort of girl *she* is."

Mrs. Canterbury turned pale.

Did mothers so speak, and did daughters so conduct, in this new world she had set herself to explore?

Then the real energy of the woman rose to the surface, hiding for the moment the fine-ladyism so unworthy of it.

"I will go and buy them and other matters, and you shall have your tea, or no—you shall have it soon," said she, resolutely, and leaving the roam, she went down two flights of stairs and knocked upon the door of a room whence, as she had noticed in going up, issued the odor and sound of cookery.

A dark, strong-looking man, in a laborer's stained clothes, opened and stood staring at the apparition before him.

"May I speak to your wife, my man?" asked Mrs. Canterbury, gently.

A broad grin crossed the coarse face of the laborer, and he answered, jocosely:

"I ain't got no wife, ma'am, but if this here young woman would answer—— Mill, come here!"

And, to the horror and astonishment of the lady, the handsome face of Amelia Porter appeared at the shoulder of her black-browed friend, and smiled recognition upon the visitor.

Mrs. Canterbury met the smile with a haughty stare, and turning away, swept out into the street without replying to Miss Porter's cordial invitation to "Walk right in and sit down."

"Them's manners, any way!" growled the man, with an oath. "Who's that woman, Mill, d'ye know?"

So Amelia told what little she did know of Mrs. Canterbury's belonging to the church in Gospel Street, and coming in a splendid carriage, and being always beautifully dressed, and being "awful rich," and also described her own attempts at making acquaintance with the fine lady, and the decided rebuffs she had received, the last of which he had witnessed.

Jim Bowen listened with a darkening face.

He was one of the few who hate the rich, and would always do them an ill turn rather than a good one. He was, in his own brutal manner, a proud and easily-offended man, and he was fond of poor Milly Porter, very much as a tiger is fond of his mate, and resented any slight to her much after the same fashion.

So he accompanied the narration with a rolling thunder of oaths and abuse, and at the end brought down his great, black fist upon the table with a horrible imprecation and a scurrilous epithet, to which he presently added the promise:

"But she shall pay for it, that she shall! If she dares show her stuck-up nose in this place again I'll give her such a piece of my mind as she shan't forget in a hurry; and if she says much, I'll cuff her ears for her, fine as she may be. More than that, Mill, she shall give you some of them gimcracks she's shining all over with. Them di'mond earrings will go first rate for you, and she shall make you a present of em, if she don't like the looks of my fist in her face!"

"Shaw, Jim!" replied the girl, soothingly. "You needn't go on like that. She don't hurt me none with airs, and I

hadn't ought to have bothered her, I suppose, but I felt as if I'd like to get acquainted with some of the folks as goes to that church, 'cause I like the parson tip-top, and I didn't know, Jim, but what——"

"What are you trying to say, gal? Spit it out, can't you?"

"Well, I didn't know but what you'd take to going to church 'long o' me, Jim, and I wish't you'd go and let the parson talk to you, and tell you what we'd ought to do. I tell you it's real nice to hear about them sort o' things, Jim. Say, Jim! hadn't you just as lieves get married right off? You said we would as soon as you got stiddy work, and parson says as how it's mortal sin for us to be living this way."

"Parson be d——d!" interposed Jim, furiously. "And you too, for running after him! What's any parson got to do with you and me, I'd like to know? And so you're getting pious, my gal, and goes to see your clargy, and tries to hang on to the rich folks of the prayin' shop, does yer? See if I can't shake the nonsense out of you, somehow!"

And suiting the action to the word, the burly ruffian seized the girl by the shoulders, and shook her until her hair was tumbled all about her shoulders, and her face was livid.

"That's for you, and when I get hold of madam I'll give her a dose of the same!"

A noise upon the stairs arrested his attention, and opening the door a little, he saw the object of his threats ascending, followed by a boy, staggering beneath his load of fuel and provisions.

Jim Bowen drew back his head, nodding two or three times, while a savage grin overspread his face, and coming back to the table, he took up a knife, hid it in his pocket, and then seizing a black bottle from the open cupboard, he tilted a large quantity of the contents into his mouth.

"Jim!" gasped the poor girl, who, through tears and disheveled hair, watched these proceedings with a terrified gaze—"Jim, what are you going to do? What is the knife for? Oh, Jim, Jim! you shan't go till you promise me you'll do no harm! Promise?"

"I'll promise to give you a good licking if you don't hold your tongue, you squalling wretch! Let me alone, I say! I'm going to give madam a lesson, and what's more, to fetch you a present from your pal in the church, as you wanted to make her out. She'd ought to be glad to give something to such a pious gal as you, and one of her own parson's lambs, too."

He tore himself from her clutching fingers and went out.

Amelia rose from the floor, hastily twisted up her hair, wiped her tear-stained face, threw on a hat and shawl and went out also, leaving the starved cat to leap upon the table and finish the remains of the dinner.

Mrs. Canterbury, by dint of persuasion, bribes and some personal effort, had at last induced the foolish girl beside the stove to make a fire therein, and to fill and place over it the bright new tea-kettle she had provided, preparatory to making the cup of tea feverishly desired by the poor, sick woman, who, rousing from her apathy and sullen despair, was loading her benefactress with praise and thanks, to which the lady scarcely listened, so busy was she in her new occupation of household superintendence.

"It is rather amusing," thought she, with a smile of sarcasm at her own proceedings. "If Mr. Coverdale could see me now!"

A violent kick burst open the door, and Mrs. Canterbury turned sharply to confront the intruder.

It was Jim Bowen, his swarthy face inflamed by passion and alcohol, a knife in his hand, and a string of oaths and scurrility upon his lips.

"What do you want, man? What right have you here?" demanded the lady, whose fault was not one of timidity.

"Want! I want you!" retorted Jim, supporting by added violence the audacity, failing so fast before the cold, steady glance and queenly bearing of the woman before him. "I want you!" repeated he, working himself up to the necessary point of ferocity. "What right have you to insult my girl, I'd like to know? Ain't she as good as you be—you, or any of your fine birds, dressed up in feathers that's picked out of other folks' lives? Where'd you be if you'd got to earn your own living, I'd like to know? And what right have you got to look down on them as does—they or their pals either? What right have you got to come into our place, and then insult the folks that lives there, I'd like to know?"

"I have insulted nobody; I do not know what you mean! Leave the place at once, or I will call for the police to take you away!" said Mrs. Canterbury, undauntedly, although her lips had grown very white, and she was quietly noticing the position of doors and windows, and considering the possibility of darting through the former before she could be detained.

But with the cunning of drunkenness, Jim Bowen perceived the thought even before it had well shaped itself in the lady's mind, and replied to it by a brutal laugh, as he placed his back against the door by which he had entered, saying, at the same time:

"No, you don't, my lady; you don't get away so easy as all that. I've got some more to say to you about you and your kind, and another thing I want to know is, what right you, that don't never do a hand's turn for yourself nor no one else, has got to all them di'monds and fine clothes and fal-lals, while them's that maybe your betters can't scarcely get the clothes to cover their nakedness? What's the good of that deal? Come now, see if you can tell?"

"I have nothing to say to you on that or any other subject," replied Mrs. Canterbury, haughtily. "Let me pass, if you please!"

"Ay, but I don't please, nor I won't please, till we've made things a little more equal," replied Jim, truculently. "See now, how do you know but my girl 'ud like them di'mond earrings just as well as you do, and if she would, why shouldn't she have 'em, I'd like to know?"

"Because they are mine, and I shall not give them to her," replied Mrs. Canterbury, coolly; "nor would I give you or her a cent to keep you from starving, if it was demanded in this manner and with such threats! Let me pass, I say!"

"By ——, but I won't! And since you won't give me the earrings, I'll take 'em in spite of you! D'ye see this knife?"

And brandishing his weapon, the ruffian was actually advancing upon his prey, when hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, followed by more measured and heavier ones, and just as Mrs. Canterbury, reaching the wall, turned to look her assailant in the face in one last effort to subdue him by her glance, the door was thrown open and Mr. Coverdale rushed into the room, followed by a policeman with his billy in his hand.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you!" gasped Mrs. Canterbury, in a voice very unlike her own, while the policeman, tapping a little sharply the hand still menacing with the knife, said, in a voice of grave remonstrance:

"Now, Jim! just up from the Island and fixing to go straight down again. I wouldn't if I was you. What, going to show fight! Why, then——"

A brief struggle ensued: but law and order triumphed, as they generally do, and Jim was led down-stairs, the

TALKING BIRDS—THE CROW.

richer by a pair of bracelets in place of the earrings he had coveted.

As he disappeared, Amelia Porter crept out of the dark corner of the passage where she had been concealed, and shrinking into the room, sank upon the floor at Mr. Coverdale's feet, sobbing:

"There! I've gone and sent Jim to jail, and now I wish't you'd take and kill me, for I don't care for nothing!"

"I will do better than kill you, my poor child!" replied the clergyman, tenderly; "I will teach you how to live."

"Did she summon you, Mr. Coverdale?" asked Mrs. Canterbury, eagerly.

"Yes. I do not know whether she was looking for me first, or for the policeman, but as I was speaking to him, asking the whereabouts of some of these poor people, she came running up, calling upon me to come and look after that rich woman that was with me this morning. I knew whom she meant in a moment, and not much time was wasted before I found you."

The voice and look of the last few words were in some way new to Mrs. Canterbury as coming from that source, and a faint tinge of color crept over her face, even to the smooth and haughty brow, but her eyes refused to meet those regarding her with all the tenderness in their depths that she had often longed to see there, and what she said was:

"Then this girl is a better Christian than I, and I must do something to help her, as she has helped me, who was her enemy."

"Will you help her?" asked Mr. Coverdale, eagerly. "I will tell you how, and arrange everything, and truly it shall be a charity blessed both to giver and receiver."

So Amelia Porter went far away from the city of her evil beginning, and in a peaceful country home learned to live for virtue and repentance, and Mrs. Canterbury furnished the means, and was consulted in every step of the life of her whom the rector always called "Your charge, Amelia," and found this beginning of good works so sweet under such guidance, that she earnestly sought for more and more; although, under direction, she learned to visit her poor so modestly clothed and so gently mannered as to run no risk of awakening the angry passions of even so irritable a gentleman as Jim Bowen, who at the end of his term of imprisonment was, through Mr. Coverdale's influence, persuaded to go with a company of stout fellows of his own sort to fill the demand for work upon a Western railroad, whence he never returned.

But almost a year passed on before the words were spoken aloud which had taken shape that day in the heart of the young clergyman, and then he only said:

"I have thought that a priest of God should remain unmarried, that he might devote himself to God with as little thought of himself as might be, but I have so learned to love and honor one of God's works, that I cannot content myself without asking that it should become mine for ever. Shall it be so, Caroline?"

And she said, softly:

"Yes! since the work is already yours as well as God's!"

TALKING BIRDS.

By Ella Rodman Church.

While gazing into the deep, expressive eyes of a favorite dog, and marveling at his almost human intelligence, we often wonder that the power of speech has been withheld from so devoted and sympathizing a friend of man; and the wonder grows as the harsh, discordant voice of some parrot or corvida screeches out the vocal sounds that form the currency of communication in the speaking world.

There is something uncanny in the speech of a bird—

the first sound of the unnatural voice coming, as it were, from out of space, is apt to send a chill through the spinal marrow, it savors so unpleasantly of fairy tales and hobgoblins. A larger physical development seems necessary to make the gift of speech harmonious, and to hear words uttered distinctly by an infant would be an unpleasant surprise; but that a creature with such insignificant brain-power as a bird possesses should remark upon the weather, or address us disrespectfully as an "old fool," is a sort of mental shower-bath.

A round oath is not unfrequently appended if the speaker be a parrot, and this tribe of feathered talkers are supposed to have a particular leaning toward profanity. But the plea is urged that the profanity originates with the sailors on the ship that brings Polly over—she but tells the tale as it was told to her. It must be admitted, though, that she takes very evident pleasure therein.

Parrots are the best of the feathered talkers; and this is to be attributed both to their powers of mimicry and to the peculiar formation of the tongue and beak. The tongue is large, broad, and fleshy at the end; and the beak is hollow. By this combination, the consonants are formed and the resonance of human sound produced.

But the speech of a bird is as much an acquired art as that of singing with the human family; in their native forests, the utterances of the parrot tribe consist of shrill and piercing screams repeated with wearisome monotony, and the power of imitating the human voice varies in different species. The short-tailed parrots — and starlings and blackbirds as well — from a peculiar formation of the larynx, pronounce words most distinctly; and next to them come the ravens, jackdaws, and jays.

That a parrot who had enjoyed the advantages of travel and culture should, on escaping to his native haunts, take upon himself the office of instructor to his less-favored friends and relatives, is an additional proof of the monkey nature inherent in the species; and an amusing account of a parrot who so conducted himself is given by an Amazon voyager. He and his companions had stopped their boat near a place, from whence issued the most incomprehensible sounds of chattering and swearing; and on reconnoitring the tree which appeared to be the centre of the tumult, they saw a large green parrot seated on the topmost branch, while on the adjacent branches were perched a host of his companions, to whom he was giving lessons in talking.

The professor spoke Portuguese; and from his eminence he would give out a short sentence in that language, which was imitated to the best of their ability by the crowd below. He would then vary the performance by dancing, rolling his head and laughing; and his pupils faithfully copied his gestures.

Unfortunately for the interested spectators, they were soon discovered by one of the students, who warned the assembly that their privacy was intruded upon; and off they flew, with their green professor in their midst, to seek more classical and retired shades.

Parrots are the gorgeous tropical flowers among birds; and the brilliant coloring of the red and blue macaw is perfectly dazzling. They delight in a warm atmosphere, and affect the regions of perpetual Summer, where the supply of fruits and seeds, on which they subsist, is unfailing.

THE PARROT'S BREAKFAST.

The dim labyrinths of South American forests are lighted up by the gorgeous macaws; elegantly shaped varieties of the parrot and the scarlet-robed lories are to be found in the woods of India and its islands; while, in place of singing birds, the forests of Australia resound with the harsh voices of the cockatoos and the shriller screams of the broad-tailed parakeet. These most unmusical birds are particularly graceful in their motions and attitudes, and groups of them are to be seen climbing about in every direction with the aid of their hooked beaks, and suspending themselves by the same from the branches.

The gray parrot of Africa is a well-known species, and stands at the head of the list in its powers of imitation and speech; it is also very tame, affectionate to those whom it fancies, and full of mischief. It is about as large as a small pigeon—the prevailing color is ashen-gray, relieved by a crimson tail. This parrot, like most of the family, is very long-lived, individuals having been known to reach nearly a century.

Most parrots delight in practical jokes—all of which are not so innocent as that of the Polly who amused herself by imitating the note of a chaffinch, which she did so perfectly that it was impossible to detect any difference. In the Summer time, she was often placed in a tree, where she enjoyed herself in climbing about the branches. This was her favorite time for playing chaffinch, and hearing the familiar notes, birds would gather from all directions and perch upon the tree; while the parrot and the chaffinches would call back and forth to each other.

After a while, apparently, Poll would forget her *rôle* in her delight at seeing so many feathered creatures around her, and suddenly call out, "Pretty Poll!" which startled the chaffinches into sudden flight—it was so terribly human a sound. Then Poll would look woe-begone and astonished at this sudden desertion, until he felt like playing chaffinch again, when the whole farce was repeated. It was a piece of mischief from beginning to end.

Another parrot was very fond of playing tricks on strangers—watching, when his cage hung outside, until some one came near it, and then he would begin to talk with the greatest animation. The passer-by would stop and begin to talk to the bird, when Polly retired at once into the dignity of silence, and nothing more could be got out of her. After repeated failures the stranger would go his way, and then the parrot would always burst into a loud laugh.

These birds are very capricious in their attachments, usually bestowing them upon the most unlikely or unworthy objects; and sometimes showing a very nice discrimination in the way of self-interest. They have been known to lavish caresses and apparent devotion on a person who had charge of the larder, and to treat her successor in precisely the same way.

They are decidedly destructive creatures, nibbling and pecking at objects with their peculiarly formed beak, the upper mandible of which is capable of an extended upward movement; and unsightly scratches on the legs of tables and chairs, usually mark their progress around a room. What with their beaks and their cunning, results are not always agreeable—their beaks being often used as the miner uses his pick-axe, by driving the point of it into a hard substance and prizing out what is wanted. Polly disposes of nuts in this manner, although it takes some time.

Numerous are the stories of the parrot's intelligence and conversational powers, and most exaggerated ideas of his gifts have prevailed. It has undoubtedly a larger and more perfect brain than that of any other bird—but this is not saying much for it, after all. Its sentences are learned by rote, and often fit into a conversation with amazing aptness. But there is no instance on record of a parrot's being able to continue a conversation in a creditable way. It says its say and then it stops, because the machinery has run down—it was only wound to go for a certain time, and to make an unvarying round.

A parrot never utters a sentence that it has not heard—nor even puts familiar words together in a sentence for itself—and although it learns to use the sentences it has mastered in a very *apropos* way, calling for food, or for some favorite person, it does not, on the whole, show the intelligence of the dog, to whom this speech by rote has been denied.

An unusually interesting member of the parrot family was a certain "Ben," described as "a funny, good-natured fellow, with a dash of vanity in his composition, which manifested itself in a love of dress. You could not please him more than by attiring him in a doll's hat and cloak; and, when so arrayed, he would strut about the room in the most dignified manner, evidently admiring his exceedingly comical appearance.

He would also enter thoroughly into the game of make-believe; for, if told to go to sleep, he would instantly shut his eyes and appear perfectly unconscious, even when called by name. But if we maintained an unusual degree of silence, he would slyly peep about to see if he were being observed; and if he found us watching him, he would again close his eyes and become oblivious. But if he saw that we were engaged, he would turn his attention to botanical researches among the flowers, or some other equally destructive occupation.

The same bird would also simulate death when ordered; and would permit himself to be pulled about by the feathers, as he lay on the floor without any signs of life. But he would not permit a stranger's hand to approach him; and being aware of the presence of the strange fingers by some internal instinct, greeted them with a sharp snap. And so fond was he of the hat and cloak aforesaid, that when the doll was dressed in her own property, he was accustomed to untie the strings with his beak, and rob poor Dolly.

In our own country, the Carolina parrot is a very pretty bird, with plumage of light yellow and green; and it is easily tamed for a pet. But it is a noisy creature at best, and a very unsatisfactory talker.

Among the corvidæ, that especially English bird, the magpie, is the most accomplished linguist. His thievish propensities are as prominent as his cleverness; and his various qualities form a combination that is decidedly unique.

He has never had a reputation for beauty—owing, doubtless, to the impression produced by the dreary specimens in cages; but he is, nevertheless, a handsome bird. Nor is his plumage black and white, according to the generally received tradition; but with fresh air and good conditions, his dark feathers are of the deepest green, shot with an equally rich purple, and varying beautifully with the shifting light. The spots are of pure white; and wings and tail are elegantly shaped. So that, in a quiet way, the well-cared-for magpie has beauty of a high order.

This bird's cunning is something wonderful—it approaches so closely to human reason. Its concealed treasures are as closely watched as those of a miser; and like the miser, his one object in life seems to be to add to his store. His collection is as miscellaneous as the contents of a boy's pocket, and occasionally brightened by the addition of jewelry and silver spoons; and hatred deep and abiding awaits the disturber of his storehouse.

A certain magpie grew indignant because of the altera-

tions in house and garden which interfered with his favorite haunts, and which buried his treasures a second time beneath stones and gravel. He would neither talk nor eat, but sulked in his cage. When the gardener who had made all this disturbance sat down in the kitchen to a banquet of bread and meat, Mag's wrath rose to the highest possible pitch; and watching his opportunity, as the man raised a tankard to his lips, he darted his beak through the bars of the cage, seized the gardener's ear, gave it a twist, and then looked as if nothing had happened.

He hung about the place where the work was going on, and improved the shining hours by every act of mischief that occurred to his fertile brain; and the workmen were obliged to keep a watchful eye upon him, or his swift and unexpected movements would interfere materially with their progress. He stole the nuts from their screws, as these were the most easily carried off; and it was only by chasing and cornering the thief that the property could be recovered.

There is no doubt that a magpie fully understands and appreciates the mischief he accomplishes, as he not only steals, but destroys or injures, when he can, whatever seems to be particularly valued. Although equally mischievous, there is a difference in the style of operating between a magpie and a monkey. The latter has, at least, the grace to look conscious of wrong-doing and expectant of punishment; but your magpie adds to the injury the insult of perfect self-satisfaction.

He goes about his piece of mischief as gravely and deliberately as if it were a duty instead of a pleasure; and his avoidance of observation seems merely the result of not wishing to be disturbed in an important task. When he has accomplished his object, his expression is one of pride in his work, or of airy unconcern, as though he had no part in it.

Our magpie of the garden went visiting one morning, and found the owner of the place working in his grounds. The man heard a voice behind him ask:

"What's o'clock?"

"Half-past ten," he replied, taking out his watch.

Presently the same voice asked again:

"What's o'clock?"

"Half-past ten—I told you just now."

"What's o'clock?" repeated the voice.

On turning around to inquire whether his tormentor would not take an answer, or whether he was deaf and could not hear him, he saw his neighbor's magpie gravely watching him from the adjoining hedge.

Magpies, ravens, jackdaws, and jays, all manifest a decided propensity for unprotected ankles, and are the especial terror of female servants and small boys in frocks. A magpie has been known to hide himself under a chair for the express purpose of pecking the ankles of the person about to occupy it—keeping himself well out of view when the attacked party jumps up and looks around for the offender. Repeated pecks and jumps generally ensue before he is discovered and driven away.

The trouble taken by magpies to make themselves disagreeable is something wonderful. One of them who was accustomed to attend his master in his gardening operations, watched with much interest the arrival of some delicate seeds, and the preparation of a part of the garden for their reception. The proprietor and the magpie were busy sifting the earth, and laying the stones on one side; and the former was so much occupied with his task that he forgot his companion entirely. Happening, at length, to look around, he found him as hard at work as if he were employed at so much a day—and this work was that of replacing the stones which had been so carefully sifted out. He did it all with his beak, and did it scientifically. One scoop to the right, another to the left, made a hole; a stone was then picked up and dropped in, the earth scratched over it, and the work was done. This seemed like pure malice.

In ancient times the magpie was regarded with great superstition; and it has been said that "one set of the ignorant spare the magpies and their nests for the same reason that another class never mention the name of the devil, except in an undertone and with much respect, lest they should come by some heavy or bodily harm."

Some of the popular superstitions ran thus: "And the magpie filches away money and other little matters, and when they are again found, they have much of the peril of witches' money. Nay, more; the magpies actually take counsel together, conspire, and club their wits, for weal or for woe, as it may turn out. If there is an even number, and all are cheerily met, then happy times to the matrons, high hopes to the maids, and health and long life to all the family—or the parish, if the place of meeting be in or near the churchyard. But woe be to that house before which there is an assembly with an odd magpie sitting sulkily apart; and tenfold woe if that sight crosses a lover on his path, or a party on their way to the altar!

"A black pig crossing the door of a fisherman's hut, or even a dead hare detected in his boat when at sea, is not more perilous, nor half as much so; for neither lord of the manor, parson of the parish, nor, where these are effectual, bell, book, and candle, can cast out the spirit of the odd magpie."

"Your raven has a reputation in the world for a bird of omen, and a kind of small prophet," but he is not always a talking bird. In ancient times his voice was never supposed to indicate anything pleasant; and by reason of his bad reputation he figures in the prose and poetry of every nation that has a literature. His "points" are especially brought out in fable and mythology; and his inky hue makes him a favorite appendage to the spirits of evil. When he was the favorite bird of Apollo, he is said to have been of snowy whiteness, and one of the most beautiful of feathered creatures, with a voice surpassing the nightingale's in melody.

When the raven does talk, he talks well, and usually to the purpose; but he does not chatter like a parrot or a magpie. He has, however, all the latter's propensity for mischief, and seems to have an especial spite against flower-beds, selecting always the plants that appear to be the most valued. He has been known to watch the gardener at work, and when a fine plant has been carefully attended to, and the man had moved off to something else, he would take a round-about way to the plant, tear it up with a sudden jerk, and fling it on the ground.

Practical jokes, too, do not come amiss to this "thing of evil." One who had the range of a large park attracted about him quite an assembly of rooks, crows, and daws; and when his audience seemed large enough to make it exciting, the raven would suddenly scream out, "Halloa!" Away the startled birds would go in every direction, while the raven would chuckle over their discomfiture.

He appears in a more amiable light when ministering to a wounded fellow-creature; and one is known to have taken faithful care of a dog with a broken leg, bringing him provisions and comforting him as well as he could during his solitary confinement in a stable. But one night the door was closed, so that the raven could not get access to his invalid friend; and, by morning, he was found to have pecked his way almost through the wood in his eagerness to make his usual visit.

It was fully believed in old times that the first sight of

the young when nearly hatched, and covered over with down instead of feathers, so disgusted the old bird that it forsook the nest at once, and did not return until dark plumage had replaced the scanty down. However this may be, the young ravens are certainly pushed out of the nest as soon as they are able to shift for themselves; for the raven is a solitary bird, and seldom more than a pair are ever seen together.

The young are easily tamed, and when domesticated are the most amusing of birds. But they are so full of cunning and mischief that, like the magpie, they need constant watching. They, too, have their secret hiding-places; and any glittering object is sure to be appropriated by them and carried off to some unknown corner. One was discovered to have a morbid appetite for silver spoons—after the whereabout of a dozen or so missing ones had been sought in vain—by being caught in the act of walking quietly off with one in his mouth, and on following him to his hiding-place, the remainder of the lost property was discovered. Stories of their thieving propensities are numberless.

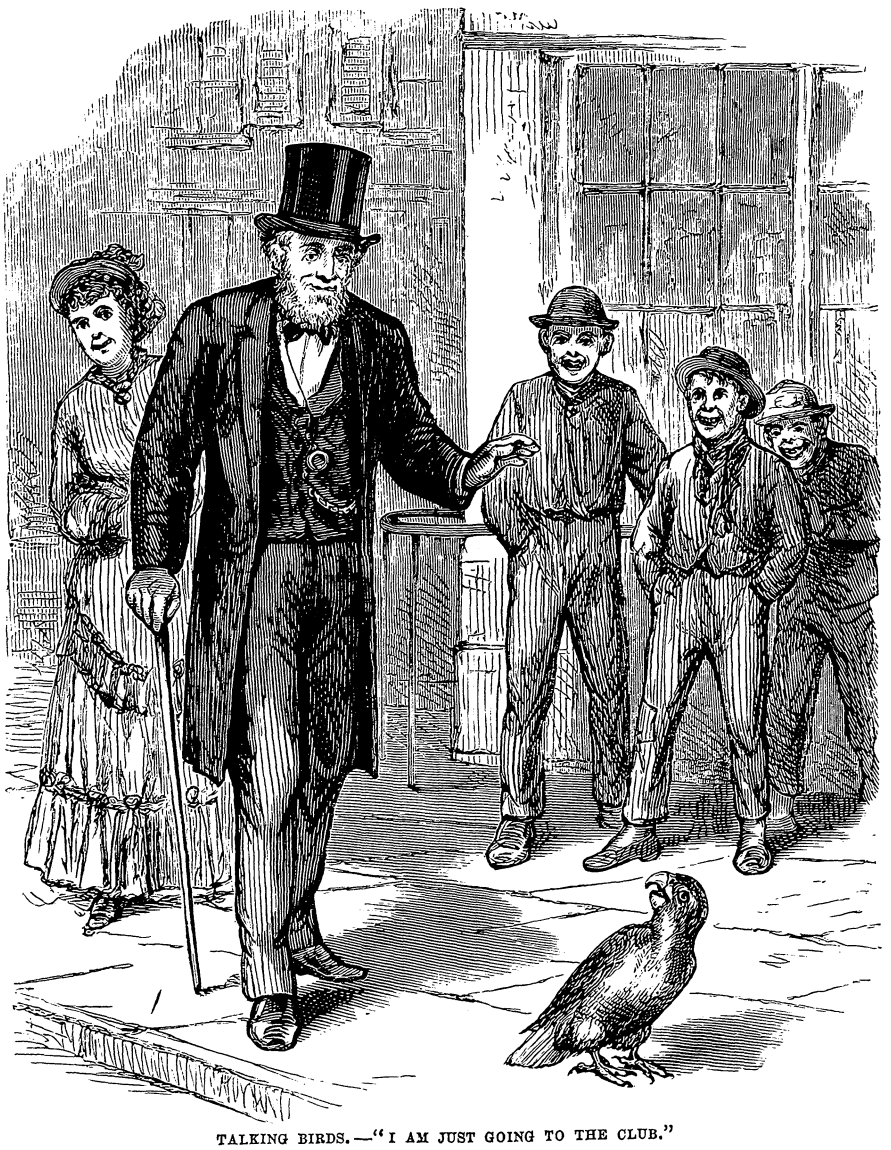
The hoarse croak of the raven is heard in every part of the globe—a peculiarly deep and disagreeable sound, that has for centuries impressed the superstitious with a belief in its unearthly nature, and a firm conviction that

"——Ravens give the note of death
As through mid-air they wing their way."

The Icelanders endow them with the gift of prophecy, and have a high opinion of them as soothsayers; while among the Indian tribes their priests wore, as a distinguishing ornament, two or three raven-skins attached to the back of the girdle in such a way that the tail-feathers stand out horizontally. A split raven-skin on the head is arranged in such a way that the beak projects over the forehead—the raven's reputation for being leagued with the works of darkness procuring him this honor.

It is doubtless owing to their fondness for carrion that ravens have been regarded as possessing prophetic power respecting battles and bloodshed—as they are drawn to fields of slaughter by the bodies of the slain.

"Ill-omen'd bird! as legions say,
Thou hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow."



TALKING BIRDS.—"I AM JUST GOING TO THE CLUB."

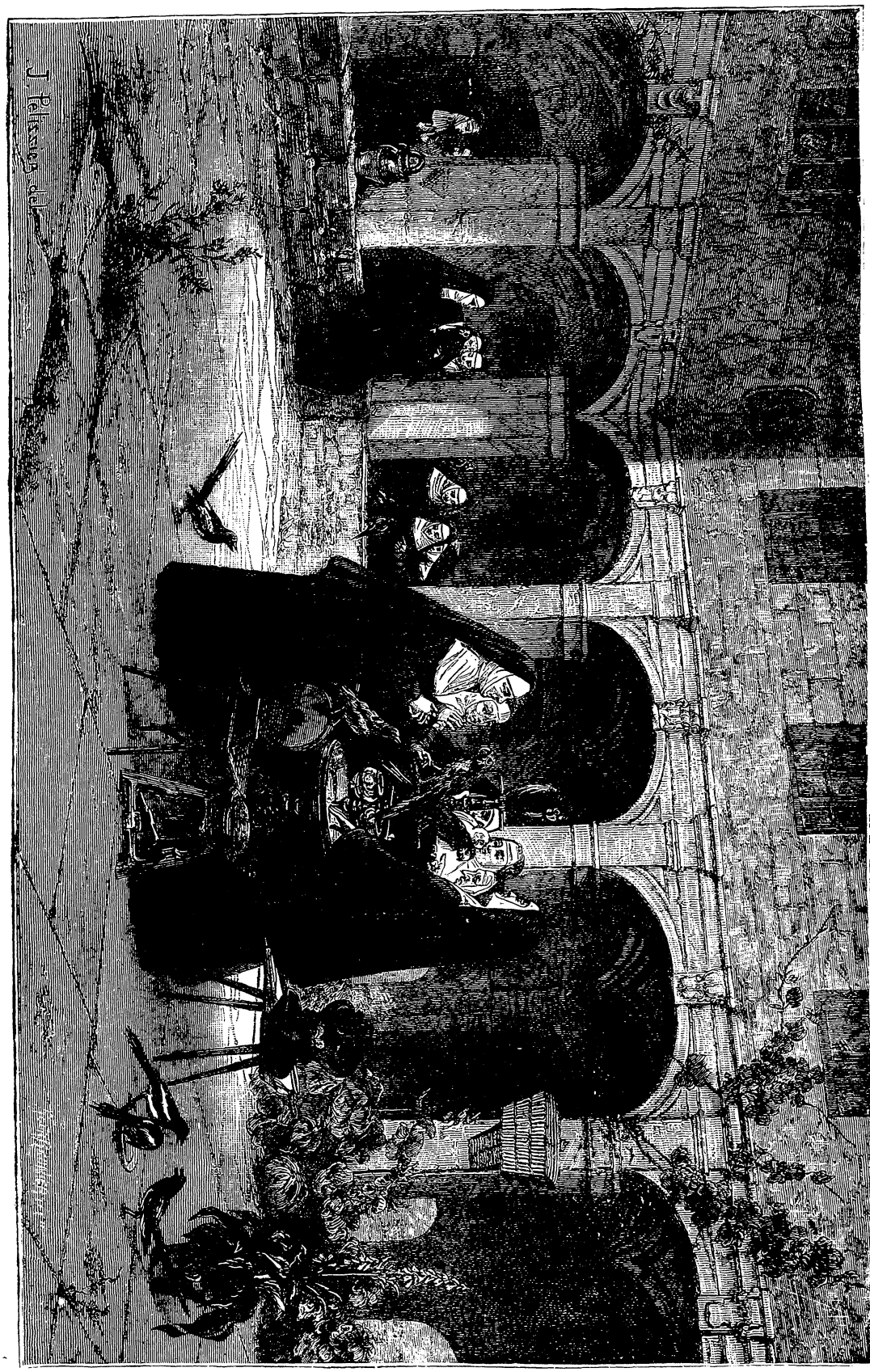
The crow is as easily tamed as the raven, and is not unlike him in mischievous propensities, though a more commonplace and less interesting bird. The jackdaw in most of his traits is own brother to the magpie, and the starling has many of the same characteristics.

For conversational powers the parrot certainly stands at the head of the list; and as he is handsomer and, on the whole, honest, he is, perhaps, a more desirable investment in the way of a talking bird than any of the others.

But he should not be led into bad habits, as was the case with a gentleman whose visits to his club were more frequent than altogether necessary. When he would say: "I am just going to the club," it excited a laugh, the phrase being perfectly understood.

One day, however, on sallying forth, he found his parrot on the street ahead of him, and as he very naturally expressed his astonishment, the parrot coolly turned his head and said: "I am just going to the club."

MAN regrets in after life the follies of early youth; and drinks at leisure the cup of bitterness, filled in haste when young.



TALKING BIRDS.—THE PETS OF THE CONVENT.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

"AND you won't come, Randolph ?"

"Thanks, Gordon—you are very kind ; but I really cannot."

"Cannot ! Confound 'cannots'! They either mean something or nothing—and this, I suspect, means nothing. Why can't you ?"

"I can't come, because I am too busy," he answered. "I have declined all invitations for a month past, and I don't think I shall go into society again this Winter."

"You will really work yourself to death."

"Scarcely, I think."

"Don't you remember the story about—about—what was the name of the fellow ?—and the bow ? You had better give yourself some relaxation."

"I don't stand in need of it—much obliged."

"And I'm to tell the *madre* that you simply won't come ?"

"Tell her I'll look in some evening when she isn't at home to five hundred friends, and make my apologies in person."

There was silence for a few minutes after this. Gordon Leigh looked at his friend with some little irritation, while the friend in question leaned back in his chair and smiled at him provokingly.

"Why do you want me to come, Gordon ?" he asked, at last. "You have some special reason, or you wouldn't hammer away like this."

"I have a special reason," the other returned, while something like a flush came over his face. Then, after a pause : "You surely must have heard of Miss Vaughn ?"

Randolph nodded, and hid a significant smile.

"To be sure, I've heard of Miss Vaughn. What about her ?"

"Well, only this : that I was anxious for you to see her, Randolph, and I—think you'd like her."

"I accept your verdict," said Randolph, lazily. "You have very good taste."

"Nevertheless, I should like for you to see her, and tell me frankly what you think of her," said the other, a little impatiently. "Hang it ! Randolph, I never took an important step in my life without your advice, and I don't feel inclined to begin now."

"An important step !" Randolph opened his eyes quite widely. "I really had no idea ! Well," with a suppressed smile, "I really can't go with you to-night, for a case comes off in court to-morrow, for which I am not entirely prepared ; but I can give you any amount of advice. Is Miss Vaughn all that she should be in the way of family and position, and the like ?"

"She is irreproachable on all these points. Her father was General Vaughn, who——"

"Lived, died, and was buried, in a satisfactory manner—that's all right. As for herself, she certainly is handsome, and looks clever."

"She is perfectly beautiful !" cried Gordon, enthusiastically ; "and as for clever—she's the cleverest woman you ever knew. She's a good deal too clever for me," said the young fellow, "but *you* would come in with her exactly."

"What a modest fellow you are, Hal !" he said—this being the name which he had long since bestowed on his friend. "It isn't at this late day that I need to wish you God-speed in wooing or marrying, or anything else upon which you set your heart."

"No, by Jove !" responded the other, heartily ; and, little given to demonstration as Anglo-Saxon men usually are, the two right hands of these men somehow found each other out. "It *would* be rather late in the day for that, Randolph, when you have been the best friend I ever had since I can remember. And so"—changing the subject abruptly—"notwithstanding Miss Vaughn, you are obstinately bent upon not coming ?"

"I can't, my dear fellow, or else I would. You ought to know me well enough to be sure of that."

So Gordon reluctantly yielded the point, and took his departure.

Helen Vaughn, as the evening wore on, sat alone in the library with Gordon Leigh, and heard him ask her to marry him. She was framed in a deep armchair before him, and he never forgot the exquisite picture she made, nor the look on her face when she turned it toward him, after his passionate declaration of love, saying calmly in her sweet, low, even voice :

"But, my friend, you know me very little, to be willing to put your life into my hands like this."

The young man was standing before her, leaning one arm on the carved mantel.

"I believe I know you as well as any one ever will know you—perhaps even a little better than you know yourself ; but if I did not know you at all, I should still love you, and, loving you, I should still think this poor life of mine—which, God knows, has been a very worthless life heretofore—only valuable as far as you may take it into your hands."

She smiled, a little sadly.

"A little better than I know myself !" she repeated. "Ah, how very little that is ! Nobody in the world could know anything less than I know myself."

"But at least you know whether you do—whether you will—whether you *can*—love me ?"

"You are mistaken," she said, slowly. "I don't know that."

"But you *will* know it. Helen,"—he took both of the cold, slender hands into his eager grasp—"don't you know that you are everything to me ? Is it nothing to be raised to such a height as this—to be as necessary even to one life as you are to mine ?"

"Yes," she answered, gently, and she made no motion to withdraw her hands, "it is a great deal."

"And, therefore, I think that after a while you might learn to love me. I should not think so if you loved any one else ; but—but I am sure you do not."

"No," she answered, with the same unmoved gravity ; "I do not."

"And, since your heart is free, I think—ah, surely I should have strength for such an effort as this !—I think that I could win it. Helen, may I try ?"

"It is so hopeless—it seems so useless," said Helen, in her evenly modulated voice—voice that had never thrilled with an accent of passion. "My friend, I love you well enough to wish you the best fate in the world—that of forgetting me."

"But why ?"

"Because I am a restless, dissatisfied woman, who could never make you happy. Oh, how tired I am of it all !" she said, with a ring of infinite weariness in her voice ; "and how tired I am even of myself—myself, who seem to have neither heart nor soul worthy of the name ; only an infinite power of being disgusted !"

"With me, Helen ?"

"No !" cried she, with a sudden revulsion—a sudden tone of tenderness. "When I doubt everything, I look at you, and learn to believe a little. You are so true, so frank, so worthy of all love, that Heaven only knows why

I don't love you. I wonder, sometimes, if I have no heart like other women," she ended, with a short, quick sigh.

"You have a heart, but it has never been wakened," said he. "Give me leave to try and see if I cannot break the spell you have laid upon it—for, after all, I believe that your own obstinate will is the only spell. You have been determined not to love like other women."

"You are wrong," she answered. "My life, for years, has been so lonely, that I would have given anything to love and be loved, like many women I see around me; but I could not. You say the fault was in myself, and it may be so. But I am not like other women; I have no capability for making an idol, and then worshiping it. I am too clear-sighted—I see too much. There is none of the happy, unquestioning blindness of passion for me. Perhaps I am too old for it. Such a thing should come when one is very young, or else it will never come at all. With me, I do not think it will ever come."

"Yes, it will come," said he, resolutely. "I am sure of that. As for you being too old, that is absurd."

"I am twenty-four in years, and forty-eight in experience. You know what my life has been?"

"Yes, I know. But trust me, Helen, only trust me, and all this weariness shall be at an end."

But Helen only shook her head, and smiled.

"No," she said, in answer, "it would not be at an end. I know myself better than you know me, better than you ever will know me. Now, at least, I am passively content; but if I accepted you, I should not be so. No, no; everything is best as it is."

But, naturally enough, Gordon, being very much in love, did not accept such an answer as final. This was in March. By the end of May everybody was congratulating him upon his engagement to Miss Vaughn.

Among the most sincere of the congratulators was Arnold Randolph.

"Everybody can't be wrong, my dear fellow," he said, "and everybody says you have found a pearl beyond price. Of course I need not say how glad I am to hear such a good account of you. By-the-by, somebody says you are going to Europe—is it so?"

"Yes," answered Gordon, with something of a grimace. "My sister is in dreadful health, and since her husband cannot take her abroad, I must; for abroad all the doctors declare that she must go. We sail the first of June."

"And does Miss Vaughn sail with you?"

"Helen? Oh, no. She goes to spend the Summer with some of her relations in Virginia—and, by-the-by, Arnold, if you make your usual Summer rustication in the mountains, don't neglect to see her. She will spend a month at the White Sulphur."

"I think I shall cut that, too," said Arnold, upon whom the working fever was at that time very strong indeed.

He did not cut it, however. And so it was that the first week of August found him at the far-famed "Greenbrier White Sulphur."

He had entirely forgotten Gordon's having said that Miss Vaughn might probably be there, until the fact was recalled to his mind on the morning following his arrival. Sauntering into the parlor after breakfast, and having been welcomed by a dozen or more people, he came to anchor at last by the side of a pretty married lady, who had been a belle of the preceding season.

"And now," said he, after all due congratulations and compliments had been paid, "tell me something of the 'stars.' Who is making a success, and who a failure?"

"There are two or three new planets, or comets, or whatever else you may choose to call them, of uncommon lustre"—she ran over several names, ending with—"and one who might be a greater belle than any of them, if she chose to take the trouble—I mean Miss Vaughn."

"Miss Vaughn!" said he, with a start. "What! is she here? Oh, yes—I remember." Then, eagerly: "Can you point her out to me? Where is she?"

"Dear me, what interest!" said his companion, laughing. "Certainly I can point her out to you. Let me see. An eyeglass was adjusted on a very pretty nose, and a critical survey of the room taken. "Yonder she is, Mr. Randolph—look! The slender girl in black, standing by the door, drawing on her gloves, and talking to the man with a nose in the air."

Mr. Randolph looked at the person indicated. His first thought was one of surprise. He had fancied Gordon's choice some fair, dainty girl, not a pale, stately woman like this.

"Do you think her handsome?" asked Mrs. Travis, as her companion remained silent.

"Handsome!" he repeated; "yes, singularly handsome and distinguished-looking. I should also think, very attractive."

"Very attractive," said the lady, "but too proud—too cold."

That evening she was discovered with a group on the piazza, sitting a little apart from the others, talking to a gentleman, who rose when Randolph was presented, and obligingly drifted away. Randolph took the vacant seat, and, in the second's pause which ensued, could not help feeling a little uncertain what to say. In truth, Miss Vaughn's manner was rather discouraging to conversational effort. She was leaning back, waiting for him to speak, and did not even lift her eyes. Her face was absolutely immobile, her manner absolutely indifferent.

Arnold Randolph, a little amused and a little puzzled, wondered for a moment what form of address would be most likely to rouse her. Surprised by his silence, Miss Vaughn at last looked up; and, even in the shadowy darkness, he felt a sort of thrill from those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I think I have heard your name before, Mr. Randolph," she said, breaking the silence. "Are you not a friend—a very particular friend—of Gordon Leigh's?"

"I was just asking myself if I might venture to advance that claim upon your regard," answered he. "I am glad you have anticipated me. Gordon and myself have always been very intimate friends, and I always rejoice at his good fortune as if it were my own."

"May I venture to take that as a personal compliment?" asked she, smiling. "May I hope that you regard *me* in the light of a good fortune to Mr. Leigh?"

"Who could regard you otherwise?" said he, with very evident sincerity. "I congratulated Gordon when I saw him last," he went on; "won't you let me congratulate you now? I have known him so long and so well, that I feel as if no one had a better right to tell you what a true-hearted gentleman you have won."

"Thank you," said she, gratefully. "It is kind of you to speak so warmly; and, of course, I am very happy to hear it. Now that Gordon is away, I think I appreciate him better than when he was with me," she added.

"Doesn't absence always have that effect?" asked Randolph, smiling, yet wondering what manner of woman this was, who spoke of her lover as if he had been her brother or her pet dog, without the least shade of hesitation.

"Does it?" asked Helen. "I don't know, for, really, my experience is very limited. I never parted from any one I cared for before. I feared, however, that absence might make me forget, or, at least, alter me somewhat. I

am glad to find that it does not—that I care as much for Gordon—perhaps, indeed, a little more—than when he was with me."

The conversation that followed served to break the ice between these two. But when they met, next morning, it was with the feeling and bearing of old friends. In fact, Gordon Leigh was a strong link between them—he had talked so often of Helen to Randolph, and of Randolph to Helen, that they could not feel strange or new to each other.

Soon, however, they began to find how much more than this, how much more than Gordon's love and friendship they owned in common. Thoughts, feelings, sympathies, tastes—was it only the glamour of imagination, or did they, during those golden Summer days, find that they owned all these, and more besides?

Circumstance seemed to take pleasure in throwing them together.

Miss Vaughn seldom danced, and Randolph, like most sensible and not very young men, disliked the amusement; so there were the long evenings for conversation, which ranged over every imaginable topic, and in which each felt that entire absence of restraint, that entire sense of congeniality, which is the greatest pleasure that earth—not rich in pleasures—can afford.

All through those August days, neither Helen nor Randolph indulged much in self-analysis. It was enough for them that everything breathed an aroma of enchantment—that earth, air and sky were lapsed into a golden charm in which they walked.

Helen's rash desire had been granted, the fruit of the tree of knowledge was hers, the ignorance that had been in a measure passive bliss was for ever dissipated, and the day was not far distant when, like Eve, she would stand face to face with the flaming sword which would warn her for ever from the Eden where she had lingered.

THE YOUNG NURSE.— FROM A PAINTING BY GREUZE.

The awakening was near at hand, however, and before long it came—rudely enough, as most awakenings do come.

One day a party was formed to ascend a certain famous mountain near the Springs, and of this party Miss Vaughn was one. Naturally, Randolph was her companion, and naturally, also, they lingered somewhat behind the others, when the descent began.

The majority of the party had been hurried from the summit sooner than they intended, by the impatience of one or two ladies with regard to their evening toilets.

"We shall have no time to dress for the ball, if we do not go back," they said; and to such unanswerable logic there was no reply.

The people who came to see the sunset went back without witnessing that phenomenon, and only Helen and Randolph remained.

"*You* don't care for the ball," he said. "Let us stay. It was scarcely worth while to have made the ascent, if we are to go back now."

"No, I don't care for the ball," she answered. "Let us stay, by all means."

So they staid. After they had agreed to remain, neither Helen nor Randolph spoke for some time. They were standing side by side on the verge of the mountain, and so watched in silence the panorama before them — the green valleys far below, the mountain range stretching away on either side, until the more distant peaks were wrapped in blue haze, the sun sinking to his rest in a bed of glory, the whole majestic grandeur of a scene in which man had not left one trace of his invading presence! At last Randolph spoke, quite abruptly.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.—"THEY WERE STANDING SIDE BY SIDE ON THE VERGE OF THE MOUNTAIN, AND SO WATCHED IN SILENCE THE PANORAMA BEFORE THEM."

"Do you remember a poem of Owen Meredith's, called 'A Quiet Moment'? I am not partial to poetry in general, nor to that poet in particular; but somehow those lines lingered in my memory, and were recalled to me by this"— his hand indicated the boundless wealth of beauty spread beneath them —"and still more by your attitude as you stand there now."

"I don't remember the poem," she answered, without removing her eyes from the glowing western sky. "I never shared the general fancy for Owen Meredith—perhaps because he is so very sentimental—but these lines must be good, if *you* remember them. Can't you repeat a verse or two?"

"I can try."

And so he began the poem.

He did not know how much passion had filled his voice as he uttered the words—words of another, yet, for the moment, as much his own as if no other had ever spoken them—until he saw that Helen had grown very pale, and that the hand which held a light scarf around her was trembling visibly. He knew the worst that could be known; but not so Helen. A strange, new fear—a strange, wild instinct was knocking at her heart, and he saw plainly that he had startled her too soon. So he tried, with a moderate degree of success, to speak lightly.

"That scene was painted for Switzerland," he said. "Is it not strange how appropriate it is to this? No single touch is out of harmony, save, perhaps, the 'village spires upthrust' from a plain which I do not think would be improved by their introduction."

Partly his manner, partly the pride which is ever a woman's best ally, quieted her. He almost thought he had been mistaken — that he had fancied an agitation which did not exist, when she turned her face from the sunset, and looked at him with her usual sweet smile.

"Yes, it is very appropriate," she said. "Thank you for having repeated it so well—I did not know you were such a good elocutionist. Switzerland!" she repeated, half musingly; "that is where Gordon is now—when I heard from him last, he was in a fever of excitement about the ascent of Mont Blanc. Will it repay him as much as our more moderate ascent has repaid us, do you think?"

"Why need you mention *him*?" he cried, bitterly. "Why could you not let me enjoy one hour in happy forgetfulness of his existence?" Then, wistfully, "We are so much alone—the world seems so distant. Can you not forgive me for saying what I must forget to-morrow—that I love you—love you as, God knows, I never thought to love any woman, or, having loved so, to feel that it is in vain?"

Sheer amazement first, then a wild, sudden rapture—a rapture that thought nothing, asked nothing, cared nothing for the future—came over Helen's soul. Yet she was trained in self-control. She drew one deep breath, and quivered from head to foot, but that was all. Randolph, watching her, saw no other sign of emotion, and, after waiting for some time, he spoke, almost humbly:

"Won't you give me one word, Miss Vaughn? Have I offended you so very deeply? Ah, if you only knew what a fight it has been before this fit of utter madness overtook me, I think—I almost think you might forgive me."

"No," said Helen; and, although she kept her face steadily turned from him, he heard the passionate quiver running through her voice—"no, I will never forgive you! It was unworthy of you to keep me here to hear this! It is unworthy of Gordon's friend to forget Gordon's claim upon me! You are not what I thought you!" said she, suddenly facing round upon him with flooding eyes; "and for this last bitter disappointment in human nature, I—I will *never* forgive you!"

Randolph made one quick step to her side, and seized, almost roughly, the hand she extended to keep him back.

"You know I did not keep you here to listen to the story of my folly," he said. "You know, or you ought to know, that I never meant for you to hear it as long as we two lived; for how could I venture to hope that it would interest Gordon Leigh's future wife? But flesh and blood are weak, and for once mine escaped control. Do I need to tell you that it shall never do so again? Do I need to tell you that your disappointment in me can matter nothing either to you or me, since, after to-night, I shall never see your face again? But oh, Helen—" his voice all in a moment changed from anger to tenderness—"the man whom you are to marry will never love you as I do, and the bitterness with me lies in thinking that, if I had met you a little earlier, you might have been mine instead of his."

"You have no right to say so," she answered, haughtily, drawing her hand from his grasp.

But as he released it, something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her—a wild torrent of love and longing rushed over her.

Once again it must be said that human nature is only human nature, and that saints and heroines — common enough in novels—are sadly uncommon in real life. Unconsciously she uttered a cry, a yearning, pitiful cry, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Arnold!" she said, with a gasp, "I cannot bear this! Have pity on me—help me against myself!"

His answer was to take the slight, swaying form in his arms. For a minute, nothing was said. The world was not only distant, but forgotten. In that one moment they seemed to take up the whole of life, and live it; the whole of love, and utter it—albeit without words. One such moment is enough to transfigure a lifetime! One such moment is enough to make us grateful for the very burden of life itself!

The next morning Helen did not appear at breakfast, and to the anxious inquiries of various friends, her chaperon replied that she was suffering from a severe headache, but would probably make her appearance during the course of the day.

Randolph received this information in common with others; but, sharing in that rooted distrust of women's headaches which Mr. Charles Reade declares to be a masculine peculiarity, he did not rest content with it. On the contrary, he sent quite a formidable letter to Miss Vaughn, receiving in reply a note of three lines.

In consequence of these three lines, he soon took his way to the cottage of the young lady. She must have been looking for him, for when he ascended the steps she issued, ready equipped for walking, from the door. Only a few words were exchanged, and then they took their way toward the woods. Avoiding the regulation walks, where such a thing as privacy is impossible, they crossed a hill, and, before long, found themselves in a sufficiently lonely and very beautiful dell. Here Helen paused.

"I think I will sit down," she said. "I do not feel very strong, and what I have to say might as well be said at once."

With the aid of a shawl which he carried, Randolph arranged a seat for her, and then looked with wistful tenderness into the pale face from which she threw back the vail.

"You have suffered—you *are* suffering," he said. "Oh, my love, why cannot you trust everything to me, and rest content that I will do the best for you?"

"How can you ask me?" she answered, sadly. "It is like a man to do so; and yet, what would even you think of me if I suffered nothing in considering what I have done—what I must do? Oh, Arnold—" her voice had a ring of absolute anguish in it—"I never thought to act such a pitiful part—I never thought to sink low enough to play fast-and-loose with my own honor and a man's honest love, like this! I have spent the night in trying to see what I should do," she went on, wearily, "and I cannot see yet. Everything is dark to me."

"Everything dark to you?" he repeated, and his tone had something of astonished reproach in it. "You can say that, Helen, to me? Then, indeed, you must have mistaken your own heart—then, indeed, the love of which you spoke up there—" he glanced at the grand mountain, looking serenely down upon them—"must have been fancy, and not truth."

"I don't deserve this," said Helen, and her voice quivered a little despite herself. "You—you for whom I have broken faith—you are the last person in the world who should reproach me for feeling acutely what I have done."

"But this is folly!" said he, almost sternly. "You are making yourself wretched over a mere chimera of conscience. Lacking patience to wait, and strength to trust, do we not all make mistakes? But earth would be hell, indeed, if we were forced to abide by them."

She answered nothing. Her hands were tightly clasped together in her lap, her eyes gazed far away into the distance, and her delicate lips had a certain set look about them which Randolph did not quite understand.

"Tell me," he went on, more earnestly, "are you willing to wreck your own life and mine that Gordon may be made half-way happy? Remember, there could be no real happiness for him with a woman who did not love him; and in spite of your utmost efforts, the acted lie would be detected."

She heard him mutely, perfectly conscious that he spoke the truth, that she stood, indeed, between two alternatives, either of which was fatal to the proud sense of honor which she had cherished until it had grown into a passion.

"Why do you remind me of this?" she cried, after a while, with sudden vehemence. "I see it—I feel it! You don't know what a bitter thing it is to forfeit self-respect!" she went on, looking at him with a pathos which touched his heart. "Last night I was madly happy—until you left me! Then I began to think, and if you could imagine one-hundredth part of what I suffered, you would pity instead of blaming me."

"Blame you!" he said. "I have not blamed you—I could not, if I tried. But, after all, what have you done?" Only made a mistake, which men and women make every day, and from which they retreat without incurring a shade

of that reproach which the world is quick enough to cast on a dishonorable action."

"But it was a mistake which scarcely merited the name," she said, with almost feverish impatience. "I knew I did not love Gordon as I had dreamed of loving, and one day hoped to love; but I was weary of waiting for what never came, and so—I took him. I told him that I could not promise him excessive affection, but that I *could* promise him—" no words can describe the passionate pain of her voice here—"a faith which should never fail, a constancy which should never falter. And now——"

"You have learned how rash it was to make such a promise to a man whom you did not love."

"But should I not abide by it—all the more because I did not even fancy myself in love with him? Arnold, decide for me—I cannot decide for myself. Remember, you are his friend, and try—try not to think, even of me. Look at the matter impartially, and tell me what I must do."

It did not cost Randolph many minutes of reflection to tell her. Holding her fragile hands in his eager grasp, he answered with firm yet passionate decision:

"You must come to me. And in saying this, I speak from no prompting of selfishness, but from insight which love has given me into your nature. Some women—many women—might bear the life to which you would sentence yourself, but you could not. I do not believe you could have borne it if you had never met me. I believe you over-rated your strength when you agreed to bear it. I put myself entirely aside when I say that you must come to me. I understand you thoroughly; I appreciate you as much as any man ever could appreciate you; I love you as no man ever did or ever will love you, and then —*you love me.* These arguments are unanswerable; and so I repeat—you must break a faith which could only be an acted falsehood."

She could not gainsay him—she could not refute a single word he had uttered, and so, although her head drooped forward with a burst of tears, he knew that the battle was fought and won.

Having surrendered judgment into Randolph's hands, Helen was not a woman to fight against the decision given; and for a day—one single day—she was thoroughly, yet feverishly, happy. Afterward, in looking back, it seemed to her as if it must have been a day of Paradise, although the sharp sting of conscience marred the perfection of its golden trance. And then, some instinct was upon her that it could not last. As children often say, and as children of an older growth often feel, it was "too good to be true"—it was far, far too bright not to end soon, and leave life darker than before. She felt this with a perversity which reason could not dissipate, and which events soon afterward justified.

It was the next morning that the blow fell. Having agreed to walk with Randolph, she was waiting for him in the parlor after breakfast, and as she waited, chanced in very idleness to take up a paper which lay on the table near her. Glancing absently down the crowded columns, the words "Mont Blanc" and "accident," coupled together, arrested her attention.

There was no one at hand to warn—no one to break the truth mercifully. In such a scene as this, and at such a moment, she read, with breathless and half-incredulous horror, an account of one of the annual accidents which occur on Mont Blanc. A rope had broken at the most perilous part of the perilous ascent, and several of the tourists, with one of the guides, had been dashed to death on the glaciers far below. The names of these tourists were given; three were from England and one from America. The name of the latter was Gordon Leigh.

When Helen looked up, speechless with horror, she saw Randolph approaching her; and one glance at his face was enough to ratify all that she had read. He, on his part, saw that he came too late—that the truth was already known—so he only stepped to her side, and drew her hand under his arm.

"Come," he said, gently, "I will take you to your cottage."

She asked no questions, but quietly went with him Once in the open air, however, she paused.

"Is there no doubt of it?" she asked, in a voice which he could scarcely recognize as her own. "Is it certainly true?"

"I cannot give you false hope," he answered, sadly. "I fear it is true."

Not another word was uttered. Comfort her in this, as he would have comforted her in anything else, Randolph could not; and she, on her side, seemed to shrink from him. So, leaving her in the hands of the pitying friends, who had by this time heard the sad news, he turned from the cottage and went back to the hotel.

When he reached the office, he found a telegram awaiting him—a cable telegram, as a single glance assured him. With one wild throb of hope and anxiety, he tore it open, and this was what he read, dated Chamounix:

"Reassure Helen with regard to my safety. Tell her I am alive, but break the news gently that I am crippled for life. Come for me, if you can. I am helpless. GORDON LEIGH."

When at last Randolph rose to seek Helen, Gordon himself was not saying farewell to the brightness of life more mournfully than he.

The interview which ensued was one that neither of them ever forgot to their dying day. As Randolph had feared, Helen took the decision of her life into her own hands, and said, with a firmness which he felt to be unalterable, that her duty was to him to whom she was betrothed.

"I might have nerved myself to tell him the truth when he was full of health and strength, with the world all before him," she said; "but I can never do it now. Would I ever know a happy moment again if I left him at such a time as this, to live my own life, and be free and happy with you?"

"I see you think nothing of me," said Randolph, bitterly. "Am I to be sacrificed to this folly? Is my life to be wrecked only that you may make yourself miserable with him?"

"Sacrifice you!" she repeated, with a quiver of unutterable sadness in her voice. "It seems to me that of the two my life will be the most dreary—that I shall be the least likely to forget what it will only be pain to remember. Do you think it costs me nothing to make this resolution? Do you know me so little as that? Oh, surely you feel that I am right! Surely even you would cease to love or respect a woman who could forsake in his hour of bitter extremity the man whose only fault was the fault of having loved her too deeply, and trusted her too well!"

"You are wrong—utterly and morbidly wrong!" was all that he could say—sure in his inmost heart that she was right, yet sore and wrathful, as a man cannot fail to be, over the loss of that which to him embodies the whole meaning of life. She shook her head.

"You do not think so," she said. "No, Arnold; the fever is over, and, thank God! my eyes are clear enough to see what must be done—thank God, I have strength enough to do it! I have made my mistake—a life's mistake—and I must abide by it. Yet oh, love—!" her hands were on his shoulder now, and her soft eyes raised to his—"I do not think it can wrong poor Gordon to tell you just once more

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.—"WITH THE AID OF A SHAWL WHICH HE CARRIED WTH HIM, RANDOLPH ARRANGED A SEAT FOR HER, AND THEN LOOKED WITH WISTFUL TENDERNESS INTO THE PALE FACE."

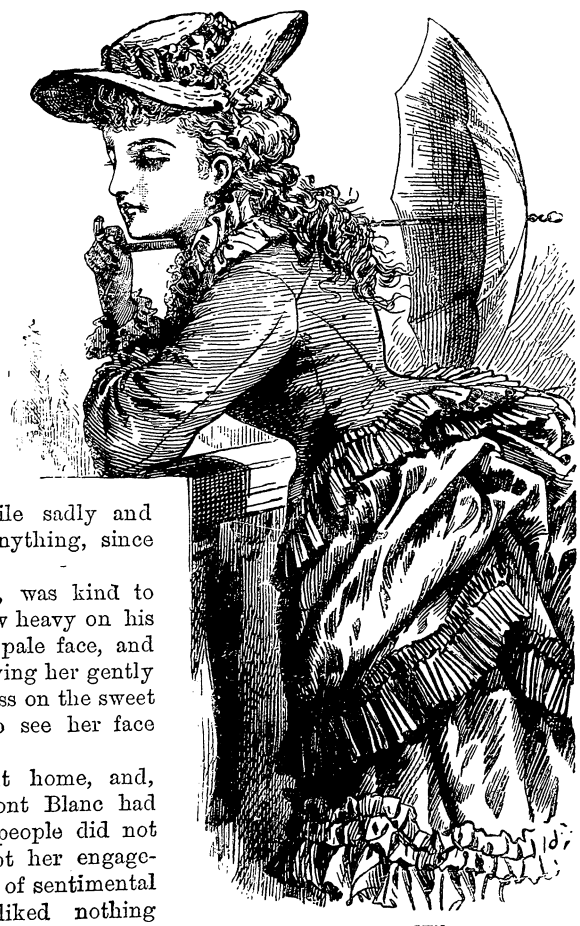
how dearly I love you, and how much—how very much—your love has been to me."

With a sort of dry sob, he caught her in his arms. There was so little of love's rapture in this last sorrowful embrace, that even Gordon, as she had said, was scarcely wronged by it — Gordon, far away among the Swiss mountains, uttering Helen's name, as if his voice could summon her.

Ah, it is all a fiction that hearts ever break! Who has not survived some parting that seemed to rend the very soul asunder, and to which, looking back, we smile sadly and think, "I can live through anything, since I lived through that?"

Fortune for once, however, was kind to Helen. Feeling her form grow heavy on his arm. Randolph looked in the pale face, and saw that she had fainted. Laying her gently down, he left one passionate kiss on the sweet lips, and then went forth—to see her face never more!

Gordon Leigh was brought home, and, although the accident on Mont Blanc had made him a cripple for life, people did not wonder that Miss Vaughn kept her engagement with him. Indeed, scores of sentimental young ladies would have liked nothing better than to take the place of comforter to the handsome and interesting young invalid, over whom society went wild; and his wife's exceeding devotion to him seemed only the most natural and fitting thing in the world.



HELEN VAUGHN.

Whether or not she found happiness in this devotion, there was no one near enough that haughty heart to ask, but it is not often that duty, patiently and steadily fulfilled, does not bring its own reward, in peace at least—and of one thing we may be sure, whether her life be long or short, the great mistake of it is one for which Helen Leigh has striven nobly to atone, and which at last may prove (since life was not given us for happiness alone) no mistake, after all, when viewed in the clear light of eternity.

Arrold Randolph left his old home immediately after he brought Gordon back there. Plausible excuse for this step was not wanting.

"There is said to be a good field for an ambitious lawyer in Texas," he said.

And to those "happy hunting-grounds" he went.

A GITANA, OR SPANISH GYPSY GIRL, DANCING THE VITO SEVILLANO.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

GYPSIES AND GYPSYDOM.

WHILE there is nothing in the history of races more mysterious than the existence, characteristics, and peregrinations of the gypsies, it is certain that the subject should be interesting to Americans, because of the prevalence in our midst of these peculiar people.

At the time of the American Revolution, Great Britain contained a vast horde of gypsies — Scotland, alone, being said to have as many as a hundred thousand. Throughout England they were met on every highway, and in Ireland were sufficiently numerous to form a very distinct and considerable class. The outbreak of the American War gave excuse for deporting these in large numbers, and they were "pressed" into both the land and sea service remorselessly, and to their own great disgust.

The fact was that the gypsies were a proscribed race, at best; and the British authorities having always a good case against them for thieving and swindling—apprehended them and forced them into the fleets and armies serving in America, as a peculiarly clever stroke of policy.

There were, to be sure, instances of gypsies having repaired to America long before this, in the capacity of Colonists; but these were so far rare, that they could scarcely be said to have inaugurated anything approaching an emigration. The gypsies are not thought to have been of much use as soldiers or sailors; they were too restless and nomadic in their habits—too averse to discipline to become available fighters.

It is probable that the most of them deserted on the first opportunity, and employed themselves in the new country in the habits they had practiced in the old. They did not, however, take to the tent, or travel in bands. Arriving, for the most part, as individuals—the family and clan relation having been broken up in their case—they inclined, rather, to squat on unoccupied lands in the vicinity of towns and settlements, and ply their various vocations quietly, and without attracting much attention. In spite of this, however, it is known that tented parties of gypsies have been seen about Baltimore for the past three-quarters of a century; while in New England, a colony is known which has existed for about a hundred years.

A peculiarity of the race is seen in this instance, in the custom of leaving the colony in the charge of the feebler members of the tribe at intervals, while the others depart in various directions, scatter over the entire country, but reunite periodically at the homestead. Some writers have claimed that there was no evidence of any actual gypsies having ever been seen in America. The assertion is not well-founded, since both the fact and the probability are against it.

Considering the animosity against the gypsies which existed throughout Europe as late as the last century, there is good reason for believing that they would hail the opportunity for a sojourn in a land where they were unknown and unproscribed with real enthusiasm. It is in evidence that those who reached America through the intermediation of the "press-gang," speedily discovered the advantages of their new home, and advised their comrades abroad to follow them. This brought about a considerable exodus from the Old World on the part of the gypsies, and they very soon became banded together, and traveled about with their customary paraphernalia.

During the last half-century bands of gypsies have been no uncommon sight in various parts of the United States, while individuals of the species have been encountered probably much more frequently than has been supposed. Yet the race have "ear-marks" which should enable them to be recognized at sight, and would, doubtless, if the idea were once suggested. The gypsy physiognomy is marked and distinct. Of the Asiatic type, it presents us with "a tawny complexion, quick, black eyes, black hair, high cheek-bones, slightly projecting lower jaw, narrow mouth, with fine, white teeth," and, in the case of the women, a lithe, graceful and agile figure. But it is the eye of the gypsy that is his most distinctive feature, and the one by which he can be the most readily and the most certainly recognized. Says Borrow: "There is something remarkable in the eye of Rommany; should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of old Castile, were he dressed like a king, a priest or a warrior, still would the *gitano* be detected by his eye, should it continue unchanged. The Jew is known by his eye, but then in the Jew that feature is peculiarly small; the Chinese has a remarkable eye, but then the eye of the Chinese is oblong, and even with the face, which is flat; but the eye of the *gitano* is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in its shape from eyes of the common cast: its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange, staring expression, which to be understood must be seen, and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light." It is of the Spanish gypsy, or *gitano*, that Borrow writes, but the description he applies to the race. Indeed, so well known is the peculiar character of the gypsy eye, that among Europeans it has been held to exercise a malign influence, and the "evil eye" is deemed to be one among the many weapons possessed by this singular people.

There are peculiarities of dress which characterize the gypsy race, which render its individuals easily recognizable. The Oriental origin of the gypsy is shown in his fondness for colors, and this in glaring contrasts; by a tendency to drapery, and objection to close-fitting garb; and by the slatternly and negligent carelessness which characterizes his general appearance—as it does that of the low caste of Orientals from whom he is believed to have sprung. The women are frowzy, dilapidated and unkempt; the men, heedless of their appearance; both, however, delighting in bright and contrasted colors. Usually the women wear shawls, with colored handkerchiefs about their heads. Both sexes indulge in jewelry, and are often found wearing large gold or silver rings in their ears, and clumsy rings on their fingers. Altogether, their mode of dress is quite as characteristic and distinguishing as their physical appearance.

The avocations of the gypsy are distinct and specific, and these also afford a ready and sure clew, in connection with his other peculiarities, which will aid in his identification.

From time immemorial, and in every land, the gypsies have been noted for three things—for their inclination toward horses; their tendency to work in metals, where they work at all; and for their occult gifts, or the semblance of gifts, which are a chief source of their precarious livelihood. So are these wonderful people commingled in custom with many races, that their avocations are to-day an evidence employed in deciphering their descent and their antiquity.

Although it is now generally conceded that the claim of descent from the Egyptians put forth in behalf of the gypsies is ill-founded, their facility in metal-working, and their

interest in horses, is considered by many as an argument in favor of the theory—the Egyptians having been celebrated in these directions. But a more curious illustration of the same character is found in the gypsy tendency toward that exciting pastime, "thimble-rigging." In England, thimble-riggers are commonly gypsies, and it is probable that the same is the case in America. It is a fact testified to by no less an authority than Sir Gardner Wilkinson, that the ancient Egyptians possessed this among their various games, and the fact is not known of any other race.

The gypsies not only work in metals, but they have been known for ages as gold-washers. Formerly they sought the precious metal on the banks of the Indus, and at a later period in Transylvania, a section of country which is largely populated by them. Meanwhile, as tinkers—menders of pots, pans and such small ware—they are known to-day in Great Britain and throughout the continent of Europe; a fact which, in Scotland, has given them the name of "Tinklers," one of the many by which they are designated. Basket-making and chair-making are among the few small industries which they practice; and they are said to have introduced the art of broom-making into America.

When to what has been already related you add fortune-telling and stealing horses, as well as lesser valuables, you have the gypsy as he is known the world over, and as he would be better known in this country, if public attention were more generally directed in search of him.

The history of the gypsy race is unsettled, and there have been comparatively few investigations made with regard to it. A few German authors have written concerning this subject; it turns up occasionally in Latin writers, and in the descriptive accounts of voyages and travels by authors of different nationalities. Italy has contributed somewhat toward the question, and Spain a little more; and England has afforded the works of Grellman, Hayland and Borrow; Scotland, Sir Walter Scott and Walter Simson, and America no original writer.

After the little sifting of tradition and "common talk" which was practicable, it has come to be generally conceded that the gypsies originated in India. They were doubtless a nomadic tribe at the outset, which accounts for their wide journeying. While they are accredited with having first appeared in Europe about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it was not until a hundred years later that they are known to have reached England. Whether they were deported from their original abiding-place through the conquests of Timour-Beg or not, though hotly disputed, is of little consequence. They existed in India at the time of Bishop Heber's journey through that country in 1829, as is shown by the following quotation from his journal: "On the other side of the river (an affluent of the Hoogly) was a large encampment of wretched tents of mats, with a number of little panniers, ponies, goats, etc., so like gypsies, that, on asking what they were, I was not much surprised to hear Abdullah say they were gypsies; that he had seen the same people before, both in Persia and Russia; and that in Persia they spoke Hindostanee, the same as here."

At a later period, on the Ganges, Heber met another party possessing the same characteristics, and who proved to belong to the same race. Of them he wrote: "They are the same tall, fine-limbed, bony, slender people, with the same large, black, brilliant eyes, lowering forehead and long hair curled at the extremities, which we met on a common in England. I saw only one woman, and her figure was marked by the same characteristics. In height she would have made two of the usual females of this country, and she stepped out with the stride and firmness of a Meg Merrilies. Of the gypsy cast of her features, I could not, however, judge, since, though half naked, she threw a ragged and dirty vail over her face as soon as she saw us."

But the migrations of the gypsies have been followed mainly, and with great difficulty, through their language. For, while it was for a long time believed that the tongue spoken by the gypsies among themselves was a mere jargon, formed by the admixture of words from different languages with some debased original, it is now known—having been clearly demonstrated—that theirs is an absolute, specific, and, one might almost say, an universal language. It is employed, indeed, in countries remote from each other, and by people speaking also the local tongue. By its means, those who know it can travel throughout the civilized world, certain of finding those who can understand them.

And yet it is impossible to acquire, since those who know it are loath to part with it, and it has only been through years of persistent inquiry that the slight vocabulary now known has been got together. And besides the spoken language (and there is no evidence that it has ever been a written one) there are known to the gypsies certain signs, grips, and other signals, by which they make themselves known to each other, and concerning which the outside world is in utter ignorance.

Following the linguistic method, it is not difficult to trace a plausible route for the gypsies from the East to the West. As we know that there are many Persian and more Russian words in their language, it is reasonable to suppose that one branch of the race migrated northwestward through Persia into Russia, and thence by Germany, Bohemia, and France, into the British Island. The same linguistic rule holding good, a second migration moved westward, probably skirting the Arabian Sea and Persian Gulf; journeyed through Turkey in Asia and Europe, and by way of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, spread through Transylvania, Hungary, and Wallachia on the one hand, and the Levant, Greece, and Italy, on the other. Finally, a third exodus will have taken place to the southwestward through Syria, and by way of the Isthmus of Suez, Egypt, and Ethiopia, to Morocco, and thence to Spain and Portugal; extending possibly to the Basque Provinces of the Pyrenees, whose people still speak a mongrel Tartar dialect, not else accounted for.

On this theory we have an explanation of the Persian, Slavonic, Romaic, Coptic, and Arab words in the gypsy tongue. Such migrations are not unknown, as witness one of vast proportions which left its tracks all the way from Behring's Straits to New Mexico and Arizona. It is a simple method of explaining a vexed question, very reasonable, and in accordance with the habits of certain races of men, as with certain species of birds and animals. The names given to the gypsies by the different peoples among whom they have sojourned are many. For themselves, they have preferred that of *Roma*, or the term Egyptian. The French, finding that they came from the direction of Bohemia, called them *Bohemians*. The Italians termed them *Zingali* and *Zingarelli;* the Dutch, *Hendens*—heathen; the Spaniards, *Gitanos;* the Portuguese, *Siganos;* the Germans, *Zigeuner*, meaning wanderers. The *Bayaderes* of India are gypsies; in Turkey they are designated *Tschigenes*, in Hungary, *Tsiganes*. Of the latter, it may be interpolated here that quite a sensation was made in Paris, at the Exposition of 1878, by the appearance of a band of *Tsiganes*, or Hungarian gypsies, who performed on various instruments, and sang wild, weird songs and airs, to the great interest and delight of thousands of auditors. The Moors called the gypsies *Charomi*, which means simply "robbers." In Transylvania they are known as *Cygerris;*

HUNGARIANS SINGING, FOLLOWED BY A GYPSY MUSICIAN.

in Scotland, as already mentioned, they are called *Tinklers*, and in England and America, *Gypsies*.

Among the peculiar and interesting features of the gypsy language should be mentioned the fact that in it are found certain words, having the same meaning, which exist in the thieves' slang of France, England, Germany and Spain. In France this slang is *Argot;* in Spain, *Germania*. Instances of English words of this character are "quad," meaning prison; "neddies," potatoes; "wiper," napkin; and "chatters," teeth. The cause of this is simple enough in every instance: the gypsies, being natural thieves, consort with this class when in the large towns and cities, and an interchange of language follows.

One other point of a philological character is curious. John Bunyan was a gypsy, and the son of a tinker, and the Hindostanee word for trader is *buniyan*. As the name of Smith, with many others, was the offspring of an avocation, the same might have been the case in the instance of the great author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

The gypsies of modern days are comparatively peacable to those not of their own race, though among themselves they quarrel venomously. Sir Walter Scott said of them that they were "a ferocious and vindictive people"; and this statement was borne out by the atrocities which they committed in the early part of the eighteenth century. These occurred in different parts of Europe, and particularly in Germany. In fact, Hesse-Darmstadt was overrun and terrorized by them about 1725, to such a degree that the inhabitants were afraid for their lives. Even the landgrave was powerless to oppose these robbers and

GYPSY HUTS IN WALLACHIA.

assassins, until, in desperation, bands of soldiers, aided by volunteers, turned out and put them to the sword. The leaders were captured, and submitted to the torture. And here enters into their history one of the strange assertions made with regard to them. It is said that one of them bore the torture without outcry, and seemingly without pain, until the officials bethought them to cut off his hair, when his resolution gave way, and he made full confession. He stated that had his hair not been cut, he could have held out much longer. Of one party thus captured, four were broken upon the wheel, nine were hanged, and thirteen—of whom the greater number were women—were beheaded.

As to their occult powers, Borrow tells a story of a *gitano*, or Spanish gypsy, who had a conflict with a Basque, in which he came off second best. Sitting sullenly regarding his recent opponent, he suddenly rose and went from the apartment where they both were, saying, satirically, as he passed the Basque: "My good fellow, I am a gypsy, and can read you. Where will you be this time to-morrow?" Before the time indicated, the Basque was in the agonies of death, having caught a fever which was then raging.

Another anecdote of the Spanish gypsies, told by Borrow, is extraordinary on several accounts. A band of *gitanos* passing through a village, one of the women accosted a beautiful widow, who, with her child, was regarding them

A GYPSY FAMILY OF BÆRENTHAL, ALSACE.

from a window. She informed the latter, in high-flown phrase, that a great treasure lay concealed in the cellar of her house, offering to return in five days and help her to secure it. The widow was credulous and avaricious, and acceded willingly to the arrangement, which required her to provide jewels of gold and silver, money, and six tapers of white and yellow wax—all of which would be necessary to employ in the coming incantation. On the appointed day the gypsy woman came with another, and, after going through some hocus-pocus in the cellar, required the widow to retire and fetch them certain other articles necessary to complete the conjuration. The simple woman did precisely as they suggested, and on her return found that the pair had levanted with her valuables.

But the curious part of this narration consists in a coincidence. The story is quoted from a Spanish author, and Borrow remarks that an instance of the same description, attended by circumstances very similar in character, occurred within the sphere of his own knowledge in England. This is not all; it is known to the present writer, and may be found by searching the local police reports, that in 1877 a colored woman was arrested in Thompson Street, New York, for having practiced precisely this mode of swindling —this being reported as the first case of the kind known to have occurred within this jurisdiction.

The gypsies of England and America are, to say the least, not a strikingly picturesque people. Probably the prosaic surroundings of quiet, peaceful villages, busy towns, extensive districts thoroughly cultivated, are little calculated as a background for these strange figures. It is in Spain, doubtless, that the *gitanos* present an aspect at once romantic and strikingly characteristic. Seville is noted for the numbers of *gitanos* it shelters, and it is a peculiarity of Spain, that there these roving creatures are prone to establish themselves in special quarters of the cities and large towns, which are known as the gypsies' quarters. Here they ply the trade of the blacksmith or the basketmaker, and hence go forth into the surrounding country small parties, who gather in what they can by thieving, fortune-telling and small mending.

Wild legends are told of these *gitanos*, whose ancestors must have been terrible fellows, by all accounts. One of these is the story of Logrono, a city of Riaja, a province bordering on Aragon. Here resided a bookseller named Alvarez, who, having been stolen by a gypsy in his younger days, and forced to live with them, became disgusted with the race and objectionable to his companions, who eventually sold him into slavery in Barbary. He escaped, returned to Spain, settled at Logrono, and sold books and manuscripts for a living. One stormy day he chanced to be on a journey, when night overtook him, and he found shelter in a ruined building. Here, during the night, he heard voices conversing in Romany, and discovered a plot to poison the wells and sack the city of Logrono. This plot he disclosed on his return, but not until a pestilence had broken out, the result of the poison. The attack was made by the *gitanos* at night, and resulted in their annihilation by the enraged citizens, headed by the bookseller, who fought like a demon.

It is related that at the close of the conflict, when the bodies of the slaughtered invaders lay in the streets in every direction, the bookseller could not be found—and, indeed, that he was never after heard of.

In Seville there is a considerable *gitano* colony, with which the people are fond of associating, being charmed with their free-and-easy life, in which dancing and singing appear to be the most prominent features.

The *gitanos*, like all gypsies, are natural musicians; and in Andalusia their mastery of the guitar—the national instrument—and the facility and vivacity with which they sing their love-songs, and poetical legends and ballads, cause them to be greatly sought after, both by natives and travelers. These gypsies are not different from the most of their brotherhood in different parts of the world, in possessing but few of this world's goods. But there are *gitanos* in Spain who are wealthy, and whose credit is good with the merchants. One is described who made his appearance at a cattle fair, and who was gorgeously clad in garments heavily ornamented with silver, his wife wearing a species of riding-habit covered with rich gold embroidery, and having immense gold rings in her ears. This gypsy had credit with certain traders to the amount of many thousands of dollars.

Borrow admits that he had little success in fostering religion among the *gitanos*. The truth is, that gypsies have never been known to possess any religion whatever, while as to conscience—it is a sensation they have never experienced. They have sometimes, however, been found in possession of a misty idea of the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which is as near a religion as they ever get. Mr. Borrow translated the Gospel of St. Luke into Romany, and published five hundred copies of the work, which, curiously enough, the *gitanos* snapped up with avidity, purchasing the entire edition. They liked to see their language in print, and also believed that the work was a charm to ward off evil.

Of the gypsies of Seville the principal occupation is the manufacture and sale of articles made of iron; their quarters may always be traced by the ring of the hammer and anvil, and some of them amass considerable wealth. An inferior class have the exclusive trade in second-hand articles, which they sell at the doors of their dwellings, or at benches at the entrances of towns, or by the sides of frequented walks. Still a lower class wander about mending pots, and selling tongs and other trifling articles. The lowest of all are the "mountaineers," as they are called, who reside chiefly in the woods and mountains, rarely visit towns, and live by fraud and pillage.

In Cadiz the gypsies are butchers; when there is bull-fighting, they are often *matadors*. The women dance and tell fortunes, and sometimes have engagements in inferior theatres.

The gypsies are, as a rule, extremely faithful to any obligations which may exist among themselves—one to another. This is particularly the case with regard to marriage, the nuptial ceremony being solemnized with the accompaniment of features which make it very impressive to the gypsy mind. Divorce is of infrequent occurrence among them; and when it does happen, it is effected through a performance which is remarkable. The ceremony is performed over the body of a dead horse, across which the parties shake hands for the last time; the priest, carrying a long rod, repeating certain Romany words; after which, the two separate—one going north and the other south, never to be again united. Immediately after the separation, the woman receives a token, which is made of cast iron, about an inch and a half square, with a mark upon it resembling the Roman character T. The husband of a divorced wife can marry again—the woman, never. This ceremony is not confined to any country, but is pure gypsy, and takes place wherever this strange people abide. Instances of its occurrence are related of Russia, Scotland, and Spain.

The gypsies hate the military service, and mothers often maim their children to prevent their being forced into the profession of arms. Like cats, also, they dislike the water, though they sometimes enlist as musicians on men-of-war. There were said to be some gypsy musicians on

board the British fleet before Sebastopol. When "pressed," however, they lose little time in deserting, and this has always been so well known that we find the fact to have given Burns an idea for one verse in his poem, "Jolly Beggars"—

"My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've traveled round all Christian ground,
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they searched when off I march'd
To go and clout the caudron."

Besides the occupations already set down as belonging to gypsies, it should be noted that some of them are masons, the race taking greatly to that trade. In Scotland, and also in Spain, they appear occasionally as inn-keepers, and even chimney-sweeping is followed by a number of them.

One authority claims for them that they are occasionally found in Masonic lodges in good standing. But instances of fixed trades are only incidental cases, the majority preferring a wandering life and only occasional occupation; a characteristic of all of them, however, being their extreme reticence, and dislike to converse concerning themselves. This so predominates as a part of their race-character, that when induced by persistence to answer questions as to their habits, their statements can be but little relied upon.

In some respects they are not unlike certain tribes of American Indians; and it is possible that investigations made in the direction of our aboriginal languages with a view to their comparison with the Romany, might result in establishing some connection between them, as having existed at least in the remote past.

Gypsies are not only cautious and reticent with the outside world, but they are even chary of recognizing their own people if of a different nationality, unless secure from observation. Yet a Scottish gypsy boasted to one investigator that by his signs alone he could push his way from Scotland to China, and even among the Chinese themselves. In an account of a journey to Pekin in 1721, the author describes meeting a party of upward of sixty gypsies, at Tobolsk, who had traveled thus far from Poland on a trip to China, and who had lived by the way on the sale of trinkets, and by telling fortunes.

The gypsies were frequently driven out of the different countries in times past, and forbidden to set foot within certain limits, on pain of death. In 1530, in a statute of Henry VIII., they were thus described: "An outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandize, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and place to place, in great companies, and used great, subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people; bearing them in hand, that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies."

Under statutes of Queen Mary the gypsies were executed "without benefit of clergy," if found in the kingdom; and Sir Matthew Hale relates that thirteen were so executed in England at one Assizes. They were expelled from France in 1560, and from Spain in 1791; and during this and the early part of the succeeding century, all Europe hustled them from one country to another—so that they scarcely had foothold anywhere. After a time, however, they were no longer molested, and they multiplied greatly. It is believed that there are now nearly a million gypsies in the world, of which number probably one-fourth are in the British Islands.

As has been already observed, music is the only science in which the gypsies are at all proficient. They compose rapidly—improvising after the manner of the Orientals, and without originality and expression. In Wallachia, there being no other people who possess this talent, the gypsies are greatly esteemed. In some of the schools of Hungary and Transylvania, gypsy lads have been admitted for education, and with favorable results. The gold washers of Transylvania are considered the best examples of their class. They sift gold sand in the Summer, without any great measure of success; and in Winter they make trays and troughs, which they sell. They are hard-working, frugal, and comparatively honest. In all these qualities, they differ materially from the mass of their race, and are esteemed accordingly by those who encounter them.

Something more than a century ago the Empress Maria Therese sought to improve the condition of the gypsies of Hungary, and acccordingly issued several decrees concerning them, intended for their advantage. By these they were enjoined from dwelling in huts or tents; from wandering up and down the country; from dealing in horses; from eating animals which died naturally, and from conversing together in their own tongue. They were, in fact, to give up their gypsy mode of life, and settle like the other inhabitants, in cities or villages; build decent houses, clothe themselves after the custom of the country, and follow some reputable business.

These decrees were kindly intended, as it happened; but they were about as feasible as "the Pope's Bull against the Comet." The gypsies refused to be civilized, and preferred freedom and poverty to a competence and respectability. After this, and so late as the time of the American Revolution, these laws were made harsh and stringent, and sought to be enforced. The children of the gypsies were torn from them, that they might be educated and trained to a different life. A similar order of things was adopted by the Emperor Joseph II., the great "reformer" of his time, and temporarily with success. The gypsies were civilized, willy-nilly; and during the continuance of the power of this monarch, remained very fair citizens. At this time there are said to have been as many as eighty thousand gypsies in Hungaria and Transylvania.

But all efforts to civilize the gypsies have proved futile in the end. In Scotland, very many attempts have been made at their conversion to Christianity, but with utter want of success. It has been found possible to convert Mohammedans, Jews and Pagans, but the gypsies, having no religion, and believing in none, have set this complete negation of a belief as a dead wall against all such striving. They present the extraordinary and, in some respects appalling, spectacle of a million of human beings who believe in nothing beyond this life—unless it be transmigration of souls—and who have no word in their language answering to the name of God! Against such stolid impassibility it were useless to strive.

Returning to that portion of "gypsydom" which exists in America, it is to be observed that French, Spanish, Hungarian, German, Swedish and Russian gypsies have been met with in this country. They have married and intermarried in their new home. There are instances of English gypsy girls who have gone to work in factories in the New England States, and have there found husbands who were not gypsies. But the children of these are trained from the beginning in a knowledge of their gypsy descent, and are encouraged to hold their breeding in high regard, while keeping it carefully concealed from the world. They

A YOUNG GYPSY GIRL.

are taught the language of Romany, and this knowledge also they are made to conceal.

That there are many gypsies to be found, in our large cities even, does not admit of a doubt. One writer refers to meeting several—one was a French gypsy; another one, a cutler, from Wurtemburg. Both were shy of recognizing the sign thrown out by the gentleman in question, but in the end admitted their nationality, and conversed with him in Romany.

The same author gives it as his judgment that the itinerant knife-grinders, the "Peter Funk" auctioneers, the fortune-tellers and many others, are all gypsies by extraction, if not by direct descent. English gypsies in this country have made the same assertion, with the assurance that they have reached their conclusion after having tested instances. There are said to be Hungarian and German gypsies settled in Pennsylvania and Maryland, owning farms, and well-to-do. In the State of Pennsylvania there is a settlement of them on a river, where they have extensive saw-mills.

GYPSY SHOWMAN IN TURKEY.

Throughout the United States there are gypsy peddlers, British as well as Continental. In New York, again, they will be found keeping cheap crockery, tinware and basket stores; some of them vending their wares through the streets. Some of these are Irish, some English, others German or French. A Hungarian gypsy in the same city formerly led an orchestra which performed nightly; his brother drove a horse-car. In Baltimore there are a number of gypsy musicians who play at parties. Some of the fortune-telling women of New York are gypsies, and make an excellent living out of their skill with cards or at palmistry.

HUNGARIAN GYPSIES ON THE TRAMP.

Allusion having been made to thimble-riggers—and these can be found at any race-course or fair-ground in the season—there is another line of business which should be noticed—that of the pocket-book and jewelry droppers. These are commonly gypsies, though of course others pick up the trick and practice it.

It is said that many hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of English tented and partly tented gypsies have arrived in this country in the past twenty years. For the most part these travel, and are to be found in every State in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains, filling the avocations of doctors, peddlers, horse-dealers, exhibitors, fortune-tellers, and tramps generally. They seem to flourish

GYPSY WOMEN BEGGING IN WALLACHIA.

well, America being a good country for the practice of their arts. In the West and Southwest they devote themselves chiefly to horse-stealing, and work their way frequently from Texas up to Minnesota with fine studs of picked animals, which they sell at first-class prices. They are also wonderfully clever at those tricks by which so many rural gentlemen suffer. One of these consists in inducing the victim to make a package of money, which the operator places in a box before the owner's eyes, telling him to open it at a certain time, when the sum will be found to be doubled. Of course by sleight-of-hand the package is captured, and a duplicate (worthless) is bestowed in its place. Oddly enough, this barefaced operation frequently succeeds, as do also the gold-mine trick, the pirate's treasure dodge, and others as simple. Only a short time since, a trick was played upon a country farmer by a peddler, who claimed to have discovered a treasure of silver in a hollow tree, and, by exchanging it for greenbacks, left the farmer the happy possessor of a large lot of counterfeit coin. This transaction is clearly of the gypsy style and character, and probably emanated from one of the race.

In the Southern States are to be found the better class of gypsies, who are not molested by the planters or others, being more useful than troublesome. They dislike the negroes, and in the old slave times never gave the planters the least uneasiness or fear of their tampering with them. There are a good many very respectable Scottish gypsies in the United States and in Canada. Traveling bands often make their appearance in the British Provinces in the Summer months. About two years ago a large party of gypsies were camped for some weeks near Englewood, N. J., and were visited constantly by the residents of that neighborhood; while, their fame having spread, numbers went from New York to see them, and reporters of the daily papers interviewed their leaders and queen with more or less success. They did a thriving business in the way of fortune-telling, and departed suddenly as they had appeared.

We will conclude this rather rambling writing concerning this interesting people by an anecdote, which is amusing, and illustrates the main intention of this paper—viz., to encourage a little practical investigation into the subject of the gypsies in America.

Some English gypsies were endeavoring to sell some horses in Annapolis, Md., to persons bearing the appearance of being respectable farmers. To their surprise, the farmers conversed with each other in unmistakable Romany, when an amazed gypsy remarking, "Why, you are gypsies!" the others hastened away as if alarmed, to the great chagrin of the English party. These "American" gypsies had been settled in the neighborhood for three generations.

Besides the wandering bands that frequent New Jersey —that state lying between the two chief cities of the United States—there are also many gypsies settled there, and pursuing the usual avocations of the race. Indeed, a close examination would find few States without representatives of this people, and a little consideration will enable any one to fix upon gypsies in his own acquaintance—by simply following the signs and directions which have been herein indicated.

There is no race-study that is more entertaining than this, and one rises from such an investigation with only regret that so little has been discovered concerning this subject. A history of the gypsies, with any sort of just claim to being complete, must be written in the future, and from materials yet to be developed. In the meatime, every little helps, and no one can tell how much he or she might add to the world's stock of information on this topic, by the exercise of a little perspicuity and judgment, and by "setting down" the discoveries which this course would be certain to bring about.

VICTORINE'S DIARY.

By Annie Thomas.

June 18*th*, 11 *o'clock*, P.M.—"It's all settled!" This is the phrase that they have all been using to-day. It is all settled! Mr. Barker has proposed for me, quite properly and in form, and I must "give up thinking of that very unsatisfactory young man, Willie Herbert," mamma says.

Give up thinking of him! Oh, my love, my love! My clever, brilliant, cruel love, of whom I am so proud, and through whom my pride has been so humbled! I know what all my friends say, and I know that there is truth in their saying. Willie Herbert has only been flirting with me, and the sooner I forget the events of these last few happy months, the better for my peace of mind.

But I can't forget them, and I ache—oh! I ache to let him know it, for the knowledge will win one more loving look for me, and I can't give up the semblance, though the reality is denied me.

June 19th, midday.—He came in to breakfast rather later than usual, just as mamma was hurrying me off for my avowal-ride with Mr. Barker. I hate these public proclamations. Of course it's taking all the neighborhood into one's confidence, to go out for a ride with a man who has been nibbling at the matrimonial bait for a long time. Well, I'll have my revenge. I'll never ride with him after I am married. Mr. Herbert had only time to give me one look, but that told me that he knows what I have done. He knows it, and, before the day is over, I must find out if he is sorry for it.

Same day, midnight.—This has been the longest day of my life. Every moment of it has been spent in planning how to speak for a few minutes in private with Mr. Herbert. Our dear little hostess would have helped me if she could, I know; but she is afraid of the world and of mamma, and so I have had to rely on myself.

And, after all, I haven't the satisfaction of feeling that I am not my own best friend. I have been led away from the path that leads to certain safety by my intense desire to test my own prowess in a place of danger. I have tried to brave the worst, in order that I might do what I deemed the best. I have dared to climb up to a perilous height of passion, in fact, in the hope of proving to him and to myself that I do not fear to fall.

Have I proved it? That is the question that is perplexing me now. I have spent the whole day in striving to compass my end, and now that I have compassed it, I begin to feel that the end was utterly unworthy of the means. Is it always so through life, I wonder? Must the candle always be of less value than the game, or the game be dear when purchased by the candle? I can't feel that anything is other than worthless just now.

We had a weary time of it together this morning—the man I am going to marry and I. When we came home from our ride, he had crushed all the girlishness out of my heart, by a long dissertation on the untroubled waters of the life of domestic happiness we should lead in the remote country-place to which I am to be consigned when I am Mrs. Barker. We were late for luncheon, and Mr. Herbert had gone out in the grounds when we came back; and my palpable efforts to get out into the grounds, too, were all frustrated by everybody.

At last, a bright gleam of sunshine came into the gloomiest corner of my heart. I was alone in the library, left there

by that most merciful of women, Mrs. Dacres, when he came in. How I hated the possible woman who would have the right, in time, to come and lean her head on his shoulder, and let her love show itself openly. Mr. Barker is short, and shriveled when you see him in a strong light, and this other one has the form and the grace of a god.

How I blessed the soft gray light that filled the room, and saved me from showing him the crimson cheeks of confusion and heart-burning! He was a little cruel to me, even then; but I think his cruelty is sweeter than another man's love, for I only recoiled from it for a moment when he said:

"What have you been doing with yourself all day? Don't you know that I have been making myself quite a fool of time, by waiting about to get a minute's speech with you?"

He said it in the dear old masterful, caressing way, that has always had the effect of making mince-meat of my finest intentions and firmest resolves. I had to take a very decided grip of my engagement-ring as he paused and I answered:

"And I have wanted to see you, too. We are such old friends and true allies that I should have been sorry for you to hear the news I have for you from any lips but mine."

I lied when I said that, and he read the lie in my tearful eyes and trembling lips.

"What is your news?" he said.

"My news is very unimportant to every one but myself," I tried to say carelessly. "I am going to be married to Mr. Barker, and——"

"You were right not to give the knife into another hand," he interrupted.

And then I heard Mr. Barker's step in the hall, and my heart palpitated with the hope that he would come in, and that something would occur to upset all existing arrangements. But though the first part of my wish was gratified, the second was not. Mr. Barker came in; but by the time he had opened the door, Mr. Herbert was standing, in an attitude of utter unconcern, by the window, and I was sufficiently the slave of custom to be perfectly calm and self-possessed.

I think my heart would have hardened out of all power of feeling anything but indifference for the future, if it had ended there. But it didn't end there. It has not ended yet. I saw him—Willie Herbert, the only man who has the power to make my heart beat—alone again for a few minutes, after dinner.

How did he manage it, I wonder? He seems to be able to manage everything. I had got myself out of mamma's range, and taken up a dear little sheltered position in the shadow of some merciful window-curtains, when I found he was close behind me, leaning over my chair, as of old.

As of old! The moment that recollection struck me I grew very brave, and said:

"Do you know, Mr. Herbert, that I am going away to-morrow, and that I shall be married before I see you again?"

"No, I didn't know it," he said. And, thinking he spoke hoarsely, I glanced up at him—pitifully, I suppose. "Oh, Victorine—little Victorine! What a fool I have been to let it come to this!—a fool, and a rascal too!" he muttered.

And there was nothing for me to say, but—

"You deal harshly with yourself, Mr. Herbert."

"Harshly! And how are you going to deal with *yourself?* Look at me, Victorine, and then look toward the door. *He* is coming—the old love and the new. Harshly! you are dealing horribly!"

He said it out quickly and passionately—so quickly, indeed, that I had no time to gird against the injustice which could blame me for a *finale* I had never sought to bring about. In the hurry and rush of my feelings, I did as he told me—I did look at the doorway, which was framing Mr. Barker; and I did glance, with a shudder, from Mr. Barker to my hero—my stalwart, handsome, clever love, who had left me to my own devices just a little too long.

I could not suppress a groan. I am only a weak girl, and I am weaker than ever just now, from having fought a long fight, and from the consciousness of having been worsted in it. I am only a weak girl, and he is so strong—so like the man that all my life I have thought it must be good to love.

Dare I describe him here? Yes, I will; because in a day or two, or when I am married, I can tear out the page and burn it, and banish the memory. But just to put down in words what I think of him, and what he looks to me, will be sweet, as everything else is that seems to bring me nearer to him.

He is young, and tall, and fair; but so are a hundred men. He is more. He is so graceful and powerful, so full of quick resolve and execution, so soft in tone and ready in speech, so gentle and so strong, that I should have been blind and stupid and cold if I hadn't thought of him before to-day. After to-day I am going to try and gradually forget him.

"We will say good-by to-morrow," he went on, whispering. "Give me a moment or two to explain something to you in. You shall not leave me despising me, Victorine. I must justify myself."

With that he went away, leaving me pledged to see him to-morrow, alone, again. I won't see him. Yet, if he really only wants to justify himself, how unjust it will be of me not to give him the opportunity! How glad I shall be when to-morrow comes!

June 20th.—The day is done. Who is it sings—

> "Be the day weary, or be the day long,
> At length it cometh to even-song"?

What a merciful thought that is, and what a merciful thing it was to word it for all the poor wretches who, like me, don't care much whether another day ever rises for them! Last night I longed for to-morrow. Now the last to-morrow I shall ever long for is over.

I had much difficulty in getting away from every one on this last morning; and when I did it, at last, I ran out into the garden like a guilty thing. I knew quite well where he would come to look for me—in a little, quiet shrubbery that fringes the banks of a silent pool, into which we have both so often—*how* often!—looked together. There I went to-day, and there he came to me, presently—my hero, my young Apollo, the man who has made me love him only that he may leave me.

"So you have made the effort, and really torn yourself away from all the attractions the house possesses now, in order to have one more look into this crystal sheet, in which we used to fancy we could see our features shadowed?" he said.

"I am here because you asked me to come." I said it gravely, for it hurt me that he should seem to ignore all the intensity of feeling that had been put into our few sentences last night.

"And you shall hear me, Victorine!" he cried, dropping the careless manner at once. "Why have you let this come to pass? Why are you out of my reach now, when you have let me love you so long?"

"Do you ask me that?" I whispered. "Until yesterday

THE GYPSIES OF TRANSYLVANIA.— FROM A PICTURE BY THEODORE VALERIO.

your hand held my fate in a clasp that I prayed might never relax; but yesterday is passed, and I am going to be a wife; and, after this—this—this parting, I shall never see you again as a possible lover!"

"Will you not, Victorine? Victorine, you will always be more mine than his?"

He whispered it in that voice that thrills my heart as no other voice can thrill it — and how hard that is, since no other heart can be so thrilled—and then I rebelled.

"Thank Heaven, since you can say that to me, Mr. Herbert, that I never can be—never shall be yours!" and then my voice broke, and I felt the tears coming, as I remembered how ardently I had wished to be.

"You kept me from speaking while I could have done so honorably!" he said, eagerly. "You always assumed the air of loving wealth and station. I have heard you say that you would not marry unless you could have a carriage. What was a poor fellow like me to do? I waited, and hoped for better days; and you have made the waiting and the hope alike useless and empty, by taking the rich man and leaving the loving one. We may say good-by to one another, Victorine, but we can't forget.

He caught hold of my hand as he spoke, and lifted it, and the diamond solitaire, my engagement-ring, flashed out a menacing reminder to us both. After that, we said nothing more that is worth putting down. Indeed, I said nothing. I am always dumb in pain; and my pain is very great—so great!

* * * *

July 20*th.*—A month ago I left the manor-house, and to-day I married Mr. Barker. How coolly I write of it, to be sure! and how coolly I have been thinking of it for days! He is a good man, and he has taught me already, what I always lacked before, composure. I hope his daughter will love me. I am only a year older than she is, and I want her love. I am tired of this Diary—only I have promised myself all my life that, whenever I married, I would make an entry on my wedding-day, at least.

* * * *

August 20*th.*—We came home to The Court this evening, and Meta

A GYPSY RETREAT AMONG THE RUINS OF SIEBENBUERGEN, AUSTRIA.

GROTTOES OF THE GITANOS AT SACRO MONTE, SPAIN.— SEE PAGE 454.

Barker has introduced me to every room in it already. She is a lovely girl, full of courage and happiness and energy. She has had no love-fever to tame her yet. How I hope she will love well! and how I hope she will love wisely! If I can ever make the course of her love run smooth, I will do it for her father's sake, and her own sake, and a little for the sake of my dead love.

I will be a gentle stepmother to her, though there has never been a gentle stepmother in the world before this. Meta and I will become true friends, and I shall be able to pilot her safely through some treacherous waters—I have had such an awful experience myself.

This is a dear place, and they are dear people, and I am going to bed in my own and my husband's house, a grateful, happy woman.

August 25th.—I haven't been able to write up my Diary for several nights. My husband has been very ill, and I have been very anxious. Poor Meta has been more, for it was something that she said to him, the day after our return, that has upset him. She went dancing into the library to him, after breakfast, to ask him to grant her the coveted favor, I supposed, and presently I heard one of those awful cries of alarm that one does hear once or twice in a lifetime, people say; and, when I rushed to them, I found my husband had a seizure of some sort, and poor Meta was distractedly blaming herself as the cause of it.

I can find out little or nothing from her disjointed, broken sentences. I can only conjecture, and what I conjecture is this: She, I fancy, must have been telling her father that she has, in his absence, given her heart to some one of whom he, for some cause or other, disapproves. I bid her hope, and trust a good deal to my influence with her father.

Poor girl! I can see by a thousand signs that her heart has found its king. Heaven grant that he may reign there till the last!

September 10th.—Five more weary days than these five last ones it has rarely been my portion to pass. Mr. Barker is better—is himself again, in fact; but Meta's love is pronounced ill-placed. They have each appealed to me with all the power of eloquence which is possessed by each.

He speaks to me as my husband, my very good friend and lord, and bids me say, on my honor, whether or not *I* feel it fitting that this thing, on which Meta has set her heart, should be! She speaks to me as to a sister, a friend, a woman! And the name of the one of whom they speak is William Herbert!

For five days I have known this, and for five days I have thought of little else. It is hard to keep a bright, brave front when one is so painfully humiliated. He must have gone, with his words to me warm on his lips, and uttered warmer ones to her! He must have counted on my having secrets from my husband, when he began to woo my husband's daughter!

But in that last he has wronged me, as—as he *always* wronged me. I made a clean breast of all my faults and follies when I married. It was for me that my kind, good husband suffered, when his unsuspecting child asked him her first love favor!

Mr. Herbert has hurt me even more than the greatest coxcombry on his part could ever lead him to suppose he had hurt me. He has destroyed my faith in him, and made me think of him as a calculating, heartless, mercenary, careless man, to whom women are but stepping-stones. It hurts me much to have the fear born in me that he only wants Meta for her money—that he only feigns to love her, because it would be remunerative to marry her; but the fear is born, and has much vitality. Moreover, I am in a strait. It behooves me to do something, and taste bids me do one thing, and honor bids me do another, and I may not take counsel with any one, for my secret belongs to my husband as well as to myself, and he will not have it proclaimed.

So Meta thinks me cold and dull, when I listen in silence to her bursts of despondent railing against the paternal hardness which keeps her apart from him. She thinks me unsympathetic, because I cannot say that it "must be delightful to have all the freshness of a man's first love," as she declares she has of his, according to his own showing.

"He is just the sort of man you would like, Victorine!" she says; and I dare not tell her that he is the man I loved once, and tremble to see her love now.

I can talk to my husband about it; though, in his anger against a man who could play so double a part, he can scarcely bring himself to mention Herbert's name. I am not ashamed of it, at all; for I do not hold it to be any more shameful to love unsuccessfully than to love successfully. If Willie Herbert had been as thorough and as true and as brave as I am, my love for him would have been avowed before all the world when he made me his wife. As he was less than these things, surely the shame should not be mine.

The day—the hour has come for him to arrive. My husband has given his consent to his being received at the house as an aspirant for Meta's hand, though not as her accepted lover yet.

I feel this strange, deep quiet, of which I have spoken before, gathering in intensity every moment. Heaven keep me faithful and true, in thought as well as in deed, and act, and look, and word!

As I sit here, waiting for him to come in, I am striving to analyze my own sensations, with a view to judging them impartially and clearly. I can only do that by fixing them on paper. I do not love the man who is coming. But I am filled with a deep awe when I remember how great and true the love was while it lived. He killed it. Is he a murderer? My love was a living thing.

Meta comes in and out of the room in a fidgety way, that is not compatible with genuine love, as we are waiting. She is very pretty—charmingly pretty, this new love of my old love's, but it hurts me to look at her.

He has arrived. He is coming into the room.

Two hours after, same day.—He came in, gay, handsome, and debonair as of old; but not all his practiced self-possession could keep a look that spoke of recollection out of his eyes. As the mistress of the house, I rose to welcome my stepdaughter's lover, and, as my stepdaughter's lover, he responded quite heartily and warmly to my greeting. There are some things hard to understand—how could he do this?

My good, loyal, honorable husband—a king among men, if noble qualities would crown him—said that he wished me to see Willie Herbert alone as soon as possible. Both Mr. Herbert and Meta were in the room when he came first, but soon, on some pretense, the father took the daughter away, and I was left alone with the only man whose kisses have ever awakened the echoes of my heart. Then—what a weak, wicked woman I must be!—I felt my eyelids droop, and my heart throb! Oh, traitorous eyelids and heart! how could you be so base?

He was very bold. It was the element of bravery in his character that first attracted me, and he was very brave now. As soon as we were alone, he began at once:

"Mrs. Barker, you know the nature of the errand I came on. May I speak to you freely about it?"

"As freely as you please," I faltered, for my tongue was a traitor, too, and would not be bright and clear,

"When we parted——" He hesitated, paused, and then amended his phrase—"When I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I said words that appear incongruous when viewed by the light of my actions to-day; but. let me assure you——"

"Let me assure you," I interrupted, "that no consideration on earth would make me view those words in any light whatever. I am here to speak to you solely and wholly about—the present day. If you can convince me that you can make Meta happy, all the influence I have with my husband shall be used in your favor."

"There spoke your own noble self!" he said, enthusiastically. "Mrs. Barker, at least I will try to make Meta happy. She loves me!"

"Ay! and I had loved him, too! and how had it fared with me! There was no safeguard for her in her love for him, and so I told him.

"Supposing you lost her,". I urged, "could you be faithful to her still?"

And when he answered, "Yes, I firmly believe I could," I was weak enough to cry out, in the sharp agony I felt in the knowledge I had borne in upon me at the moment that his love for her was deeper than it had ever been for me! I could not restrain that cry of pain. Something seemed to give way in my heart as I uttered it. And then I rose up and ran out of the room, calling, as blithely as I could, for Meta to come to him.

"Let them be married," I said to my husband, as soon as I could reach him. "He is quite worthy of her. He has succeeded in convincing me that his professed passion for me was an idle mistake. His heart is Meta's, and he will make her a happy woman."

"But, my dear Victorine, when I asked you to talk to him, I never intended that you should put yourself to the pain of discussing the attachment which formerly subsisted between you!"

"We didn't discuss it! The truth dropped out," I said, recklessly. "Don't make me say anything more on the subject—it isn't pleasant!"

Then that stab went through my heart again, and I fell back in my chair, and felt my very lips turning pale.

I am better, now that I have written all this down. What a boon my diary has been to me!

As I sit at my window, I can see the happy pair sauntering about on the lawn. My consent being given, papa's is taken for granted, and they have thrown off all appearance of reserve.

They are right. Let them "gather their roses while they may." I gathered mine too hastily, and the withered leaves are scattered thickly around me. (That pain again! How it startles me!) I will go out and saunter, too.

How well I remember the smile that comes over his face as he bends his head down and speaks to her! What a careless grace there is in the free, easy swing of his step! and how familiarly the ring of his bright laughter falls upon my ear! I must go out, and enjoy the melody under the green tree—it will sound even sweeter there! What feeling is this, I wonder? Love, or death?

It is my cruel fate to finish this sad story, which my poor stepmother began, and left untold.

I was walking about on the lawn with Mr. Herbert (how can I even write his name!) that morning, when I saw her coming toward us, looking very white and wan, but with the sweetest of smiles on her lips and in her eyes that ever glorified a woman's face. She was coming along with her hands clasped over her bosom, and as she neared us she held them out, *not* toward me—oh, sorrow for me that it should have been so!—but toward the man at my side.

"I am dying, Willie!" she said, and the sweetness of her tone, as her voice touched his name, is beyond all description. "I am dying, Willie. *Be* glad that it is for you!"

She did not see me when she uttered these words, I am sure. The glaze of death was over her eyes, and the mists of death were in her mind, or she would have commanded herself, the poor, unselfish, death-stricken creature! As she spoke the last word, she fell forward; and when we raised her she was lifeless already—and the light was gone out of my life.

I implored him, when the first panic was over, to tell me the truth, and all the truth. And he would not, or could not—for falsehood is the dominant element in some natures—be candid.

Mr. Herbert was quite earnest in his lying—told me there had never been any ground for that dying speech of hers; that she must have lost her reason when she uttered it; and that all there was to tell of their mutual past was that they had had a slight flirtation together, once upon a time.

"We were lightly won by each other, and we lost each other lightly," he said. "Don't perplex your brain about a dying woman's fancies, Meta. She imagined something at the last that had never taken place in the past. I love you, Meta dear! Be satisfied."

Heaven knows that if I could have gone on believing, I should have been infinitely more happy; but I had a sufficient sense of honor to feel that the woman who had died might not be put aside as worthless evidence, merely because she had died.

As he would only reiterate his assertion of there never having been anything between them, I turned to her Diary and read there confirmation in full of all my darkest fears. He, the man I am pledged to marry, has trifled with the truest, most tender heart that ever beat in woman's breast! Poor, broken heart! How pathetic it is to read of its growing "so strangely quiet"!

I read every word of poor Victorine's Diary last night, before I went to bed, and this morning I sent for Mr. Herbert, and told him that I learned the story, which was complete as it stood. even though its poor heroine had died.

"I must write the sequel to it," I said.

When I said that, he knew that it would be useless to tell me any more that the dying speech was born of delusion. He went on a worse tack, if possible. He laughed at the fact that I felt was going to part us!

"She was too intense and ardent a nature ever to find happiness," he said, carelessly. "I acknowledge, since you will have it, that I did flatter her a good deal for a long time, and, perhaps, did a little warmly respond to her evident affection for me. But what of that, girl? Thousands of fellows do it, and their wives are none the wiser for it. Let us kiss and be friends, Meta!"

"Kiss *you!*" I said.

"Yes! Why not? Poor Victorine was quite convinced, before she died, that my affair with her was unsubstantial, and that this with you was the only love reality of my life! Why can't you be convinced too?"

"How well you deceived her!" I said, as little bitterly as I could. "A light, airy, pretty little emotional nothing, that is all that past passage in your life looks to you! But, you see, to her it was death! Be satisfied."

He has gone away, and I close Victorine's Diary.

"So, in a sentence lies the tale
Of love, of life, of death.
Love makes the sweetness of our lives,
And love is more than breath."

VICTORINE'S DIARY.—"'I AM DYING, WILLIE! I AM DYING, WILLIE! BE GLAD THAT IT IS FOR YOU.'"—SEE PAGE 442.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

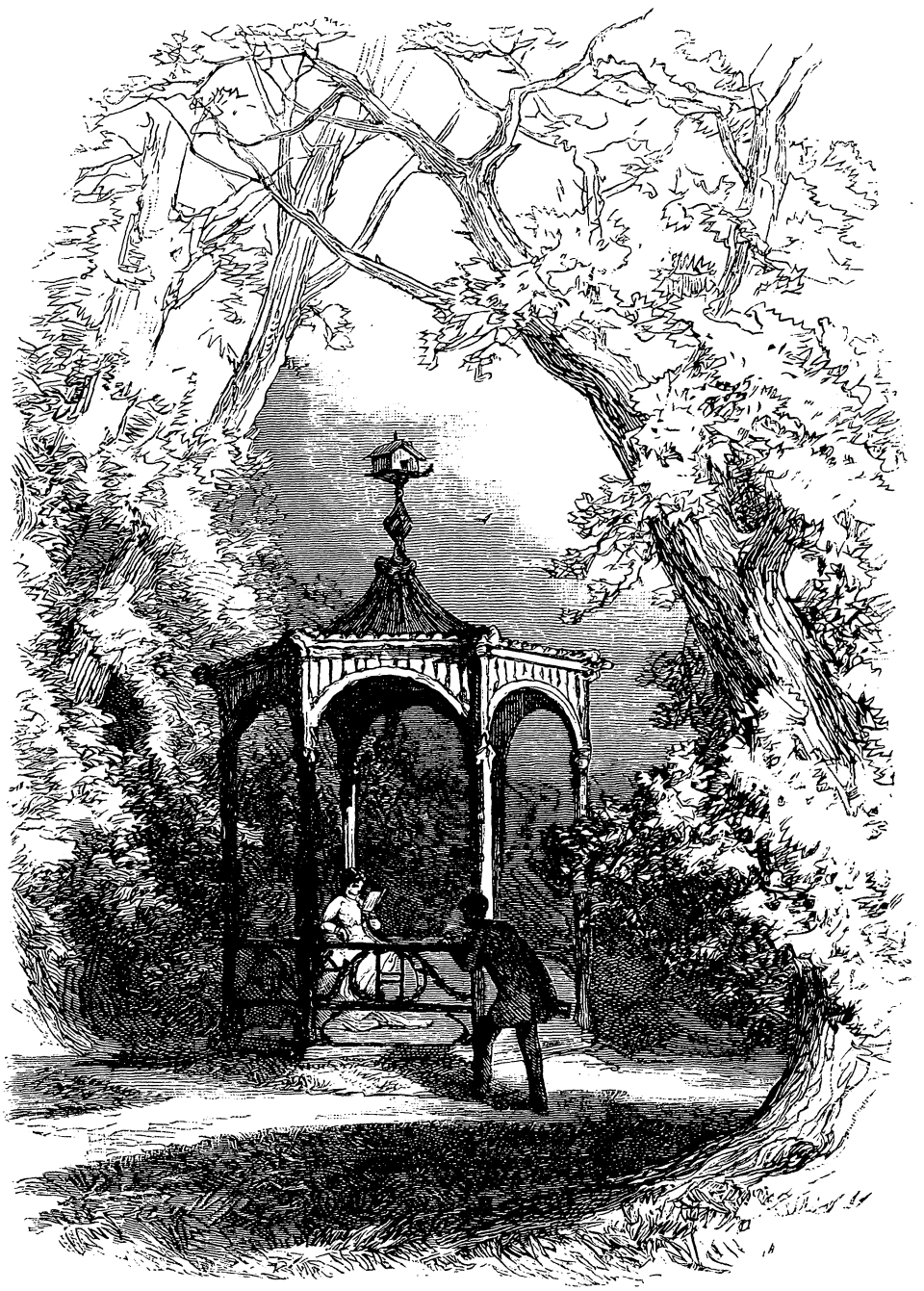
THE DISPATCH.

Ralph Desborough held revenge in his hands, and he meant to take it. What he proposed to do would look like a noble action; but he knew, admitted it to himself from the first, that in the whirl of his feelings a desire for vengeance held a prominent place.

He was going to seek this woman who had so terribly wronged him, place in her hands the evidence which should clear her dead mother's reputation—give her personally a name and position in the world; nay more—the great fortune of which she had so wickedly deprived him—free her from the necessity of wedding Charles Reeves for money. But in doing this he was seeking his revenge as much as if he had destroyed the documents and left her powerless to lift the cloud which hung over her mother's memory and her own birth.

Most men would have deceived themselves in regard to the feeling which animated them—would have called a line of conduct such as he meant to pursue a heaping of coals of fire on the head of that unprincipled girl; but Ralph did not attempt to palter with his conscience.

"I am going to seek my revenge!" he said, again and again, as he studied the record; as he attended to obtaining a legal deposition from Miss Mosely; as he read and



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"RALPH SAW MABEL JORDAN SEATED IN THE ARBOR. HE REACHED THE DOORWAY BEFORE SHE PERCEIVED HIS APPROACH; THEN SHE LOOKED UP, AND THEIR EYES MET."

reread the marriage certificate she unearthed from among her treasures; as he made his hurried preparations for departure upon his errand.

Seeking his revenge! The thought dwelt in his mind day and night during the long journey which carried him to the Atlantic coast; haunted him so persistently, rendered him so hard, so bitter, so unbelieving in aught of good in humanity—almost shaking his very faith in God—that sometimes he roused out of his abstraction enough to feel, with a vague horror, that he was listening to the voice of some unseen devil, rather than communing with his own soul. So he went on.

* * * * * *

"Miss Mabel, oh, Miss Mabel! The steamer's been telegraphed. Waters has just had a dispatch to say so; and he's going down to meet Mr. Reeves, and Mrs. Craycroft says she'll go too!"

Nettie Graves burst into the room where Mabel Jordan was sitting in a state of excitement somewhat unusual with the discreet little maiden, who was growing quite a tall girl in those days.

Mabel roused herself out of the reverie into which she had fallen, and her first reflection, even while taking in Nettie's rapid speech, was a feeling of surprise and reproach that she had been beguiled by her fancy into yielding to the weakness; for the habit was one of which she had religiously tried for months to cure herself.

Retrospection held too many painful, terrible memories for her willingly to indulge it; it weakened her—rendered her unfit for her duties. One hour such was enough to disturb for days the even, unemotional state of mind which she sought assiduously to cultivate as the only means of reaching any approach to mental quiet.

"Don't you hear, Miss Mabel!" cried Nettie, fairly shaking her friend's arm in her eagerness. "Mr. Reeves is coming! Mr. Reeves is coming!"

"I hear, and I am very glad, my little Nettie," answered Mabel, drawing the child toward her, and kissing the forehead, about which the short golden curls lay like a halo. "Very glad, indeed!"

"And so am I! I danced when Waters told me!" said Nettie.

"And I see you can't stand still yet," returned Mabel, with a smile.

"And oh," pursued Nettie, "what's gone of my head that I forget what I came for! Mrs. Craycroft says could you please step down-stairs for a moment; she wants to see you."

"Of course," Mabel said, rising. "Come along, Nettie."

The child seized her hand and danced toward the stairs, pulling Mabel along with her, looking up into her face, and laughing with mischievous delight.

"I shall tell Mr. Reeves that I jumped for joy, and so did you, when we heard he was coming."

"I fancy you will have reason to jump when he gets here," Mabel said. "In the letter I had from him before he sailed, there was a great deal about the wonderful things he had been hunting you up in Paris."

"I do like presents!" cried the candid little soul. "But indeed, Miss Mabel, I'd be just as glad to see him if he didn't bring me a thing—now you know I would, don't you?"

"Of course I do!" Mabel said.

They went down-stairs where Mrs. Craycroft was waiting—a sweet, placid lady, who always reminded Mabel of a faded flower that had still a trace of color and fragrance left. She was so gentle, so reticent, so able to live her own life, yet so thoughtful and careful of those about her, that she had proved herself the most acceptable companion possible to Mabel during the past year.

"Nettie has told you the good news," she said, as the pair entered.

"Oh yes; it was good news indeed," Mabel answered, in the quiet way which had become habitual with her—so different from the girlish joyousness and enthusiasm of other days that the change was often a pain to Samantha Dawson; though she tried to content herself by recollecting that Mabel had grown into a woman, which would account for the difference. There could be no need to set it down to trouble; Samantha had determined to believe that Mabel was not unhappy—the idea was so dreadful to her that she must, for her own comfort, thrust it aside, as people so often force themselves to believe that some loved one is not ill, and to insist that every alteration is for the better.

"I think I shall go down with Waters to meet my brother," said Mrs. Craycroft, calling him as she always did by the tender name which he well deserved from her lips—no woman ever had one more kind, affectionate than he had proved to her. "I know he will not be able to come up to-night, for he will have to wait and see Mrs. Ransom off on her journey to Baltimore" (an invalid lady friend, who was returning from Europe under Mr. Reeves's care). "I don't feel as if I could wait until to-morrow before I see him."

"And since you must stay all night, the little trip will not tire you," Mabel replied. I would go by all means; it will be pleasant for Mr. Reeves to have you there to meet him."

"I thought perhaps you would go too," said the widow.

"No, I had better wait here," Mabel answered; "poor Samantha, you know, cannot get out of bed to-day—her rheumatism is so bad. Besides, I must try and give the old house a festive look to greet our pilgrim on his return."

"That is true—you are always so thoughtful!" said Mrs. Craycroft, admiringly.

"And you'll go to the wharf and see the great ocean steamer come in?" cried Nettie. "Oh, how beautiful! As many times as I have been down to the city, I've never seen one yet."

"Well, I think you might this time," said Mabel. "You can take care of Mrs. Craycroft to-night, you are such a wise little woman. Suppose she goes with you, Anna?"

"Why, I shall be delighted, of course."

Nettie immediately performed a *pas seul* of ecstasy, which caused both ladies to laugh.

"I hope you don't mean to stand on your tiptoes all the while you are gone," said Mabel.

"I'll be as good as good!" cried Nettie, stopping in her eccentric dance, and trying to look sedate. "I can help her undress, and if she has pain in the night I know just what to do. Oh, you'll see! She'll tell you how sensible I've been, when we get back."

"I have no doubt of it," returned Mabel. "Now we must see about the trains. I'll go and ask Waters."

But Waters came in at the instant, looking more vigorous and in better health than he had done a year before. Deeply as he grieved about his boy, Mabel's thoughtful solicitude had never failed, and had kept him hopeful. She ranked side by side with Ralph in his estimation.

"You've heard the good news, Miss Mabel?" he said, his eyes brightening, as they always did when he looked at her.

"Good news, indeed," she answered.

"I'm going down to meet him," continued Waters.

"And oh, Waters!" cried Nettie, "Mrs. Craycroft is going with you, and I'm going to take care of her! And

you'll take me to the wharf to see the big steamer come in, won't you, Waters ?"

"Of course I will," he replied ; "and you can take care of us all, you're such a wise woman—thanks to Miss Mabel."

For everything good that happened in these days, short of the sunshine, Waters attributed to Mabel—and, indeed, I am not sure he did not think even that was brighter in her neighborhood than elsewhere.

"It is eleven now," Mabel observed. "What train can you go by ?"

"There's a train at one," Waters said.

"That will give us time to have luncheon and get everything ready," said Mabel. "Run, Nettie, and tell Jane to put up what Mrs. Craycroft and you will want for the night. See to it yourself, and then there will be nothing forgotten."

"And may I go first to tell Samantha ?" asked Nettie.

"Oh, yes, do—she will be glad to hear."

So Nettie bounded off to fulfill her mission—danced into the room where Samantha sat propped up among her pillows, arrayed in a broad-frilled nightcap and yellow flannel bed-gown, the sight of which would have been enough to fill the breast of any unaccustomed beholder with abject terror. Samantha had caught cold, and was ill for almost the first time in her life. But she forgot her pains, and forgot to scold Nettie for dashing in like a wild creature, in her satisfaction at the news the child brought.

"I ought to have had a footman engaged," Waters said, as Nettie went out. "I expected to get that plaguey James again, but he's gone and got married, and won't live anywhere without his wife goes too ; and I'm sure we don't need any more women to help Jane and the rest be idle."

"Quite enough now, Waters," Mabel answered, with a smile.

"And there ain't one of 'em knows enough to go to the door," grumbled Waters. "If a visitor should ring, they'll act like idiots."

"Nobody is likely to come," said Mabel. "The rector and his sister are away. Make your mind easy, Waters. I'll see that the house doesn't run off in your absence."

"Yes, I know, Miss—and it's lucky you will ; for with Samantha Dawson in bed, I should be afraid to stir, else. Jane would manage to do something dreadful—I know she would !"

"She is young yet. You must have patience."

"Yes, I know ; but you see I'm old, and, I suppose, crochety," said Waters, with the air of a man who did not believe what he uttered.

"Crochety you certainly are not," returned Mabel, laughing, "and I think you grow young—see if Mr. Reeves doesn't tell you so."

"Thanks to you, Miss Mabel ; all thanks to you," replied Waters. "And now I'll go see about luncheon, else it will never be ready ; and if it was, Jane wouldn't remember to say so before to-morrow."

As he left the room, Mrs. Craycroft looked after him with a sweet, melancholy smile, and said, with an effusiveness in which she seldom indulged :

"My dear, if you had done no other good in the world, it would be much always to remember how you have cheered that faithful old man's life—let me tell you it is a great deal to have accomplished !"

Mabel kissed her in silence ; then, presently, they began to talk of ordinary matters ; emotion was what both wished to avoid—Mrs. Craycroft because her state of physical health did not permit her to indulge therein except at the expense of headache or other nervous pain.

After the travelers had departed, Mabel went to sit with Samantha for a while, and found the spinster sharing the general excitement.

When the old maid began to complain of fatigue, Mabel offered to read aloud, certain that doing so would send her to sleep more quickly than an opiate could do. Samantha had a long nap, and woke refreshed and in a very good humor, though, indeed, it could be put down to her credit that unaccustomed as she was to illness, she had borne her pains and aches with more fortitude than people generally show in that most diabolical of maladies.

Late in the afternoon, an acquaintance of Samantha's came to pay her a visit—a terrific creature who had some months before established herself in the village as a dressmaker and milliner, with whom the old maid had struck up quite an intimate friendship.

Mabel knew the pair would enjoy a long conversation free from the restraint of her presence, so she told Samantha that she would seize the opportunity to go for a walk in the wood—careful to gratify Miss Bones by adding that she could do so with an easy conscience, since the invalid would have the privilege of that lady's society during her absence.

"It is not probable you will want me," she said ; "but I shall not go much beyond the summer-house on the hill."

The two females highly applauded her proposal of taking the air, and Miss Bones—a difficult woman to please in general—was so mollified by Mabel's courtesy, including the ordering of a cup of afternoon tea, that after her departure, she received warm encomiums from that sensitive and critical personage.

"I ain't one to knuckle under, nor be bamboozled by pretty speeches," Miss Bones observed to Samantha, while putting a second lump of sugar in her tea-cup ; "but that Miss Jordan of yours has got manners such as the President's wife couldn't buy—no, nor a millionary, neither. Why, it's worth a climb up here jest to see her smile ; and the way she comes in and goes out of a room—wal, it ain't like walkin' ; she sort of skims along like a feather—and that's the truth."

Samantha beamed at once.

"Joanna Maria," said she, "there's one thing I'd say and certify to afore the mayor ! You're a discernin' cretur, ef ever one lived ; and your judgment is a mine of gold that knows no bottom."

"Oh, reely now !" returned Miss Bones, with graceful modesty ; "I expect you're sort of pa'tial and overrate me —I reely do !"

"No !" pronounced Samantha, almost sternly.

"Wal," added Miss Bones, "there's one thing sure and sartin ! I set a heap of store by your opinion, and what you say makes me go up a peg or two higher in my own estimation, for I know you ain't one to flatter."

"Not a flatter !" cried Samantha. "Have another cup of tea, Joanna Maria, and give me just a drop more while your hand's in."

After noting this commencement of their conversation, it is somewhat superfluous to add that the friends spent a delightful hour.

Mabel wandered off through the shrubberies and up the hill into the road, through the loveliness of the late afternoon.

She was thinking of what Mrs. Craycroft had said ; the idea that she was doing good in the world—could at least be of comfort to some human being, brought a certain satisfaction which seemed to cast a ray of light across the chill monotony of her faded life.

It was hard to be patient—hard to be resigned beneath the trouble which had blighted her youth in the fullness of

its beauty; but she tried, nobly, incessantly. The last year had been a very long one, unsupported by the kindness and affection with which Gilbert Harrington had cheered the first twelve months after she and misery had made acquaintance.

The secret of her birth was a constant pain to her sensitive nature; struggle and pray as she might, it was difficult to bear her burden. That she had been permitted to be of some assistance to Ralph Desborough was much; in her worst hours of suffering the recollection kept her from despair. She could never be sufficiently grateful to Providence for having granted the boon—except for it, she told herself often, that she must have broken down and perished beneath her load.

Ah, well, maybe life would not last long—it did not seem possible that physical strength could bear for many years the burthen forced upon it by her aching heart, her weary soul. Oh, when the end was at hand, surely Ralph would believe her words! She could send for him then, and reveal the whole truth. Ill as he thought of her, ill as he had reason to think, he would know that on her deathbed she could not utter a falsehood. If never before, when that hour came she might have the happiness of hearing him say that he forgave her—admit that in what she had done she had from first to last been actuated by a sense of duty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WITH JOANNA MARIA.

AT noon of this same day Ralph Desborough reached New York. He had business there—matters which would in any case have necessitated his return East; but everything must wait until he had completed the task upon whose fulfillment his heart was sternly set.

Only a few hours after his arrival in the great city he took his way up the river toward the dwelling so intimately connected with every memory of his childhood and early youth.

It was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at the village—one of the closing days of November, but so mild and soft that it might have been early Autumn.

Ralph was in no mood to meet any acquaintance until he had done his work, so he took a narrow lane that began near the station and skirted the town, bringing him out into the high road just beyond the village limits, and nearly opposite the great iron gates which gave admittance to the Harrington domain.

A little child playing in the door of the lodge was the only person in sight—so busy nursing a broken-legged doll that she could scarcely stop long enough to open the gate. She was a stranger to Ralph. He paused to ask after the former lodge-keeper.

"Oh, he's dead," said the child, "and me and mother lives here now—and we can do a great deal better than Hodges, he was so lame and old. Mother, she's gone into the village to buy some groceries. Hush, dolly! don't cry—mammy's coming!"

Ralph dropped some pennies into the hand of the maternally precocious mite of humanity, and passed on along the broad carriage-road which wound in and out among the great elms and beeches, where a couple of belated birds were singing in a mournful, fragmentary fashion, which sounded, to Ralph's impressionable fancy, like a dirge.

Every step brought a fresh pang. Once he paused, almost inclined to turn back. This sudden view of the old haunts brought up in such wild confusion happy memories of boyhood and the terrible pain and wrong which had come to him since, and ended by banishing him from his former home, and rendering even the right of it a new suffering, that for a little it seemed wanton folly to expose himself to such misery.

But the thought of the errand which had brought him rose, and he steeled his heart therewith, and went on.

He reached the great terrace, turned to cast one hurried glance over the familiar landscape, bright with the hues of approaching sunset, then rang the bell. He waited some instants, but nobody appeared. He rang again, more loudly, and, after another brief delay, the door opened with considerable unnecessary violence. Ralph found himself confronted by a young woman with a face like a hatchet, a marvelously beflounced and furbelowed yellow gown, a stiffness of figure suggestive of stays composed of steel bars, and a general air of always expecting to meet with an affront to her dignity, and of being always more than ready to resent it.

Ralph had never seen the remarkable female, and his first thought was that poor Waters must be dead, too, though not many weeks had elapsed since a letter from the old man had reached him, containing the assurance that his health was wonderfully good; adding also the information that Miss Jordan still resided in the house.

However, the young woman's opening speech dispelled his sudden dread. Had he noticed, he might also have perceived that her sharp features perceptibly relaxed in their severity as she calmly and steadfastly regarded him from head to foot.

"You had to wait?" she observed, condescendingly, before he could speak. "The truth is, we forgot he was away—I mean Waters, that's the butler. There used always to be a couple of men besides, but that was in Mr. Harrington's time, and it don't seem useful to keep a troop when there's nothing for them to do but fall over one another, as furriners and niggers always will—and of course nobody else would turn themselves into waiters, to pick and beck at anybody's bidding."

She spoke with astounding swiftness, in a high-pitched, monotonous voice, whose very sameness, somehow, was an added surprise. Even in the midst of his preoccupation, Ralph could not help smiling to think what Mr. Harrington's horror would have been to number this irrepressible creature among the members of his domestic staff.

"So Waters is away?" he said.

"Ab-*sent*," amended the damsel, giving him another searching glance, still fuller of approval than the first. "He's went down to the city to meet Mr. Reeves, who's just come home from Europe to-day—he's a cousin of Mr. Harrington's, or was, if so you be you knew him—I never had the advantage of meeting him myself—and he's been gone a year in furrin parts—Mr. Reeves, his cousin, I mean, for Mr. Harrington, he was dead before that, some time."

She poured out this speech in a breath, and then fell contemplatively to studying Ralph's scarf-ring.

"Is Miss Jordan in?" he asked.

"Not to say *in*," said the damsel, beginning to grow excited and emphasize her words. She was still studying his scarf-ring—Ralph concluded that the green sphinx's profile affected her nerves from some unknown reason.

"Has Miss Jordan gone to town?" he inquired.

Still with her eyes on the sphinx, the young woman shook her head till a blue bow on its summit threatened to fly off like a bird discontented with its perch.

"Not to say *gone!*" she cried, and now the emphasis she put on the closing word was positively startling.

"Will you tell me where she is?" he asked, patiently.

"Why, *of* course!" exclaimed the damsel. "I didn't mean to make a secret out of nothing—that's never my way!"

"No, no!" returned Ralph, hurriedly, because she paused to look at him, as if to discover whether he had meant to accuse her of attempting any mystery. This time she actually smiled as she finished her survey, tossed her head again, and said:

"Please to step in—why, do—you're welcome, I'm sure! I don't belong to the family myself." (She gave the information in a tone which sounded as if she thought it probable he might mistake her for the mistress of the mansion, and considered it only kind to undeceive him.) "I sometimes make dresses for Samantha Dawson—she's the housekeeper—and I'm not ashamed of honest labor, whatever others may be; and I was up here this afternoon to see Samantha. She's in bed with rheumatism—and I'm sure nothing else would keep her quiet, for an activer creature never lived—and I was in this morning to bring some work home, and I met Mr. Waters, and he spoke about the bell, which cook wouldn't answer it if the house was afire, and Jane's *that* stupid you can't depend on her; and I says to Waters, 'Land's sake! I'll come back this afternoon and sit with Samantha,' says I."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," said Ralph. "And can I see Miss Jordan?"

"Why, *of* course—she ain't one to hide—no need, I'm sure! But law, don't talk about kind—folks must help each other! And I says to Waters, 'Don't fret about the bell; this is a free country, and we've no betters, and be rung about like a dog is what I never would—not that it ever rings once a week, I'll take my 'davit; but it stands to reason S. Dawson can't get up when one foot, and that her right, is swelled like a cushion; so if needs be I'll open myself, which I did, only later than I meant, for we'd forgot we'd sent Jane to the village and Fanny with the toothache, and I was rubbing Samantha's ankle, which she squealed like mad every time I touched her, till it was a wonder we heard the bell if it had been as big as the one on the new meeting-house."

She stopped suddenly—like a clock that has run down; something clicked in her throat too, like machinery out of order.

"I am much obliged to you," said Ralph. "Will you please——"

"Not at all!" she cut in. "Step right ahead—not to say into the parlor, for there's about a dozen in the house, if choice was an object."

"Then Miss Jordan is at home?"

"She is and she ain't, so to speak," replied the young lady. "Just step in and I'll call her. She went for a little walk in the grounds—only up to the summer-house you can catch sight of through the trees—though it's not so near as it looks——"

"Oh, thanks; I can save you further trouble," he interrupted; "I will go directly there."

"Only don't lose the way," said the damsel, with a third smile. "Just beyond the house there's a dip, and when you're in it you can't see the arbor, and there's about sixteen paths going criss-cross among the trees in the craziest way. I'll show you the road myself with pleasure."

"Thanks, it is not necessary—I have been here before."

"*In*-deed! I never happened to have the advantage of meeting you; but I'm new to the village myself—only came six months ago. I bought out Miss Hopkins's business—my name's on the sign—Miss J. M. Bones—Joanna Maria—but it's too long for a sign—perhaps you knew her? She was a good woman, Miss Hopkins was, and I'm sure I hope she's in heaven this minute—though they'll never ask her to sing the *second* time—but make a dress she *could* not, any more than I could build a pyramiddle, and as for a bonnet—well, when you come to that!"

She paused and elevated both hands to express the inability of human language to say what you reached when arriving at the late Miss Hopkinson's conceptions in regard to that important article of feminine attire.

Ralph thanked her anew and hastened down the steps; as he turned an angle of the corner, he heard her call:

"Don't be fooled by the criss-crosses! Keep straight through the grounds into the woods, and if you lose yourself, you've only to holler, and Miss Jordan is sure to hear."

The damsel stood looking after him until he disappeared, then she went slowly back into the house and closed the door behind her. Joanna Maria was neither an impressionable nor an imaginative woman, but somehow she felt that the great corridor looked singularly gloomy and dark—as if she had shut something out even more beautiful than the sunshine.

"I've seen pictures and I've seen statoos," she thought; "but I never see the like of that fellow in all my born days—he's jest too handsome, and that's a fact! I can't think of anything he's like except Mr. Mordaunt's race-horse—it's ridiculous to compare a human to a four-footed animal, but that's what he's like."

She went slowly through the halls and up the staircase of the wing which led to Samantha's room. She had left the door open behind her, and as she looked in, she saw that Samantha had fallen asleep. She sat quietly down by the bed, and sat stiller than she had probably ever done in her whole life, so absorbed was she in her recollections of her late interview.

I often wonder if exceptionally handsome people, men or women, ever think of the effect their beauty produces upon persons to whom they probably have never given a second thought—not even noticed, perhaps. Twice in my life the idea has been brought to my mind so forcibly that since then I frequently marvel about it. Once, when I was living in Naples, there was a Russian woman spending the Winter there—a creature so beautiful that one would have said she must possess a soul in keeping—I think she simply had no soul whatever; she was not bad, she was not good; she was just the most commonplace animal that ever loved to nibble sugar-plums and bask in the sun; too lazy to indulge a sensation if she had been capable of recognizing such when it came near.

She lived in a house back from the sea. It happened that my daily morning walk took me along the street. A little fellow of about thirteen who sold matches was always to be seen there. He was an acquaintance of mine—I usually have a great many impossible ones; I suppose I like low society. Now, in that deserted quarter, Paulo could never sell a match, and on a certain day I said to him:

"Why do you waste your time here? You ought to be down in the Toledo as you used to be."

"Signore," said he, in a sort of awed whisper, "I come every morning, and I wait till *she* comes out on the balcony," and he pointed toward the house where the Russian lived. "She always comes—I couldn't go away till I've seen her!"

"Does she give you money?" I asked.

"Oh, no; she never so much as looks at me—I don't want money! The sunshine doesn't notice us, but we like to watch it," Paulo answered, with his great eyes full of tears.

And once, in a French city, I had rooms in a house where a young cavalry officer resided—I think I do not

exaggerate when I assert that, physically speaking, a more magnificent creature could not be created.

The servant of the people with whom he lodged—I had another proprietor—treated the woman in the most brutal manner. She was a dwarfish creature, a little deformed, not very intelligent, but with eyes like a dog. She took care of the officer's rooms, though his own servant waited on him, so I dare say he never saw her.

"Ninette," said I, once, "why do you stop with those brutal people? You could find another place—do go away."

"Monsieur," she replied, "Ill tell you my secret—I couldn't leave *him!*" and she pointed to the door of the lieutenant's apartment.

I knew the young man—a rather dissipated, commonplace fellow—and not very long afterward he and I were entering the house together. There was a crowd assembled. The poor servant had fallen down-stairs and broken her leg and was taken away to the hospital.

"Why, it's Ninette!" said I.

"Who the devil is Ninette?" he asked.

"The girl that takes care of your rooms. Don't you recognize her?"

"No," said he.

And, to my knowledge, the creature used to wait, night after night, on the stairs, tired as she was, to have the happiness of seeing him go up; and with my own eyes I once saw her kiss a pair of muddy boots which belonged to him, as she was carrying them off to clean!

I think some vague approach to the kind of silent adulation, such as the Neapolitan beggar boy and the Picardy white slave felt, was in the mind of Joanna Maria as she sat watching beside Samantha's bed, recalling the image of the man she had lately seen.

Samantha woke—lay for several moments regarding her friend, who was so deeply absorbed in her own reflections that she did not perceive anything outside; then asked, quickly:

"Have you turned into a mummy?"

"Land's sake!" cried Joanna Maria, turning red as fire; "I didn't know you was awake!"

"Wal, I am," retorted Samantha, her voice sharpened by a sudden twinge of pain in her rheumatic foot; "but I don't see that my being so is any reason for your looking like a poppy! Ef you've got scarlet fever, you'd better go to bed yourself!"

Joanna Maria was still so dazed by her vision that she did not even get angry, and yet she had a hot temper of her own.

"I'm pretty well," she said. "Will you have some lemonade? How's your foot?" wishing, like a wise woman, to draw Samantha's thoughts back to a purely personal nature.

"I don't want any lemonade—I'm sick of it; and my foot has got Old Harry in it, and I'd say so if the preacher was here!" was Samantha's answer. "Who rung? You was away so long I went to sleep—I concluded you'd gone home."

"Why, of course I hadn't!"

"Wal, I can see that! Rheumatiz in the foot don't make people blind, as ever I heerd!" exclaimed the old maid, with increased acrimony. "Who rung, I say?"

"I was that took aback, keeping a body waiting so long, that I expect when I did open the door I looked like a Chinese mannering!" cried Joanna Maria, bursting into voluble speech. "When I set out to do a thing I like to do it right straight along, and not act as if somebody'd hit me a peck on the head with a sharp stone."

"I wish somebody would!" muttered Samantha.

"What!" exclaimed Joanna Maria, in a voice full of menace.

"What, indeed! You may well say what!" cried Samantha. "For mercy's sake, can't you tell who rung?"

"A visitor," said Joanna Maria, laconically.

The pair looked steadily into each other's eyes. Friends as they were, many a battle had already taken place between them, and neither had ever been able to congratulate herself on a victory, so equally matched were they—both felt that a new trial of force was coming.

"Who?" cried Samantha, turning up her left ear, as if she had not caught the words. It was an unwise show of scorn on her part! Miss Bones leaned forward and screamed:

"A visitor!"

"Ugh—oh—ugh!" howled Samantha. "You've made me as deaf as a post, I'm sure!"

"I thought you must be so a'ready, you had so much trouble hearing!" returned Joanna Maria.

"What on arth ails you?" cried Samantha.

"What ails *you?*" retorted Miss Bones.

"Rheumatiz—and it's a poor time to go tormenting me under the guile of friendship!" said Samantha.

She had the advantage—she felt it; she saw that Joanna Maria felt it; the knowledge somewhat restored her good humor.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," quoted Miss Bones, in a solemn voice, as if she fancied the old proverb a quotation from the Bible.

"Wal, I'm in need of one, ef ever a poor cretur was," said Samantha.

"And I'm one indeed, if I'm one at all," promptly responded Joanna Maria.

"Then, like a good soul, tell me who rung?" cried Samantha, pleadingly.

"I know no more than the blind knows scarlet," replied Miss Bones, impressively. "But, Samantha, if ever statoos walked and picturs spoke, he was one, as sure as you're a lying there with your right foot swelled up like a bandbox!"

"Good gracious!" moaned Samantha, partly in surprise at her friend's eloquence, partly because the bandbox-like foot gave her a fresh twinge.

"You may well say it—I said it—I don't know what I said," returned Miss Bones, flinging up her hands.

Again Samantha felt her angry passions rise; this awakening her curiosity and then trifling with it, was a downright wickedness she considered, under the circumstances.

"Joanna Maria," said she, "I can't talk Greek."

"I don't know as anybody ever supposed you could," retorted the other, still so excited that she was ready to be poetical, lachrymose, or quarrelsome, at a moment's notice.

"Then don't talk it to me!" snapped Samantha.

"I won't talk at all; maybe that'll suit best," said Miss Bones, and sat down, looking as sullen as a Winter's twilight.

"Joanna," said her friend, "this isn't behaving like a Christian and a member!"

"I'm not a member," said Joanna; "I'm only on probation—got two months yet to run. I expect to be sot an example by them that have had their certificate for years and years."

"Take care you're in a state to receive a certificate when probation ends!" cried Samantha, sternly. "Joanna Maria, who pulled that bell?"

"Samantha Dawson, if you was to fledge me alive, I couldn't say no more than I have!" replied Joanna. "He was a tall fellow, with great, brown eyes that looked you through and through, and yet, somehow, was soft as a

baby's; and the beautiful smile, an' a yeller moustache, and a voice jest like an organ—and all the same he looked like a race-horse!"

Samantha started up in bed, regardless of the pain the hasty movement caused her.

"Who did he ask for?" she demanded, hoarsely.

"Miss Jordan."

"Did you tell him where she was?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh, you noodle!" groaned Samantha. "Oh, run after them; go quick—go!"

"I do believe you're out of your head, Samanthy!" cried Miss Bones, undecided whether to be frightened or scornful. "Callin' me names won't do no good."

"Do go, Joanna—do!" pleaded Samantha. "It was that Ralph Desborough—I know it was!"

"Only to think of my never thinking of it! and I'd heard how handsome he was!" ejaculated Miss Bones, sinking back in her chair.

"Land's sake, Samantha, let 'em alone! Folks in the village says they was sweet together once, and Mr. Reeves made trouble between them and took the money! Let 'em alone—mabby they'll set things straight yet."

"Straight!" echoed Samantha. "I tell you that fellow's a imp; he's worse—he's a born devil!"

"I wouldn't curse and swear, Samanthy, stretched on a sick bed and a member of the church, with a foot bigger'n your head, sent, perhaps, as a warning!" said Miss Bones, furious at hearing this Adonis mentioned in such terms

"She won't go, and I can't stir—can't even reach the bell!" groaned Samantha; then a fresh gust of wrath shook her. "I'd like to throw a tea-cup at you!" she cried.

"Oh, break as many of Mr. Reeves's dishes as you think you can account for," quoth Miss Bones; "though I wouldn't talk much about a Christian sperit after proposing to make a marteer of a friend that comes to help you in your trouble."

"If you won't go, I'll get up if it kills me!" cried Samantha—made another movement—a twinge of excruciating agony wrung a shriek from her. She suddenly burst into tears—the wisest thing she could do in order to get her way.

"Don't, don't!" cried Joanna, in terror.

"I will! Oh, if you don't go—why, it's enough to kill her!"

"I'll go, Samanthy—I'll go! Land's sake, why didn't you say at once it was so venturesome!"

And Joanna Maria ran off—not so much impressed after all by Samantha's excitement as by the thought of seeing Ralph Desborough again.

CHAPTER XXX.

HIS VENGEANCE.

Ralph traversed the shrubberies and entered the wood.

He mounted the hill until he came to a natural clearing. In front of him rose the summer-house, under the sheltering branches of two great oaks—when a boy, it had been Ralph's favorite spot for studying his lessons in the pleasant Summer days.

He stood still; he saw Mabel Jordan seated in the arbor; her face was partially turned away, but he could perceive that it wore a sad expression, strangely different from its former girlish brightness, and she was evidently absorbed in some deep, painful revery.

"One might almost believe she had a conscience, and that it was troubling her!" he thought, bitterly—glad to find some harsh reflection which might dispel the sudden thrill of emotion that the sight of her caused him.

He walked quickly forward; the damp, soft turf gave back no sound beneath his tread. He reached the doorway before she perceived his approach; then she looked up and their eyes met.

She uttered a faint cry—half rose—sank back in her seat, still fixedly returning his gaze.

"Pray do not be frightened," he said.

"No," she faltered. "You—you came so unexpectedly——"

He waited to see if she could finish the sentence; still looking at her, and she returning his gaze against her will, like some fascinated bird. When he found that she could not speak, he added:

"Unexpectedly, I suppose—pray excuse me."

He said this; then stood silent. Making an evident struggle to control herself, she spoke again.

"Mr. Reeves is not here—I expect him to-morrow."

"I do not want him—I came to see you," Desborough answered.

"To see me?" she cried, in a strange voice; a calmer person than Ralph would have been puzzled to tell whether the tone expressed terror or joy—a mingling of both, perhaps.

"Yes," he said; "to see you."

She linked her hands together in her lap and bowed her head, as if to signify that she waited to hear his errand.

A hot tide of contending feelings swept across his soul, but prominent was a fierce rage caused by the consciousness of being forced to admit a truth which he had so long denied—he loved her still!

Yes, in spite of everything—her first cowardly treachery and desertion, her later crime—he loved her! Worse than forger—purloiner of a dead man's will—he loved her!

Let him tell his errand and be done—tell it briefly and harshly as he could! Had he not come hither seeking for revenge?—should he not taste it to the full, though every drop of the bitter draught scorched his own soul like liquid fire?

He spoke quickly; he could hear that his voice sounded hard as steel striking against steel, and he was glad to catch its unpitying ring!

"I should not have intruded upon you without good reason, you may be sure," he said. "I have discovered some papers of great importance—I have come to place them in your hands."

Again she half started from her seat—again sank back.

"Papers!" she repeated, in a whisper. Her face was ghost-like, but her eyes did not flinch beneath his cruel gaze. "Papers!"

"Don't be afraid—not a will!" he said.

She cowered a little lower in the rustic chair; made a quick gesture, as if she had been involuntarily about to hide her face—recovered herself—her hands dropped into her lap again.

"Papers of importance to you alone," he went on, in his steely voice; "the certificate of your mother's marriage to Danforth Harrington—an affidavit signed by the witness of the ceremony."

Now one hand tugged at the neck of her dress as if she were suffocating—her great eyes dilated—an ashen gray gathered over the whiteness of her countenance like that which comes in some awful death-struggle. She could not speak—could only sit there and stare at him with those mad eyes!

"You will find it all true," he continued. "As niece of the man who died here last year, you are his heiress! I congratulate you!"

She made a movement—her hand brushed from the table a letter which lay there. Ralph picked it up—recognized

Reeves's writing at a glance—restored the sheet to its place, saying:

"I congratulate you! You will not go a dowerless bride to Charles Reeves—or if you were selling yourself for money, there is no longer any need—you are far richer than he! I am no lawyer, but I can give you the pleasing assurance that Gilbert Harrington's fortune belongs to you!"

Again she tried to speak—no words would come. A moment before, one would have said that the awful agony of her face could not have deepened; but it did, beneath the pitiless pelting of his speech and her own wild efforts to articulate.

"That is all," he went on. "I came to tell you—I made a long journey to have the pleasure. I found the papers; I could have destroyed them. I chose this revenge instead. I told you, when last we parted, that God would give me more."

He flung the papers on the table, dashed out of the summer-house, and away through the recesses of the wood.

He heard one cry, scarcely human in its suffering—the utterance of his name; but he neither stopped nor looked back, nor checked his course till he found himself at the further extremity of the forest, and the night come and the moon overhead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"IT'S FIRE!" SHE SHRIEKED.

BETWEEN the length of Samantha's nap, and the time occupied in arriving at an explanation and arranging their difficulty, nearly an hour had elapsed before Joanna Maria reached the summer-house.

It was growing twilight. She saw Miss Jordan sitting there, holding a packet in her clasped hands, her face bent so that it was hidden from Joanna's curious eyes.

The strong-minded dressmaker felt disappointed in various ways: first, at not having another sight of the handsome man; then, at all the excitement roused by Samantha's incoherent words being wasted, and at finding Miss Jordan sitting so calm and quiet, when she expected to have discovered her either enacting a tragic scene or fainted dead away.

"Goodness gracious mercy me!" cried Miss Bones, stopping near the door. "I've run myself out of breath and nearly lost my shoe for nothing. Samanthy Dawson made sure I'd find you murdered, at the very least, and here you are, as calm as a May morning."

Mabel turned slowly round. In the shadow of the arbor her face was not distinctly visible.

"Did Samantha send you for me, Miss Bones? I hope she is not worse?"

The cold courtesy of the tone brought Joanna Maria somewhat back to reason, though if she could have been made to believe she was awed thereby she would have felt inclined to do herself a dreadful mischief.

"Yes, Miss Jordan, she sent me. No, she ain't no worse, that I know of. Hystrikal, she was, and in a temper—talked of throwing teacups, and sich, which ain't a proper return for kindness. But no matter; I ain't one to bring up agin sick people their little didoes," said Joanna, in a voice divided between ill-humor and a desire to display her own magnanimity.

"She suffers terribly, you know," Mabel said.

"Oh, yes, yes—I know. Rheumatiz ain't like going to a ball—no, not even in tight shoes," said Miss Bones. "Then she cried—Lord-a-massy! it was like a engine getting up steam. I was quite upside down."

"I did not mean to leave her so long. I will go back to the house," said Mabel, rising and leaving the arbor.

Miss Bones stared curiously at her.

"You're white," she observed, "and you shake!"

"I have sat here too long—it was very imprudent," Mabel answered, and walked on so fast that Miss Bones had to hasten to catch up with her.

"She *is* powerfully upsot," thought the damsel. "Something has happened. But, law! she's one of your proud creturs, that wouldn't confide a little in a body if she was dying. It's a good thing to be gritty, but you needn't be *all* grit—it's against nature. I hate folks that are always unbosoming their troubles, but there are times when a person *may* unbosom, especially if you've got the wit to see the kind of person convenient."

Mabel walked on. Her indomitable will supported her in this last crisis, as it had done in previous trials. It seemed to her that she was losing the faculty of feeling acutely. She had, in a way, grown accustomed to awful shocks. For the time, even the knowledge flung at her so harshly by Ralph Desborough could not rouse her to a real comprehension of all it meant, so absorbed was she by the suffering his hardness caused, which came like a physical blow; only she had already endured so much that it only seemed to make her numb and faint.

"You'll excuse my having followed you, Miss Jordan," said Joanna, breaking the silence and speaking in a tone divided between injury and offense. "If I know myself, I'm not one to take liberties, or go pryin' about into other people's concerns."

"No excuse is necessary, Miss Bones," returned Mabel; "it was very kind of you to come and remind me how late it was."

This remark slightly appeased the damsel; still she tossed her head and continued her speech—it was in her mind and must be delivered.

"Excuse *me*, Miss Jordan—it's oncommon polite on your part to say so, I'm sure, and only what I should expect from a lady of your manners and *ac*quirements! I ain't one not to re-*cog*-nize merit when it meets me, though some won't, not if they run against it! But I'd rather explain—it'll be a satisfaction to my mind."

"Oh, certainly," Mabel said; and as she walked on, Miss Bones was obliged to walk on also, though she would have liked to stand still and watch Miss Jordan's face.

"Samanthy, she was in such a takin'," continued Miss Bones, sharply, "that at first I really thought she'd gone out of her head! I didn't know the young gentleman from a bag of bullets—though a handsomer never asked for nobody; and I supposed I was a-acting according to the laws of nettiquette when I told him where to find you.'

"Why, of course; you did quite right!"

"*Ex*-cuse me, Miss Jordan!" sniffed Joanna Maria. "I thought I must have committed a felonious sin from the way Samantha flung out at me! 'It's that Ralph Desborough!' says she; 'he's a devil—who knows what'll happen; run, run!' 'If devils look like that,' says I, 'then recommend me to 'em;' and we had words—for I'm hasty myself when I'm misrepresented; and I can't be trod on—no, not by friend or foe, prince nor potentate!"

"Samantha is almost delirious when the attacks of pain seize her," said Mabel. "Pray overlook it, Miss Bones."

"I will—I do; I ain't one to bear malice; and law me, Miss Jordan, a stick and a stone couldn't refuse you any-

thing, I'm sure!" replied Joanna Maria. "So it *was* Mr. Ralph Desborough?"

"Yes," Mabel answered.

"Deary me! I'm so glad to have seen him! I've heard so much about him—it's so romantic; and everything here ought to be his, people say; and he a-wanderin' on the face of the earth like—why, no, Cain never looked like that!" cried Joanna Maria, stopping short, a little confused by the inaptness of her simile.

Fortunately they were close to the house by this time. Jane came out to meet them—a message had come for Miss Mabel from the rector's sister—the man was waiting. So Mabel hastened up-stairs to speak to Samantha, and Miss Bones halted a little, trying to decide whether dignity bade her go home at once or seek Miss Dawson.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel; I was so scared!" cried Samantha, as the girl entered the room.

"You have behaved very foolishly, Samantha," said Mabel; "what must your friend think?"

"What did he want?" groaned Samantha.

"To do me a great kindness — I will tell you later," said Mabel. "Now, try to quiet yourself and explain to Miss Bones that your illness makes you nervous." Samantha was conscience-stricken, so Mabel comforted her, then turned to go down-stairs. She met Miss Bones at the door.

"Please come in," she said. "I'll be back presently. If you would be good enough to bathe Samantha's foot while I am gone—I am sure she is in great pain."

Samantha groaned, rather deceitfully; she felt that her best cue was intense suffering.

"Of course—most happy to oblige *you*, Miss Jordan."

Mabel hastened away and left the pair to settle matters between themselves.

TOO NEAR!

Without a word, but looking unutterable things, Miss Bones took the bottle of liniment and carefully rubbed Samantha's foot, and Samantha groaned more loudly and with reason; but the operation concluded, she had a respite from suffering.

Miss Bones sat down by the bed and glared at her. As a rule, Samantha was not a woman to be backward in glaring in return, but this time Joanna Maria had the advantage. Samantha turned and twisted on her pillow, coughed and choked till Miss Bones decided that she had been glared into a sufficient state of confusion—then spoke:

"Is there anything else I can do, Miss Dawson? If so, you've only to name it. I wouldn't intrude, I'm sure, only you heerd Miss Mabel ask me to stop. If it's pain ails you, there's drops here; if you're anyways hysterikal, I should recommend peppermint myself—but of course I don't want to take no liberties."

Samantha could not longer endure her friend's irony and appalling politeness, and she burst out:

"Oh, land's sake, Joanna Maria! Don't hit a feller when he's down! I acted like a fool—there! I don't know what ailed me—my head's wrong, I think."

"Say no more, Samanthy—say no more!" exclaimed Miss Bones, aware that to wring an apology from the old maid was indeed a triumph, and she waxed sweet as honey. "Sick people will be vagarious, we all know that; but, deary me, whatever *could* have put it into your head to call that beautiful cretur such names?"

To Samantha's relief, she was interrupted by Mabel's entrance, saying:

"Samantha, Miss Morgan is ill, and the rector away; she wants me to come down and pass the night; I don't know how to leave you."

Miss Bones came to the rescue; the idea of a gossip about the handsome man pleased her; besides, she was a kind-hearted enough woman, in her way, and a very good nurse.

"I'll stop with Samanthy," she said, good nature getting the upper hand. "It's late, anyhow, for me to be going home," she added, and with the pronouncing of the words a sense of injury seized her, and she hurried on, "*I've* got nobody to see me safe, not if lions and dragons, too, was stationed along the road as thick as gate-posts!"

Mabel ignored the conclusion of the speech.

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, Miss Bones," she said; "it is a real favor to me. I could not leave Samantha alone, and I know Miss Morgan needs my assistance—thanks, very much!"

"Oh, don't mention it!" sniffed Joanna Maria. "I don't set up for a moral, but I hope I'm not a alligator!"

Samantha, however, had taken offense at the previous remark, which implied that Miss Bones considered Destiny highly culpable in having placed protectors and servants within Mabel's command while she must perform twilight pilgrimages, if she undertook such, quite unguarded and alone.

"Nobody need trouble themselves about me," said the old maid; "I can get on well enough; if my consarned foot can't be rubbed, it can do t'other thing! I shouldn't wish to be beholden! I hain't come to that pass—not yet!"

"Oh, dear me!" retorted Miss Bones, majestically, "far be it from my thoughts to wish to intrude! I ain't a wigglin' sea-sarpent—at least that I knows on—and so I offered. But I can go home if I ain't wanted—thank goodness, I've got one to go to!"

"Joanna Maria," said Samantha, before Mabel could interfere, "all this talk about alligators and snakes ain't very soothing to a sick person! I don't mean nor wish to restrict your observations, I'm sure; but you'll excuse my mentioning it, as night is coming on, and I'm to lay a writhin' here by myself, and nobody to wake except Jane, which you might as well yell at the dead, or—" Samantha paused to give due effect to the close of her rebuke—"them as calls theirselves friends till so be they can prove it, when wild horses and *bal*-loons doesn't go off faster!"

"Continner on, Miss Dawson," returned Joanna Maria, suddenly and skillfully assuming a martyr-like meekness of tone and manner; "oh, continner on—don't mind me!"

"Now please be good, both of you," said Mabel, before the spinster could reply to this last remark. "Samantha, I know you appreciate Miss Bones's kindness—and you, Miss Bones, I am sure, would not allow yourself to be vexed or hurt by any impatience on the part of a person suffering as much as your friend is."

The two women looked at Mabel—then at each other.

"I've ben a actin' like a fool!" cried Samantha.

"Wal then, there's two of us!" rejoined Joanna Maria. "Now, Miss Jordan, jest you cut and run—we'll get on all right now! Samanthy, she's ben a little grumersome, and I've ben a little hash and gritty, but it don't mean nothing whatsumever."

So Mabel bade the pair good-by—ordered cook to send them up a nice dinner, and took her departure.

The friends spent an amicable evening, and though Miss Bones did not have the gratification of hearing nearly so much as she wished in regard to Ralph Desborough, she refrained from turning acid or bitter; consoling herself by the reflection that, close as Samantha was, she would learn more one day or another from those unwilling lips.

Miss Bones slept on a couch beside Samantha's bed. It was late before they retired to rest, as Samantha's foot, after conducting itself very tolerably during the earlier hours, chose to cause her the most excruciating agony just at the time when the two were beginning to think they should be better off in the land of dreams.

In consequence, when Miss Bones did fall asleep, she slumbered heavily till the dawn began to break. She was roused from beatific visions, in which Ralph Desborough told her that she was the one love of his youth, by loud calls and many pushes from Samantha.

"Joanna Maria! The room is so light—what is it?"

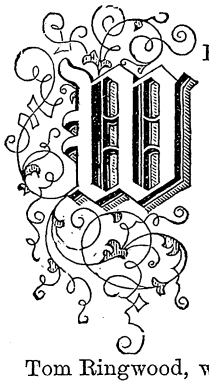
Miss Bones ran to a window, and saw flames bursting out of the tower beyond.

"It's fire!" she shrieked. "The house is on fire!"

"Run into the front hall and ring the big bell!" cried Samantha; "that'll rouse the whole village. Pull like all possessed, and don't leave off till everybody gets here!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

RALPH AGAIN.



HEN Ralph Desborough recollected himself he had wandered so far from the village that it was past nine o'clock before he reached the railway station. He was just in time to see a train go out, and learned that no other would make any stop until the next morning.

He walked back into the town, and went to an hotel kept by a man who had been for several years in Mr. Harrington's service during Ralph's boyhood.

Tom Ringwood, who looked like the impersonation of a Thanksgiving dinner, was overjoyed to receive him as a guest—speedily had an excellent supper prepared, ordered the best room the house could afford put in readiness, and only regretted that he did not possess toilet articles of solid gold, and a night-shirt rich as a king's coronation robe, wherewith to supply the young gentleman's lack of luggage.

Of course, before Desborough had finished his meal, the landlord could not resist coming in for a chat. He brought a cobwebbed bottle, whose contents were too precious for it to be intrusted to any other hands, and set it on the table with the air of a man who felt that he had reached the crowning point in his hospitable intentions.

"You know what that is, Mr. Ralph?" said he, after dusting the precious article with as much care as if it had been a baby.

"It's the old Madeira," said Ralph, looking at the label.

"It is, and nothing shorter," returned Tom. "When I was sick two years ago, Mr. Harrington drove down to see me, and he brought me three bottles—Madeiry such as the Czar of Rooshy couldn't buy to-day. I drunk two bottles when I was getting well, and I saved this. I've had the Governor of the State here, and I've had two senators at a time, not to mention judges, and once an English lord—and a scrubby, red-headed fellow he was; but whatever I give 'em, I didn't give 'em this—no, no! Now it's a-going to be opened, for if when you come to my house it ain't what the French people call a feety, I don't know what a feety is any more than a Dutchman."

"Thanks, Ringwood. But you must sit down and drink a glass, too," Ralph said, not having the heart to refuse his offering and his society, no matter how little he might feel inclined for companionship.

Ringwood had, of course, to tell about the great disappointment it had been to everybody when it came out that

there was no will—to hope that he meant to accept Mr. Reeves's proposal.

"It was a fine thing for him to make it," said honest Tom, "but only right—he'd have been a monster not, knowing that it was just touch and go that the will wasn't signed."

"It was very generous on Mr. Reeves's part," Ralph answered; "but what do I want with a fortune, at my age? Let's talk about something else."

"You'll make one, I'll be bound!" cried Tom. "Why, you've got a head on your shoulders such as one doesn't meet three times in a whole life, Mr. Ralph. And they do tell me you're doing wonderful in the painting line. Waters showed me a newspaper, one day when I was up to the house, with a long article about you. The old fellow was so pleased he didn't know whether he was a-foot or a-horseback."

"I can easily believe it," Ralph replied.

"Ay," said Tom; "They don't make many such hearts nowadays as he owns—I expect most of the best material has got used up."

Ralph laughed at the quaint conceit, and led the conversation away from matters personal to himself; but try as Ringwood might, he could not avoid going back to topics his guest would have been glad to avoid, though he knew the honest fellow was influenced by sincere interest, not curiosity.

Ralph could not help smiling when Tom told him that though many people believed Mr. Reeves was to marry Miss Jordan immediately, there was a story current that both had secretly turned Roman Catholics, and meant to convert the old house into a monastery or convent, they were not certain which; but the gossips were fully determined that something romantic and exciting should happen very soon.

At length Ralph requested to be shown to his room. Tom must do this, and wanted to prove that he had not forgotten how to act as valet, but Desborough assured him that he had been so long without such services that he should not know to accept them, which caused honest Tom to groan.

A firm faith that Ralph Desborough ought to be rich and petted, and see only the sunshiny side of life, was somehow always uppermost in the minds of his acquaintances. Had he been ugly and ungainly, instead of so handsome and possessing a tongue golden as Chrysostom's, probably they would have considered Destiny's black bread quite as good food as he deserved. Preach as we will, beauty is a wonderful power; and when you add thereto the gift of fascinating manners, then it becomes nearly irresistible.

Once left alone, Ralph, in spite of his wise intentions, sat thinking—thinking! He was sorry for his conduct of the day; the girl deserved it, but he was sorry. It would have been the more dignified course simply to have sent her the proofs of her mother's marriage without a word; he wished he had done so. The taste of his vengeance (if it could be called such) left a bitter taste in his mouth—he felt degraded in his own sight for having been weak enough to desire even a triumph in such a cause.

How beautiful she had looked in her sad reverie! Why, in spite of everything, it seemed impossible she could be not only hard and mercenary, but absolutely a criminal! In spite of the evidence of his own senses, it seemed incredible that so lovely a creature could be a sort of realization of the scriptural assertion of the power of evil to transform itself into an angel of light.

He had lied to his soul when he declared that he hated her. Neither hatred nor scorn would come to his aid—he loved her! It was useless to shut his eyes—to cheat himself—he loved her! Well, at least he need not venture within her reach again; time, certainly, would cure his infatuation—the indifference he had longed for must overtake him at length.

Yet even while thinking this, the desire to see her—to hear her voice, surged up in its strength; the love which he had trodden down, denied, disowned, rose so burning and so strong that he knew, could she have appeared before him, he should have fallen at her feet and begged her to deceive him anew—to make him forget the past!

It was very late before he went to bed; and for some time afterward he feared that one of the wakeful nights whose weariness he had so often proven during the last two years was in store for him; but physical fatigue mastered the restless imagination—he fell asleep and slumbered heavily for several hours.

He was wakened suddenly by a loud knocking at his door—wakened from a dream of those heavenly days at Hillside. He woke so quickly, with his dream so strong upon his mind, that he called out:

"Yes, Turner, yes!"

For he thought it was the landlord of the old, quiet mountain inn, come to waken him for the expedition he and Mabel had planned.

"Ah, my God, sometimes I think this faculty of living over the old times in sleep, is the bitterest of all the bitter gifts granted us poor creatures—half clay, half divine!

Then he was wide awake and knew where he was. The gray dawn gleamed coldly in through the shutters. The wind sighed dismally without, and he heard Tom Ringwood's voice, calling:

"Mr. Desborough—get up! get up! The old house on the hill is a-fire! There's no engine, and we must all go!"

Ralph sprang out of bed and in rushed Tom with a candle and incoherent explanations as unnecessary as the light, for Ralph flung open the shutters, and they could see the column of fire and smoke rising above the trees through the pale, cruel gleam of the morning.

Desborough got quickly into his clothes, and hastened down stairs with Ringwood—along the road and up through the grounds.

"The bell woke me," Tom said, as they ran on—the fat man getting over the ground at an incredible speed. "I knew the devil must be to pay—that bell hasn't rung for years—not since Mr. Harrington used to be well enough to have visitors in the house; it rang for them to dress for dinner. Blest if my first thought wasn't that I was in his employ yet, and had fallen asleep in the pantry! What fools we mortals be, after all!"

"What fools we mortals be!" echoed Ralph, under his breath.

People were hurrying along before and behind them, and when they reached the scene of disaster, half the population of the town appeared to be gathered on the spot.

The fire had broken out in the tower, which flanked the pile of buildings beyond the wing that communicated with the rooms Mr. Harrington had occupied. Workmen had been repairing the gas-pipes—some careless fellow had left a jet burning in a chamber of the tower, close to an open window. Toward morning a wind rose, and blew a curtain to and fro until it caught fire. But the flames were not confined to the turret; the light breeze blew them straight across until they lodged upon a tower at the further end, and, though the main building was roofed with slates, the wings were covered with shingles which, dried by the long Summer's drought, burned like tinder.

A terrible confusion reigned; everybody was willing to work, but nobody appeared able to take the lead and direct the rest so as to render their efforts of any efficiency.

Ralph Desborough put himself in the gap; his very presence, as soon as he was recognized, animated the crowd, with whom he was a favorite, and his quick judgment seized upon the best mode of directing their zeal.

Luckily there was water enough to be had; not only the wells intended for the needs of the house were full, but several great cisterns, arranged for the watering of the gardens and supplying the fountains which decorated the lawn, contained a plentiful supply.

"See that Miss Jordan is safe, and all the women!" was the command Ralph gave Tom Ringwood as they neared the dwelling, and Tom hastened to obey his behest without a question, certain that it must be the best thing he could do, since Mr. Ralph had ordered it.

At once Ralph established lines of men from the cisterns to the house; the buckets passed up full along one row, and returned empty along the other. There were the two fires to fight at either extremity of the buildings, for with the capriciousness a conflagration so often shows, the sparks from the tower passed over the intervening roofs to lodge upon the companion turret which flanked the other end of the great mansion.

Ralph did not content himself with directing—like a successful leader in a battle, he was present everywhere. The ladders were placed—he was the first to ascend. Having established men on the southern tower, he ran down to take the lead in mounting the other. As he was running across the green at the back of the mansion, he met Ringwood returning from the fulfillment of his errand.

"Miss Jordan is not in the house," he said; "the housekeeper, Samantha Dawson, is in the left wing, very ill—she is terribly frightened, yet she won't be moved."

"She must be!" said Ralph. "Wait here till I come back!"

He dashed off to arrange his lines for the northern turret.

"Take all the furniture out of the tower-rooms," was his order to another set of men, "and pile it up in the halls that lead to the main building—do it carefully, there's no haste; we shall stop the fire long before it can even really harm the wings."

He saw the work begun; stopped to lend a hand and insure perfect composure; then he returned to Ringwood.

They entered the house, and went up the smaller staircase to the apartments occupied by Mabel and Samantha. Miss Bones met them; she had dressed herself, but had rendered her attire somewhat peculiar by retaining her night-cap and winding a table-cover over her gown.

"My preserver!" she cried, and made a dash at Ralph; but the table-cover got in her way and blinded her, and she plunged straight into the arms of Tom Ringwood, who lost his head, and shouted "Fire, fire!" with all his might.

"Get out!" cried Samantha's voice from the bedroom. "I won't have any men here—get out!"

Ralph left poor Ringwood struggling in the frantic embrace of Joanna Maria, opened a window, called two men from below to come up; and when they arrived he went into Samantha's chamber.

"Miss Dawson——" he began, but could get no further. The old maid uttered an awful yell, and buried her head in the bed-covers.

"That's right," he said—"lie still."

"Ugh! oh! get out!" howled Samantha.

"You are a woman of sense," he continued. "The wing may burn—you don't want to. I am going to have you carried through the hall into the main building. Lie perfectly still; nobody will see you. Keep your head covered, and you can't get cold."

"Oh! ugh! oh!" gurgled Samantha.

At the same instant Joanna Maria's voice rose in a shrill scream, exclaiming:

"If it ain't fat Tom Ringwood! He's no good!"

"D-darn!" shouted Tom. "Don't pinch me, Miss Bones! I can stand a deal of hugging, but I won't be pinched!"

"You're a brute!" cried Miss Bones.

"My compliments, ma'am," said Tom.

The men appeared. With the aid of Ralph and Ringwood they carried the bed across the hall and through several chambers, into a room in the middle of the house. Joanna Maria followed in silence.

"Now you are all right, Miss Dawson," said Ralph.

"Pre—preserver!" cried Joanna Maria, rushed forward, laid her nightcap-border on Ralph's shoulder, and immediately developed a tendency toward hysterics.

"Miss Bones," said Ralph, "I must leave your sick friend to your care. I know I can trust to your good sense. You are both quite safe here—make her understand that——"

Before he could finish his sentence, in rushed a couple of terrified females—the cook and chambermaid—each in a more remarkable attire than the other, though bed-quilts formed the groundwork of both their dresses, and began to dance and howl.

"It's Mr. Ralph!" howled cook. "Save us! save us! we're being burned alive!"

"So I will, cook, if you'll be quiet," said Ralph. "Now, Miss Bones," he added, turning toward the dressmaker, "I depend on you to establish and keep order here."

Miss Bones draped the table-cover about her into a sort of Roman toga, and cried:

"I will! Cook, don't be a fool! Fanny, stop curlicuing about like a crazy top, or I'll shake you!"

"They'll do," said Tom Ringwood, hurrying after Ralph, and paused at the door to add: "Miss Bones, if they don't behave as you tell 'em, try pinchin'. You're a trooper at it, I'll certify!"

"You ornery cretur'!" ejaculated Joanna Maria, turned her back on him, and boxed Fanny's ears by way of having a little relief to her feelings.

So down-stairs rushed Ralph. He seemed, as the men said afterward, to be everywhere at once—did the work of three men, and all the while directed operations to such good purpose that the fire, so far from reaching the main building, was kept from seriously injuring the wings, though it certainly seemed at first that everything must go, the flames had obtained such headway.

Nothing tragic ever occurs without a score of ludicrous incidents to belittle it. While toiling so desperately that it did not seem to him he noticed, Ralph had a perfect recollection of having seen Jane, the object of much objurgation on the part of Samantha and Waters from her unfortunate lack of memory and propensity to blunders, tear madly across the green, in very scanty draperies and a very large nightcap. She wildly assaulted each person she met, and at length—it would sound incredible, only that everybody who has seen a fire has witnessed scenes just as impossible—she climbed a tree with the agility of a squirrel, and sat perched among the branches, looking like a gigantic white owl, and hooting as loudly as a large family of that species of bird could have done.

Then some well-disposed but foolish man, after vainly trying to persuade her to descend, shook the tree until she was forced to slide down the trunk to keep herself from falling; and she alighted directly on the amiably injudicious person's head, and sent him forward upon all-fours. He attempted to crawl out from beneath his burthen, but Jane clung about his neck with both arms, and actually

rode for some distance on his back; making a sort of caricature of a Hindoo princess performing a funeral journey upon an imperfectly trained and very unwieldy young elephant, while their united cries sounded like the lamentations of a large procession of heathen mourners.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN THE TOWER.

WHEN it was certain that the flames had been completely extinguished the crowd slowly dispersed after giving three hearty cheers for Ralph Desborough, and at least two scores of enthusiastic people insisting upon shaking his hand with as much energy as if it had been a pump-handle and the fire still in full progress.

At last Ralph got away, hurried round an angle of the building and entered the wing of the tower in which the work of destruction had begun.

He sat down there to escape human society for a little. Gradually all sounds ceased—the final stragglers had gone; a stillness, which seemed increased by its contrast to the late tumult, succeeded. Ralph lost himself in one of the deep, morbid reveries in which for the last year he had been only too prone to indulge. He had meant to rest for a few minutes only; but when he roused out of his gloomy, profitless meditation, and passed through the hall to the veranda, which ran along that side of the house, he heard the stable-clock striking eight.

It was a lovely morning; the sun shone through a soft golden haze, the belated birds Ralph had heard on the preceding day were singing in the elms; a faint breeze brought pleasant odors from the wood, and nature as usual seemed to have no sympathy to offer either for the havoc wrought to the work of man, or with the sorrowful heart of the human being who stood gazing about upon the scene.

Let him look well upon the familiar and beloved objects, was Ralph's thought—he was not likely to see them soon again! The old house would become the home of Mabel Jordan and Charles Reeves; he wished the pair no harm, nay, he could safely say now that he cherished no enmity toward them, neither for the weak treachery of the one nor the harsh suspicions and the stern, unjust judgments of the other. But he wanted his life to lead so far aloof from theirs that not even the sound of their names would ever meet his ear. So he was not likely to stand here again—let him look well about! This time, when he turned his back upon his boyhood's home, the separation from its old existence would be complete.

Suddenly he heard a child's voice exclaim

"There he is! Oh, Mr. Ralph! Mr. Ralph!"

He turned and saw little Nettie Graves dancing toward him, while Charles Reeves followed. Ralph would gladly have escaped the meeting, but as it was impossible, he must make the best use of Nettie's presence to avoid the useless pain of a *tête-à-tête*.

"Why, Nettie!" he said. "I am very glad to see you! So you are still here! But where were you last night!"

"Down in New York! I went with them to meet Uncle Charles—that's Mr. Reeves; he says I am to call him so," replied Nettie; then began to call: "Hurry, Hurry, Uncle Charles! Here is Mr. Ralph!"

Reeves came up, holding out both hands.

"Haven't you a word of welcome for me, Ralph!" he exclaimed. "God knows how glad I am to see you!"

It seemed to Ralph Desborough that the last bitter memory faded out of his mind—he did not even hesitate; he stretched forth his two hands and grasped Reeves's heartily.

"Welcome home!" he said; "welcome home!"

"Thanks, Ralph," returned the other; and as Desborough looked at him, he saw that the stern eyes were full of tears.

Luckily Nettie was there, dancing about, and eager to claim the attention of both. Her presence brought the meeting back to the safe ground of the commonplace.

"We had such a fright!" she cried. "We expected to see the house burned down—and it's all right! And oh, Mr. Ralph, I am so glad to see you! And Uncle Charles has brought me such lovely things from Europe—and he says he'll take me there some day. Won't you go with us? Promise, Mr. Ralph, promise!"

Ralph patted her head, and Mr. Reeves said, with a smile:

"Be quiet, chatterbox! If you go on in this crazy fashion, you will lose your reputation for being the wisest small woman in the world."

"But I *am* so glad to see Ralph!"

"So am I," returned Mr. Reeves.

And again he grasped Desborough's hands.

Ralph saw now that he was greatly changed. His hair and beard were quite gray, and there was an expression in his face which had never been there before—the look of a man who has fought a battle and gained a victory. And this was what Charles Reeves had done; he had suffered, but he had conquered. He came back able to say to his soul that he could regard Mabel Jordan as his friend—his daughter. The dream was laid at rest for ever; only the long conflict had left deep, ineffaceable traces. There is no victory without bloodshed. All the same, he knew that he could be a contented old man if he might see the clouds cleared which separated Mabel and Ralph. He had reached a height where he was clear-sighted enough to know that he might easily find in the sight of their happiness a fullness of peace which the realization of his dream—misplaced and out of season, at his age, as May flowers in an Autumn garden—could never have afforded.

"You must have taken an early start, to reach here at this hour," said Ralph, just to say something that should keep the conversation on ordinary grounds.

"Indeed we did," Mr. Reeves answered. "The telegraph clerk in the village could think of nothing better to do than to send a dispatch at daylight to poor Waters that the house was on fire—it happened he had met Waters at the station, and knew what hotel we were at."

"The idiot!" said Ralph.

"Well, yes; I believe it can't be a slander to call him so," replied Reeves, trying to laugh. "So Waters woke me, and of course we could not wait a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. Poor Waters was nearly frantic, as you may imagine."

"Yes, indeed!"

"Luckily we were in season for the morning express, so our suspense has not lasted very long," added Mr. Reeves.

"Mrs. Craycroft and I were in such a fright when they woke us!" cried Nettie.

"You remember my sister-in-law?" Reeves asked.

"Oh, very well," said Ralph.

"She will be delighted to see you—you were always a great favorite of hers. When you were a little fellow she used to say you were the only charming boy that ever lived."

"I recollect she always appeared to me to have an inexhaustible store of sugar-plums in her reticule," said Ralph.

"So she has yet!" cut in Nettie. "She gives them to me

till Miss Mabel says she will ruin my stomach—but how could sugar-plums do that?"

The mention of Mabel's name set Mr. Reeves talking very fast—he dreaded its effect on Desborough.

"It appears that if it had not been for you, Ralph, the dear old house would not have escaped as it has. We met nearly the whole village on the road from the station, and your name was in every mouth! The neighbors always worshiped you, but now you are a hero in their eyes. I expect they will be content with nothing less than giving you a sort of presidential reception—so be prepared."

"Everybody worked well," returned Ralph, and pulled out his watch, meaning to say something about the necessity for his catching the next train; but Mr. Reeves gave him no opportunity.

"So the fire broke out in this tower? Come along and let's see what damage has been done," he said, hastily.

"I'll go too, mayn't I?" cried Nettie, seizing Ralph's hand. "Come—come! I want to hear all you did, Ralphy, darling!"

"The small princess must have her way," said Reeves, laughing—glad of the child's eagerness.

And indeed, thanks to her, Ralph could not escape; so they entered the house, passed through the lower rooms of the left wing and mounted the tower stairs.

As they disappeared indoors, Mabel Jordan reached the house. The rector's dwelling stood at some distance from the village—at the opposite end from that where the Harrington mansion was situated. Mabel and the two servants had been occupied in taking care of Miss Morgan until after two o'clock; then the spasms ceased—she fell asleep, and the others slept, too, tired by their watch—slept so soundly that the bell did not rouse them.

Mabel knew nothing of what had happened until she went down-stairs in the morning—the baker had just brought the news. Her first thought was of the bronze box which she had hidden in the tower!

She hastened home as fast as she could go. She found Mrs. Craycroft in the room to which Samantha had been removed. Miss Bones was there too, and the three women began to cry at sight of Mabel. Samantha whimpered, contritely:

"He saved me, Mabel—he saved me! Oh, I feel such a brute!"

"She means Mr. Desborough," said Joanna Maria. "Miss Jordan, he looked like the archangel Michael—he did, and I'd say it before the whole meeting-house, if they *did* call it swearing!"

Mabel was wild with eagerness to escape, but she had to soothe Samantha, and Mrs. Craycroft clung to her, upset and hysterical. Presently Jane appeared with the coffee-tray for the invalid.

"Oh, Miss Mabel!" she cried.

"You'll turn the waiter topsy-turvy!" shouted Miss Bones.

"Mr. Ralph has gone into the tower with Mr. Reeves, to see what harm is done," responded Jane, as dolefully as if she were announcing the death of both gentlemen.

"There goes the coffee-pot!" cried Joanna Maria.

Mabel broke away from Mrs. Craycroft, and ran like a demented creature along the corridor toward the southern wing.

Ralph and Mr. Reeves were standing looking about in one of the tower rooms. The roof and a portion of the walls were greatly injured, still the damage could not be called very serious. Little Nettie, unobserved, had run in into the inner chamber; suddenly they heard her call:

"Mr. Ralph—Uncle Charles—come quick! Just see what I have found!"

They entered the room; Nettie was pointing to a corner where the oak paneling had been warped and cracked by the action of the fire.

"See—see!" she cried.

"Why, look there, Ralph!" said Mr. Reeves. "I never knew there was a closet in the wainscot! The heat has forced the door open—it must have been a secret one."

"I've an idea Mr. Harrington told me of it when I was a child, but I had forgotten," returned Ralph.

"There's a box on the shelf!" cried Nettie; "a beautiful, shiny box—that's what I wanted you to see—away up high," and she flung the door wide open, showing the bronze casket set on an upper shelf of the closet.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Mr. Reeves. "Try if you can reach it, Ralph—you are taller than I."

Desborough stood on tiptoe, and managed to seize the box; it slipped from his hands, struck the floor with such force that the lid burst off and a roll of paper fell out.

"Look—look!" shouted Nettie, in wild excitement. She snatched up the document and handed it to Mr. Reeves. He unfolded the sheet—glanced down the page, and exclaimed:

"Good God! A will—Gilbert's will that we could not find!"

There was a terrible cry from the door. Mabel Jordan rushed in, shrieking:

"Let it alone—it is mine—let it alone!"

She struggled frantically with Mr. Reeves to snatch the paper; he held it beyond her reach; little Nettie screamed. Ralph stood silently watching the frenzied girl; at last he pitied her—pitied her down to the very depths of his heart. Her sin had found her out! She had not dared to burn the dead man's testament, and now it had reached the light!

"Be still, Mabel!" cried Mr. Reeves. "Ralph, read this!"

He held Mabel back with one hand, with the other gave the paper to the young man.

It was Mr. Harrington's will which Ralph regarded, but it was dated six months before his death, and it bequeathed the whole of his vast fortune to Mabel Jordan!

Ralph was speechless.

"Now you know the truth!" cried the despairing girl. "He would do it, in spite of all my prayers! When he was dead I stole it—I had the right! I knew the other will was not signed! I knew you hated me too deeply to touch a penny from my hands, but I thought you would from Charles Reeves! Oh, if I had only burned it—if I had only burned it!"

She tottered back into a chair—in another instant Ralph Desborough was kneeling at her feet.

"Only forgive me!" he moaned. "I can never look in your face again—but forgive me before I go! I think God never will—but do you?"

"Ralph," Mabel whispered, opening her eyes and looking down at him with a heavenly smile; "Ralph!"

Just then Waters peered into the room. Charles Reeves caught Nettie up in his arms—hurried forward—pushed the old man gently back—followed him out, and closed the door.

"Leave them alone," he said. "Ah, friend, our prayers are answered at last—leave them alone!"

A long hour after, the three still waited; Nettie sitting hushed and awed in Mr. Reeves's embrace. Then the door opened again, and the young pair appeared, hand-in-hand, smiling through the mists of happy tears.

No words were needed to tell those who loved them so fondly what that coming meant.

THE END.

FORKS AND FINGERS.

THE introduction of the silver or four-pronged fork was an important reform in the economy of the dinner-table. And this description of fork certainly came into use at a comparatively remote period. It is told of Gay's Duchess of Queensbury, the "Kitty, beautiful and young," of Prior, that she was wont to exclaim, on perceiving a "hyperborean squire" raising peas to his abominable mouth on the end of his knife, "Oh, stop him! stop him! The man's going to commit suicide!" Yet the squire had a good defense, if silver forks were not yet introduced. He was eating peas in almost the only possible way—certainly the most established way. And this must have been some hundred and fifty years ago. It would seem, however, that it was about the time of the French Revolution that silver forks came to be recognized as not less necessary to an elegant dinner-table than silver spoons. Now-a-days, to reproach a man for using a silver fork would be as absurd as to blame him for having a clean face. It has been pointed out, indeed, that in these times the cheap counterfeits of silver have made the decent four-pronged fork less costly than the "two-pronged steel barbarism" of the past. Nevertheless, the charge of being a member of the "Silver-fork School" retained its sting and offensiveness long after its legitimate significance had departed. The silver fork, or its plated substitute, had become a common object, an "element of social decorum" universally diffused, long before it had ceased to be employed as a term of ridicule and a means of satire. As we have seen, Thackeray was very careful to limit his liability as a member of the "Silver-fork School."

Isaac Disraeli tells us how, upon their first introduction, the most useful and agreeable acquisitions of domestic life run the risk of suppression and rejection because of the ridicule and invective they encounter. "The repulsive effect produced upon mankind by the mere strangeness of a thing which at length we find established among our indispensable conveniences, or by a practice which has now become one of our habits, must be ascribed sometimes to a proud perversity in our nature, sometimes to the crossing of our interest, and to that repugnance to alter what is known for that which has not been sanctioned by our experience." Only a century ago a gentleman could not carry an umbrella through the streets of London without incurring the clamor and derision of the chair-porters and hackney coachmen, who perceived that the innovation threatened injury to their trade. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who published his autobiography, states that, carrying in London a fine silk umbrella he had brought from Spain, he "could not with any comfort to himself use it, the people calling out after him, 'Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?'" The fork, upon its introduction, was very similarly viewed.

By our early dramatists, notably those of the times of James I. and Charles I., the fork was considered as a strange thing, evidencing affectation and effeminacy on the part of those employing it. Before the Restoration there seems, indeed, to have been no general use of the fork. And stress was laid upon the difficulty of using it—the art had to be acquired; Englishmen were then as clumsy with their forks as they are now in plying Chinese chopsticks. In Ben Jonson's play of "Volpone," *Sir Politic Wouldbe* counsels *Peregrine*, a gentleman who is about to travel:—

> "Then must you learn the use
> And handling of your silver fork at meals."

Elsewhere Jonson alludes to—

> "The laudable use of forks
> To the sparing of napkins."

And in one of his plays, Massinger speaks contemptuously of—

> "Thy case of toothpicks and thy silver forks."

England, however, was surpassed in opposition to the introduction of the fork from Italy by Germany, where certain uncleanly saints actually preached against the innovation as "an insult on Providence not to touch our meals with our fingers."

The proverbial saying of "Fingers were made before forks," may probably be traced to English prejudice upon the subject. One does not like to think that William Shakespeare never used a fork at dinner, or that the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was accustomed to tear her food with her fingers; yet that such was the case can scarcely be doubted. In the days of Queen Elizabeth a fork was such a rarity that an English traveler of the period brought home with him a full description of the instrument.

The dinner-table of the past must have looked unsightly enough, owing to the untidy habits of the diners; they scattered on the cloth all their bones and scraps and parings. Presently a servant with a long wooden "voiding-knife," scraped the fragments into a basket, called a "voider." It should be mentioned, however, that forks were not unknown in England, even at a very early period; traces of forks and spoons have even been found of the Anglo-Saxon era. But it seems clear that they were never employed at this time to lift meat to the mouth; they were used only by the highest classes to eat fruit with at dessert, or to take sopped bread or cake out of wine. They were articles of luxury, made of costly materials, and oftentimes studded with jewels.

Isaac Disraeli describes toothpicks as the "younger brothers" of forks. This relationship has unfortunately led at times to the mistaking of one brother for the other. The crime of eating peas with a knife found correspondence in the enormity of picking the teeth with a fork. There is a caricature by Gilray, of which Thackeray makes amusing mention, which represents the Prince of Wales, afterward Prince Regent and George IV., in times when His Royal Highness was a Foxite, "sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork—the heir of Britannia with a *bident!*" And readers of the "Book of Snobs" may remember the author's account of how he was once himself taken for a snob, and how he drove Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, an insufferable snob, from the Imperial Hotel at Bagnigge Wells, whither both had resorted to drink the waters. "I felt that I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. . . . He wore japanned boots and mustaches; he lisped, drawled, and left the 'r's' out of his words; he was always flourishing about and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge, flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odor of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that snob, and that either he or I should quit that inn. I first began harmless conversation, frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when I attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty as to speak *first;* then I handed him the paper; then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily, and—*use my fork in the light of a toothpick!* After two mornings of this practice he could bear it no longer, and finally quitted the place. Should the colonel see this, will he remember the gent who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the hotel with a four-pronged fork?"

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF PISA.

A DAY AT PISA.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

A commercial town to be beautiful must be very old. Leghorn is a living proof of this, and no drearier, uglier, less-inspiring city exists in all Italy. It is that anomaly in Italy, a new town—a town with a history which begins long after that of the great Italian municipalities had ceased, and which can boast of religious toleration. In fact Leghorn—a small village in the middle of the sixteenth century—was created by the policy of the Medici, as a rival to Genoa, and a refuge for merchants of persecuted religions throughout Europe. English Catholics, Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and French Huguenots crowded to Leghorn, and lived at peace with one another; while gradually wharves, quays, warehouses, and piers grew up round the harbor. A synagogue, founded in 1581, but remodeled in 1603, rose amongst the Christian churches; a lighthouse was built on the outer pier, and a bathing establishment was added to the conventional advantages offered by the modern settlement.

The trade at present is second only to that of Genoa in importance and magnitude, the chief imports being cotton, wool, and unbleached silk from the Levant, and grain from the Black Sea. The home industries are the coral manufacture, and a trade in oil. "Leghorn Hats" do not figure in any present commercial report, and we must suppose that the name of these once fashionable and ever-useful articles is an arbitrary one.

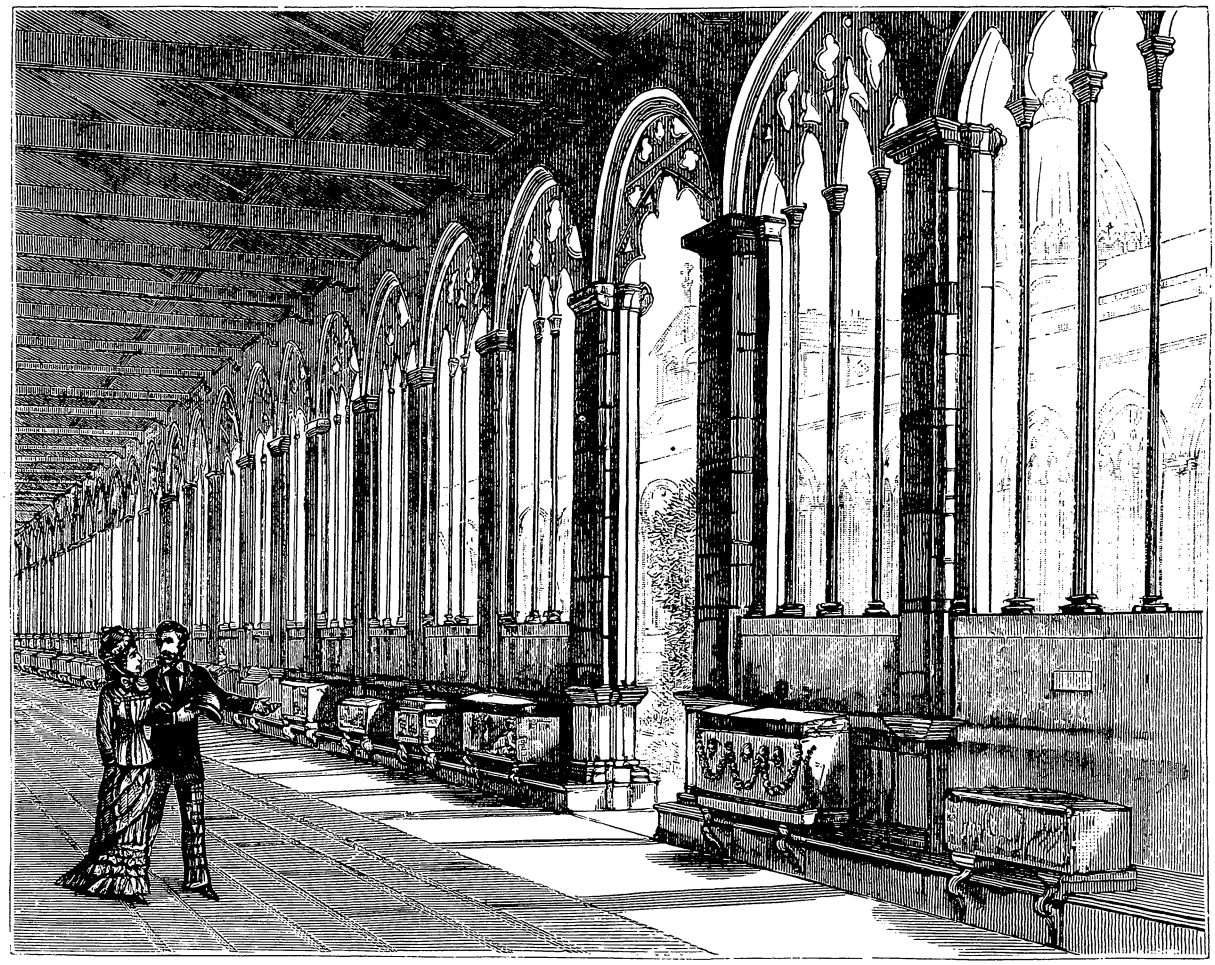
A more hopeless place than Leghorn for the artist or the tourist does not exist in Italy. Flourishing, populous, rich, well-built, it is also white, uniform, and ugly. The churches themselves are tawdry, third-rate, disappointing. The shops are brilliant, Parisian, and unpicturesque. The people are brisk, matter-of-fact, and of mixed breed. The pleasures are cockney—you might think the ghosts of the bands of Brighton or Long Branch were

revived in the band which plays every evening on the beach during the bathing season; the reading-room or club, the hotels, the *cafés*, are all distressing copies of smart French models. The houses are white, rectangular, and monotonously alike; and you escape with a sigh of relief into the equally modern railroad carriage, which will carry you in a quarter of an hour to Genoa's ancient, stately, and once successful rival, Pisa.

Many people think Pisa the synonym for dullness; they have spent a Winter there—for it is full of English and American residents, the climate being especially suited for invalids, and good for all lung diseases. The proud, Crusading, maritime Republic, whose medieval prosperity lasted long enough to crowd its capital with fine buildings and works of art, subsists to-day chiefly on its colony of foreign invalids, and the hotels and surroundings which such a colony involves. To people who go there for health, and can only take the air at stated times and in stated proportions, it may seem a dull place; what would they think, however, of the inner towns of Umbria; the unexplored mountain towns of the Apennines; the historical, sleepy market towns of the Romagna? Each of these is a treasure to the artist, and a delight to the antiquary. In one you find a library, valuable and obscure, hidden in a monastery; in another a *savant*, often a priest, whose resources astonish you, and who is content to spend his life without making a noise in the world, and at most, using his learning for the benefit of some stray enthusiast from the North; in another, you discover a collection of manuscript music of days anterior to Palestrina, in the possession of a local musician as poor as he is learned.

Much as there is to be discovered under the mounds that mark buried cities in Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, there is as much treasured in silence or in ignorance throughout the minor towns, and especially the less-visited monasteries of northern and central Italy. To all this, Pisa is by comparison a gay and giddy capital.

For two centuries Pisa ruled the Mediterranean, fought the Infidel on the African, Sicilian and Italian shores, conquered Sardinia and the Balearic Islands from the Saracens, and claimed sovereignty over all the Mediterranean islands from La Spezia to Civita Vecchia. In the Ghibelline wars she took the Emperors' side, rather to spite Guelphic Genoa and Fiorence than from principle; and when the Guelph, or national, party triumphed, she suffered accordingly. Her zeal against the Saracens did not entail devotion to the Papal court, and by the influence of the latter she lost Sardinia, which fell by Papal investiture to the Kings of Aragon, and Corsica, which Genoa claimed as the spoils of the victor after a defeat of the Pisans at sea near Leghorn, where they lost twenty-nine galleys, and saw seven more sunk by the Genoese. The beginning of the fourteenth century saw the decline of the Republic, which was afterward torn by factions, sacked and ransomed by rival mercenary captains, and finally sold to the Medici, in whose possession it remained until the French Revolution. After that, and until the incorporation of Tuscany into the Kingdom of Italy, it still counted as a Tuscan town.



IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

One episode of the civil wars of early days was made immortal by Dante; and the famous "Tower of Hunger," the scene of the ghastly death by starvation of Count Ugolino dei Gherardeschi, with his sons and nephews, stood, as late as 1655, opposite the palace-convent of the Knights of St. Stephen, an ancient military Italian Order, of the same kind as the Orders of Templars and of the Knights of Malta. The church adjoining the convent is a fine Renaissance building, a little florid and redundant in detail; but such things pass away from one's mind when one looks at the Turkish trophies brought from the fight of Lepanto, which is commemorated, among other victories over the Turks, by frescoes on the ceiling. This Piazza dei Cavalieri was the heart of the old city, and the forum of the previous Roman Republic, named by Augustus, "Colonia Julia Pisana"; while the Church of San Sisto, also a national monument of several victories won over the infidel, stood almost on this Piazza, and was frequently used by the stout-hearted Great Council as a place of assembly.

It would be impossible to count and describe half the churches, mostly thirteenth and fourteenth century buildings, with their multitude of fine pictures; their ancient crypts, as that of San Michele in Borgo, supposed to occupy the site of an old heathen temple; their cloisters and bell-towers, as those of San Francesco; or the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a small, octagonal building, rich with carving; or that of Santa Maria della Spina, a small, beautiful structure, not unlike the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. A portion of the Crown of Thorns is said to be preserved in the treasury, and gives its name to the church, whose tapering spire and pinnacles make it a very prominent object on the river quay. It seems to rise almost from the water, when you stand and look at it from the opposite side of the Arno, which at this point is as narrow and sluggish as a canal. The Spina, as it is familiarly called, was built in 1230, in fulfillment of a vow, by two Pisan families, the Gualandi and the Gattosi, for sailors about to put to sea, and was enlarged a century later, as well as embellished with bas-reliefs by Pisan sculptors. Both it and the relic of the Crown of Thorns are trophies of the Crusades, and tokens of what chiefly raised Pisa to its temporary sovereignty. I have dwelt on this church rather than on the many others in the city, because, excepting the Cathedral, it is the one which struck me most, and left the most distinctive impression on my memory, among the many sights which had to be crowded in during a short day.

The coast steamers from Genoa to Rome used to make their journeys by night, stopping at Leghorn during the intervening day; and it was in this interval that we visited the city of Galileo. Many remembrances of the great astronomer are interwoven throughout the sights of Pisa; here, on the quay named after him, the Lung-Arno Galileo, still stands the house where he was born, in 1564; there the university, or *La Sapienzer* (wisdom), as many Italian universities were called, where, in 1610, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics, and which building, dating from the year of the discovery of America, includes the court where he often walked, the library where he sometimes studied, the Museum of Natural History and the Botanical Garden, which already, in his time, illustrated the botany, geology and ornithology of Tuscany, as well as, by isolated specimens, that of more tropical climes. The Piazza del Duomo has its own Galilean traditions, for it is said that he made use of the oblique position of the famous Leaning Tower in some of his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation; while the swaying of the great bronze lamp in the nave of the cathedral first suggested to him the notion of the pendulum.

To those who, like the writer, consider the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Golden Age of Gothic architecture, Pisa is a very alluring place, having less of the Renaissance coating than any other Italian town of its size and importance. Few succumbed so early, and few were as proportionately successful at such an early period. The works of art and religion that marked the time, remained almost the only ones, for lack of time or means to supplement them later, when internal factions and a foreign yoke —for to the Italian of the Middle Ages his neighbor and fellow-countryman was politically a foreigner—crushed out the energy and dispersed the wealth of Pisa. For the medievalist, this is decidedly an advantage; for the historian, it insures a fuller illustration of one special phase of political existence than is found in other cities whose buildings illustrate the whole range of their history, yet often leave each one but scantily represented in detail.

Passing to the Cathedral, with its attendant buildings, we cannot help stopping to look in at the shop windows. The display of *oggetti d'arte* is certainly tempting. Alabaster models of the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery, marble statuettes—classic and Christian; corals in fantastic shapes from Leghorn, etc., take their place among jewelry, for in Italy the jeweler does not confine himself to the sale of personal ornaments; he finds everything that can beautify common life, and make one's surroundings suggestive of culture, within his province. In Rome, for instance, there is a large traffic in bronze lamps—not merely for show—made on the model of the classic lamps of old tombs; and if you want to buy a flower-vase, you will have no barbarous, gaudy glass or china cup, fresh from the cheap French factories, offered you, but a marble *tazza*, a miniature copy of the "drinking-cup of the doves," or some model of a vase recently dug from the Baths of Diocletian.

The Duomo is undoubtedly one of the most distinctive churches in all Italy. We got there early enough to hear Mass, and there is something specially suggestive to a foreign visitor, in thus being able to see, and join in, the actual life of the cathedral, as well as to admire it artistically. There is a difference between the sight of a cathedral, as a mere monument of the past, and as a living house of prayer. Pisa, however, has given the whole world an interest in her church, which, to the mind of many, is far finer than St. Peter's. The main building is nearly pure Romanesque, the only national style in Italy, and the distinct outgrowth of Christianity; but unity of design could not be expected throughout, especially when it is remembered that, like most old churches, a great fire attacked it in 1596, and left the door open to the fanciful innovations of the pseudo-classic mania. This accounts for the overladen altars, the gaudy mixture of gilding and colored marbles, the redundance of statues and the blaze of silver plates and arabesques in certain parts of the church, but the general impression is magnificent, sombre and majestic. The roof mosaics, by Cimabue and various of his pupils, are the most worthy of notice among the interior ornamentation, even though the gigantic Madonna and Child over holy-water basin, and the designs of the twelve nave altars, as well as the capitals of two porphyry columns under the dome, all bear the name of Michael Angelo. The Byzantine figure of Christ, in mosaic, standing between the Blessed Virgin and St. John, seems to look upon the church as from His throne above; his expression is calm and yet merciful, for it seems as if mosaic were incapable of being made to express passion of any sort, or sentimentalism of any shade. The size of the figure, too, like that in the apse over the Bishop's throne at St. Paul's, at Rome, is symbolic, according to the simple tradition of pre-Raphaelite art, of the immeasurable exaltation of the God-man above all things and creatures of earth. But the real grandeur of the church

lies not in its rich altars, and its innumerable pictures and statues, nor even its antique choir stalls, with their apostles, landscapes and animals, etc., but rather in its walls and columns, and its incomparable façade. Indeed, the interior, if less cut up into chapels, would be more imposing. The nave and double aisles are supported by sixty-eight ancient Roman and Greek columns, captured by the Pisans in war; for the whole church is a national votive offering, built to commemorate the great naval victory of Palermo over the Saracens in 1063. Pope Gelasius II. consecrated it in person in 1118. Over the columns is a kind of clerestory, apparently with some accessible tribunes and galleries, all of white marble, inlaid with occasional black and colored marbles. The roof is flat, and the ceiling coppered and gilded. The only ancient gate remaining is one in the south aisle, dating from the time of the consecration, and representing twenty-four Scriptural scenes in as many bronze panels. The present gates, also carved with similar scenes, are of the early seventeenth century.

The view from the Piazza is one none can forget. The group of buildings clustered around the Cathedral, yet not crowding it, as some of the Gothic cathedrals of France, Germany and England are crowded, is certainly striking; yet the massive façade takes your eye, and compels your undivided attention. Tier upon tier of columns and arches mask the lower wall, and above them four open galleries, gradually diminishing in length, lead the eye to the carved cross on the summit. Beyond this the blue sky—when I saw it, at least—made a sharp, definite background, very suitable to the bold, heavy lines of the whole, framing within them the simple, yet elegant, mass of columns. Nowhere but in Italy do you see this characteristic style, always associated with basilica-worship, and tracing its descent from the first public Christian churches in the fourth century. All the oldest churches in Rome are, internally, on the same plan, though the outer architecture proper to the Romanesque period dates from the eighth century only; and in some of the smaller—St. Clement's, and St. Nereus and Achilleus's, for instance—the traditions of the earliest ritual are still distinctly preserved in the disposition of the altar, lectern, pulpit, apse and choir-inclosure.

The Baptistery stands rather on the right as you leave the church, and is a feature seldom reproduced in other cities almost as rich, architecturally, as Pisa. Its solid white-marble mass seems like a dome lifted off a cathedral and dropped on the ground. Like the church and the bell-tower, it is surrounded by half-columns below and a gallery of smaller detached columns above, from which rises a conical dome, with occasional bas-reliefs. The interior is reached by four doors, two of which still retain twelfth-century marble panels, sculptured; and the arrangement inside is very simple and beautiful. Eight columns and four pillars support a triforium, and surround a white-marble octagonal font raised above the level of the floor, and adorned with carved and mosaic panels. On one side stands the hexagonal pulpit, borne by several dwarf columns, and covered with bas-reliefs by the foremost of Pisan sculptors, Niccolo Pisano. Both Baptistery and Campanile (the well-known Leaning Tower) are later by one century than the original part of the Cathedral, and the Tower was only finished two centuries after its foundation. It is belted round with eight tiers of small half-columns and colonnades, and has a winding staircase of nearly 300 steps, leading to the platform, whence the view of the sea on one hand, the mountains on the other, the flat meadows and the winding Arno below, is very beautiful. The Tower has only seven bells.

The Campo Santo, or Holy Field, is a burying-ground, to fill which fifty-three ship-loads of earth were brought from Mount Calvary by Ubaldo, Archbishop of Pisa in the years 1188 to 1200, has a large place in my remembrance. The Gothic tracery of the sixty-two windows, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, looking from the cloisters on to the green quadrangle, is singularly perfect; each line and curve, if carried geometrically to its conclusion, tending to form a perfect circle. The place is such a museum of heterogeneous antiquities, classic and medieval, Roman sarcophagi, mutilated statues of heathen deities, funeral tablets old and new, that an enumeration would prove nothing but a catalogue; whereas, a little detail concerning a few representative objects will give a far clearer idea of the whole.

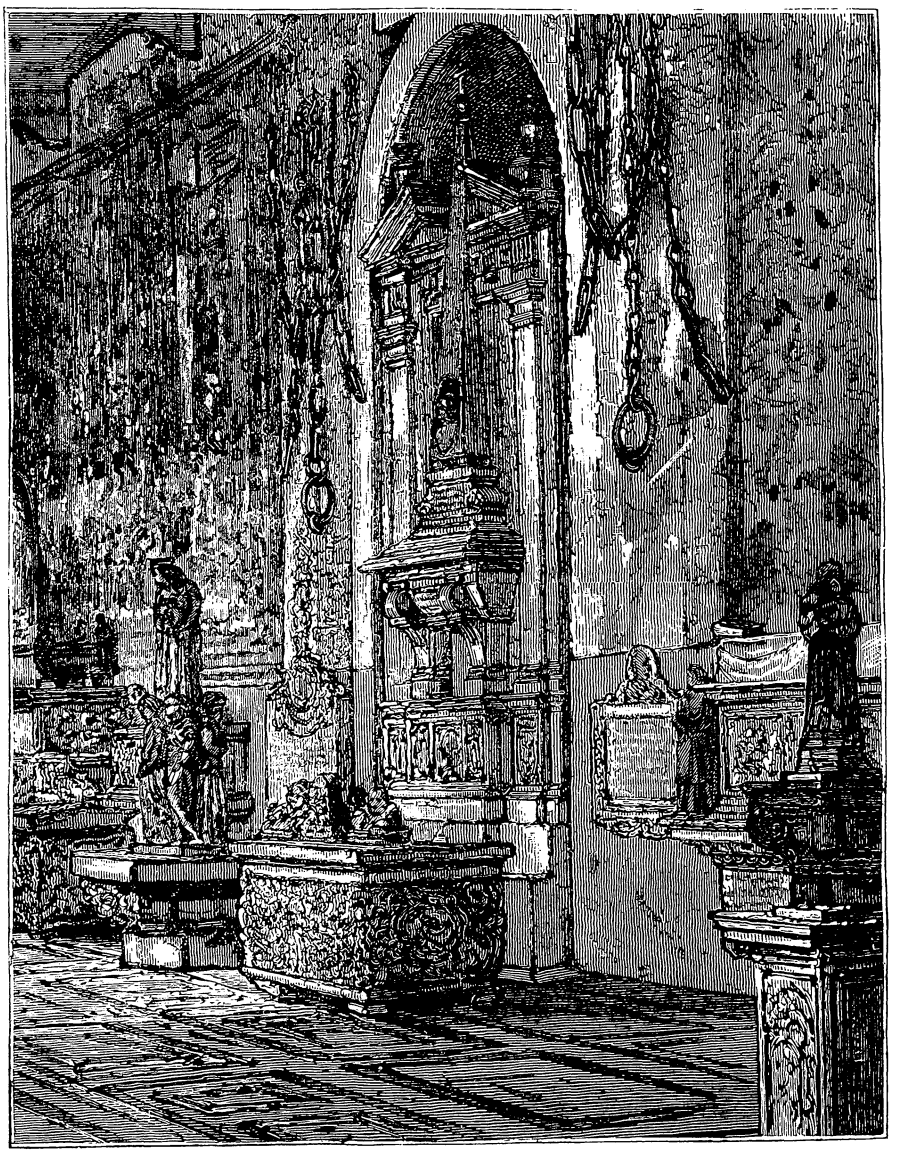
The pavement of the cloisters is of tombstones, and the walls opposite the arched windows are covered with frescoes, some of which proved to the writer the most interesting feature of the Campo Santo. On the north wall, a pupil of Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, has left the record of his long years' stay at Pisa—from 1469 to 1485—and continued the History of Genesis, whose earlier scenes were *naïvely* painted by Pietro di Puccio, of Orvieto, nearly a hundred years before. The practice of introducing portraits of celebrated men of the time, however inaccurate in an artistic point of view, has some advantages for us; for here, among the builders of Babel, we have a series of portraits of the Medici—Cosmo, his son Pietro and his grandsons Lorenzo and Giuliano, the same whose unfinished monument in Santa Croce, at Florence, has inspired so many modern writers and poets. The histories of David, Solomon and the "Queen of the South" gave scope for a certain quaint wantonness and magnificence of manner, the introduction of strange beasts, a half-Oriental, half-imaginative wealth of gilding and color, and general extravagance; while that of Joseph and his brethren—which became the painter's funeral memorial, as he was buried just below it—is enriched by many a portrait of merchants, statesmen and ecclesiastics, whose presence tells of a grudge entertained, a benefit received, or a bit of satire indulged in by the clever artist, whose final appeal was to posterity.

The early Italian painters had a genius for allegory, and the subject of the "Triumph of Death"—Christian in one sense only—was a not unusual one. Here, on the south wall, it is treated less grimly than in the terrible frescoes of the Bridge of Zurich, yet vigorously and in a solemn-humorous manner that fascinates you against your will. Such imaginative scenes as this, the "Last Judgment" and "Hell," are more interesting than mere historical, or even legendary, subjects. Albert Durer might have rivaled the group of three horsemen on their way out hunting, who suddenly stumble over three open coffins.

Conspicuous among these frescoes is the so-called *Orcagna*, representing the Last Judgment. Modern criticism has denied that Vasari was right in attributing this and "Hell" to the Orcagna brothers; but whoever may be the author, the tradition that he was Dante's friend and follower, will fit him equally well. To any one familiar with the "Inferno," there is decidly a Dantesque cast in these huge, gloomy, lurid stretches of color. The "Last Judgment," to an uncritical and fairly impressionable observer, is terrible to look upon; bolder and wilder, while more ingenious in its conception, than Michael Angelo's in the Sistine Chapel; very medieval in its details; very realistic and yet grotesque (which grotesqueness rather increases horror than provokes mirth), and above all, very full of symbolism—the outcome, in a word, of a powerful imagination and an awfully earnest faith. There is no background, no attempt to portray some convulsion of nature,

or some thousandfold intensified darkness or storm, such as we should expect of any modern painter who should take up this theme. The drawing is stiff, the anatomy imperfect, but the individuality of the artist is prominent. Art was not retrospective as it has become now; painters were content to blunder sometimes in their eager pursuits—not of conventional perfection, but of their own ideal; and if there was less grace, there was certainly more vigor. To copy their predecessors was not their aim—to make themselves more worthy of being copied by their successors was their ambition.

The fearful devils of Orcagna's "Last Judgment," the palpably realistic shovels and forks, and the bold censure implied by placing ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes of office among the condemned on the Judge's left hand, are so many tokens of the uncompromising self-assertion of infant art. There is no euphemism—opinion is as vigorously outspoken on canvas, as faith and its strong practical hold on the mind of the artist is quaintly expressed.



CURIOUS TOMB IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

Modern critics stand before this fresco, not shuddering at the terrors which its satyrs, its griffins, its literal "jaws of Hell" belching forth fire and sucking in naked sinners, are intended to inspire—but coolly picking its details to pieces, and debating whether to call its realism superstition or satire. I think it is neither. The painter believed in and feared what he painted—not the heathen monsters, which were but recognized artistic forms of evil in his day, but the awful meed of inexpressible torment which they denoted. Not even the people who pointed to Dante and whispered, shuddderingly, "There goes the man who has gone down to Hell!" believed in the material varieties and refinements of torture so minutely described by him; but the belief in future punishment in some form was part of their life.

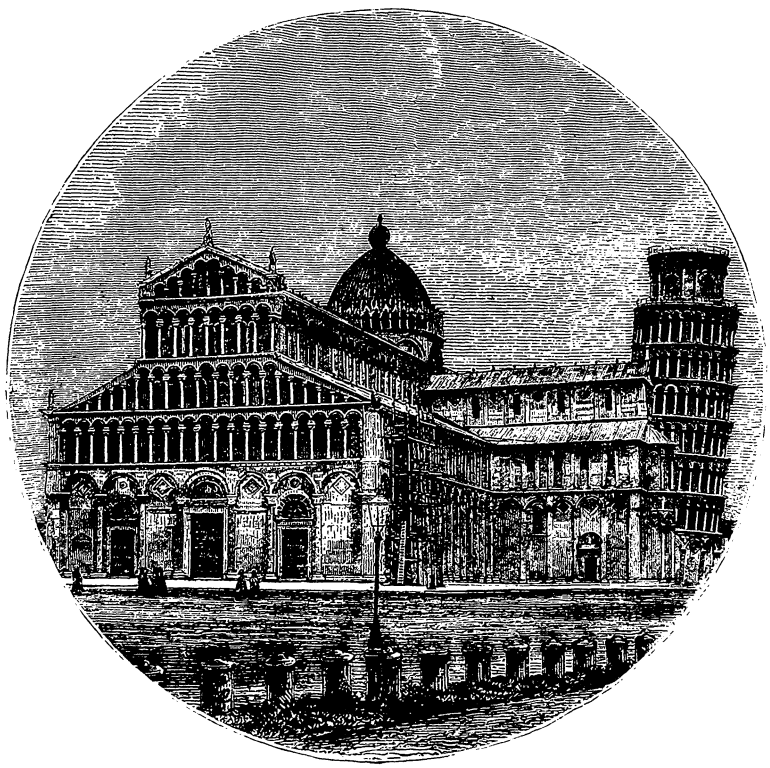
Again, the author of this pictured warning could have been no unbeliever, laughing in his sleeve at the fright he must cause the peasants, when they came up to market, and wondered over the new marble colonnade; or silently carried off a handful of the holy earth to preserve for their own poor coffins, so that their heads at least might rest on the soil for which Crusading Pisa had fought so fiercely.

Akin to these subjects were the temptations of the Hermits of the Thebaid, by two Florentine brothers, Lorenzetti, where dreadful shapes of devils dance before the anchorites buried in their caves. St. Nanieri, the patron saint of Pisa, has a series of frescoes devoted to his life; and St. Ephesus, a Roman general and martyr, whose statue, formerly a classic one representing Mars, now stands in the Cathedral, has another.

There are a few modern monuments, which come upon one with a sense of incongruity in this essentially old-world cemetery, although the sculptor of one of them, Thorwaldsen, is worthy of a place beside Phidias himself. This monument consists of a group—Tobias curing his father's blindness, and is in honor of the oculist, Andrea Vecca, who died in 1826. Two more modern celebrities are commemorated, the fabulist and *littérateur*, Professor Lorenzo Pignotti (d. 1812), and the singer, Angelica Catalani (d. 1849). Among the miscellaneous articles of interest stored in this national museum, are the chains of the ancient harbor of Pisa, captured by the Genoese in 1632, and restored only eighteen years ago, when both cities became joint parts of the new kingdom of Italy.

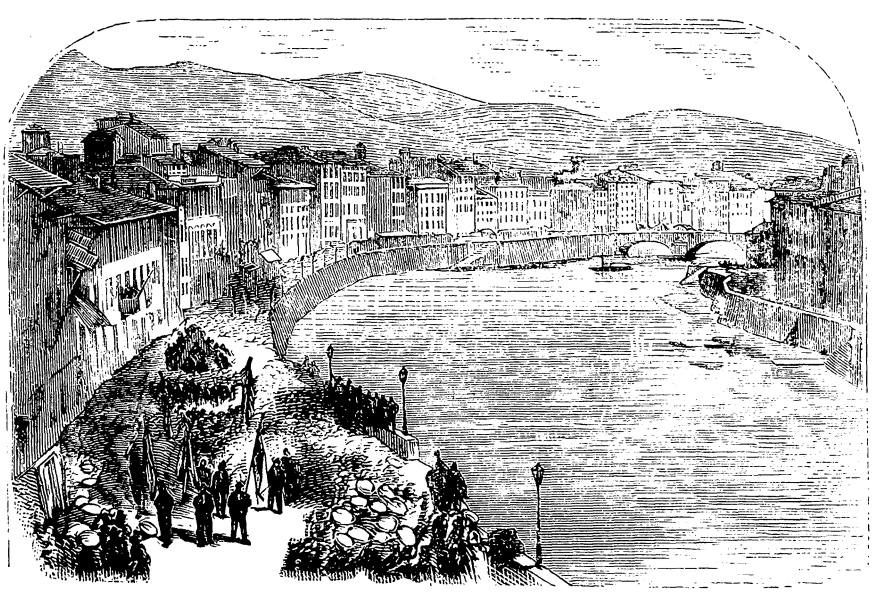
As usual in Italian cities, the environs are full of villas,

gardens, ruins. A pine wood, a mile and a half from Pisa surrounds what is now a royal shooting-lodge, but once a farm belonging to the Medici, and now a common resort of the population on fine evenings; while three miles north of Pisa is the little bathing-place, Il Gombo, where Shelley was drowned. On the old post-road to Leghorn, stands a very old basilica, San Pietro in Grado, built in the tenth century, and still possessing some of its original columns and capitals. Here, says tradition, is the spot where St. Peter first landed in Italy, and consequently, the ancient shrine was at one time an often-visited goal of pilgrimage. Moreover, it stood almost within the harbor, and at the estuary of the Arno; although at present the coast-line has been so changed by alluvial deposits, as to put a belt of nearly six miles between Pisa and the sea, as has happened to many a similar place in the south of France.



THE CATHEDRAL AND CAMPANILE, PISA.

Five miles inland, on the other side of the town, are the Pisan hills—*monti Pisani*—covered with chestnut groves, and crowned by one mountain nearly 2,000 feet high, on which stand the ruins of a fifteenth century stronghold. Down in one of the many abrupt, picturesque hollows, called the *Valle dei Calci*, or the Valley of the Barefooted, lies the Carthusian Abbey, built in the year 1367. This we had no time to visit; but, though it is not fair to give an imaginary picture, we can almost reproduce the best features of the monastery from the analogy of others of the same Order—an Order distinguished by its love of beautiful spots and its lavish encouragement of religious art. The very words "*La Certosa*" conjure up a scene of mountain beauty, rocks covered with clinging shrubs and vines, tufts of old trees making a rampart of green; a teeming garden and prosperous farm sheltered by the high hills, a marvelous greensward, and within the building, elaborate carving and a monster library. Add to this, one of the most statuesque costumes in the world, for the heavy, yellow-white folds of the Carthusian habit suggest rather a figure stepped down from an antique tomb than a common man.



THE BANKS OF THE ARNO.

Although Rome was our destination, I do not think the Eternal City made half the instant impression upon me which Pisa did. Grander in her history and her destiny, cosmopolitan in her interests and her influence, central as regards religion, imperial as regards ceremonial, she yet has an outer modern shell which Pisa has not; and the beauty of Pisan architecture is also of a less mixed type, which went for much in the estimate of one of the school of Pugin.

In Rome you have to hunt carefully after the relics of Early Church ritual, and the buildings of Constantinian era, while the flaunting riches of the sixteenth century and the half-pagan vail thrown over the Church by her gorgeous Renaissance patrons and decorators, dazzle and bewilder you. This grievance meets you everywhere, most of all at St. Peter's, and the memory of the Pisan churches comes as a refreshing substitute.

At least that is how I look back upon the contrast at present, when time and distance have only intensified my appreciation of the city on the Arno, while they leave me more and more indifferent to Rome, with all her memories and greatness.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

By Father Ryan.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears
And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of our years;
Few or many they come—few or many they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silvery gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care

On the forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of our earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are sometimes old,
Though their brows are bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm and their heart lies cold
O er them the Spring-time—but Winter is there.

And the old are sometimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their crown was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis well.
And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the bark home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

AMONGST SHADOWS.

THREE girls sat side by side on the sofa. Facing them, Mr. Frederick Dorchester regarded them attentively; but not more so than they him. Mr. Dorchester, who was a man of handsome presence and singular features, deserved an attentive consideration; and so, in an unusual degree, did the three young ladies opposite him. It would, indeed, have been hard to find a group more distinguished by uncommon beauty and peculiar characteristics than these four. Mr. Dorchester was slightly above the middle height, and, though well made, extremely slender; his figure possessing a supple grace which might have been pleasant or not, according as it did or did not remind the observer of anything tigeresque or serpentine. His face was very swarthily dark, and pale; eyes black—not dark-brown, but *black*—and bright as velvet, lightened by a central diamond; hair, mustache and whiskers all jet black; brow rather narrow, head somewhat flat; nevertheless, the suave line of benevolence and the gracious heights of ideality were each marked in a high degree.

Into his face Ada Cameron, Cornelia Fletcher and Alice Roulhac gazed with differing expressions—curious, incredulous, and timid. He had evidently just made some announcement which startled them. Cornelia Fletcher broke the little pause with a remark more relevant than it seemed.

"And you are *really* the seventh son of a seventh son Mr. Dorchester?"

Mr. Dorchester smiled.

"I really am, Miss Fletcher. Whether that has anything to do with the power I have just professed, I cannot say. I have met with one other person circumstanced as to birth as I am myself, and he also possessed a curious gift. If allowed to look steadfastly into your own eyes for some minutes, he could relate with absolute exactness the details of your past life. To him every face was a history. To me every face is a prophecy."

Alice Roulhac trembled a little. Cornelia Fletcher smiled. Ada Cameron gazed at the speaker with drawn brows and piercing intentness. It was she who spoke next.

"You can really tell us, then—to use the common expression—our fortune? Sitting here, looking at us as you can do now, you really can see what Heaven has apportioned us? You know whether our days are to be the routine days of most lives, whether they are to be happy, or wretched, or stained with crime?"

Again Alice Roulhac trembled. Again Cornelia Fletcher's fine lips curved with good-natured derision; yet she, too, was interested and attentive.

"Yes; I can tell you all that you wish to know," Mr. Dorchester answered, easily confident.

"Well then, tell us! Girls, are you willing? The others are busy—they will not heed what we are doing."

"Very well," said Miss Fletcher; "I am agreed, for my part. You know, Mr. Dorchester," she added, laughing, "we need not believe you if we do not find your pictures of life so pleasant as our own. But you, Ada, must be first."

The four sat in the further corner of a large, brilliantly lighted drawing-room. At the piano a lady played some sparkling dance-music, two pretty little girls circling gleefully about the room in time to it. At the upper end of the apartment were two card-tables, and here and there couples or small groups entertained themselves with vivacious after-dinner talk. It was a bright and pleasant scene, as any one might have had time to remark before any further words were spoken amongst the quartette with whom we have to do.

These minutes of silence Mr. Dorchester had occupied in looking steadfastly into Ada Cameron's eyes, which met his with an open and fearless glance.

He saw before him a fair face, square in contour, crowned with vast quantities of light-brown hair, which crinkled and sparkled as though dusted with glittering metal; a low brow, unusually broad and full for a woman, and indescribable eyes—large, liquid, well-shaped, but of a gray which shaded into green, into black, into hazel, with differing emotions; aquiline features, well-cut and full of character; and that peculiar fullness above the eyes which commonly denotes a highly emotional nature.

Under Mr. Dorchester's intent and searching gaze she sat perfectly quiet. The silence seemed to last so long that it grew oppressive; yet in reality it had continued not more than two or three minutes.

"Please, Mr. Dorchester," said Miss Fletcher, presently, "don't keep us in suspense any longer than the necessities of magic absolutely require. You know we are mere common clay, and very full of curiosity.'

Mr. Dorchester paid no heed to this remark, by word or

glance. Another minute or so passed in silence, and then he spoke to Miss Cameron very slowly, and with an accent which seemed to have been carefully rendered commonplace.

"Miss Cameron," he said, "if you will allow me to withdraw from my promise, we will not pursue this amusement any further. Probably my self-confidence betrays me into a foolish delusion. I really prefer——"

"*I* really prefer that you should tell me all you think you see. With permission, I shall not consent to your withdrawal."

"Pray do not insist, Miss Cameron. For once, I am sure that my art must be at fault. I beg, I even entreat, that you will not hold me to a foolish promise made without any imagination of such a result as this."

Mr. Dorchester's voice was no longer commonplace. He had grown even paler than was usual to him.

And, naturally, Miss Cameron's face answered the emotion of his. There is nothing more contagious than sincerity; and the earnestness of his belief in himself was so evident that it could not but produce some like effect in those who saw and heard him. Nevertheless, Miss Cameron was resolute.

Still, Mr. Dorchester made no revelation. There was unmistakable horror in the wild, fascinated glance with which he gazed into her eyes—her eyes, full, translucent and changing, that clung helplessly to his.

"I am sure you will keep your word!" said Miss Cameron, in a low voice, after several fruitless minutes had passed away. Then she added, presently: "I will spare you the details, Mr. Dorchester; only let me have the outlines. I will wait patiently for time to fill in the sketch."

As she spoke, a change passed over the face of the seer. He covered his eyes with his hands, as though to shut out some sight of terror.

Alice Roulhac laid her soft hand pleadingly upon her friend's shoulder, and whisperingly entreated her not to insist further. But Miss Cameron put her friend's hand aside, without seeming to hear her.

"Does it most concern myself, or others, Mr. Dorchester?" she said—"this vision that afflicts you so. Am I to be a scourge to my friends, or to myself?"

With a determined effort of self-control, Mr. Dorchester recovered himself, and spoke in a natural tone.

"My vision to-night, Miss Cameron, forces me to disbelieve in the gift that hitherto has never deceived me. I must premise that no one can be more convinced of the frightful absurdity of this revelation than I am myself. But, since you still insist, you shall hear it. I foresee for you, Miss Cameron, neither a happy nor a common future. The best traits of your character—your steadfastness, your courage and generosity—will be made the instruments of your doom. It is your fate to blast two lives that are dear to you. You are to cause death and misery to two who love and trust you. You will mourn for ever the acts that fate fastens upon you. And that is not all, nor the worst. Miss Cameron, shall I proceed?"

At that question, and the tone of it, even Miss Fletcher ceased to smile. She murmured some caution beneath her breath.

"If you will be kind enough, I prefer to hear all," said Ada, quietly.

"Let it be so. Miss Cameron, your hand looks to me stained with that stain which all the rivers upon earth cannot wash clean. I cannot name the name which men will call you. And it is for my sake that they will call you so."

Nobody interrupted, for minutes, the silence that followed this extraordinary prediction. Ada Cameron presently whispered, with difficulty:

"Do you mean that my hands are to be guilty of your blood, Mr. Dorchester?"

"God forgive me! That is what I see in your eyes."

As he said these words (she afterward related), all the pleasant, homelike scene faded from around her. A vague, indescribable horror overwhelmed her. Her vision showed her a fair, sunlit landscape, shadowed softly by the mists of Autumn, that floated around a solitary figure. One moment she saw and knew him; the next the mist obscured his form—then passed again, and Mr. Dorchester lay dead before her, a thin red stream staining the grass.

A suppressed exclamation escaped Miss Cameron's pale lips, and the next moment she had swooned in Miss Fletcher's arms.

Others now saw the agitation of the group, and gathered hastily about them; but, finding cause enough in Miss Cameron's sudden indisposition, asked no questions. And, with a dozen restoratives, the young lady soon recovered consciousness, and with it her usual self-possession.

The next day, all this was matter for laughter and wonder amongst the three friends; and in a little while they thought no more of it all. Mr. Dorchester resumed in their eyes his ordinary character of pleasant gentleman and amiable friend; and his peculiar birth and pretensions, when they were recalled, were only mentioned to provoke a smile.

Growth, or lapse, however, is the law of all things earthly, and friendships wax or wane, as their relations change, as do all other things; and as the Summer days went by, these three friends grew more and more closely bound, through the peculiar circumstances which threw them more and more closely together. Different as were their characters—opposite as seemed the tastes of Ada Cameron, earnest and decided; of Cornelia Fletcher, light-hearted and cynical; and of Alice Roulhac, tender, timid and trustful—they yet found a keen and constant pleasure in the interchange of ideas at once so different and so well agreeing.

There was another change, too, not unnoticed by any of them, but unmentioned between them—for, in spite of their intimacy, they practiced that reserve which is the savor of all friendship.

Frederick Dorchester was no longer the friend, he was the lover, of Ada Cameron. Alice Roulhac was no longer the friend, but, timid and self-afraid, the lover of Frederick Dorchester.

Sitting alone, one afternoon, and thinking sorrowfully of these things, Ada Cameron reviewed the steps by which they had reached this pass. Self-sacrifice and self-blame were the impulses of her generous soul; and she searched her conduct, keenly and critically, to discover her wrong-doing—if she had done wrong.

Alice Roulhac was knit to her by a thousand ties, and pity doubled them all; and it is not too much to say that Miss Cameron preferred her friend's happiness to her own. And, alone with her fate this Autumn evening, she formed a plot to compass one at the expense of the other. She knew her own strength, and she knew the weakness of her friend. "I," she said to herself, half proudly and half sadly—"I am one of those who grow stronger through suffering. As the gladiators were fed on bitter fennel in the olden times, I should feed my soul on pain. The sacrifice that will strengthen me would kill her. I shall teach him to forget his passion for me, and to devote to her gentler spirit a more constant and perfect love."

I do not think she considered enough the temperament of the man whom she *might have* loved. Or, it may be that she had too great confidence in her power over him. Or, again—and most probable of all—she perhaps walked

merely in the path appointed for her, while she flattered herself that it was she only who said, "Thus far, and no further."

However, having reached her decision, her face and her heart grew calm. Only those to whom it is familiar know what a secret and keen pleasure dwells in self-sacrifice. Its light irradiated her face; she looked up with a smile that was absolutely beaming, as Cornelia Fletcher entered the room. Her expression was so unusual that Miss Fletcher stopped and gazed at her in surprise.

"My dear Ada, your face dazzles one! Have you been standing upon the Mount of a new Covenant?"

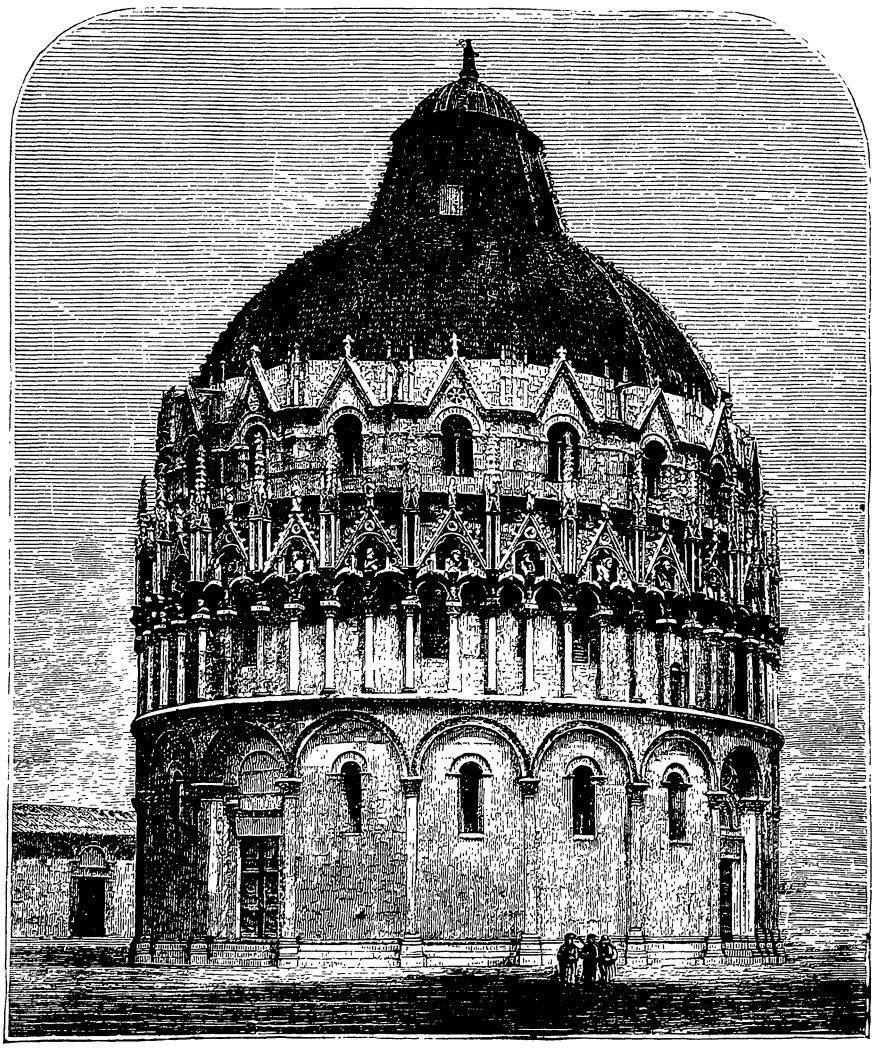
"I think it must be, because I am so happy," said Ada. "But 'I wist not that the skin of my face did shine.' Sit down, dear, and let us talk awhile."

Miss Fletcher seated herself as she was bidden, but the talk did not follow for some time. She regarded Ada with a curious air of apprehension. Finally she said, with an abruptness that was not disagreeable in her:

"I am sorry, Ada, that you *are* 'so happy.' I augur no good from it. I am apt to suspect unusual emotions."

"My dear Cornelia, what is it that you suspect?"

"I think that your happiness may mean the lifelong misery of that sweet, simple child, Alice Roulhac." Miss Fletcher's face flushed, half with the knowledge that a moment's impulse was undoing the work of months of discretion, half with a consciousness of the impossibility of restraining herself from further speech; for she continued, agitatedly, "Forgive me, dear Ada. I have no right—no one has a right—to ask you to sacrifice yourself for her. But this disappointment—poor, foolish child!—will go near to killing her. I could scourge myself for saying such things to you. I feel as if I were betraying you both. But I love you both, and I cannot endure to see either of you made wretched by the other. It is such a terrible complication! But, Ada, you have so much more strength than she."



THE BAPTISTERY, PISA.— SEE PAGE 464.

Miss Cameron's face was exceedingly beautiful, so heavenly was the smile with which she regarded her friend.

"You have no need to ask my forgiveness," she answered, gently. "I am greatly obliged to you for what you have said. You convince me that I am right. Alice shall never be made unhappy through me, dearest—that I have resolved."

They looked at each other in silence. In silence Miss Fletcher comprehended all the meaning of her friend. Tears sprang to her eyes. She leaned forward and kissed Miss Cameron, and the salute seemed almost to have a character of sanctity; for in it was sealed the promise and the recognition of the greatest sacrifice that one woman can make for another.

"I shall tell you now without fear what I came to tell you," said Miss Fletcher, presently. "Mr. Dorchester has called, and wishes to see you."

This interview proved to be all that Miss Fletcher had feared. Mr. Dorchester had come determined to speak, to make himself heard fully, and to know his fate decisively.

All this he accomplished. Yet even then he did not go. There was in his manner no apparent determination to insist upon his suit, no reproach, nor any violent despair; yet, seeing him, no one could have doubted that he was agitated by such a depth of emotion as few men are capable of feeling.

Miss Cameron also suffered. Of the two, she certainly betrayed uneasiness. But she was no longer a girl, and her nature was thoroughly well poised. She held herself in check, and, though pale and cold and tremulous, her words had been self-possessed, kind and decided.

Mr. Dorchester preserved for some time a silence that Miss Cameron would not break.

At last he rose to go, and came and took her hand—both of her hands in both of his—looking long and deeply into her eyes.

"You mean it all?" he asked, gently.

AMONGST SHADOWS.—"A SUPPRESSED EXCLAMATION ESCAPED MISS CAMERON'S PALE LIPS, AND THE NEXT MOMENT SHE HAD SWOONED IN MISS FLETCHER'S ARMS."—SEE PAGE 470.

Two tears rolled down Miss Cameron's cheeks.

"My friend, I mean it all, and all for your happiness and your good. One day you will comprehend, and forgive me. If Heaven is kind to me, you will even be grateful."

"You find in me nothing to love? I am quite incapable of touching your heart? Your soul makes no answer whatever to mine?"

"There is very much in you to love," Miss Cameron answered, with great difficulty, "and I see it plainly. But I see also that I do well to answer as I have answered you. I entreat you to spare us both further pain." She added this, feeling it impossible to sustain her present position quietly. "Tell me good-by. When we meet again, each will be calmer and happier."

"You speak truly," said Mr. Dorchester, with an expression that was almost a smile, it was so confident and so serene. Each will be calmer, and, I doubt not, happier."

But his face moved her to tears, despite its calm.

"My friend, forgive me," she said, almost unconsciously.

"At least," he added, presently, "you cannot forbid my worship. My love is my religion, and it shall never be debased to a meaner deity. Farewell, my love. May God eternally bless you!"

He stooped, kissed her on both cheeks, and left her.

When Miss Cameron reached her own room, she found it vacant. Miss Fletcher had understood that solitude would speak to her more wisely than could any human voice. With a heart-broken sob, and yet not at all unhappy, Ada Cameron sank upon her knees at her bedside. She murmured but one thought aloud:

"Forgive, O God, whatever has sprung from the human vanity of determination! Forgive me, and make him and make her happy!"

Let us also leave her.

October was now golden on the hills. Dreamy days of soft light and mellow mists glided along the land. And Mr. Dorchester came no more. Alice Roulhac, ignorant of what had been done for her, sat much alone, pale and patient, and wondered silently at his absence. The others awaited the healing of time, in the hope that it would make all things well.

At least, it wrought its usual changes.

The first sense of disquiet, of unrest and nameless fear, faded from Ada Cameron's heart. She believed fully, at last, that she had done right, and gradually she regained her old bright, steadfast cheerfulness; and, from the sense that she had at least helped her friend's sacrifice, Miss Fletcher was with her more constantly than ever.

One afternoon they sat together as usual, working and talking, or silent, as the mood pleased them. Miss Fletcher's head was bent down over her embroidery.

"Lilac is certainly your color, my dear," she said, continuing the irresistible subject upon which they had lighted. "That wonderful hair of yours looks almost divine, relieved by some of its tints——"

She raised her eyes, and stopped, looking in terror at the face of her friend—awfully changed since she had last glanced toward her.

Miss Cameron sat bolt upright before her, rigid as a cataleptic, and pallid as a corpse. Her eyes were distended, and fixed in unutterable horror. Her lifted right hand seemed to point toward the object that attracted this

frightful, stony stare. One word passed her motionless, livid lips. Miss Fletcher distinguished Mr. Dorchester's name.

This unaccountable and dreadful state did not long continue. Miss Cameron's appearance changed. A faint color gradually tinted her cheeks and lips, and her whole figure seemed somehow *to wilt*. She cowered, as it were, trembled violently, and her bosom shook with hysterical sobs.

Miss Fletcher recovered herself, and flew to her, clasping her in her arms.

"My dearest," she cried, tenderly, "what is it? What has happened? Ada, Ada! be yourself—command yourself! For Heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter with you?"

Miss Cameron's head sank upon her friend's shoulder, and how she wept with the helplessness and *abandon* of a child.

"You cannot understand my folly, I know," she sobbed. "But it was too horrible! Oh, God, how fearful it was!"

"What was fearful, Ada? Confide in me. I know you too well to fancy you foolish or weak. Trust me, darling. What was it?"

"You remember the night of Mr. Dorchester's prediction, Cornelia? Oh, it will kill me if it ever comes again!"

"I remember, dearest. If *what* ever comes again? Be calm, my Ada."

"I have told you what I saw that night. I saw it again. I saw it far more plainly," said Miss Cameron, trembling violently, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to command herself. "I saw him fall, bleeding and dying, and I saw my own hand plunge a dagger into his heart."

Miss Fletcher pressed her friend silently in her arms.

"My darling," she said, at last, "you are not well. I have seen it for weeks. You need change, and must have it. Your nerves have been taxed, of late—that, dearest, is the true explanation of this dreadful fancy. You must try to think so, and dismiss it utterly."

And thus she talked on, and partly humored Miss Cameron, and partly persuaded her, until she had won at least a qualified assent to her own views. No other, indeed, seemed possible. And Miss Cameron's native strength of mind, and her resolution, were very efficient aids to this explanation; and before the day had faded, she was again—at least in outward seeming—her quiet self.

It was the next day—the next afternoon—that gave to this a different meaning, that threw upon it that mysterious light which only confuses our gross apprehension of what we cannot understand. And it was Miss Fletcher herself who presented herself before Miss Cameron with awful tidings which she dared not trust to a less cautious tongue.

At her entrance Miss Cameron rose, and stood facing her. There was a terrible silence between them, and across the gulf of that silence they gazed into each other's eyes like images of death.

"Tell me all, my friend," said Ada, at last, in a quiet voice. "There can be no pain blacker than my thoughts."

"Ada, how shall I say what I have to say!"

"He is dead. I knew that he was dead."

"God be his Judge. Ada, he is dead. His own hand——"

"No, my friend. Mine was the hand that pointed the dagger to his breast. His was only the hand that held it. I saw it all."

"Oh, poor Ada! Oh, darling, don't look so!"

Miss Fletcher burst into tears; but Ada Cameron was as calm as marble.

A sudden wild scream behind them, full of mortal pain, disturbed their own anguish. Coming up the steps unseen, humming low the notes of a song unheard, Alice Roulhac had seen and heard all. She fell prone upon the floor, and these two lifted her to the bed, and knelt beside her.

It was true. Alone in the golden afternoon, he had offered his life on the altar of his worship. He had planted a sting in two hearts that time could not soothe, nor memory erase from its tablets.

But together they comforted each other, when the kindly flight of time had brought the days in which comfort was not a mockery, and each found that not in the gratification of our wishes, nor in the fulfillment of our own plans, is the secret of the content of life.

Alice Roulhac has loved again, and married. Ada Cameron will live single for his sake.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

A Sketch of the Celebrated House.

A short time after the battle of Jena, in which Napoleon broke down the armed opposition of Prussia, William I., Elector of Hesse-Cassel, flying through Frankfort, summoned to an audience a prominent banker of that city.

"I am one of those," he said, "who trusted to the faith of that faithless perjurer and enemy of his race, Napoleon Bonaparte. He promised to preserve my territory from violation, and to treat me as a neutral prince: he has forced me to fly from my own domain, has already seized it, is to obliterate it and make it a part of the Kingdom of Westphalia. I have with me about five millions. Take them; keep them in security until my rights are restored and recognized. How much interest will you allow me?"

"In the disturbances of the time," replied Mayer von Rothschild, "I can promise nothing. It must be a very low rate, if any. You will have to trust me to pay what I can, when I am able to afford it."

"Very well," replied the Elector; "my chief purpose is to secure them. From what I learn of you, I cannot do better than to trust you. I must bid you adieu."

Rothschild departed, received the Elector's treasure on deposit, was enabled to loan it and reloan to some advantage, but paid no interest on it for eight years; after which he paid two per cent. for nine years, and returned it to the Elector's son in 1823.

Such, at least according to the legend, is the origin of that wonderful house of Rothschild, whose existence and operation are surrounded with something of the mysteries and dazzling spectacular display found chiefly in fairy romances and Arabian Nights' tales.

During all the troubles of Europe in the early part of the century, Rothschild remained undisturbed. He negotiated two loans of four million dollars each for Denmark, which, contemptible now, were enormous then. A large wholesale "Yankee notions" or dry goods house might surpass them to-day. Mayer Rothschild had the faculty of turning all chances to good account.

Just before his death, in 1812, he called together his six sons—Nathan, Solomon, Anselme, Karl, Mayer, and James—and said to them:

"I want you to promise me on your solemn oaths always to remain united in carrying on the operations of our house."

They swore as he asked, but after his death separated—or, rather, they divided Europe between them. They established their houses at Paris, London, Frankfort, Vienna and Naples. Each one shared in the general operations of the house, but had individual supervision over his

particular field. It was not a central bank with different branches; there were five different houses, which, if occasion required, acted as one.

The Emperor of Austria ennobled all of them as if they were all the eldest, which is an Austrian custom. Their arms are five golden arrows. By a remarkable coincidence, an ancient writer predicted that Charon, who, according to the old myth, ferried people over the Styx, or River of Death, and who gets his pay from the passengers, would have a large income in the year 1855, and in that year Nathan, the eldest, and Solomon and Karl all died. Everybody expected, as each one dropped off, to learn at least the secrets of that enormous banking-house. But there was not the smallest chance to look into their big books. Another Rothschild stood ready to take them from the dead men's hands. The firm is a dynasty. You can learn from it only that it has a secret of making money.

One of the great strokes of the Rothschild house was made when Nathan, the London banker and an English citizen, followed close in the rear of Napoleon, in 1815, as if he foresaw the fall of that giant. The sun had not set on the battle of Waterloo before the banker was well on his way to London. He bought English consols, at that time very low in price. When London heard the great news, consols rose and Rothschild sold. This transaction was entirely Rothschild-like. In their transactions chance is eliminated as much, perhaps, as it is possible in human affairs. The conception of these grand schemes is clear and simple, however vast. The accomplishment alone is difficult, because it requires a rapid glance over the whole field, and large capital. But there is in them indications of genius. In most of these first great operations there is the peculiarity of Christopher Columbus's famous egg trick. Dollars, like soldiers, need to be hurled *en masse* and at once against a designated point. The Rothschilds, in this respect, have been the greatest captains of the century.

Capital has displaced men in the world of industry. Formerly a man was a producer or a negotiator, a borrower or a lender. Now, by the substitution of capital, he may be all of these at the same time. In Belgium and Spain the Rothschilds are producers of coal and quicksilver. By virtue of the railroads they own they are also carriers; to-day they will be the largest buyers, to-morrow the largest sellers, in Europe. Speculation is the fairy of the nineteenth century, and the Rothschilds are its god-sons. Life at the present day has been almost tripled in intensity. A man who dies at forty years of age has certainly lived more than centenarians of the seventeenth century.

Money no longer has a country. The Rothschilds would lend it to Belgium and to Holland when they were mutual enemies; to Austria and to Italy; to France and to Germany; to Antonelli or Victor Emmanuel. Though empires go down with a crash, the house of Rothschild remains unmoved. They furnish the money to make war; they furnish it to make peace. The conqueror owes them for his guns; the conquered owes them for his ransom.

Only once was there any disagreement known to have arisen between them. When Naples ceased to be a capital the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild removed his banking-house from that city, and demanded, in cash, his share of the common funds—fifteen millions. But, perhaps, recollecting the oath required by the founder of the house, the affair was arranged; and the different Rothschilds, in all times of confusion and trouble, have continued to utter the same distinct watchword of business, even as at night the clocks of large cities, regulated by one hand, strike the hours at the same moment.

When steam and electricity came into use, the former great strides of speculation were no longer possible. But the Rothschilds anticipated these inventions. The Baron James at Paris, it is said, hastened to seize and use these new levers, which otherwise would have destroyed him. He was the principal projector of the French railways, and is said to have wept tears of joy on sending the first telegram to San Francisco. He had calculated the difference in time between Paris and San Francisco, and knew that the answer would come during the day. He awaited it in feverish silence. It came at the hour he had calculated.

The Rothschilds are for the most part Jews. The tomb of the Paris family is opposite that of Rachel in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. An R is sculptured in relief on the white stone of the modest chapel. The inclosure in front is sown with pebbles. Every Jew who visits a grave leaves a stone.

The project of buying Palestine and reinstating the Jews has been attributed to the Rothschilds, but as they have never taken any steps toward it, it is probable that they either never thought of it or speedily abandoned it.

Many stories are told of their shrewdness, and while some of them are true, more are legendary.

One of the best known is that of the Paris banker, who, when two communists entered his bank and demanded that he share his property with them, gave them each a five-franc piece, and told them that was their share as near as he could calculate it.

It was a Rothschild, too, who, while playing cards, was much annoyed by another player, who stopped the game in order that he might find a piece of money that had fallen upon the carpet. Rothschild thereupon folded a bank-note, lit it, and held it for him, saying: "There, my good man, hurry up while I hold the light."

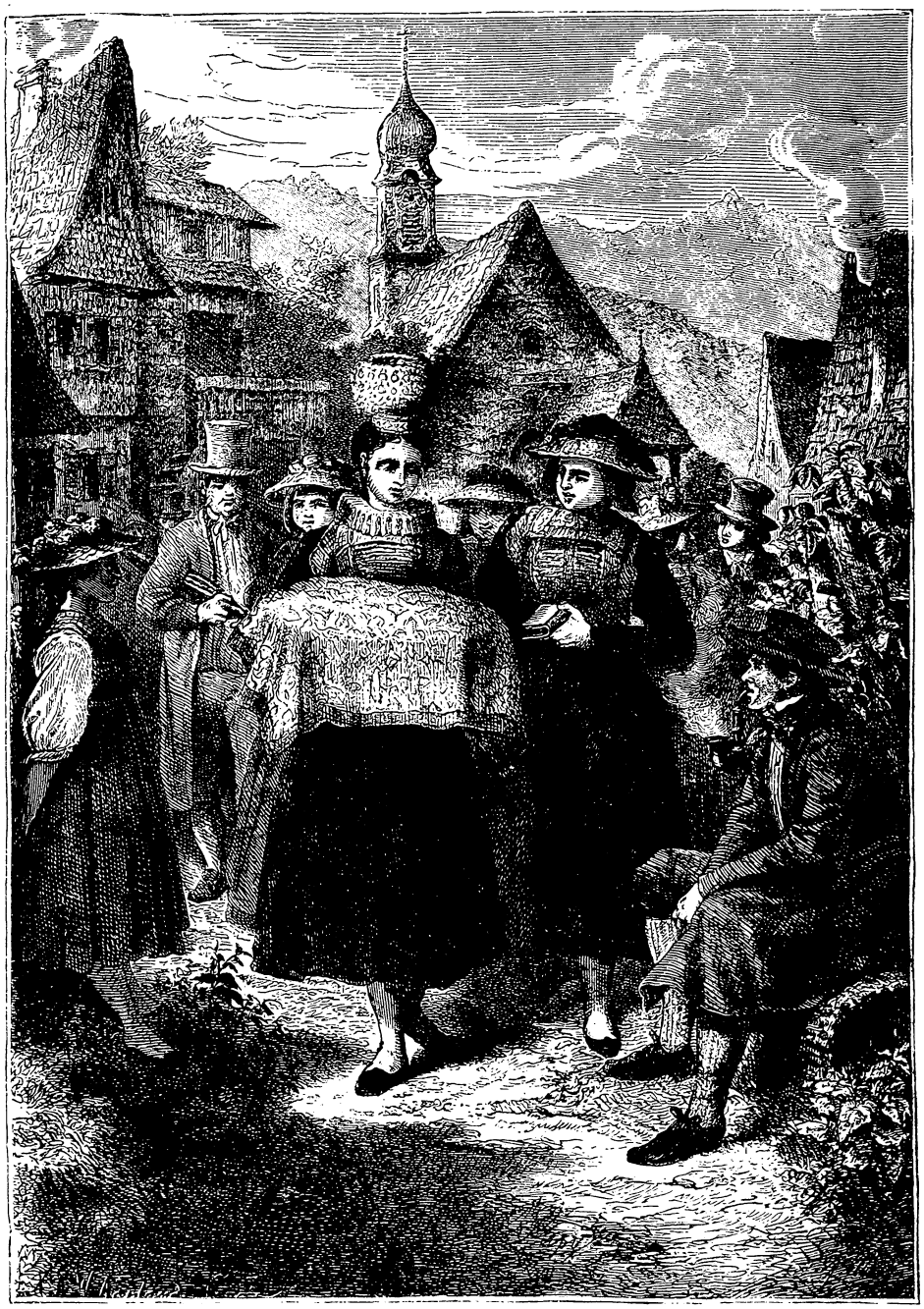
THE thistle, the dandelion and the cotton bush provide their seeds with long tufts of light hair, thin and hairy as gossamer, by which they are carried on the wings of the winds to bare spaces, away from the shadow of their plant, where they may root themselves successfully in the vacant soil. The maple, the ash and the pine supply their embryos with flattened wings, which serve them in like manner not less effectually. Both these we may classify as wind-dispersed seeds. A second set of plants have seed vessels which burst open explosively when ripe, and scatter their contents to a considerable distance. The balsam forms the commonest example in European gardens; but a well-known tropical tree, the sand box, displays the same peculiarity in a form which is most alarming, as its hard, dry capsules fly apart with the report of a pistol, and drive out the disk-shaped nuts within so forcibly as to make a blow on the cheek decidedly unpleasant. These we may designate as self-dispersed seeds. Yet a third class may be conveniently described as animal-dispersed, divisible once more into two sub-classes—the involuntary and the voluntarily aided. Of the former kind we have examples in those seeds which, like burs and cleavers, are covered with little hooks, by which they attach themselves to the fur or wool of passers-by. The latter, or voluntarily aided sort, are exemplified in fruits proper, the subject of our present investigation, such as apples, plums, peaches, cherries, haws and bramble berries. Every one of these plants is provided with hard and indigestible seeds, coated or surrounded by a soft, sweet, pulpy, perfumed, bright-colored and nutritious covering known as fruit. By all these means the plant allures birds or mammals to swallow and disperse its undigested seed, giving in as it were the pulpy covering as a reward to the animal for the service thus conferred.

SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.—BOYS COASTING.

SOCIAL HABITS AND CUSTOMS IN MIDDLE AND SOUTH GERMANY.

EACH nation has its own peculiar habits and customs, and sometimes different localities in the same country differ so much in their social peculiarities, as to almost compel the belief that they are not portions of the same nationality. This is especially so in Germany, and a traveler through that country would be very much amused and instructed in comparing the social habits and customs of the northern, middle, and southern portions of the German land.

It is only within the last decade that all Germany has been united under one central government. Before the Franco-German War, Germany was divided and split up into numerous petty kingdoms, dukedoms, and principalities. There were the kingdoms of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Hanover, the latter having been absorbed by Prussia and annexed to that kingdom in September, 1866; a large number of duchies and grand duchies, and smaller states, *ad libitum;* and each one of them has its own peculiar customs. One reason for this may be found in the fact, that the different portions have different origins, and the customs of centuries ago still are kept up.



GOING TO THE CHRISTENING, SAXONY.

An American traveler in Middle and South Germany, viewing the habits and customs of the people there from an American point of view, is impressed with a feeling that he has been suddenly transported several centuries back in the world's history and dropped in the Middle Ages. Everything to his eye appears antiquated and strange.

The bustle and ceaseless worry of the ordinary American life is strangely absent, and the quiet and old-fashioned ways which he meets affects him very peculiarly. The people seem to him to be walking anachronisms, belonging more to the fifteenth than to the nineteenth century; the houses are old, and very frequently he sees an old and half-ruined castle upon the summit of some hill, which turns his thoughts back to the days of chivalry, when knights fought with each other for a lady's smile, and the old barons in feudal days ruled the land with a rod of iron. The habits and customs of the German people are the legitimate outgrowth of the system of feudalism, but they are gradually becoming modified by the incoming of strangers and the intercourse, by the telegraph and the newspaper, with the rest of the world.

The large cities of Germany, such as Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Frankfort, all are now really cosmopolitan in their nature. The old and true German customs have either become changed, or been abrogated entirely in these places. The constant influx of foreigners has destroyed the primitive habits; but in the interior of the country, these old habits may still be witnessed.

The young German maiden of high degree would look with wonder and amazement at the American girls of her own age. She has been kept at home, close under the eyes of her parents, and as for receiving the visits of a young man, such a thing is unheard of. A virtuous young maiden may not be seen walking or riding with a young man unless she is accompanied by her father or brother, or is engaged to the one who accompanies her. And this engagement is always known, for it is a custom to make the betrothal public. Indeed, the betrothal is almost paramount to the wedding, and when a daughter of a family has accomplished her destiny in this wise, cards are sent to all the friends informing them of the fact, and the young couple are looked upon almost as man and wife. He is called the *brautigam*, or betrothed one, and as for her, her fate is sealed. If an engagement is by any possibility broken off, terrible is the scandal. It is almost as bad as is a divorce in America; nay, it is even worse than a divorce is in some of the Western States.

A bride must bring a dowry to her husband, be it large or small; and when a young maiden is so unfortunate as to be the daughter of parents too poor to give her a dowry, she may consider that her lot in this world is to be one of single-blessedness; and as the acme of human existence, from a feminine point of view, is marriage, one can readily see the doleful fate of such unfortunates as are unable to command a dowry. The natural result of this custom is illicit love; and it is no uncommon thing among the lower classes to find young maidens, otherwise estimable and virtuous, the mothers of one, and perhaps more than one, child. In the country villages this is frequently the case, and is looked upon with by no means as harsh an eye as in America. With us, one who is known to have wandered from the path of virtue is socially ostracised—an ostracism from which no subsequent course of rectitude can redeem her.

Marriage is considered in a far holier light than in America. In South Germany, which is principally Catholic, it is a sacrament, and the wife becomes—not, as with us, the simple companion of her husband, but—truly his helpmate. Whether she be high or low born, she takes the station in life of her husband, and henceforward is become a part of him and of his family. The further north, the less this is so, and in some parts of Saxony, which is about the middle, the wife and husband are about equal in regard to each other.

We often hear of breach of promise cases in America, but the plaintiff is always the lady. In Germany this is not always so, and the suits for breach of the betrothal are brought by the man as well as the woman. A journeyman once recovered one hundred thalers against a maiden who had broken her engagement with him.

Some of the marriage customs are very old. In Pfuelengen, in the Kingdom of Würtemberg, it is a custom on Christmas Eve for a number of young men and maidens to meet together, and, having blindfolded a goose, to set it free. Whoever it runs toward will be surely married during the coming year. This is called the marriage oracle.

Marriage customs greatly differ in the different localities. In the Swabian villages the happy pair walk to the church preceded by the priests and followed by the friends; while in the vicinity of the Spreewald the old custom of going to church by water, in a boat, prevails.

The age at which marriage may be made differs in various countries. In Thuringia the man must be twenty-four; the girl may marry at any age after her confirmation. The marriage is usually published by banns three times in the churches; but by paying an extra fee, the banns may be called once for all. Although the ceremony usually takes place in the church, still an extra fee will cause it to be held in a private house. Indeed, that extra fee is powerful in Germany, as elsewhere.

After marriage comes infancy and childhood, and throughout all Germany, North, Middle and South, the new-born babe is looked upon as a gift of God, and nothing is too good or too much for it. German parents are the most loving and indulgent of all parents.

When the young babe is about six weeks old, the christening takes place. In Thuringia it is a custom that any young woman or man who is newly confirmed must become sponsor to the child of the first poor person who asks him or her to do so. The sponsor pays the christening expenses, and presents a silver spoon to the child; and in Saxony it is customary for the sponsor to present a new suit of clothes to the child on the first Christmas after its birth. After the christening ceremony is over, the whole company goes to the sponsor's house, and an early evening meal is served. Friends are invited to this feast, and a good time is had.

The next event in the young child's life after the christening is the confirmation. This is a rite both in the Catholic and Lutheran creeds, and so prevails throughout nearly all Germany. It takes place anywhere between the ages of ten and fourteen, and is a very important event. If the young boy or girl is at school, the preparation is given by the schoolmaster, who is usually a priest or clergyman; if at home, the village pastor prepares the young child for the ceremony, by studies in the catechism and Bible. On the day of the ceremony the young girl is clad in white, with a confirmation vail falling from a green crown on her head. The young boy has an entire new suit of black, which is generally given to him by the one who was his sponsor at his christening. Thus attired, the young children march in procession from the schoolroom to the church, the girls and boys each by themselves, under the guidance of the teachers. In South Germany, where the Catholic religion prevails, the priests bless these young Christians; and after confirmation, they are prepared for their first communion.

German school life is very complete. The thoroughness of German education is proverbial. In every city and village there are several schools of all grades. The *kindergarten* is for the youngest scholars; then comes the village school, then the gymnasium, which is, not as its name might imply, a place for athletic development, but a high

school of academic instruction; and finally the university. A full course through all their schools would occupy from fifteen to twenty years. Of the universities—the highest type of colleges throughout the world—there are twenty-seven in Germany; and a careful computation reveals the fact that about one boy in every five hundred in Germany receives a collegiate education. The most celebrated universities are those of Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Munich, Heidelberg, Jena, and Leipsic. Since the war of 1870, Strasburg University must be added to these.

In the village schools, the instruction consists of almost everything, and music forms a part of the curriculum. One can always see the singing-master there, and often the violin and piano teachers. The result of this early and general instruction in music is seen in the fact that Germany furnishes the majority of the music and musicians of the world. In every German town there are singing societies. A very large quantity of music is written in Germany for the voice, and a particularly large proportion of that is for male voices. Male quartettes and choruses abound everywhere, and there is scarcely a single man in the whole German Empire but who knows some of these quartettes.

Every house and every beer-saloon possesses a piano, and in almost every city there is an opera season, which generally commences after the Easter holidays, and is always highly patronized and prosperous. Everybody attends. The rich have, of course, the best places, but there are places and prices suitable for the poor. In America opera is an expensive luxury. In Germany it is a necessity, and one may see the boys walking along the streets singing and whistling operatic airs—not picked up from some traveling organ-grinder, but learned from having heard them in the opera house.

The German *volkslieder*, or popular songs, are sung everywhere. Each petty State has its favorite air, some of which are exceedingly beautiful. Among those sung in Saxony and Bavaria, are "Muss i denn," and "O Tannenbaum." The latter is sung to the melody known to college students as "Lauriger Horatius," and which was so popular during our late war, as "Maryland, my Maryland." It has been beautifully translated by Longfellow (see his poem "The Hemlock Tree"). The majority of the German *volkslieder* are full of the sentiment of love, and the music almost invariably correctly interprets the meaning of the words. The authors of the most of them are unknown, but the melodies themselves live in the hearts of the people. Who was it that said, "Let me make the song of a people, and I care not who makes their laws?" He was a wise man, whoever he was, for the molding of national character depends, in a very great measure, upon these songs and ballads. The greatest German poets have written many such little songs—see the poems of Goethe and Schiller, for instance; they are full of them. Heine, Eichendorf, Rueckert, and indeed almost all of the poets have written many such poems, which are adapted to melodies and sung by everyone.

The love for and knowledge of these simple melodies permeates all classes. The driver of the postal wagon, which, in the small cities runs from the post-office to the railway-station, back and forth on the arrival and departure of almost every train, generally carries a bugle, which he blows upon leaving or arriving at the post-office; sometimes he blows simply a bugle call, at others, he plays some of the popular German melodies; and the writer has heard some of these beautiful little songs rendered very well indeed by this musical driver.

A country-town in America, however noisy it may be by day, is generally very quiet at night; but the small German cities are much quieter by day and much noisier by night. Many of these cities were fortified places in the Middle Ages, and the old watch-towers still exist. These are now often used for bell-towers, in addition to the church-bells. The writer has lain in his bed in a German country inn, and heard the hour struck on eleven different bells.

Many of the bells strike not only the hours, but also the quarters—one at the first, two at the half hour, three at the third, and four at the hour—upon a smaller bell, and then peal forth the hour upon a large one.

Through the streets of these same small cities, the night-watchman passes; at every hour he blows a horn—either a ram's horn or a cow's horn—and sings a verse of a popular song. Following is a translation of one of them:

10 P.M.

"Ten o'clock says yonder steeple,
Ten o'clock, worthy people.
Now say your prayers and go to bed—
The innocent have naught to dread;
The eye of Heaven is ever bright,
And watches you through all the night.

11 P.M.

"Eleven o'clock says yonder steeple,
Just eleven, worthy people.
Good folks who sit up working still,
And not at cards their time to kill,
I bid you now from labor rest—
When bedtime comes, then sleep is best.

12 M.

"Twelve o'clock says yonder steeple,
Twelve o'clock, worthy people.
If some there be whom sorrow keep
From sweet repose and healthful sleep,
On those may Heaven its peace bestow,
And may they wake relieved from woe.

1 A.M.

"One o'clock says yonder steeple,
Late for good and honest people.
If led by Satan's wiles astray
Some thief is on his wicked way,
I think it right to let him know
That Heaven looks down on deeds below.

2 A M.

"Two o'clock says yonder steeple,
Soundly sleep, happy people.
If any wicked wights there are
Who lie awake a prey to care;
Poor souls, their chance of sleep is gone,
I leave their care to Heaven alone.

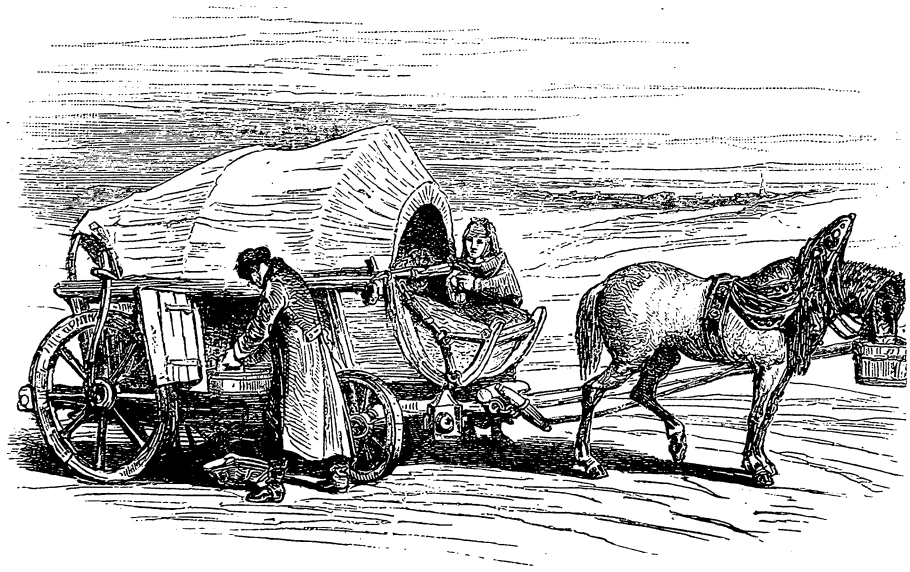
3 A.M.

"Three o'clock says yonder steeple,
Soon will day dawn, good people.
Let all who've passed a peaceful night
And lived to see the morning light,
Thank gracious Heaven, who gave you rest,
And go to work and do your best."

This little song gives but five hours for sleep, and the lower classes rarely get any more sleep than that. The peasants must be up early, to till the fields, milk the cows, get the farm produce to the markets; the women are employed in numberless ways. In Germany the women do as much hard work as the men, and work that would be scorned by the humblest and poorest of the women of this country. They sow the seed in the earth, they weed the plants, they dig, they follow the plow, they trudge along the highways to and from the market towns, carrying on their backs baskets of farm produce or bundles of wood or faggots; large tubs, sometimes filled with earth, water, grain or whatever else they may be in need of. The weight

is frequently so great that even men in America would hesitate before undertaking it.

These tubs and baskets are strapped on the back in a somewhat similar manner to a soldier's knapsack. The women trudge along cheerily and uncomplainingly, and seem to be happy. They are not troubled with the idea that it is men's work and not theirs, having been brought up to it.



A MARKET-WAGON ON ITS WAY TO TOWN.

When the farmer takes his produce to the market, he does not ride on his wagon himself, but walks along, placidly smoking his pipe. The wagons are all drawn—not by horses, nor yet by oxen, but—cows, yoked by the horns, with traces extending therefrom and attached to whiffletrees in a very similar manner to that in which horses are harnessed. The driver walks in front, with his whip in his hand, and when he wants his team to turn a corner, he takes hold of the pole himself and pulls it around, and the cows follow him. It is said that cows are more docile than oxen, and women, and even children, may often be seen driving them. Horses are comparatively few, and, although harnessed very similar to ours, with reins, etc., are mostly trained to mind the word. The driver usually walks by his team, whether his wagon be loaded or empty.

When the farmer has disposed of his load, he goes to the beer saloon, where he meets others of his occupation, and there they discuss any subject which may have the interest of the day. Everybody goes to the beer saloon. Beer is the universal drink for man, woman and child, and it is no uncommon thing to see the father, with his wife and children, in a beer saloon — the father with his newspaper, the mother with her sewing or knitting, and each with their mug or glass of beer.

A BASKET-SELLER.

In the morning, everybody attends to his business, and the beer shops are empty; but along about three o'clock they begin to fill up, and from then until evening one may be sure of meeting his acquaintances at one or the other of them. Men bring with them books, chess-boards and cards to these saloons, and there pleasantly pass away the time, reading, playing, smoking and drinking beer.

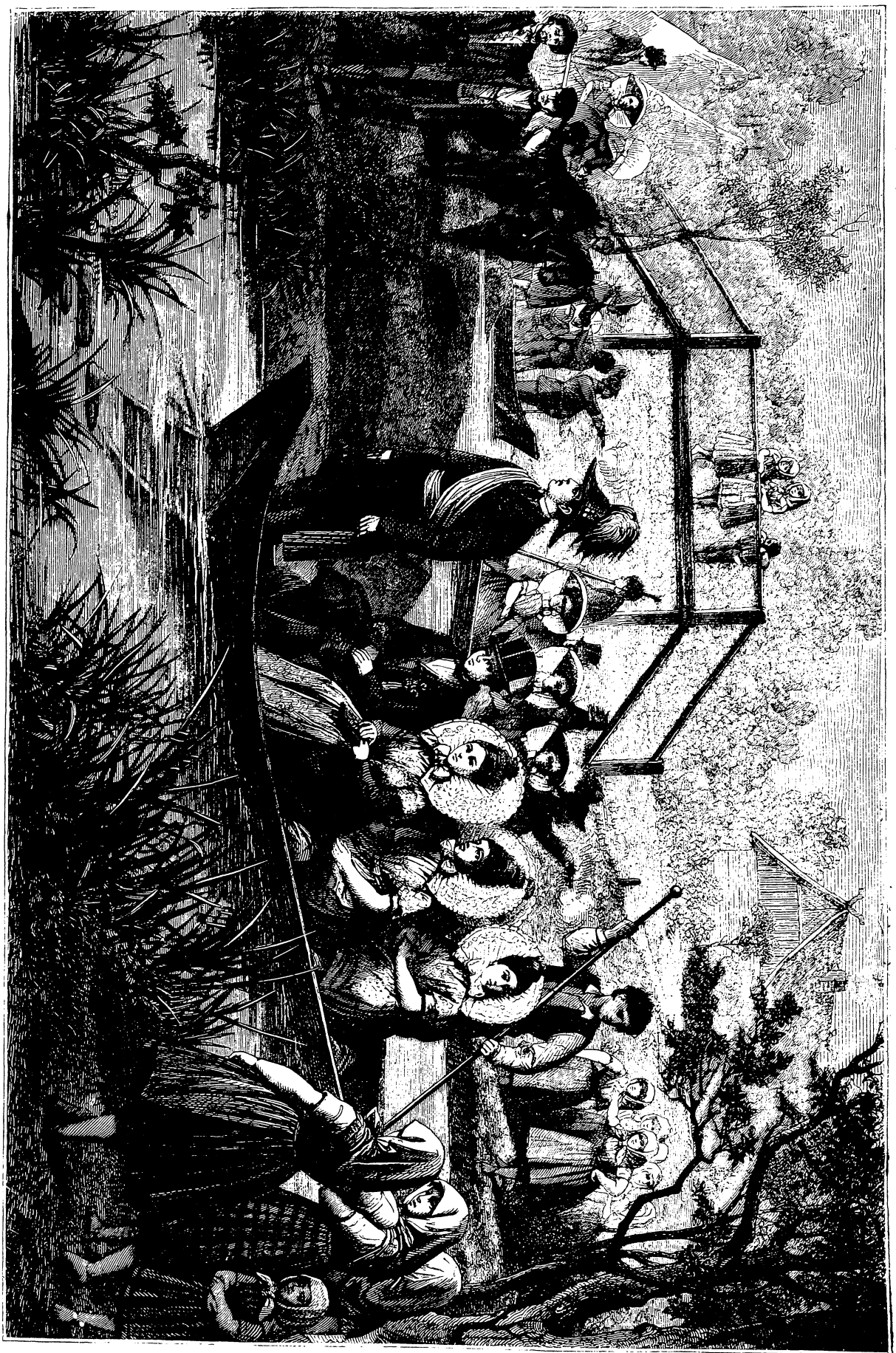
In addition to the numerous beer saloons, there are in almost every city in Germany concert saloons, where drinking, smoking and similar pleasures may be had, and at the same time good music be listened to? In some of these concert gardens, very fine orchestras may be heard. The gardens of Vienna are celebrated in this regard.

When the weather is fine, large numbers of people go out walking in the public gardens and parks, and there is scarcely any place in Germany, however small, which does not possess its public walks and gardens, where one may pleasantly while away an afternoon, walking about or sitting under some shady tree. To be out of doors as much as possible seems to be the rule, and, as a necessary consequence, the people are healthy and happy. Children grow up robust and hearty, and in this open-air existence lay the foundation of a hardy and healthy long life.

Among the higher classes, the women have a custom, which is somewhat analogous to the frequenting of beer saloons by the men, and perhaps originated as an offset to that habit. Although the women often go to the saloons, they are always attended by their husbands or brothers; but this custom is one in which the male portion of the family is rigidly excluded. They call them *kaffee-gesellschafts*, or coffee companies, and when a lady gives one she sends invitations to those of her friends whom she wishes to honor.

They generally assemble together at about three o'clock, sometimes bringing their sewing or knitting—for the German women are ever industrious—and sit pleasantly talking and drinking coffee and eating cake until about half-past six or seven o'clock; then, wishing each other their adieux, separate, and each goes to her own home. Men are under no circumstances permitted in the room, and there are known instances where the unfortunate *homo* was excluded even from the house during these sacred hours of feminine privacy. The women are very close-mouthed as to the subjects which are discussed in these meetings. Perhaps the

A STREET VENDER.



MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN SPREEWOLD, GERMANY.

fashions; perhaps they are match-making conclaves; perhaps they are—— but the imagination refuses to conceive what they may possibly be. The quantity of coffee which is drunk, however, and the cake which is eaten, is simply prodigious. The meetings are held perhaps once in a week or so, and a lady who has been invited to one feels herself bound to return the compliment by asking her friends to meet her at her own house. Those whom she invites reciprocate in a similar manner, and soon the meetings become very frequent; and whenever a wife announces to her husband that a *kaffee-gesellschaft* will be held at home that afternoon, he knows that he must either stay later at his business or meet his friends and talk politics in a beer saloon.

There is the greatest difference between the habits of eating in Germany and in America. There the great meal of the day is dinner, which is eaten about the middle of the day; and there is no such thing as breakfast, such as we have. When one arises in the morning he takes a cup of coffee and a roll, and starts out to his business or pleasure, as it may be; but about noon he sits down to his dinner of four (never less), five or six, and may be seven, courses, and makes up for his abstinence in the morning. After dinner he usually takes his cup of coffee and his cigar. Thus always an hour, and frequently longer, is occupied in dining.

The amusements of the German people are as many and various as those of other countries. The concert-garden, theatre and opera are always well patronized in the cities; but out in the villages and country towns, where these things cannot be, other sports take their place. The love of outdoor sports prevails throughout Germany, and, though particulars may differ, yet the same general characteristics are to be found all over the country. A special delight is taken in shooting, and in the various Kingdoms and States shooting societies and rifle-clubs abound; and this sport is so prevalent that Weber founded his opera "Der Freischütz" on the fortunes of a member of one of such bands.

In Bavaria a game called *hakeln* is very popular. This consists of drawing a line on the floor, and then two men locking their fingers together, each one endeavoring by sheer strength to draw his opponent over the line. These contests usually take place in a beer saloon, and the loser has to pay for the entertainment of his friends. *Stemmen* is the reverse of *hakeln*. In it the two clinched fists are put together, and each one strives to push, instead of pull, the other over the line. In the Tyrol a similar sport is practiced, with the difference that the contest takes place over a table, which is frequently upset in the struggles of the contestants.

"Tilting the bucket" is another favorite sport. A huge bucket filled with water is suspended from a cross-bar over the road. From one side of the bucket a board comes down, through which is a hole. The player rides in a dog-cart rapidly under the bucket, with a long wooden pole, which he endeavors to thrust through the hole as he passes under it. If he misses, he strikes the board with the pole, and tilts the bucket, emptying its contents over him.

Although the carnival is generally thought to be indigenous to Italy, yet it flourishes to a large extent in Germany, and there are several carnival associations. The season of the carnival is just previous to Lent.

Young girls, too, have their out-door amusements. In Baden and the Rhine provinces it is a frequent thing to see girls racing on stilts; and so expert are they in the use of stilts, that they rarely, if ever, fall.

In the Winter time, when the snow is on the ground, the boys of Germany are as fond of coasting as the boys of America are; but there is this essential difference—the German boy does not run any of the risks that his American brother does. Pleasure is pleasure to him, without needing to have the spice of danger added. Then, too, the German boy takes along his little brother or sister to enjoy the sport.

A curious custom, the necessity for which has long passed away, is still kept up in several places. This is the town-crier. When anything is to be made known to the people, the town-crier goes into the streets, rings a bell, and then makes his proclamation to the people, passes on, and repeats it in another part of the town. In some towns a bulletin board is put up on the market place, divided into two portions, headed, "*Verloren*," and "*Gefunden*" ("Lost," and "Found"), and on this board articles lost and found are advertised. The writer knows this to have been the case in a city in which a daily paper was published.

In this same city, the principal hotel furnished its guests with a bed, of which the feather bed was on top of the sleeper.

Sunday is regarded in a very different light in Germany from that in which Americans look at it. We consider it a day of abstinence from all secular work and amusement—they look upon it as a day of recreation and relaxation. The finest operas are given on Sunday evenings. The toil of the week is over, the mind is at rest concerning the things necessary to existence, and Sunday is given up to pleasure. The churches are generally well attended in the mornings, but in the afternoon and evening the people flock to the beer-gardens, the theatre and opera. Throughout Catholic Germany the season of Easter is kept with great particularity. On Good Friday services are also held in all the Lutheran churches; and all the stores are closed, and on Monday after Easter too, the stores are closed, and the day is celebrated as holy.

It is very touching to go through a German churchyard or cemetery. The graves are placed side by side—not laid out in lots, like our cemeteries, but the dead lie side by side, sleeping quietly. A most beautiful trait of German character is the affectionate remembrance of the dead. Some of the inscriptions on the tombstones read like poems in prose: "Here rests in peace, our never-to-be-forgotten ——." "In silence and hope, here waits ——." Very many of the graves are covered with flowers and evergreens; and those who are too poor to buy fresh flowers to decorate a grave with, adorn them with artificial ones. One might suppose that the graves of the recently buried were only thus adorned, but often those who have been long dead are thus affectionately remembered. The writer saw, in 1871, a tombstone which bore the date 1850, which was profusely covered with wreaths and crosses of real flowers and evergreens. It was the resting-place of a "beloved and unforgotten wife and mother." For over twenty years the grave of this "beloved and unforgotten wife and mother" had been kept green and beautiful by her affectionate husband and children.

There were many handsome monuments, and many covered over with boards, to protect them from the storms of Winter—they not yet having been taken down for the Summer. The nobility had mostly vaults, which were ranged along the walls of the graveyard, and the simple family name, with perhaps the armorial bearings and family motto inscribed on the door.

The dead-house stood off at one side. Everybody when he dies must be taken to the dead-house. There he lies until the day appointed for his funeral, with a bell-cord in his hand, so that, should he be alive and only in a trance,

the slightest movement would ring the bell and so make it known to the keeper, who is ever within hearing. Instances have several times occurred where this bell has been rung, and the person thus saved from a horrible fate.

J. R.

IT was beyond any doubt that, some eight or nine years since, when I was barely twenty-two, I was generally considered a deuced good-looking fellow. At any rate, the fairer half of my acquaintances were accustomed to say so. As for their thinking so or not, it is not for me to determine. It is true that Cousin Gregory always declared I owed their admiration more to the fact of the thirty thousand dollars of annual income left me by my deceased sire—of whom I have no particular or kindly remembrance, seeing that he was comfortably buried, with no end of funeral "fuss and feathers," when I was barely eight months old—rather than to my own personal appearance.

But then, you know, cousin Gregory is exceedingly plain and unprepossessing—indeed, some of his best friends call him ugly. So I think I may fairly set his adverse criticism down to jealousy.

Well, it is a little story of my first misadventure in what such tender young idiots as I was then, denominate the tender passion, that I am about to put upon paper. Perhaps I might have said that it had soured my life, and made me a confirmed old bachelor, unless—but I see no reason for entering upon private concerns at present, which certainly can neither interest my readers nor point any moral. Now, the facts which I am about to tell have a moral. The recital of them may be very useful to the younger male branches of the tree of "good society." Yes! "Good society!" I have always moved in it, and, upon my word, I think it a very comfortable section of life to move in, all things considered.

However, I feel that my reader must be yawning at my prosing so much before I begin.

He ought, therefore, to be informed that I am not, and never wish to become, a professional scribbler. In fact, I consider the whole fact of writing, and being paid for it at so much a line or column, as very low. Consequently, if I do on this occasion rush into print, why, hang it! it is "for this time only." So, having stated this, here goes.

SOME eight or nine years since, Jerome Rigby and myself were fast friends. He was a deuced fine-looking fellow, with a beard and mustache which I greatly envied, although I flatter myself I now grow a much finer crop of both of them than he did then. At any rate, Cæsar Jackson, the barber who attends to them, says that "they really is superb"—and I think he ought to know something about the matter. But then, Jerome Rigby was some ten or twelve years older than I was, and as I said he—no!—*I* was *his* fast friend.

This was how it all came about:

Somehow, it strikes me that I am getting on too fast. I ought to explain who and what he was.

He was not, by any means, remarkably well off. In fact, he had only twelve hundred dollars a year, although he generally contrived to enjoy much more than the pleasures such a sum could buy.

I have been told since by my cousin Gregory that this fact was entirely owing to such—well! I may as well use his own words—such well-to-do asses as myself. If so, on my honor, I don't much blame him. By Jove! only think what I should do if I had only twelve hundred dollars a year! I couldn't keep a fast team, and a thorough-bred saddle-horse, and a villa at Newport. Consequently, I should have to use such of these goods as my friends had, and I should be right, as he was.

J. R. dined with me whenever he had no other invitation. He breakfasted with me six mornings out of seven. He smoked my cigars, wore my Jouvin kids—his hands were the same size as my own—shared my cobblers and Cognac, and, in fact, treated me as if he owned me.

It was on one splendid September evening at the time I am writing about, that we were seated in my rooms at the Clarendon—a capital *suite* they were, too. I had not yet set up house, intending to—but, as I said before, there is no necessity for saying any more than what I start to say. So, I had not yet set up house, and we were seated in my dining-room at the Clarendon.

The waiter had just removed the cloth, and had left us a good bottle of Chambertin, asking when he should bring the coffee.

"We will ring, Ned, when we want it," replied J. R.

You see he did not even refer to me in the matter. But I was accustomed to his ways.

When the waiter had left the room and closed the door, he took a cigar from the box upon the buffet, and lit it.

Having done so, he offered me the box.

"Won't you smoke, my dear boy?"

It was a way J. R. had, of always calling me "his dear boy." I took a cigar and lit it.

For some few moments both of us puffed on in silence. I was stretched at full length upon the lounge, with one of my heels resting upon the back of it, considerably higher than my head. J. R. was in the easy chair.

After a time he again spoke:

"I tell you what it is, my dear boy, something is the matter with you."

I did not reply.

"Something is the matter with you, and I mean to know what it is. You know I am older than you, and my head—I wish it was my purse—shall always be at your service."

His head was at my service, very assuredly, some few months later. However, it is of no use anticipating my story.

"So tell me all about it. Have you been gambling!"

"Haven't you been with me every night, Jerome, for the last week?"

"Have you been betting, then?"

"How could I, without your knowing? What could *Damon* do, that *Pythias* didn't know?"

The names they had bestowed upon us at our club were *Damon* and *Pythias*.

"Then you must be ill?"

No answer.

"Or in love?"

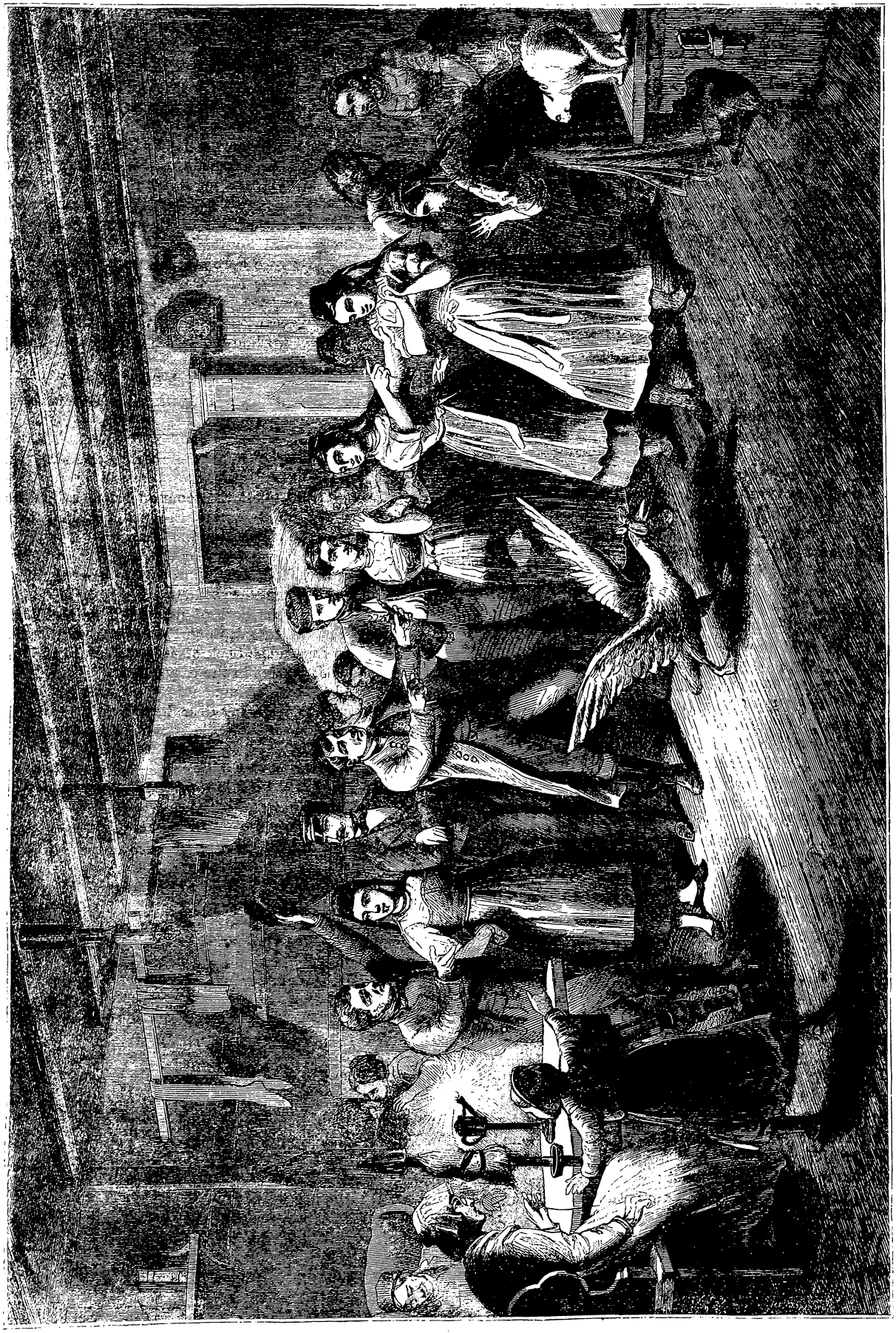
"Now," said I, jumping bolt upright upon the sofa, "I should very much like to know how you found that out. For I'm sure I kept my own counsel."

"Never mind how I discovered the secret," he replied, with his usual sardonic grin—the only thing I detested in him. "What is her name?"

"Little Kittie Herbert!" I replied, somewhat sullenly, for I scarcely liked either his tone or his sneer, when he spoke.

"How? Who?"

He seemed so thoroughly astonished, that I became more comfortable.



SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.—THE MARRIAGE ORACLE, OR CHRISTMAS EVE IN PFUELINGEN.— SEE PAGE 477.

"Miss Kate Herbert!" was my answer. "Is there anything wonderful in that?"

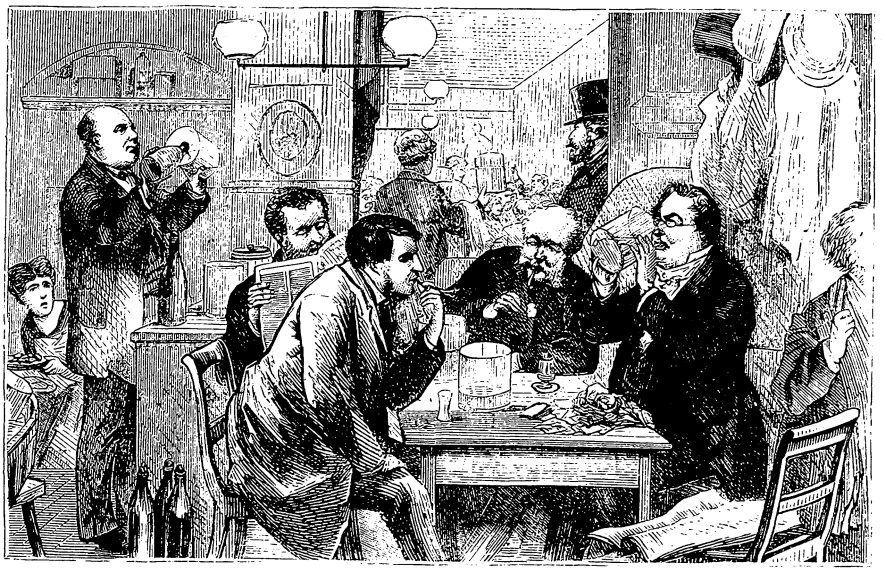
"She is so very young."

"More than fifteen," I said. "Besides, we knew each other when I was a boy and she was a little toddle; and old Herbert knows it, and was talking to me at the club about it, while you were playing *écarté* with Gus Trevor, and slapped me on the shoulder, and told me to 'go in and win'; and so I rather think it is all right."

"She will have a large fortune," observed J. R., abstractedly.

"A hundred thousand dollars whenever she marries, and twice or three times as much at the old gentleman's death."

SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.— A GERMAN CONCERT-GARDEN.— SEE PAGE 477.



A GERMAN BEER SALOON.

He again grinned sarcastically.

"You know she and her cousin have humbugged old Herbert into allowing them to make fools of their friends in some private theatricals, next Christmas, at the old boy's country-seat."

"May I ask what the play is the ladies have selected?"

"'Virginius.'"

"A tragedy!"

He might have been excused even for laughing when he said this. Much to my astonishment, however, he did not.

"Of course, Miss Herbert takes the part of *Virginia*. Are you to be *Virginius?*"

"No!" I said, indignantly. "I should rather think not. I'm going to be *Icilius*. I want

"You are in luck, my dear boy!"

"Yes! Pretty good!" was my answer.

"Then why on earth have you been so gloomy this evening?" he asked.

Then it all came out.

"You see she has written to me."

"Indeed!"

J. R. opened his eyes.

He had some reason to do so, as he generally saw, and read, too, for the matter of that, all my letters.

"Oh! you needn't stare so, Jerome! It was purely a letter of business. We haven't yet got so far as to correspond about anything else."

"Business!"

MARRIAGE IN A VILLAGE OF SWABIA.

to have some bigger donkey than myself in the affair. *Virginius* will do for him."

"But, my dear boy," said J. R., "sad as it may be for you to play even *Icilius*, it is some three months to Christmas yet. Be mournful when the time comes. Till then—"

"What do you mean, Mr. Rigby ?" I exclaimed.

"I thought you were melancholy on the score of your having to act."

"Not at all. I was simply thinking."

"What about ?"

"Why, you see, she has written to me to secure old Herbert a respectable stage-manager. She wants one to 'coach' her for it, and all that, you know."

J. R.'s eyes flashed for a moment, and then were quiet again.

"Well !" he said.

"It's a deuced difficult thing to know whom to select; for, hang me, if she hasn't placed the whole matter in my hands !"

"May I, my dear boy, recommend you some one ?"

"Of course you may, Jerome; and, by Jove ! I shall be a thousand times obliged to you," I replied, somewhat astonished that he should ask me such a question, when he saw the difficulty I was in.

"Then, allow me to offer myself."

"Your—self !"

"Yes, my dear boy."

"Why ! What on earth do you know about acting and stage-business ?"

"Some little. I acted in that very play when at college, and in several others. Indeed, but for my father's bitter opposition to the idea, I had at one time serious thoughts of going upon the stage."

"The deuce you had ! I'm very glad I spoke to you. Do you know the old gentleman ?"

"Slightly."

"That will do, then. I'll take you there to-morrow."

And so, as far as I and J. R. were concerned, all was settled. Nor, indeed, can I see, even now, what I did wrong in the matter, at all. Mr. Jerome Rigby was received in "good society"—that is, among men. At that time I had heard nothing of bills that could not be collected from him—did not know how he had "plucked" young Latham in Philadelphia, nor that, as my friends said afterward, he had made up his mind to "pluck" me. In fact, I would have bet "my pile" upon his being a gentleman and a man of honor; and when Heaven seemed to offer him, at that very moment, to get me out of a scrape, how the deuce was I to imagine that his intention was to get me into a far worse one ?

But what is the use of thinking about it any more ? Fate or the Deuce had settled the affair to their own liking. What has been done, is done. It is no use whining over the past. I was very sorry for it on little Kitty's account, as well as my own. It was a deuce of a shame for her father to visit it upon her, although he had certainly some right to kick up a row with me.

However, I am again anticipating my story.

Well ! I took J. R. to the old Herbert's house on the following day, and introduced him to Miss Herbert and her mother.

J. R. behaved in an exemplary fashion.

Hang me, if I would not positively have pawned my soul on his honor. However, I was then very young. At thirty, which is my age at present, one ought to be a little better judge of human nature than at twenty-two; and, considering that the old gentleman was a remarkably hale and sensible individual of fifty-seven, upon my word, I think he was a much greater fool than I was.

At all events everything, then, went lovely—or, at any rate, it seemed to do so.

Our study began. J. R. offered to play anything or everything. How it happened I can't take it upon myself to say, but somehow, he managed to get cast for the part of *Virginius*. *Appius* was allotted to Gus Trevor. Little Ned Harkaway and William Hopkins also had parts.

Full rehearsals were held once a week, after which we dined with the old gentleman, and punished his Green Seal and Burgundy considerably. Of course, the "coaching" myself and Kate Herbert took considerable more time at J. R.'s hands than he expected. He thought I was a quick pupil, but when alone with me, he deplored "little Kitty's" stupidity. The first time he called her by this very familiar title, I did not make any remark.

However, the second time he did so, I took him to task.

"My dear boy," he replied, "you call her so."

"But I intend to marry her."

"I forgot that," he said, with the same sardonic twinkle in his eye and curl of his lip I have previously commented upon. "I will endeavor to forget you have ever given her that endearing appellation."

When he said this, I got mad. Perhaps I should not have done so, had not Gus Trevor, on that very morning, cautioned me respecting the "plucking" process to which he and my other friends believed I was destined. Therefore I told J. R. a considerable bit of my mind. Perhaps I half hoped he would kick up a row with me, in which case I should—but we ought never to talk of what we should, yet haven't done; so I'll let that slide.

However, to my intense astonishment, the "considerable bit of my mind" had very decidedly a proper effect upon him—at least, it apparently had, for he actually offered me an ample apology.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "I most deeply regret my inadvertence. Must I say more ?"

By Jove ! as he said this, a tear actually seemed to be trembling in the corner of his eye.

He then told me that he had undertaken to have all the scenery for the play painted, and was going down with the scene-painter to Mr. Herbert's country-seat on the following day, to make arrangements with him.

I was partly ashamed of having got mad with him, in consequence of his handsome apology, and volunteered to accompany him; but this he would not hear of. "Stage-painters were such awful bores and such nuisances," he explained, that it was useless exposing myself to the annoyance of a day in a house where no preparations had been made to receive me. As I was glad to be excused, I took his apologies in good faith, and, hang it ! actually thanked him for being so unselfish.

When I called in the evening, however, upon the Herberts, and found that they, too, had gone down to their country-seat with two of their servants, and were to stop there for the whole night—little Kitty with them—then I grew mad in earnest. By Jove ! I swore like a perfect lunatic. Had I come across him then, I believe I would have horsewhipped him—and richly would J. R. have deserved it at the arm of his "dear boy."

When I returned to my hotel a note was waiting for me. The handwriting was his, and I at once tore it open. It ran thus:

"My Dear Boy—Come down at once by steamer. Mr. and Mrs., as well as Miss Herbert, are here, and intend stopping the night.

"Yours, J. R.

"Two o'clock, P. M."

Yes, it was a mistake ! I repented having sworn at him.

J. R. was a good fellow, after all, to think of me when he must have been in ever so much business with the scene-painter all day.

It was too late for the steamer. I looked at my Breguet. The hour at which the last train on the Hudson River Railroad left was already past. Once I thought of going to the depot and hiring a special engine. That, I thought, would be too "spooney." Then I went to the office of the Clarendon, and asked at what time the note came.

"Half an hour since, by a special messenger, sir," said the clerk, looking up oddly at me.

"And the scoundrel took seven hours to bring it!" I said.

"It is a wonder he brought it, sir, at all."

"Why, pray?"

"He was so drunk he could scarcely speak."

"Drunk!"

"Yes, sir. He said the gentleman had given him ten dollars to insure its delivery."

"It was too deuced kind of him," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "The money," I muttered, "must have come from old Herbert. J. R. is never so very liberal."

So I walked off to Chamberlain's, in Twenty-fifth Street, and played faro to reconcile myself to my disappointment. The loss of some four hundred dollars, and drinking a considerable quantity of champagne, pacified my feelings. I was enabled to sleep soundly on my return to the Clarendon, about four o'clock A.M., and was woke up a little after midday by J. R.

He was apologetic to a profusion—that, by Jove! ought to have made me suspect him. But, you know, I really liked the scamp. Besides, I was only twenty-two. Had I been as old as I am now, I don't think I should quite so fully have—yet, as I have previously said, it is no use speculating on the possibility of having acted differently. How the deuce can any one tell anything about what he would do, supposing the moon were really made of green cheese? I might have believed him just the same, in spite of maturity, and been just as big an idiot, although I don't really think I just should.

Well, old Herbert had put the whole matter of having the scenery painted in his hands, and he afterward told me—J. R. didn't say a single word about the transaction—it was to cost two thousand dollars.

What two born idiots I and the old boy must have been! Don't you think so?

It seemed to me a little—just a little—queer, that about this time I could never get any opportunity of saying a single word alone to Kate. It appeared almost as if she didn't want to talk to me. I mentioned this to J. R.

"Oh, my dear boy! you must be mistaken," was his answer.

Deuce take it! he shook his head so gravely, that if I hadn't been as blind as a bat I must have guessed or known that something was up. Somehow, we are all the same—what we don't wish to see, we won't choose to see; and so I wouldn't see what I ought to.

Things went on pretty much in this way until some three weeks before Christmas. Then the old lady—Mrs. Herbert, of course—thought it high time to send out the invitations. On this momentous subject she called me in, and J. R. was left out in the cold.

Of course Miss Kitty wrote the notes, after due consultation with her two proprietors had decided upon the names. I folded and sealed them. You must remember that this occurred some years ago, before such affairs had grown used to steel-plates and the graver's tool.

I had the chance of being occasionally alone with her, and determined upon using it.

One afternoon we were sitting in the Herberts' drawing-room, engaged in this somewhat monotonous, yet charming, occupation, and I had just burnt my dexter thumb with the sealing-wax, which caused me—*sotto voce*, be it understood—to utter a rather profane exclamation, and little Kitty to look up in wonder. Naturally enough, she did not exactly understand, you see, what led to it.

Then I took heart of grace.

"I have just burnt my finger, Miss Kate," I said, extending to her that unfortunate digit.

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

As she uttered this, she pursed up her charming lips in such a delicate and cherry-like oval that, on my honor, I was half tempted to snatch a kiss from them. And deuced glad am I that I didn't do so. If I had, she could, with some justice, have argued that the whole matter was my fault.

"But what, my dear Miss Kate, is a drop of melted sealing-wax upon my finger, even if it should cause a blister, when compared with the scorching of my heart, which burns like the lava at the bottom of Etna, or Stromboli, or the volcano in Honolulu?"

Now, I really think this was very pretty and very effective; but, hang it! if she didn't burst out into a merry peal of laughter, which acted on my feelings much in the manner that a wet blanket would upon a fire.

"Nonsense!" she replied, as it appeared to me, in a hurry, and perhaps a little confusion, after she had done laughing; "we have business to attend to, Bob." She had always called me "Bob," since the first time she could speak a dozen words; and, although it was not particularly respectful, I must own I rather liked it. "There are two dozen more notes to write, seal and direct."

"But I must really tell you——" I began.

"Not till after Christmas."

She looked mockingly in my face, and shook her white forefinger under my very nose, in the most bewitchingly seductive manner. Deuce take it! I could almost have bitten it off.

"Oh, Kitty——" I broke in again.

"Miss Kate Herbert, sir!" she said; cutting me short in the coldest tone you can imagine.

Upon my soul! I felt as if a stream of iced water was being poured down my back.

The little chit saw her power. She used it, too, and I was sufficient of a born donkey not to understand her reasons for doing so.

"You see, my good Bob," she continued, in quite another accent to that she had before employed, "business before pleasure. I shall be actually delighted to talk with you about Honolulu or Stromboli as soon as we have laid 'Virginius' upon the shelf."

"I only wish he was there now."

"He very soon will be," she replied.

And so we went to work again, scribbling—yet, I must confess, Kitty Herbert wrote a beautiful hand—folding, sealing and directing, until, what with burning my fingers with the wax, and folding the letters, I was so deucedly worn out, that if it had been the old boy, instead of little Kitty, I had been assisting, I should have sworn like any Trojan, or, what is worse, a regular Britisher.

That evening, however—I dined at the house—I told her paternity what had passed after dinner, just as he had ordered up a bottle of some prime Madeira he had in his cellar—a deuced sight better than any hotel wine that they charge you eighteen dollars for. It is needless to say that when I did so the two ladies had left the table.

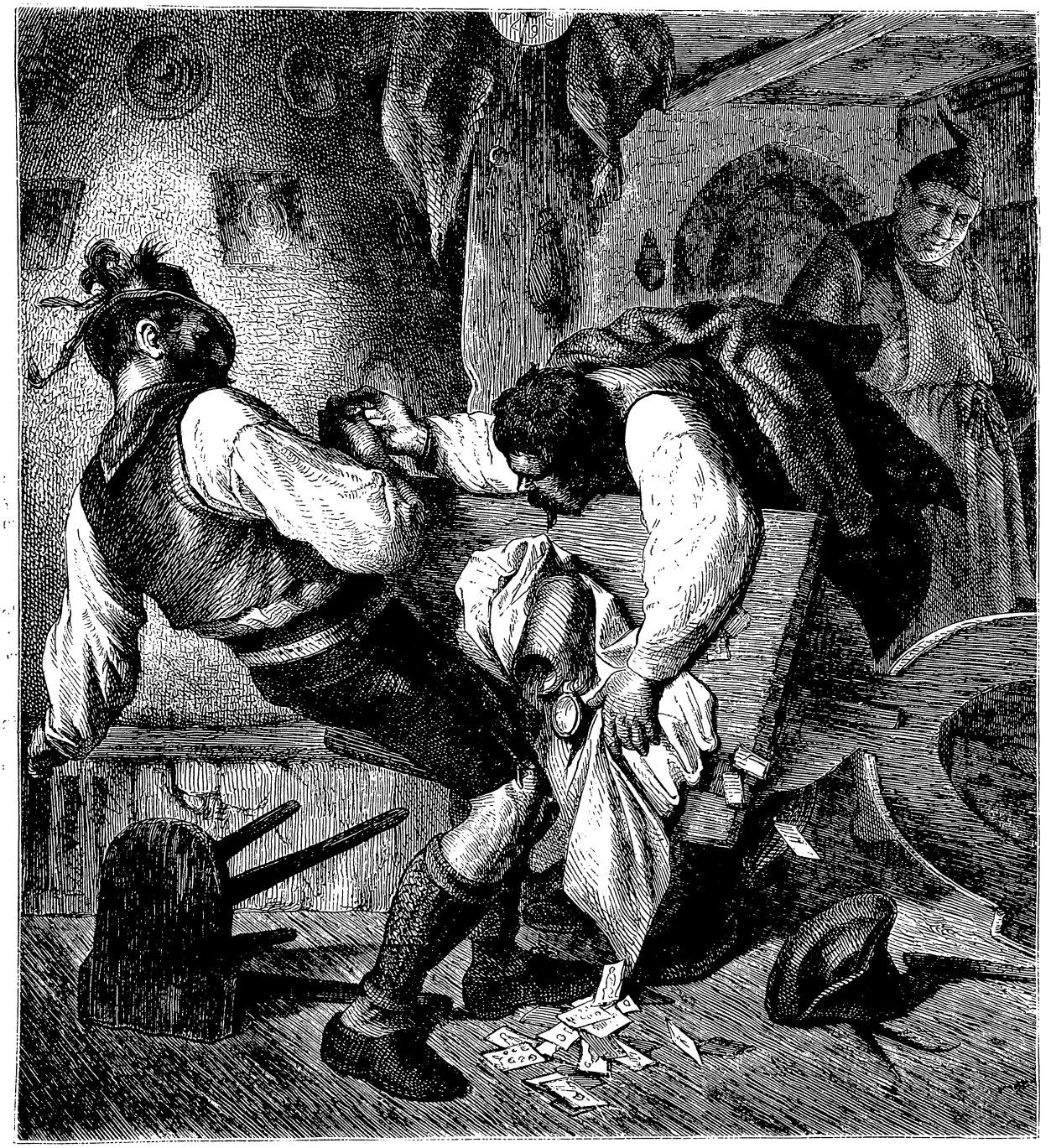
"I'm uncommonly glad to hear it, my dear young friend. You know she is a little skittish, and I was beginning to

be afraid—— However, if you are to talk it over when this cursed 'Virginius' is done with, it's all right."

"But, Mr. Herbert, what were you afraid of?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all, my lad."

After which he filled his glass, and drank me and Kitty all sorts of happiness, and then we finished the bottle between us.



SOCIAL HABITS OF GERMANY.— A TYROLESE FINGER DUEL.— SEE PAGE 477.

THE company—I suppose I should say the amateur company who were to perform upon Christmas Eve the play of "Virginius," and not the spectators—had gathered together at the old gentleman's country-seat, some four days before the evening in which they were to show their friends and acquaintances what thorough jackasses men and women—no! this sentence is very much muddled; a woman couldn't very well be a jackass—what thorough donkeys men and women can make of themselves. However, I don't know.

I am sure Gus Trevor would have acted as badly as I should.

Justice ought, nevertheless, to be done to J. R. and little Kitty. The scamp did know something about the stage, and, thanks to him—in this case, at any rate—the girl would have acted pretty finely. So I oughtn't to consider us all as "muffs," in the respect of attempting what we couldn't carry out.

It was the night after our arrival.

This day we had dined early, and were to have a dress rehearsal at night—the last rehearsal but one before the performance.

The old gentleman had that morning appeared to me to

J. R.—"'BUT WHO WILL GIVE YOU THE SOUNDEST THRASHING YOU EVER HAD IN YOUR LIFE, YOU RASCAL!' I SHOUTED, LEAPING BETWEEN THEM AND CATCHING HIM BY THE MANTLE."— SEE PAGE 483.

be somewhat uncomfortable in mind, and had seemed to keep his eye pretty constantly upon J. R. What for, I couldn't tell. I only know that it annoyed me to see the paternal Herbert looking so sharply after him. Hang it all! He could very certainly scarcely imagine that any friend I had introduced within his doors could by any chance be after either his spoons or his plate.

Nevertheless, I didn't bother myself much about this.

To tell the truth, that little duck, Kitty Herbert, looked very delightfully unclassical.

This was in spite of her being undeniably garbed in the classical attire of the modern stage. Her deliciously tiny feet were soled and sandaled by one of the best ladies' French shoemakers in all New York. Her *pallium*—isn't that the right word for it?—fell over her shoulders, gently swelling along one of the most gracefully rounded virginal bodies to be met with between Long Island and the Golden Gate. By Jove! she was, in every respect, a "stunner."

I told her so

When I did, she blushed.

Wouldn't any man have been justified in taking that blush for a good omen? Wouldn't Gus Trevor have done so? Just you bet that he would! Wouldn't J. R., the scoundrel? Deuce take it! as I approach the catastrophe of this matter-of-fact account, if I don't feel in a rage again—a pretty tall and considerable rage. This, too, although I am going to be—my reader has nothing to do with my future. It is enough to say that I have written myself into a deuce of a fury.

We had just finished the Third Act, and Mrs. Herbert and her lady's-maid, as well as the lady's-maid of Miss Kate, had bestowed upon the whole of us the most satisfactory and undiscriminating applause possible, for I played, as I frankly acknowledge, like a calf, and Gus Trevor—who had been talking with me only a week before as to whether he would lose *caste* or not if he took to the stage—acted like a pig. The old Herbert alone applauded nothing. I felt convinced that he had been "riled" about something, and so he was.

My turn was to come next.

The curtain had been down for some four or five minutes, and I and Gus Trevor, whose throats had become somewhat parched by so much tongue exercise, had gone to the pantry, where we knew the old gentleman had ordered his butler to place some capital rye, in case any of us might require moistening his mouth. Let me own up. I had complimented Gus, and Gus had complimented me—each knowing how much each lied, yet swallowing the whole of it, along with the rye.

When we had swallowed, Gus turned and looked me full in the face.

"I am going to my room," he said.

"So, I think, I will, too, and wait for my call."

"Don't be a fool!" he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"Go and look after your friend."

"What friend?"

"Great heaven, Bob! Don't be so stupid! Who can it be but Mr. Rigby?"

Then he was gone, passing the door of the back drawing-room which had been fitted up for our stage, and singing at the top of his voice—it was a fairish baritone—an air from *Rigoletto*. Upon my soul, I don't know how it was, but I stepped after him very quickly, and looked into the room, through the crack of the door. I was unable to see anybody, nor did I hear anything. The next minute, however, I did hear one voice. It proceeded from the corner of the room close to the door. Let me candidly say that I listened! Neither am I ashamed to own it. You would have done so, too, if you had loved the only Kitty in that house, and you had heard the voice of a man who had breakfasted, dined and wined on you, and used your tailor, hatter and bootmaker for more than two years, saying:

"My darling Kitty!"

Yes—these were the exact words!

"My darling Kitty—my little darling! your father is determined that you shall marry that lout, Bob Dacres."

What do you think of that?

"But I won't, dear Jerome!" was the reply.

When she said this, I heard one of her little sandals stamp upon the green baize which had replaced the carpet.

"Look here, Kitty!" he said; "there is but one way of outmanœuvring them, and saving me from a lifelong despair or my own pistol-bullet."

When I heard this I could scarcely refrain from laughing, boiling over as I was with rage, but I heard the poor little chit tremble.

"No—no, Jerome! For my sake you must not!"

"I will not, Kitty, if you promise to run away with me, immediately after the performance is over, and become my wife"

"Oh, I dare not!"

"Then you will stay, and marry such an egregious dolt as Bob Dacres—a fool, who can't go an inch without leading-strings; a numbskull, whose brain is fashioned by his tailor, and whose whole stock of heart resides in his stomach!"

"But who will give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life, you rascal!" I shouted, leaping between them, and catching him by the mantle.

One little scream was heard.

Kitty Herbert looked at J. R. and myself for a moment, and then, being quick-witted, and knowing what a blazing fury her paternal proprietor would get into when he heard of the matter, decided upon the best thing she could do.

She ran away.

Then J. R. jerked himself from me, leaving his mantle in my grasp. I think he would have run away, too, had he not, just at the minute, received a very neat facer from my left—the blow had been taught me by Ned Price—which knocked out two of his front teeth, and floored him.

"Get up, you infernal rascal, and take the rest of your whipping like a man!" I roared out in my fury.

"Don't make quite so much noise, my good young friend!"

It was the old gentleman's voice.

I looked round, and there stood the father of little Kitty!

Feeling that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in commencing to thrash a man in his drawing-room, and that the Lares and Penates of the Herberts might not irrationally feel hurt at my violence, I commenced an explanation.

"There is not the slightest need of any apology, Bob!" said old Herbert. "I heard as much, or more, than you did. Get up, you cur!" he continued, touching the prostrate form of J. R.—not altogether gently, it must be owned—with the toe of his patent-leather boot. "Mr. Dacres shall not touch you again."

J. R. arose, white and livid. He looked really awful. Not in a rage, but completely wilted.

"Now go to your room," added the old gentleman.

At this moment Mrs. Herbert appeared upon the scene.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked of her husband.

"Go to Kitty, and she will tell you."

Then he laid his hand on her arm and whispered something, of which all I heard was, "under lock and key"; after which Mrs. Herbert retired.

The old gentleman turned to the place where J. R. had been standing, as I did. To our intense astonishment, no J. R. was there! While our attention had been engaged by the lady, he had quitted the room.

Gus Trevor was with us, and two or three of the others.

"I will go, too——" I commenced.

"No, you won't!" said old Herbert, cutting me short very decidedly. "Gentlemen," he said, in a curt but remarkably kind way, "the illness of my daughter—a very sudden one—will compel me to suspend our entertainment. A house with sickness in it is very dangerous. I fear she has been seized with typhoid fever."

"Good Heaven! I hope not," said one.

"How singular!" observed another.

All of them made some observation except Gus Trevor; and then, with a profusion of regret, and a very undoubted expression of terror and an apparent determination to run away as soon as possible—one by one they quitted the stage. The last had scarcely gone, when Gus Trevor came up to us.

"It may be presumed you wouldn't allow me to stand in the shoes of the absquatulated 'Virginius,' Mr. Herbert; and so I won't ask it. But can I be of any use?"

"You can, Mr. Trevor. If you would be kind enough to see Mr. Jerome Rigby, and request him to leave my house as soon as possible, you will confer an additional favor upon me. Be kind enough also to intimate to him that I shall be obliged to him to inclose me the receipts for the scenery."

"Certainly, Mr. Herbert."

I was about to accompany him, but the paternal proprietor of little Kitty laid a determined hand upon my arm.

"Tell him, Gus," I cried out, "that he knows where to find me!"

"Mr. Trevor will tell Mr. Rigby no such thing! You forget, my dear Bob, how seriously your meeting him would compromise the little perversity—my Kitty."

I certainly had not thought of that.

"My good boy!" continued old Herbert, with a very perceptible quaver in his voice, "this affair causes me a very serious sorrow. I had long made up my mind to have you for my son-in-law. I suppose there is no chance of it now."

What answer could I make him? Had I not known little Kitty's patience under all J. R.'s slanders uttered against me, I might, perhaps—however, what use is there in counting possibilities which have not happened? So I said nothing.

"Very well!" he went on. "You know it was partly your fault. You brought him into our family circle."

It was impossible to deny this, and I felt exceedingly sheepish, and colored as the old gentleman said it.

"If it is any comfort to you, nevertheless, I have been as stupid as you are. I wouldn't mind wagering heavily that the rascal hasn't paid a single bill for the scenery, and will pot those two thousand dollars to pay in part for his failure. Good-night, Bob," he said, squeezing my hand. "Only see if I am not right!"

He was so. J. R. bolted somewhere or other, and left the old man all the bills to pay.

I never heard from him in any shape, way or fashion.

Three years after, Gus Trevor made little Kitty Herbert Mrs. Trevor. It was a great catch for him. He laid pipe for it, and, upon my honor, I think he laid it deuced well.

For one year, however, I knew that the willful little witch had been kept "under lock and key."

THE ICE-SEA.

DR. HAYES, in his sketch, "What a Snow-flake May Come to," says: "Now it must be borne in mind that an ice-sea, such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass like water. What is it but hardened water?

"Take the better known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration; there we find the *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valley on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are ice-streams, for they flow downward through the valleys, and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, discharges itself—thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice-streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain-snows of the Alps would gather at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law, for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower.

"An ice-stream is, therefore, in effect, a river, and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea, as a real river, and not an ice-river; the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being the *rate*.

"The ice molds itself to its bed as the river does. When the bed is wide, it expands; when the bed is narrow, it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along and becomes shoal. An ice-stream, like a river, has, therefore, its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak), and its smooth, steady, ever-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from the neighboring crags by the frost) as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and other light materials.

"Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface, and the quantity of mountain-ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent, as we have seen, is, in effect, covered with an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

"There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, meets no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the heads of the deep *fiords*.

"Thus the sea takes the place of the air in the melting process, but not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of a Greenland ice stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current. This mass is the iceberg.

"Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain snows to their natural home in the sea."

THE only way to make a friend is to be one.

THOMAS MOORE.

TWENTY-SIX years have passed since the flickering light of Moore's genius went out in darkness in his cozy cottage at Sloperton. It had burned dimly for several years, carefully watched by his good wife, Bess, who outlived the little man she had loved so long and well. They had been very happy together—he in London and Paris, she at Sloperton, Mayfield, Marly and elsewhere in France and England—and they had been very wretched together, for they had seen their children perish, one after the other—their eldest son, if I remember rightly, by a violent death.

What rank Moore will hold with posterity, can be determined only by that august personage, who will make and unmake reputations at her sovereign pleasure; the rank he held among his contemporaries has been determined by them, and their verdicts are recorded in many volumes. No one, not even his enemies (and he had scores of them), questioned his amazing talent as a writer of *vers de société*, whether the society was that of high-born ladies and gentlemen, that of politicians and tuft-hunters, that of the pretentious ancestors of our Potiphars and Shoddies—the Fudges and their followers, or that of the great pugilistic arena, wherein such gladiators as Jackson and Cribb struggled for honor and supremacy. He was widely known in England and America as a translator of Anacreon, and disreputably known as a scribbler of amatory verses, which he published under a diminutive pen-name. He was everywhere, and gloriously, known as a singer of Irish melodies, which still have a charm for the warm and impressionable hearts of his volatile countrymen and fair countrywomen. Mr. Thomas Moore, the grocer's son, of Dublin, was a great little man in the morning of the present century. So, at least, thought a young gentleman of twenty, who had been cruelly flogged by the pedagogue of the *Edinburgh Review* for a volume of schoolboy rhymes, and who turned in his natural indignation, and ran a muck at his fellow-singers and unneighborly professors of the ungentle craft. Hear this noble lay preacher:

> "Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
> Of virgins melting—not to Vesta's fire,
> With sparkling eyes, and cheeks by passion flushed,
> Strikes his wild lyre, while listening dames are hushed?
> 'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
> As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
> Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
> Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
> Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
> From grosser incense with disgust she turns;
> Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
> She bids thee 'mend thy line, and sin no more.'"

THOMAS MOORE.

This was written in the Spring of 1808, as near as I can make out, in London, at Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, where Lord Byron was stopping, and estopping the flow of Scotch criticism. Twelve years later he wrote to Moore from Italy, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done or sung has been owing to that confounded book of yours!"

That Byron and Moore became friends, everybody knows; and that Byron was epigrammatic at the expense of all his friends, everybody knows also. Moore wrote a comic opera, "M. P., or the Blue Stocking," which was produced at the Lyceum Theatre in the Autumn of 1811, apparently without much success. Moore was anxious about the criticism he might receive, and wrote to Leigh Hunt, who was then the editor of the *Examiner*: "If the child's plea, 'I'll never do so again,' could soften criticism, I may be depended upon, from this moment, for a most hearty abjuration of the stage, and all its heresies of pun, equivoque and claptrap. However humble I may be in other departments of literature, I am quite conscious of being contemptible in this."

Byron agreed with Moore in this mock-modest depreciation of his clever trifle, and scribbled the following characteristic six lines about it:

MOORE VISITING BYRON AT VENICE.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce;
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little's* Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*.

Hunt sincerely admired Moore at this time, and later, and paid him graceful compliments in his "Feast of the Poets," which was published in the *Reflector* in the Summer of 1812, and very grateful Moore was for them.

As these compliments have grown small by degrees and beautifully less in recent editions of Hunt's Poetical Works, I am sure the readers of both poets will be glad to see what Hunt originally wrote. Here it is, copied from a little collection of his verses, the dedication of which is dated from Surrey Jail, January 10th, 1814:

Apollo had been saying pleasantly sharp things to Campbell.

"The poet to this was about to reply,
When Moore, coming in, caught the Deity's eye,
Who gave him his hand, and said, 'Show me a sight
That can give a divinity sounder delight,
Or that earth should more prize from its core to the poles,
Than the self-improved morals of elegant souls.
Repentant I speak it—though when I was wild,
My friends should remember the world was a child—
That customs were diff'rent, and young people's eyes
Had no better examples than those in the skies.
But soon as I learnt how to value these doings,
I never much valued your billings and cooings;
They only make idle the best of my race;
And since my poor Daphne turned tree in my face,
There are very few poets whose caps or whose curls
Have obtained such a laurel by hunting the girls.
So it gives me, dear Tom, a delight without measure
To find how you've mended your notions of pleasure;
For never was poet whose fanciful hours
Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
With sounds and with spirits, of charm to detain
The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain;
And never should poet, so gifted, so rare,
Pollute the bright Eden Jove gives to his care;
But love the fair Virtue for whom it is given,
And keep the spot pure for the visits of Heaven.'"

Such was the friendly admonition of the young journalist to the older poet, who was still, however, a young man. Moore visited Hunt in Surrey Jail, as did also Byron, and many liberal men of letters; and Hunt was, of course, grateful for the attention.

Thirty-six years later, when they were both old men, and had become enemies, Hunt wrote tenderly of Moore, remembering their early friendship, and drew this life-like portrait of the light-hearted singer of Erin: "Moore's forehead was bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. Sterne had such another. His eyes were as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves; his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples; and his manner as bright as his talk, full of the wish to please and be pleased. He sang and played with great taste on the pianoforte, as might be supposed from his musical compositions. His voice, which was a little hoarse in speaking—at least, I used to think so—softened into a breath, like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking he was emphatic in rolling the letter *r*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity. The structure of his versification, when I knew him, was more artificial than it was afterward; and in his serious compositions it suited him better. He had scarcely faith enough to give way to his impulses in writing, except when they were festive and witty; and artificial thoughts demand

a similar embodiment. Both patriotism and personal experience, however, occasionally inspired him with lyric pathos; and in his naturally musical perception of the right principles of versification he contemplated the fine, easy-playing, muscular style of Dryden with a sort of perilous pleasure."

As an admirer both of Moore and Hunt, I cannot but regret that the latter so ruthlessly destroyed the redundant vines of his early poetry, particularly the vines which ran over the rosy arbors of Moore. I pick up an edition of his Poetical Works, and run my eyes over its indices. In the index to the second volume I find three epistles, addressed to William Hazlitt, Barron Field and Charles Lamb. I turn to the index to Hunt's "Foliage" (1818), and find seven epistles—the three that I have just named, one to Byron, and three to Moore. I am sure that my readers would like to see one of them, so I will give here the second, which is the shortest of the trio, and is mottoed from Dante, "Per me si va nella città dolente":—

"Would you change, my dear Tom, your old mode of proceeding,
And make a dull end to a passago worth reading—
I mean, would you learn how to let your wit down,
You'd walk some fine morning from Hampstead to town.

"What think you of going by gardens and bowers,
Through fields of all colors, refreshed by night showers—
Some spotted with hay-cocks, some dark with plowed mold;
Some changed by the mower from green to pale gold—
A scene of ripe sunshine the hedges betwixt,
With here and there farm-houses, tree-intermixed,
And an air in your face, ever fanning and sweet,
And the birds in your ears, and a turf for your feet;
And then, after all, to encounter a throng of
Canal-men, and hod-men, unfit to make song of,
'Midst ale-houses, puddles and backs of street-roads,
And all sorts of rubbish, and crashing cart-loads;
And so on, eye-smarting, and ready to choke,
Till you end in hot narrowness, clatter and smoke?

"'Tis Swift after Spenser, or daylight with candles,
A sea-song succeeding a pastoral of Handel's,
A step unexpected, that jars one's inside,
A shout-raising fall at the end of a slide,
A yawn to a kiss, a flock followed by dust,
The hoop of a beauty seen after her bust,
A reckoning, a parting, a snake in the grass,
A time when a man says, 'What! come to *this* pass!'"

Veracious but tedious Crabb Robinson mentions Moore several times in his diary. On April 4th, 1823, he dined at the table of his friend Monkhouse, where he met five poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. "The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, next to whom he was placed." This is how the party looked to Robinson. Moore himself saw it through his own eyeglasses, and thus: "April 4th, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of the constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every moment. Some good things, however, have come from him." There is a third account of this memorable dinner, and it came from one of the five poets who were present—Lamb. "Dear Sir," he wrote to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, "I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore; half the poetry in England constellated in Gloucester Place!" (Lamb seemed to have forgotten Byron, Campbell, Hunt, Darley, Proctor, and Beddoes, who were living, though not all in England, as well as Shelley and Keats, who were recently dead!)

Robinson's comment on Moore's allusion to Lamb was made more than thirty years later, and is to this effect: "Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly: 'Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?'—suiting the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on: 'Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after.' Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort; for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme; but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humor." I may be mistaken, but Crabb's dry comment about Moore's capacity and incapacity seems to me asinine.

But I must not allow myself to trace Moore through the diaries and letters of his contemporaries, or I shall never accomplish my purpose, which is to introduce his uncollected and hiterto inedited writings to the great world of readers. The editor has performed his task carefully and judiciously, and I leave it without further comment. My task, which is partly performed, is to say what I think of these writings, and I can heartily say that I am amazed at their cleverness, and at the immense versatility of their author. There are, among the satirical and humorous poems, as brilliant examples of Moore's wit as any that he has preserved in the collected edition of his "Poetical Works." His contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* are astonishingly good of their kind, critically acute, thoroughly learned, and politically sagacious.

To convince themselves how excellent the paper on "The Fathers" is, I advise my readers to turn to a paper on the same subject, and the same victim, which was contributed as a series of articles to the *Athenæum* by Miss Elizabeth Barrett, and which may be found in the collected edition of the writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Miss Barrett was a very learned young lady, but she had no taste and no judgment. Moore had both, and quite as much learning as Miss Barrett, I think, without her pedantic affectations. Lovers of the French novels of to-day should read the paper on "French Novels," and compare their present favorites with the favorites of their ancestors fifty years ago. Lovers of fun should read the rollicking papers on "Lord Thurlow," and "The Round Towers of Ireland," and thank their stars that they did not make themselves ridiculous in books when Moore was alive to review them. The paper on "Lord Thurlow" is very unjust, however, for with all his nonsense he was a true poet. The paper on "Anne Boleyn" has preserved the memory of a forgotten poet, as well as the memory of the not very distinguished poet, Milman. "Private Theatricals" is a delicious chapter of gossip, and "German Rationalism" a monument to Moore's scholarship and religious impartiality.

I am able to add to these notes two trifles which have escaped the researches of Mr. Shepherd. The first consists of four lines, which were taken down, I think, by Luttrell, when Moore was asked to sing one night at Holland House; the other is a little lyric which was written in

Lord Holland's album. It disappeared from Holland House about the time that the manuscripts of Petrarch were stolen, and presumably by the same hand.

JON BENSON DOCTORED.

Thomas, this wine you've brought is wrong,
It's very warm, and isn't nice;
I can't sing so Jon Benson's song—
"Drink to me only with thine ice!"

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

One Summer morning early,
When the dews of night were pearly,
And the wee, white roses were blowing,
Like snow-buds slowly growing,
Through a garden I stole creeping,
And found Love sleeping, sleeping!

When that Summer evening darkened,
I waited for him, and harkened;
The moon clomb up through the starlight,
And my cottage-fire was a far light,
Toward which I went sadly creeping—
Love had left me weeping, weeping!

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET;

OR,

THE CUBAN PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

THAT "Truth is stranger than fiction" cannot be doubted; and that the *realities* of our lives are often like the strangest *romances*, is alike true—at least such has frequently been the experience of my life, kind reader, as the following really truthful sketch will verify:

In the early part of the Cuban struggle, when the patriots were fighting to free their "Ever Faithful Isle" from the galling yoke of tyrannical old Spain, circumstances caused me to become a volunteer in their service; and a few romantic incidents I was brought in contact with I will now relate, giving them as they occurred, and only withholding the actual names of the parties interested.

Upon a pleasant moonlight night, of the year '69, I stood at the wheel of a swift, seaworthy schooner-yacht, of sixty tons, and, before a fair wind, was rapidly flying seaward, from the harbor of one of our Atlantic coast cities.

Though only carrying fore and mainsail, with jib, the graceful little *Sunset* danced over the waters merrily, and rapidly distanced a small merchant schooner, which, crowded with canvas, was following in the yacht's wake.

Standing upon the yacht's deck, besides myself, were five others—two Cubans, two Americans and a negro cook.

We were all watching, with pleased interest, the good qualities of our little vessel, and at the same time keeping a bright lookout for any of Uncle Sam's cruisers which might be following us with suspicious eye, to protect the neutrality laws. But we were in luck—none were in sight; and having gained a good offing, we hove-to, and awaited the coming of the schooner, from which we had so easily run away.

On she came, driving the foam from her square bows, and with her decks filled with men, whose eyes were bent upon our graceful yacht, as she lay-to upon the ocean.

"Schooner, ahoy!" I called out, when in hailing distance.

"Ahoy, the yacht!" came, in the commanding tones of an officer, in reply.

"What schooner is that, and whither bound?"

"The *Cuban Patriot*—bound to succor the revolutionists!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Come-to under our quarter!" And springing into a boat, I was soon alongside of the schooner.

The *Sunset* was *en route* to the coast of Cuba, and the vessel under her quarter was loaded with arms and men to aid the patriot cause; and to prevent breaking the neutrality laws, the transfer of loads was made out of the jurisdiction of the United States—the distance of a marine league was observed, and thus, "the devil was whipped round the stump."

A few hours' hard work, and two small howitzers, with carriages and caissons, and five thousand stands of arms, with ammunition, besides many useful articles, were transferred to the yacht; and a force of twenty-five men having come aboard, we set sail, and stood away to the south, leaving the schooner to continue on to some other port.

After a rather rough run, the Cuban coast was sighted, and waiting until dark, we then stood slowly in, and anchored beneath the shadow of a heavy point of rocks.

Then the unloading commenced; but, daylight coming on, I was compelled to run out to sea again, leaving the force of men that I had brought, to guard the stores on land.

Again toward nightfall the yacht stood in, and the work of unloading once more began.

A party of patriots, under the command of General R——, a person as conspicuous now in New York as he was then in Cuba, had come to the coast, and the stores from the *Sunset* were placed under his charge, he declaring that, with his own force of fifty men and the reinforcements I had brought him, he could safely carry the arms and stores to Jordan's camp; and I may as well add here that, after innumerable hardships and skirmishes with the Spaniards, he, in part, was successful.

Accompanying the band of patriots to the coast was Major Sota Juarez, with his wife and mother; and General R—— particularly recommended me to favor them, as they had been great sufferers by the cruelty of the Spaniards.

The young officer had been a planter of wealth, and was one of the first to take up arms in the defense of his native Island, and freely had he given of his money to support the cause.

Ruin had at last overtaken him, his plantation was set on fire, and his mother had fled to the woods to save her life, and a few days after had joined her son, who was serving under Jordan.

Upon the neighboring plantation to the Juarez, lived Don Erleban Moro, with his son and daughter.

Nita Erleban was one of the most beautiful of Cuban maidens, and she and the gallant Major Juarez had been engaged for a year, although she was only between sixteen and seventeen at the time this story opens.

A few days after the arrival of his mother in camp, a refugee from her home, Sota Juarez was startled by seeing poor Nita Erleban enter his quarters, half-clothed, and bearing evidences of severe sufferings.

Hers was a sad story. Her brother and father had been murdered by the Spaniards, and she had only escaped through the faithful services of her old negro nurse, who conducted her to the patriot camp.

A few days after her arrival, and the lovers were married, and then Major Juarez determined to seek some means of leaving the Island with his mother and wife, and after finding them a pleasant home in the United States, to purchase,

from ample means he still possessed at a banker's in New York City, a supply of arms and stores, and with them return to the Island.

Far sooner than he had anticipated, the opportunity offered for his leaving Cuba, and thus it was that he sought the coast with the force under General R——.

Having heard the circumstances of their case, I at once offered them the opportunity of returning in the yacht, although I was compelled to be very particular in whom I carried from the Island, my orders being very severe upon that point.

"I will partially accept your kind offer, sir; but for my mother and wife only, as, under existing circumstances, when Cuba needs every arm to aid her that can wield a sword, I cannot leave. Had you only brought men, then I would have gone, and endeavored to return with arms; but here are now sufficient for present uses, and it is of the utmost importance that they should reach our camp, and I shall lend my aid to the general here to protect them, while to your care I intrust my young wife and mother. They have means; and if you will kindly see that they find a comfortable home when they reach New York, it is all I can ask."

Thus spoke the noble Cuban patriot; and though his mother's face paled, and the beautiful wife's dark eyes filled with tears, they were too loyal to utter one word of remonstrance.

At length the load of the yacht had been landed, and General R—— and the major accompanied the two ladies on board, to take a last farewell, and see that they were comfortable in the little cabin.

The two Cubans, whom I have before mentioned as forming a part of my crew, could not resist the temptation, when again upon their native land, and with arms in their hands, to remain, and strike a blow for freedom.

In vain did I argue with them, and say that they were serving their country by bearing arms to her defenders; they would not listen to me, and I was forced to part with the brave fellows, and call for two volunteers in their place.

Two came, men that I had taken to Cuba with me, and whom I did not like; but it could not be helped, so I engaged them, and gave orders to prepare the yacht for running out.

The heavens were overcast, and a low muttering and roar of the waters betokened a coming storm, one I did not like to face in the lightened condition of the yacht; but to remain until the next day might, nay, was almost certain to cause discovery from some passing war vessel of Spain, who could safely blockade, and then our capture would be certain; and capture by Spaniards means—*death!*

Soon the last words of parting were said, and Major Juarez came on deck and joined the general and myself; the boat was in readiness, they sprang into it and were rowed ashore; the boat returned, and, in the darkness and storm, the *Sunset* was headed seaward. Then, in all its fury, the gale broke upon the devoted yacht, and lying over, gunwale under, she darted forward.

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

MA—"*Come, children, the bed's the place for you.*"
SISSY—"*Ugh! And to-morrow morning, ma, you will say it 'tain't the place.*"

For a mile we rushed on, and then another danger, worse than the storm, faced us, for the lookout forward cried:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead, sir. Look; there are a dozen of them!"

I glanced ahead, and, as we rode a mighty wave, plainly saw the lights of a number of vessels, and knew that we had a fearful gauntlet to run.

"Stand by, men, ready to trim sail!" and they sprang to their duties while I remained alone at the wheel.

"Can I aid you? Please allow me to," and the beautiful young wife of Major Juarez stood by my side.

"I fear we are going to have a hard run of it, señora, and think you had better return to the cabin," I said.

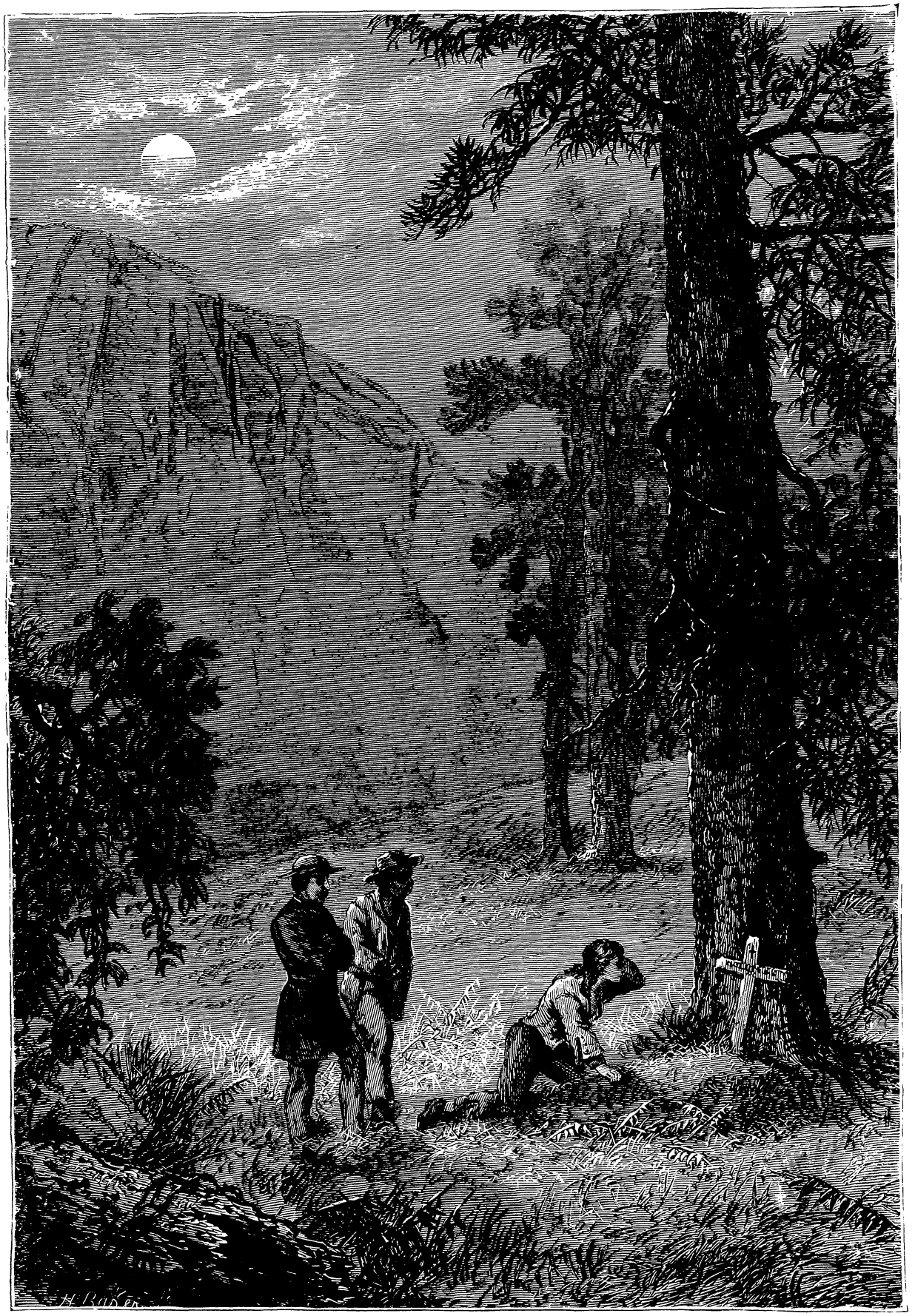
"You will need my aid, sir. My mother is reclining in her stateroom; and, besides, two of your men are treacherous," said the beautiful woman.

"Treacherous!—what do you mean?"

"I overheard them conversing together a few moments since, and they both are prepared with dark lanterns to show, should you run near any of those vessels."

"I thank you. Indeed you can aid me; but hold firmly to the wheel, or you may be washed or blown overboard," and I again kept my eye on the lights ahead.

Rapidly we dashed on, carrying far more sail than was



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.—"IN AN INSTANT DELAS HAD THROWN HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE, AND KNELT BEFORE THE CROSS TO READ THE INSCRIPTION THEREON."—SEE PAGE 495.

safe, yet determined to trust to the speed of the yacht, and the confusion of the gale, to run the dangerous gauntlet.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the vessels; and could see that they were steamers, under a good head of steam, and, while riding out the gale, the men were on the alert to catch sight of us should we attempt to break through.

No light was visible upon the *Sunset;* her black hull and wet canvas was, therefore, not discernible at a short distance off, and my hopes arose as I noticed that we had not been discovered.

Suddenly, one of the two men whom I had been compelled to take as volunteers, walked aft and approached the wheel, and I observed the other one slowly following him.

"What do you wish, sir?" I asked, sternly.

"Now, Pedro, come!" was his reply, as calling to his companion, he drew from beneath his peajacket a bright bull's-eye lantern, and turning the glare full in my face, sprang toward me.

To grapple with him was to swamp the yacht, for I would have had to let go the wheel, and, as it was, my whole strength was needed to keep the vessel on her course; and thus, with the blinding light in my eyes, my whole powers taxed, and a desperate villain rushing upon me, I knew not what to do.

But the quandary did not last long, for a light, as bright as the blaze of the lantern, flashed o'er the deck, a sharp report, and the Spanish spy fell dead at my feet, while the brave tones of Señora Juarez cried:

"See! the other is upon you! Give me the wheel!" and as I let go my hold, the man addressed as Pedro sprang toward me.

Quickly I raised my pistol and fired, and just in time, for the glittering knife was descending, and another instant would have been too late.

Without a groan the Spaniard tumbled headlong to the deck, and a lurch of the vessel rolled him into the ocean.

Hastily I again turned to the wheel, and relieved the overtaxed powers of the brave Cuban girl, for she was such in years, who, with a strength almost supernatural had held the yacht upon her course.

The lantern and the two pistol-shots had discovered our whereabout to the war vessels, and as we dashed on, having passed between two, until then unseen by them, there came the hoarse hail:

"Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"The American yacht *Grant,* Secretary Fish owner," I answered, in Spanish.

"Come to, or I'll fire into you!"

"Fire, and go to the deuce!" I earnestly rejoined, and then came the flash, the boom and the shrieking shot above our heads.

Although the brave woman by my side was gazing upon the dead body of the man whom her unerring aim had slain; although we were driving through the wild waves at a rate that threatened to run us under, and the dark hulls of the Spaniards were looming up near, and their iron hail sweeping above us, not a shadow of fear dwelt upon the face of the little female patriot, and her true courage gave me confidence.

"It will be accident if they hit us. See! they have already lost sight of us, and are firing at random," I said, as a shot flew wide of its mark.

"Do not fear for me, señor. I will prove myself worthy of my brave husband. He hears those heavy guns, and knows I will not flinch."

A few of the other cruisers, feeling in duty bound to waste powder, opened fire, but we soon saw that they also fired at random, as their shot fell far from us, and, still holding upon our former course, in another half-hour we had run them out of sight.

True to my promise, I obtained, upon reaching the port in the United States for which I was destined, a comfortable home for the wife and mother of Major Juarez, and from time to time visited them; but, being again ordered to Cuba, I had no time to visit them to say good-by.

Again I was in command of the noble little *Sunset,* and once more, crowded with men and stores, she shaped her course for the "Ever Faithful Isle."

So closely did the Spaniards watch their erring Island's shores, that days passed ere we could effect a landing, and then, as I found a safe hiding-place for the yacht in an indenture of the coast, I determined to go myself to Jordan's camp, and ask him for an escort for the arms into the interior, for no troops had met us when we landed, as we expected they would.

Accompanied by a youth of seventeen, who had proven himself a gallant and industrious little fellow during our outward run, and a negro guide, whom we had found upon the coast, and who had procured us horses, I set forth upon my perilous trip to the patriot camp.

My youthful companion was a handsome little fellow, almost womanly in his beauty, and with a sad look in his face that had drawn me toward him when we had first met—the day of sailing from the United States—and as we rode along the lonely road, lit up with beauty by a full moon, Delas was continually asking questions about the battles that had been fought, and how the patriots had borne themselves in the different engagements.

Thus we rode on until midnight came, and two more hours would bring us to the patriot camp, when the negro guide, suddenly halting his mule, pointed down into a glen, and said:

"There's where they had it hot a few weeks ago, and the Spaniards got it bad, though the patriots lost their commander."

We had halted, and were gazing silently down into the lovely glen, serenely beautiful in the moonlight, when Delas asked:

"Who was the commander, guide?"

"I don't remember his name; but he's buried down there in the glen, and the patriots put a board at his head, with his name upon it."

"Señor!" and Delas's tones, so abrupt and earnest, stabbed me, "will you favor me? Please ride down to the grave, for I wish to see the name."

Without a word I turned down the glen, and soon we came to where a mound here and there denoted the last resting-place of the slain.

Further on, and beneath the shelter of a tree, a small white cross glimmered in the moonlight, and toward this spot the guide led us.

There we halted, and noticed that a rude wooden cross, painted white, had been erected, and dark letters were visible upon it.

In an instant Delas had thrown himself from his horse, and knelt before the cross to read the inscription thereon.

Suddenly he staggered to his feet, his hands were clasped tightly to his heart, and, with an appalling shriek that echoed through the glen, he fell forward upon the new-made grave.

In a moment I was by his side, had raised him in my arms, and glanced at the cross, to see what had so moved him, and there read:

"Sacred to the memory of Colonel Sota Juarez, a Cuban patriot."

Then I knew all. Delas was the devoted wife, who had fled from her home in a foreign land to join her husband

in Cuba, to cheer him in the long and bitter struggle. She had come to him to find his grave.

Tenderly I rested the fair form in my arms, and both the negro and myself strove to restore her to consciousness; but it was of no avail; the heart had ceased to beat—the shock had killed her.

Again I mounted my horse, and the negro handed up to me the slender form of the woman, beautiful in death, and before me on the saddle I carried the body those long, weary miles, until the patriot camp was reached.

The next day, accompanied by an escort of men going to the coast to guard the arms and stores brought by the yacht back into the interior, I set out upon my return, and carried upon a litter was the dead patriot woman.

There, in the glen, we halted; a new grave was now dug, and beside the husband she loved so well she now rests in peace.

The arms and stores were safely landed from the yacht, and were started for the interior, but, alas! never to reach the patriot camp, as an overwhelming force of Spaniards attacked the guard, who were, after a brave resistance, forced to abandon their much-needed supplies to the enemy.

Again the little *Sunset* spread her white wings, and, homeward bound, flew

O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea,"

to drop anchor, two weeks after, in the harbor from which she had flown to aid the cause of Cuban independence.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

ALTHOUGH we certainly have no reason to complain of the infrequency of attempts in newspapers, etc., as well as in scientific journals, to explain the principles on which electric lighting depends, it does not seem that very clear ideas are entertained on this subject by unscientific persons. Nor is this, perhaps, to be wondered at, when we observe that in nearly all the explanations which have appeared, technical expressions are quite freely used, while those matters about which the general reader especially desires information are passed over as points with which every one is familiar.

Now, without going quite so far as to say that there is no exaggeration in the picture presented some time back in *Punch*, of one who asked whether the electric fluid was "anything like beer, for instance," we may confidently assert that the very vaguest notions are entertained by nine-tenths of those who hear about the electric light, respecting the nature of electricity. Of course we are not here referring to the doubts and difficulties of electricians on this subject. It is well known that Faraday, after a life of research into electrical phenomena, said that when he had studied electricity for a few years he thought he understood much, but when he had nearly finished his observational work he found he knew nothing. In the sense in which Faraday spoke, the most advanced students of science must admit that they know nothing about electricity. But the greater number of those who read about the electric light are not familiar even with electrical phenomena, as distinguished from the interpretation of such phenomena. We are satisfied that there is no exaggeration in a passage describing an electric light as obtained from some new kind of gas, carried in pipes from central reservoirs, and chiefly differing from common gas in this, that the heat resulting from its consumption melted ordinary burners, so that only burners of carbon or platinum could be safely employed.

We do not propose here to discuss, or even to describe, the various methods of electric lighting which have been either used or suggested. What we wish to do is to give a simple explanation of the general principles on which illumination by electricity depends, and to consider the advantages which this method of illumination appears to promise or possess.

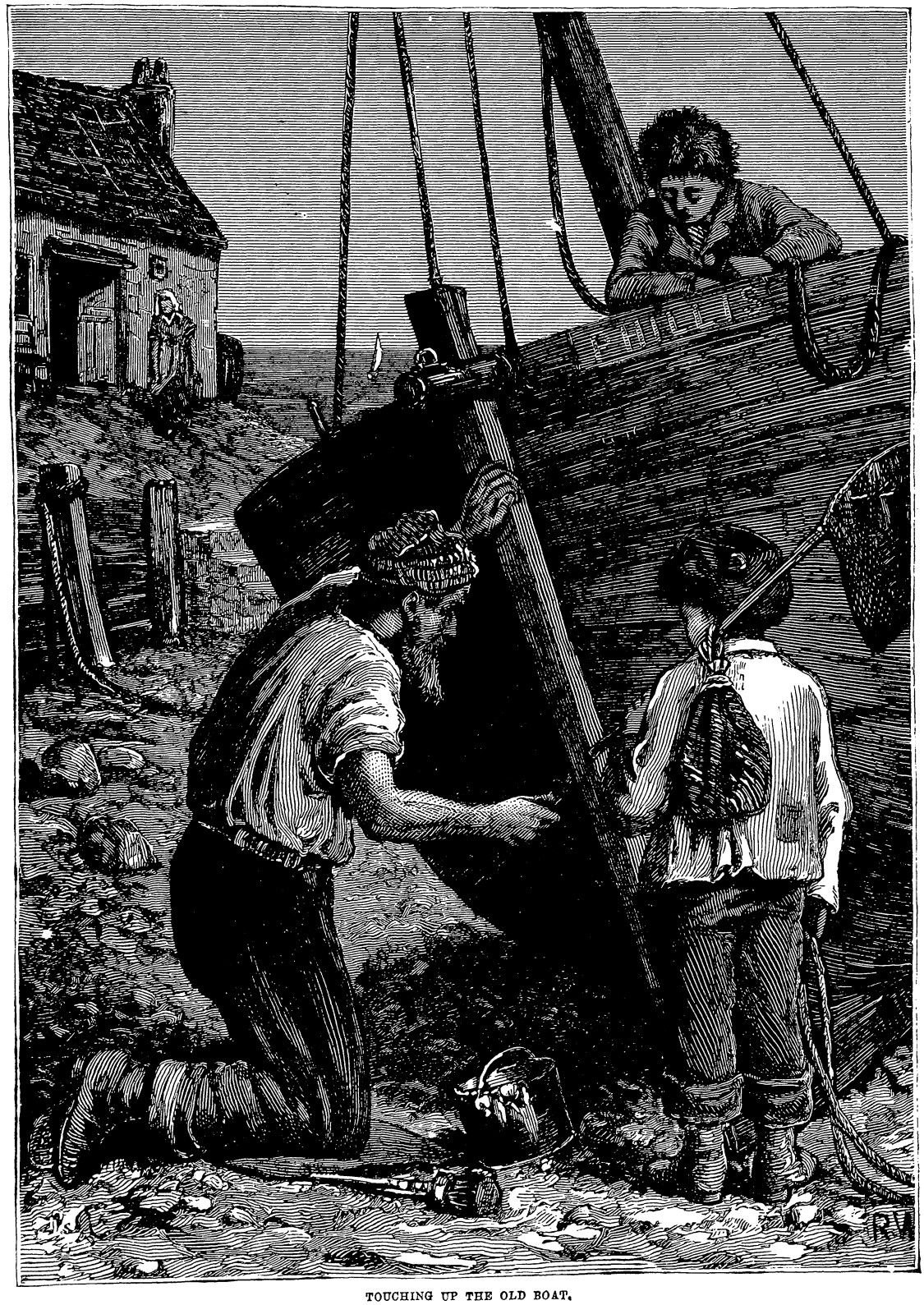
Novel as the idea of using electricity for illuminating large spaces may appear to many, we have all of us been long familiar with the fact that electricity is capable of replacing the darkness of night by the light of broad day over areas far larger than those which our electricians hope to illuminate. The lightning flash makes in an instant every object visible on the darkest night, not only in the open air, but in the interior of carefully darkened rooms. Nay, even if the shutters of a room are carefully closed and the room strongly illuminated, the lightning flash can yet be clearly recognized. And it must be remembered that though the suddenness of the flash makes us the more readily perceive it (under such circumstances, for instance), yet its short duration diminishes its apparent intensity. This may appear a contradiction in terms, but is not so in reality. The perception that there has been a sudden lighting up of the sky or of a room, is distinct from the recognition of the actual intensity of the illumination thus momentarily produced.

Now it is quite certain that the eye cannot assign less than a twenty-fifth of a second or so to the duration of the lightning flash, for, as Newton long since showed, the retina retains the sensation of light for at least this interval after the light has disappeared. It is equally certain, from Wheatstone's experiments, that the lightning flash does not actually endure for the 100,000th part of a second. Adopting this last number, though it falls far short of the truth—the actual duration being probably less than 1,000,000th of a second—we see that, so far as the eye is concerned, an amount of light which was really emitted during the 100,000th part of a second, is by the eye judged to have been emitted during an interval 4,000 times as long. It is certain, then, that the eye's estimate of the intensity of the illumination resulting from a lightning flash is far short of the truth. This is equally true, even in those cases where lightning is said to be for a while continuous. If the flashes for a time succeed each other at less intervals than a twenty-fifth of a second, the illumination will appear continuous. But it is not really so. To be so, the flashes should succeed each other at the rate of at least 100,000, and probably of more than 1,000,000 per second.

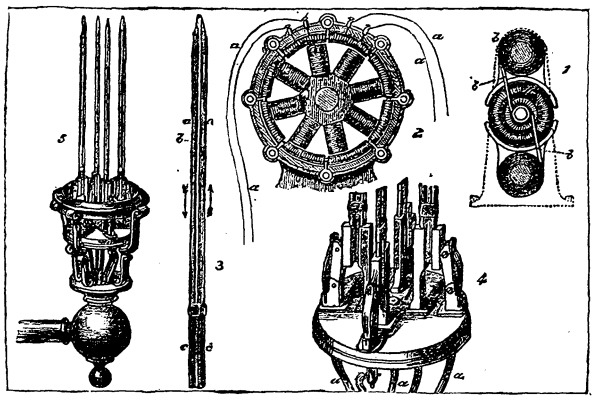
While the lightning flash shows the brilliancy which the electric illumination can attain, it shows also the intense heat resulting from the electric discharge. This might, indeed, be inferred simply from the brilliancy of the light, since we know that this brilliancy can only be due to the intense heat to which the particles along the track of the electric flash have been raised. But it is shown in a more convincing manner to ordinary apprehension by the effects which the lightning flash produces where—in the common way of speaking—it strikes. The least fusible substances are melted. Effects are produced also which, though at first not seemingly attributable to intense heat, yet in reality can be no otherwise explained. Thus, when the trunk of a tree is torn into fragments by the lightning stroke, though the tree is scorched and blackened, a small amount of heat would account for that particular effect, while the destruction of the tree seems attributable to mechanical causes.

It is, indeed, from effects such as these that the idea of the fall of thunderbolts has doubtless had its origin, the notion being that some material substance has struck the

body thus shattered or destroyed. In reality, however, such destructiv effects are due entirely to the intense heat excited during the passage of the electricity. Thus in the case of a tree destroyed by lightning, the shattering of boughs and trunks results from the sudden conversion of the moisture of the tree (that is, the moisture present in the substance of the tree) into steam—a change accompanied of course by great and sudden expansion. The tree is as certainly destroyed by the effects of heat as is a boiler which has burst, though in each case the expansive power of steam directly works the mischief. It is the more useful for our present purpose thus to note at the outset both the illuminating and the heating power of the lightning flash (or rather of the electric discharge), because, as will



TOUCHING UP THE OLD BOAT.



JABLOCHKOFF'S ELECTRIC-LIGHT APPARATUS.

presently be seen, the electric light, while in all cases depending on intensity of heat, may either be obtained in the form of a series of flashes succeeding each other so quickly as to be, to all intents and purposes, continuous, or from the incandescence of some suitable substance in the path of the electric current.

Let us now consider briefly the general nature of electrical phenomena, or at least of those electrical phenomena which are related to our present subject.

Formerly, when light was supposed to be a material emanation, and heat was regarded as an actual fluid, electricity was in like manner regarded as some subtle fluid which could be generated or dispersed in various ways. At present, it is safer to speak of electricity as a state or condition of matter. If it were not that some very eminent electricians (and one, especially, whose eminence as a practical electrician is indisputable) are said to believe still that there is such a thing as an electric fluid, we should have simply asserted that in the present position of scientific research, with the known velocity at which the so-called electric current flows, and the known relations between electricity, heat, and light, the theory of an electric fluid is altogether untenable. It will suffice, under the actual circumstances, to speak simply of electrical properties, without expressing any definite opinion respecting their interpretation.

A certain property, called electricity, is excited in any substance by any cause affecting the condition of the substance, whether that cause be mechanical, chemical, thermal, or otherwise. No change can take place in the physical condition of any body without the generation of a greater or less amount of electricity; although in far the greater number of cases there may be no obvious evidence of the fact, while in many cases no evidence may be obtainable even by the use of the most delicate scientific tests.

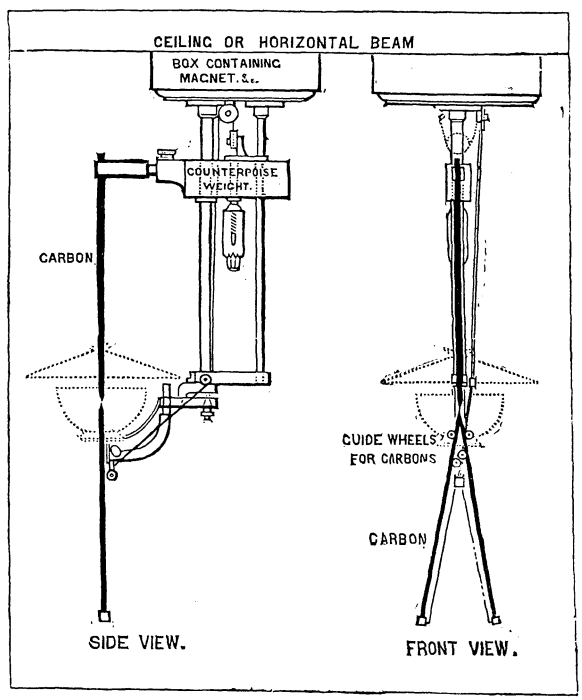
We have spoken here of the generation of a greater or less amount of electricity, but in reality it would be more correct to speak simply of a change in the electrical condition of the substance. Electricians speak of positive and negative electricity as though there actually were two distinct forms of this peculiar property of matter. But it may be questioned whether it would not be more correct to speak of electricity as we do of heat. We might speak of cold as negative heat precisely as electricians give the name of negative electricity to a relative deficiency of what they call positive electricity; but in the case of heat and cold it is found more convenient, and is more correct, to speak of different degrees of one and the same quality.

The difficulty in the case of electricity is that at present science has no means of deciding whether positive or negative electricity has in reality the better claim to be regarded as absolute electricity. Making comparison between electrical and thermal relations, the process which we call the generation of positive electricity may in reality involve the dispersion of absolute electricity, and so correspond to cooling, not to heating. In this case the generation of what we call negative electricity would in reality be the positive process. However, it is not necessary to discuss this point, nor can any error arise from the use of the ordinary method of expression, so long as we carefully hold in remembrance that it is only employed for convenience, and must not be regarded as scientifically precise.

Electricity may be excited, as we have said, in many ways. With the ordinary electrical machine it is excited by the friction of a glass disk or cylinder against suitable rubbers of leather and silk. The galvanic battery develops electricity by the chemical action of acid solutions on metal plates. We may speak of the electricity generated by a machine as frictional electricity, and of that generated by a galvanic battery as voltaic electricity; but in reality these are not different kinds of electricity, but one and the same property developed in different ways. So also of what is sometimes called magnetic electricity, of which we shall presently have much to say. It is electricity produced by means of magnets, but is in no respect different from frictional or voltaic electricity.

Of course, however, it will be understood that for special purposes one method of producing electricity may be more advantageously used than another. Just as heat produced by burning coal is more convenient for a number of purposes than heat produced by burning wood, though there is no scientific distinction between coal-produced heat and wood-produced heat—so for some purposes voltaic electricity is more convenient than frictional electricity, though there is no real distinction between them.

Every one knows that when, by means of an ordinary electrical machine, electricity has been generated in sufficient quantity and under suitable conditions to prevent its dispersion, a spark of intense brilliancy, and greater or less length, according to the amount of electricity thus collected, can be obtained when some body, not similarly



THE RAPIEFF REGULATOR (UNDER

electrified, is brought near to what is called the conductor of the machine. The old-fashioned explanation, still repeated in many of our books, ran somewhat as follows: "The positive electricity of the conductor decomposes the neutral or mixed fluid of the body, attracting the negative fluid and repelling the positive. When the tension of the opposite electricities is great enough to overcome the resistance of the air, they re-combine, the spark resulting from the heat generated in the process of their combination."

This explanation is all very well; but it assumes much that is in reality by no means certain, or even likely. All we *know* is that whereas before the spark is seen the electrical conductor and the object presented to it were different, they are no longer different after the flashing forth of the report. It is as though a certain line (straight, crooked, or branched) in the air had formed a channel of communication by which electricity had passed, either from the conductor to the object, or from the object to the conductor—or *possibly* in both directions, two different kinds of electricity existing (before the flash) in the conductor and the object, as the old-fashioned explanation assumes. Again, we know that the passage of electricity along the air-track, supposing there really is such a passage, but in any case the observed change in the electrical conditions of the conductor and the object, is accompanied by the generation of an intense heat along the aërial track where the spark is seen.

In the case of electricity generated by means of a galvanic battery, we do not note the same phenomena unless the battery is a strong one. We have in such a battery a steady source of electricity; but unless the battery is powerful, the electricity is of low intensity, and not competent to produce the most striking phenomena of frictional electricity. For instance, voltaic electricity, as used in telegraphic communication, is far weaker than that obtained from even a small electrical machine. What is called the positive extremity of the battery neither gives a spark nor attracts light bodies. The same is true of the other, or negative, extremity. The difference of the condition of these extremities can only be ascertained by delicate tests; the deflections of the needle, in fact, by which telegraphic communications are made, may in reality be regarded as the indications of a very delicate electroscope.

But when the strength of a galvanic battery is sufficiently great, or, in other words, when the total amount of chemical action brought into play to generate electricity is sufficient, we obtain voltaic electricity not only surpassing in intensity what can be obtained from electrical machines, but capable of producing spark after spark in a succession so rapid—so infinitely rapid, one may almost say—that the light is, to all intents and purposes, continuous.

Without considering the details of the construction of a galvanic battery, which would occupy more space than can here be spared, and even with fullest explanation would scarcely be intelligible except to those already familiar with the subject, unless illustrations unsuited to these pages were employed, let us consider what we have in the case of every powerful galvanic battery, on whatever system arranged. We have a series of simple batteries, each consisting of two plates of different metal placed in dilute acid. Whereas, in the case of a simple battery, however, the two different metals are connected together by wires to let the electric current pass (the current ceasing to pass when the wires are disconnected), in a compound battery, in which (let us say) the metals are zinc and copper, the zinc of one battery is connected with the copper of the next, the zinc of this with the copper of another, and so of the first battery and the wire *from* the zinc of the last battery being free, and forming what are called the poles of the compound battery—the former the positive pole, the latter the negative pole. When these free wires are connected, the current of electricity passes; when they are disconnected, the current ceases to pass, unless the break between them is such only that the electricity can, as it were, force its way across the gap. When the wires are connected, so that the current flows, it is as though there were a channel for some fluid which flowed readily and easily along the channel. When the circuit is absolutely broken, it is as though such a channel were dammed completely across. If, however, while the poles are not connected by copper wires or by other freely conducting substance, yet the gap is such as the electricity can pass over, the case may be compared to the partial interruption of a channel at some spot where, though the fluid which passes freely along the channel is not able to move so freely, it can yet force its way along, with much disturbance and resistance. Just as at such a part of the course of a liquid stream—say a river—we find, instead of the quiet flow observed elsewhere, a great noise and tumult, so where the current of electricity is not able to pass readily we perceive evidence of resistance in the generation of much heat and light—if the resistance is great enough.

It will be observed that we have spoken in the preceding paragraph of the passage of a current along the wire connecting the two poles of a powerful electric battery, or along any substance connecting those poles which possesses the property of being what is called a good conductor of electricity. But the reader is not to assume that there is such a current, or that it is known to flow either from the positive to the negative pole, or from negative to positive pole; or, again, that, as some have suggested, there are two currents which flow simultaneously in opposite directions. We speak conventionally of the current, and for convenience we speak as though some fluid really made its way (when the circuit is complete) from the positive to the negative pole of the compound battery. But the existence of such a current, or of any current at all, is purely hypothetical. We should be disposed, for our part, to believe that the motion is of the nature of wave-motion, with no actual transference of matter—at least, when the circuit is complete. According to this view, where resistance takes place we might conceive that the waves are converted into rollers or breakers, according to the nature of the resistance; actual transference of matter taking place through the action of these changed waves, just as waves which have traversed the free surface of ocean without carrying onward whatever matter may be floating on the surface cast such matter ashore when, by the resistance of the shoaling bottom or of rocks, they become converted either into rollers or into breakers.

We may also notice, with regard to good conductors and bad conductors of electricity, that they may be compared to substances respectively transparent and opaque for light-waves; or, again, to substances which allow heat to pass freely, or the reverse. Just as light-waves fail to illuminate a transparent body, and as heat-waves fail to warm a body which allows them free passage, so electricity-waves, if electricity really is undulatory, as we imagine, fail to affect any substance along which they travel freely. But as light-waves illuminate an opaque substance, and heat-waves raise the temperature of a substance which impedes their progress, so waves of electricity, when their course is impeded, produce effects which are indicated to us by the resulting heat and light.

A powerful galvanic battery is capable of producing light of intense brilliancy. For this purpose, instead of

taking sparks between the two metallic poles, each of these is connected with a piece of carbon, which is nearly as good a conductor as the metal, and the sparks are taken between these two pieces of carbon, usually set so that the one connected with the negative pole is virtually above the one connected with the positive pole, and at a distance of a tenth of an inch from each other, or more, according to the strength of the battery. Across this gap between the carbons an arc of light is seen, which in reality results from a series of electric sparks following each other in rapid succession. This arc, called the voltaic arc, is brilliant, but it is not from this arc that the chief part of the light comes. The ends of the carbon become intensely bright, being raised to a white heat. Both the positive and negative carbons are fiercely heated, but the positive is heated most. As, ordinarily, both carbons are thus heated in the open air, combustion necessarily takes place, though it is to be noticed that the lustre of the carbons is not due to combustion, and would remain undiminished if combustion were prevented. The carbons are thus gradually consumed, the positive nearly twice as fast as the negative. If they are left untouched, this process of combustion soon increases the distance between them beyond that which the electricity can pass over. Then the light disappears, the current ceasing to flow. But by bringing the carbon points near to each other—they must, indeed, be made to touch for an instant—the current is made to flow again, and the light is restored.

The following remarks by M. H. Fontaine (translated by Dr. Higgs) may help to explain the nature of the voltaic arc: "In truth, the voltaic arc is a portion of the electric circuit, possessing the properties of all other parts of the same circuit. The molecules swept away from point to point" (that is, from one carbon end to the other) "constitute between these points a mobile chain, more or less conductive, and more or less heated, according to the intensity of the current and the nature and separation of the electrodes" (that is, the quality and distance apart of the carbon or other substance between which the arc is formed). "These things happen exactly as if the electrodes were united by a metallic wire or carbon rod of small section" (so as to make the resistance to the current great), "which is but saying that the light produced by the voltaic arc and that obtained by incandescence arise from the same cause—that is, the heating of a resisting substance interposed in the circuit."

The intensity of the light from the voltaic arc and the carbon points varies with circumstances, but depends chiefly on the amount of electricity generated by the battery. A fair idea of its brilliancy, as compared with all other lights, will be gained from the following statements: If we represent the brightness of the sun at noon on a clear day as 1,000, the brightness of lime glowing under the intense heat of the oxy-hydrogen flame is about 7; that of the electric light obtained with a battery of 46 elements (Bunsen's), 235. With a battery of 80 elements the brightness is only 238. These results were obtained in experiments by Fizeau and Foucault. The intensity does not, therefore, increase much with the number of the component elements after a certain number is passed. But it increases greatly with the surface, for the experimenters found that with a battery of 46 elements, each composed of 3, with their zinc and copper respectively united to form one element of triple surface, the brightness became 385, or more than one-third of the midday brightness of the sun (that is, the apparent intrinsic lustre of his disk's surface), and 55 times the brightness of the oxy-hydrogen lime-light.

Another way of obtaining an intense heat and light from the electric current generated by a strong battery is to introduce into the electric circuit a substance of small conducting power, and capable of sustaining an intense heat without disintegration, combustion or melting. Platinum has been used for this purpose. If the conductive power of copper be represented by 100, that of platinum will be represented by 18 only. Thus the resistance experienced by a current in passing through platinum is relatively so great that if the current is strong the platinum becomes intensely heated, and shines with a brilliant light. A difficulty arises in using this light practically, from the circumstance that when the strength of the current reaches a certain point the platinum melts, and, the circuit being thus broken, the light immediately goes out.

The use of galvanic batteries to generate an electric current strong enough for the production of a brilliant light is open to several objections, especially on the score of expense. It may, indeed, be safely said that if no other way of obtaining currents of sufficient intensity had ever been devised, the electric light would scarcely have been thought of for purposes of general illumination, however useful in special cases. (In the electric lighting of the new Opera House at Paris batteries are used.)

The discovery by Oersted that an electric current can make iron magnetic, and the series of discoveries by Faraday, in which the relation between magnetism and electricity was explained, made electric lighting practically possible. One of these shows that if a properly insulated wire coil is rapidly rotated in front of a fixed permanent magnet (or of a set of such magnets), currents will be induced in the coil, which may be made to produce either alternating currents or currents in one direction only, in wire conductors. An instrument for generating electric currents in this way, by rapidly rotating a coil in front of a series of powerful permanent magnets fixed symmetrically around it, is called a magneto-electric machine.

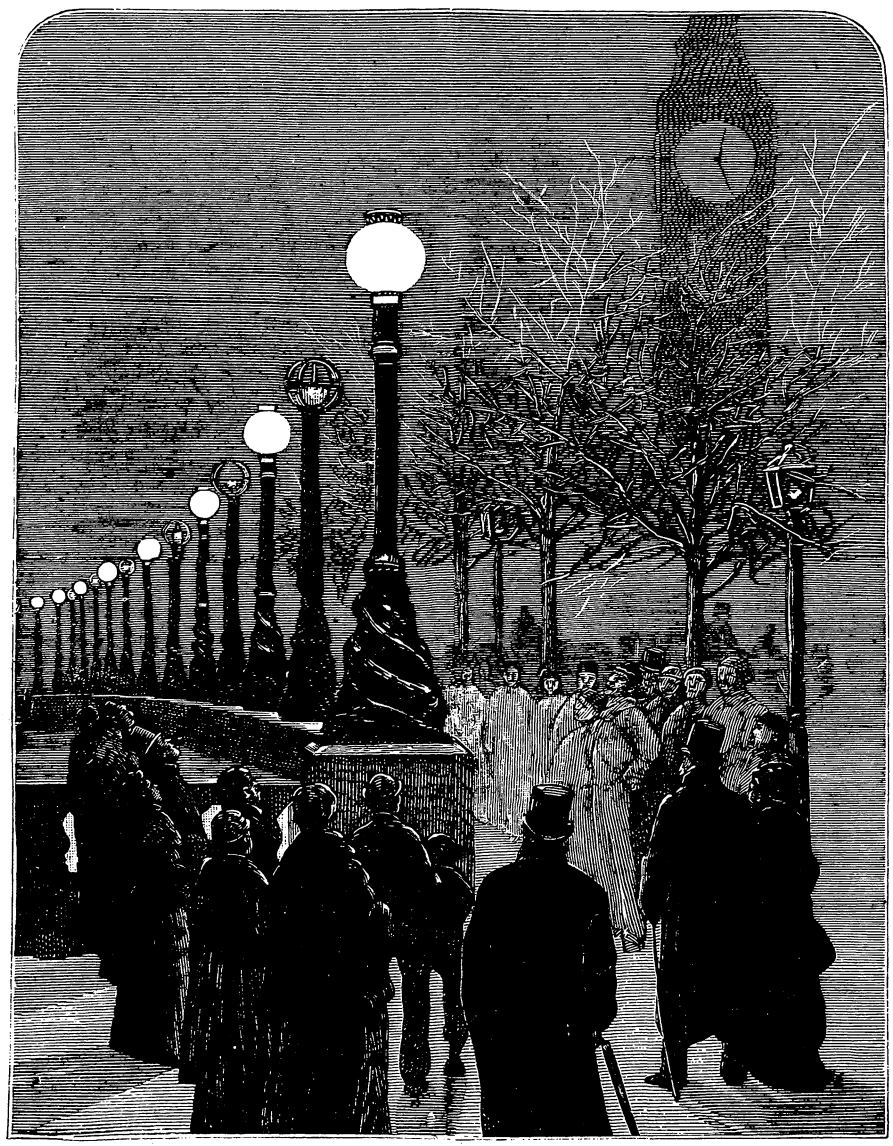
Another method, now generally preferred, depends on the rotation of a coil in front of an electro-magnet; that is, of a bar of soft iron (bent in horseshoe form), which can be rendered magnetic by the passage of an electric current through a coil surrounding it. The rapid rotation of the coil in front of the soft iron generates a weak current, because iron always has some traces of magnetism in it, especially if it has once been magnetized. This weak current being caused to traverse the coil surrounding the soft iron, increases its magnetism, so that somewhat stronger currents are produced in the revolving coil. These carried round the soft iron still further increase the magnetism, and so still further strengthen the current. In this way coil and magnet act and react on each other, until from the small effects due to the initial slight magnetism of the iron, both coil and the magnet become, so to speak, saturated. Machines constructed on this principle are called dynamo-electric machines, because the generation of electricity depends on the dynamical force employed in rapidly rotating the coils.

We need not consider here the various forms which magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines have received. It is sufficient that the reader should recognize how we obtain electric currents of great intensity in one case from mechanical action and permanent magnetism, and in the other from mechanical action and the mere residue of magnetism always present in iron.

In the cases here considered, it is in reality the sudden presentation of the coil (twice at each rotation) before the positive and negative poles of the magnet, which induces a momentary but intense current of electricity. The rotation being exceedingly rapid, these currents succeed each other with sufficient rapidity to be appreciably continuous.

A similar principle is involved in the use of what is called the inductive coil, except that in this case the sudden beginning and ceasing of a current in one coil (and not magnetic) induces a momentary but strong current; matters are so arranged that the current induced by the starting of the inducing current, immediately causes this to cease; while the current induced by the cessation of the inducing current immediately causes this current to begin again; so that by a self-acting process we have a constant series of intense induced currents, succeeding each other with great rapidity, so as to be practically continuous, as with those produced by magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines.

All that we have said about the voltaic arc, the incandescence resulting from resistance to the current's flow, and so forth, in relation to electricity generated by galvanic batteries, applies to electricity generated by induction coils, or by magneto-electric and by dynamo-electric machines. Only it is to be noticed that in some of these machines the currents alternate in direction with each revolution of the swiftly turning coil, in others the currents are always in the same direction, and in yet others the currents may be made to alternate or not, as may be most convenient.



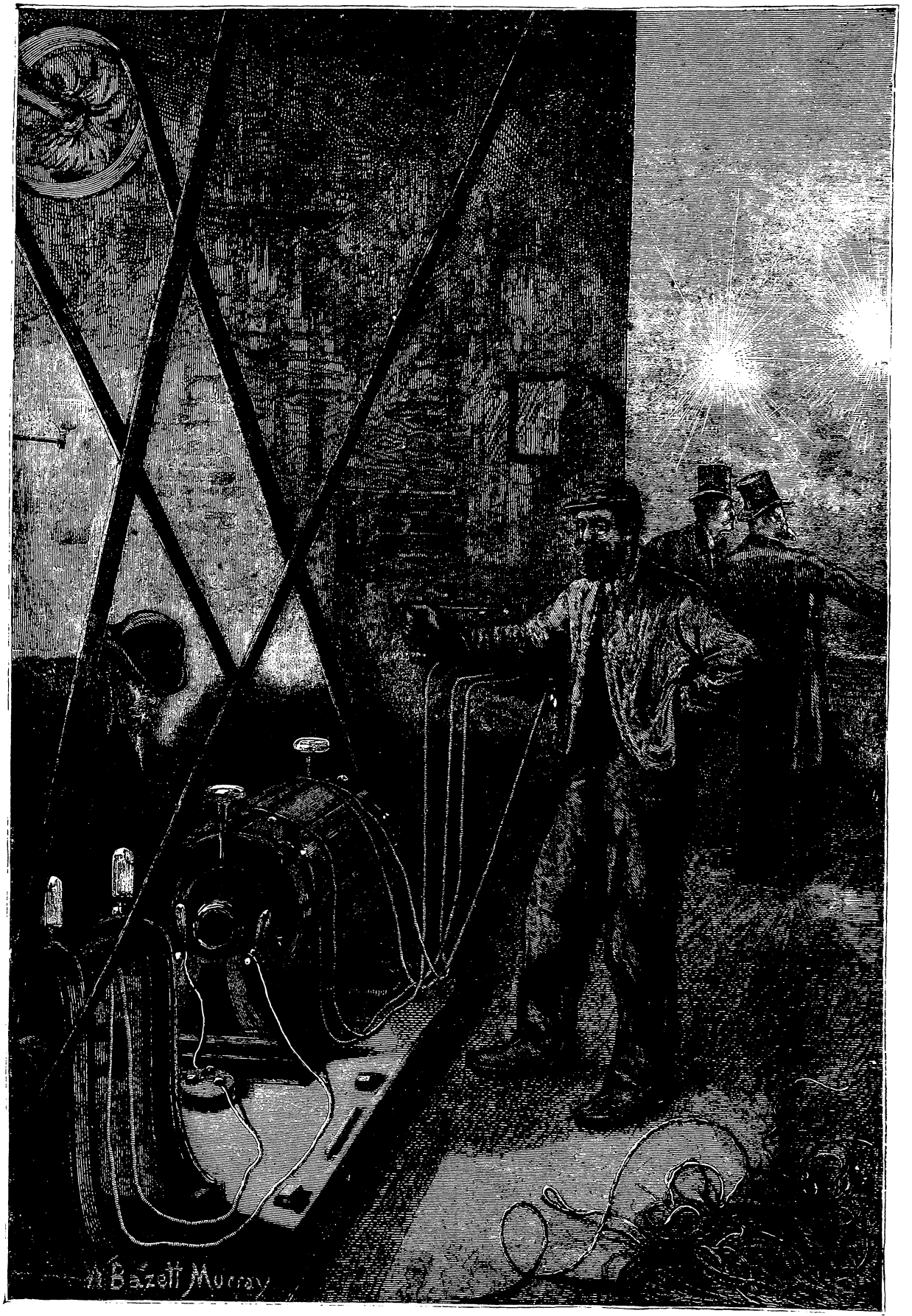
LIGHTING THE THAMES EMBANKMENT BY ELECTRICITY.

We have now to consider how light suitable for purposes of illumination may be obtained from the electric current. Hitherto we have considered only light such as might be used for special purposes, where a bright and very intense light was required; where, perhaps, expense and complexity of construction might not be open to special objections, and where, in general, the absolute steadiness of the light was not an essential point. But those who have seen the electric light used, even by the most experienced manipulators, for the illustration of lectures, will know that the light as so obtained, though of intense brilliancy, is altogether unsuited for purposes of ordinary illumination.

If we consider a few of the methods which have been devised for overcoming the difficulties inherent in the problem of electric lighting, the reader will recognize at once the nature of these difficulties, and the probability of their being effectually overcome in the future, for, though much has been done, much yet remains to be done in mastering them.

Let us consider first the Jablochkoff candle, the invention of which brought about, in July, 1877, the first great fall in the value of gas property.

The Jablochkoff candle consists of two carbons placed side by side, instead of one above the other in a vertical line. Thus placed, with a slight interval between them, the carbon rods would allow the passage of the electric current at the place of nearest approach, and therefore of least resistance to its passage. A variable and imperfect illumination would result. M. Jablochkoff, however, interposes between the separate carbon rods a strip of plaster of Paris, which is a nonconducting material. The upper points of the carbon rods are thus the only parts at which the current can pass. They are connected by a little bridge of carbon, which is necessary for the starting of the light—just as in the case of the ordinary electric light, the two carbons must, in order to start the light, be brought into contact. When the current flows, the small bridge of carbon connecting the two points is presently consumed, but the arc between the points is still maintained; for the plaster becomes vitrified by the intense heat of the two carbon points on each side, and melts down as the carbons are consumed. If the light is in any way put out, however, a small piece of carbon must be set again, to form a bridge between the carbon points. Throughout the burning of



THE DYNAMO-ELECTRICAL MACHINE OF GRAMME.

the Jablochkoff candle the fused portion of the insulating layer forms a conducting bridge between the carbon points; and hence there is a considerable loss of electric force (probably about thirty per cent.), which, in the ordinary arrangement, would increase the intensity of the light. The great advantage of the candle consists in the circumstance that throughout its consumption the carbon ends are at a constant distance from each other without any mechanical or other arrangement being necessary to maintain them in due position.

One point should be noticed here. In the ordinary arrangement of carbon points, the positive carbon, as we have already said, is much more intensely heated, and consumes twice as fast as the negative carbon. Now, if one carbon of the Jablochkoff candle were connected with the positive, and the other with the negative pole of the battery or of a machine, the former side would consume twice as fast as the latter, and the two points would no longer remain at the same horizontal level, which is essential to the proper burning of the Jablochkoff candle. By using a machine which produces alternating currents, M. Jablochkoff obviates this difficulty, the carbon being alternately positive and negative (in extremely rapid succession), and therefore consuming at the same rate.

The Jablochkoff candle lasts only about an hour and a half. But four, six or more candles may be used in the same globe or lantern, and automatic arrangements adopted to cause a fresh candle to be ignited at the moment when its predecessor is burnt out.

The figure No. 1 does not represent part of the Jablochkoff machine, but is an end view of the Gramme machine used to generate a constant current of electricity; *a*, is the revolving circular magnet, having coils of copper wire about it; *b*, *b*, are the conductors of electricity from the magnet to the coils of wire placed above and below; these conductors, or collectors, are formed of bundles of fine wire, like a brush, sweeping the surface of the coil around the magnet, and brushing the electricity off it, so to speak.

Fig. 2 is the Gramme machine used by M. Jablochkoff for the generation of alternate currents. It contains eight magnets, arranged upon a revolving axis, like the spokes of a wheel; and the inner circumference of the surrounding fixed circle is furnished with eight coils of wire. These surrounding fixed coils are so placed, alternately in pairs, that four of them come in contact with four of the revolving magnets, and the other four coils meet the other four magnets, there being two different lengths of magnets corresponding with two different sets of coils. As the machine revolves, therefore, the magnets alternately touching and not touching the coils in the circumference, alternate electric currents proceed from it, the one positive and the other negative. The current passes outward through one magnet to the coils, and returns inward through the next magnet, as is indicated by the little arrows in our engraving. The wires, *a*, *a*, convey the electricity to the carbon candles.

Fig. 3 represents one of these "candles," which consists of a pair of carbon rods, *a* and *a*, each nine inches long, and perhaps three-sixteenths of an inch thick, or it may be thicker. The pair are connected at the top by a short piece of graphite, but are, throughout their length downward, insulated respectively by an intervening composition of china clay, *b*. The lower end of each carbon is insulated in a brass tube, *c*, which is the socket by which it stands in the chandelier. The clay plaster between the carbons is decomposed by the electric action as the carbons are consumed; it is converted into aluminium, which burns away, and silica, which melts and drops down.

Fig. 4 shows the chandelier, with the bases of four carbon candles, each a pair of carbons, in their brass sockets, held by spring clips upon a stand, having a round disk of opal glass beneath them to temper the glare, and below this are the metal conductors, *a*, *a*, to supply the electricity from the machine. The four candles burn separately, one succeeding another; each will last an hour and a half; and when it is consumed the next one must be placed, by an attendant touching a spring, in connection with the electric machine; and so on till the four are used up, in six hours. An attempt has been made, however, to contrive an automatic apparatus, instead of shifting the connection by hand.

Fig. 5 represents the entire chandelier, but divested of the opal glass plate, so as to show the candles in position, with the "commutator" and inductor below; the commutator is a nucleus of conducting wires, inclosed within a non-ducting case, and it serves to regulate the distribution of electricity to the four candles.

In Paris and elsewhere (as in Holborn for instance), each Jablochkoff lamp is inclosed in an opal glass globe. Mr. Hepworth remarks on this, that in his opinion the use of the opal globe is a mistake, as it shuts off quite fifty per cent. of the light without any corresponding advantage, except the correction of the glare. "This wasteful disadvantage will no doubt be remedied in the future," he says, by the use of some less dense medium. "Mr. Shoolbred states that from a series of careful photometric experiments carried out by the municipal authorities with the Jablochkoff lights, each naked light is found to possess a maximum intensity of 300 candles. With the opal globe this was reduced to 180 candles, showing a loss of 40 per cent., while during the darker periods through which the light passed, the light was as low as 90 candles."

It may be mentioned here that Mr. Van der Weyde, who has long used the electric light for photographic purposes, has given much attention to the important problem of rendering the electric light available as an illuminator without wasting it, and yet without throwing the rays directly upon the object to be illuminated. The rays are intercepted by an opal disk about four inches in diameter, and the whole body of the rays is gathered up by a concave reflector (lined with a white material), and thrown out in a flood of pure white light, in which the most delicate shades of tint are discernible. He can use any form of electric candle in this way. Only it should be noticed, before the employment of his method is advocated for street illumination, that there is a difference between the problems which the photographer and the street-lighter have to solve. The Jablochkoff candle, for instance, must be screened on all sides, and even above, when used to illuminate the streets. If its direct light is allowed to escape in any direction, there will be a mischievous and unsightly beam, and from every point along the path of the beam, the intensely bright light of the candle will be directly visible. Again, it is essential that whatever substance is used to screen the light should be dense enough to cause the whole globe to seem uniformly bright, or nearly so. The only modification which seems available (when these essential points have been secured) is that the tint of the globe should be such as to correct any color which the light may be found to have in injurious excess. We may, however, remark that the objection which has been often raised against the color of the electric light can scarcely be just—the injury to the eyes in certain cases arising probably from the strong contrast between the light and the background on which it is projected. For, as to color, the electric light derived either from the glowing carbon or from incandescent metal, is appreciably the same as sunlight.

The Rapieff burner, employed in the London *Times* office

consists of four carbon pencils, arranged thus ⋎ except that the two v's are not in the same plane, but in planes at right angles with each other. The spark crosses the space between the points of the v's, and arrangements are made for keeping the two points at the right distance from each other, and also for keeping the ends of the two pencils which form each point in their proper position. If the current is from any cause interrupted, an automatic arrangement is adopted to allow the current to pass to the other lamps in the same circuit. There are six lamps in circuit in the *Times* office; and M. Rapieff has exhibited as many as ten. The advantages claimed for this light are the following: "First, its production by any description of dynamo-electric machine with either alternating or continuous currents; secondly, great divisibility and complete independence of the several lights, and long duration without change of carbons; and lastly, the extreme facility with which any ordinary workman or servant can renew the carbons when necessary, without extinguishing the lights."

The last-named advantage results, it need scarcely perhaps be said, from the use of two carbons to form each point. One can be removed, the other remaining to keep the voltaic arc intact until a new carbon has been substituted for its fellow; then it in turn can be replaced by a new carbon, the new carbon already inserted keeping the voltaic arc intact.

The six lamps of the *Times* Office thoroughly illuminate the room, and give light for working the eight Walter presses used in printing the paper. The light has been thus used since the middle of last October, and it is said that other rooms in the building are shortly to be illluminated in the same manner. "Each lamp is inclosed in an opal globe of about four inches in diameter, and so little heat is given off, that the hand can be placed on the globe without inconvenience, even after the light has been burning for some time."

The following notes explain our engravings of figures to illustrate the several parts of the Rapieff apparatus.

Fig. 1. The Rapieff electrode, or electric candle. It differs from the Jablochkoff arrangement in this respect—that the Jablochkoff candle requires an insulating substance between the two carbons, by which means it maintains a constant size of the voltaic arc from the top to the bottom of his candle. Mr. Rapieff puts a little magnet under his candlestick, which causes the carbons to maintain the required distance throughout a considerable portion of the length of the carbons without any insulating substance. By this arrangement he gets two enormous advantages—first, that he does away with the insulating substance which, in the case of the Jablochkoff candle, destroys one half of the power of the light; and, secondly, that he has the same means for re-lighting his light in case of extinction, as he has in his first regulator. The carbons, when being consumed, are separated from each other by the action of the magnet concealed in the stand of the lamp. *a*, *a*, are wires to the magneto-electro machine.

Fig. 2. The Rapieff regulator, part of which is shown on a larger scale in Fig. 3. *a*, *a*, positive carbons, 19½ inches long, approaching toward and touching each other only at the point of illumination. *b*, *b*, negative carbons, whose arrangement is the same as *a*, *a*. These two pairs of carbons are kept in juxtaposition by means of a fine endless cord, *c*, on which is suspended a weight, *d*. This weight surrounds the two uprights, and, when descending, draws the carbons together. *e*, small friction pulleys, to facilitate their forward movement, and to insure their exact position at all times, also acting as conductors of the electric current. *f*, set-screw, for adjustment of the top holder, so that the carbon points may be placed nearer to, or further from, each other—in other words, for increasing or decreasing the length of the voltaic arc. *g*, lever working on a pivot, and connected with the arm of the lower carbon-holder. If, by any chance, the light should be momentarily extinguished, the current immediately flows to the magnet in the base of the lamp. The magnet attracts an armature, which pulls down the rod *h*, connected by the arm with the upper pair. *i*, pivot to allow of slight play of holder. *k*, an upright rod containing the wire for the negative current. *l*, rod with positive wire inside it. *m*, wires to battery. *n*, wires to and from the resistance carbons in the base of the lamps, and belonging to the system adopted for the subdivision of the light.

Fig. 4 is what Mr. Rapieff calls his "moderator." It will be observed that the four carbons point upward, on the top of which is a disk of magnesium, chalk, or any substance that will retain the heat. By this means Mr. Rapieff utilizes the entire heat of the voltaic arc to intensify its power of illumination. The reader will observe also by this form that it is perfectly easy to surround the light-point by an 8-inch opal globe, and the other portion of the apparatus may be covered by the body or shell of an ordinary moderator lamp.

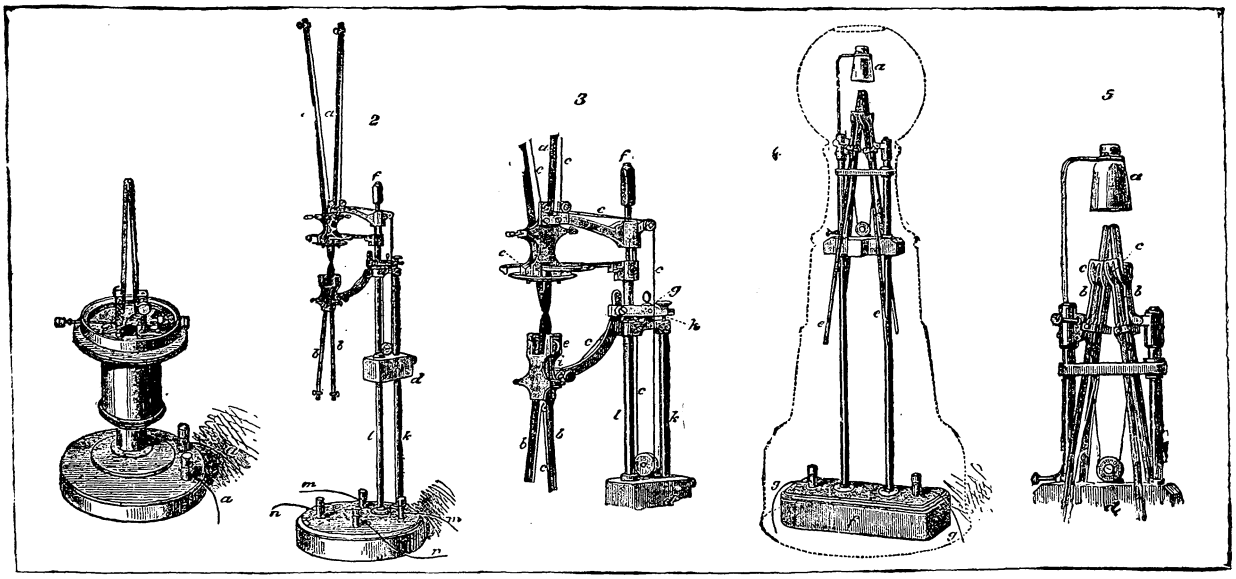
Fig. 5. A portion of same, enlarged. *a*, cylindrical-shaped refractory substance, such as magnesium, chalk, etc.; this utilizes the heat, and renders the light more brilliant. *b*, *b*, carbon-holders; the carbons are assisted in their forward motion by wheels, *c*, *c*. These also serve as conductors of the current. *d*, weight with pulleys and cords attached. *e*, elongated metallic tube with continuation of carbon, insuring its complete consumption. *f*, stand in which is concealed the electro-magnet for re-lighting the carbons. *g*, wires to magneto-electric machine or battery.

The dotted lines round Fig. 4 show its use as an ordinary table-lamp, and bears out the name given to it by Mr. Rapieff.

The diagrams on page 501 show a new arrangement of the Rapieff regulator. Its principle is precisely the same in every respect, except that the magnet is at the top instead of at the bottom, as in other lamps (which will still be constructed as before). In this case also the upper carbon is stouter than the other two, and there are only three carbons instead of four. The dotted lines show the glass globe and shade. This is a special modification for the *Times* printing-office, instead of those which have hitherto been in use there. The new lamp is now in operation at the *Times* office, and is found to work better.

In the Wallace lamp there are two horizontal plates of carbon, about nine inches in diameter, instead of mere carbon points. When the current is passing, these carbon plates are separated by a suitable small distance which remains unchanged. The electric arc, being started at the point along the edge of the carbons where there is least resistance to the passage of the current, gradually passes along the edge of the carbons as combustion goes on, changing the position of the place of nearest approach and consequently of least resistance. The light will thus burn for many hours—even for a hundred with large carbon plates—and any number of lights up to ten can be worked from the machine. The objection to the Wallace lamp is, that the light does not remain at one point, but travels along the whole extent of the carbons. It will not be easy to design a glass shade which will be suitable for a light thus changing in position.

Fig. 1. The Farmer-Wallace dynamo-electric machine. *a*, four stationary field electro-magnets of semi-circular oblong shape. *b*, two sets of twenty-five revolving electro-magnetic coils, each set being secured to a strong, broad,



THE RAPIEFF ELECTRIC-LIGHT APPARATUS.

flat disk of iron; these disks, with a space between them, are firmly fixed to the shaft. Slips of iron, *c*, which point to the centre of disks, are to cause an outward current of air, so as to prevent undue heating. *d*, commutators on the axis of the revolving magnets. The commutator is constructed of wood, with one hundred slips of metal let in lengthways completely round the surface. *e*, conducting wires from revolving magnets to commutators. *f*, brushes to convey the currents generated in the revolving coils from commutators, and thence by means of wires, *g*, the accumulated electricity passes through the field magnets, and thence on to one external circuit. The wires proceed to the lamps on the further side of the machine, not seen in our illustration. *h*, driving bands from steam-engine.

Fig 2. The commutator on a larger scale, or, more properly speaking, the collector, as with this machine the currents always pass in the same direction.

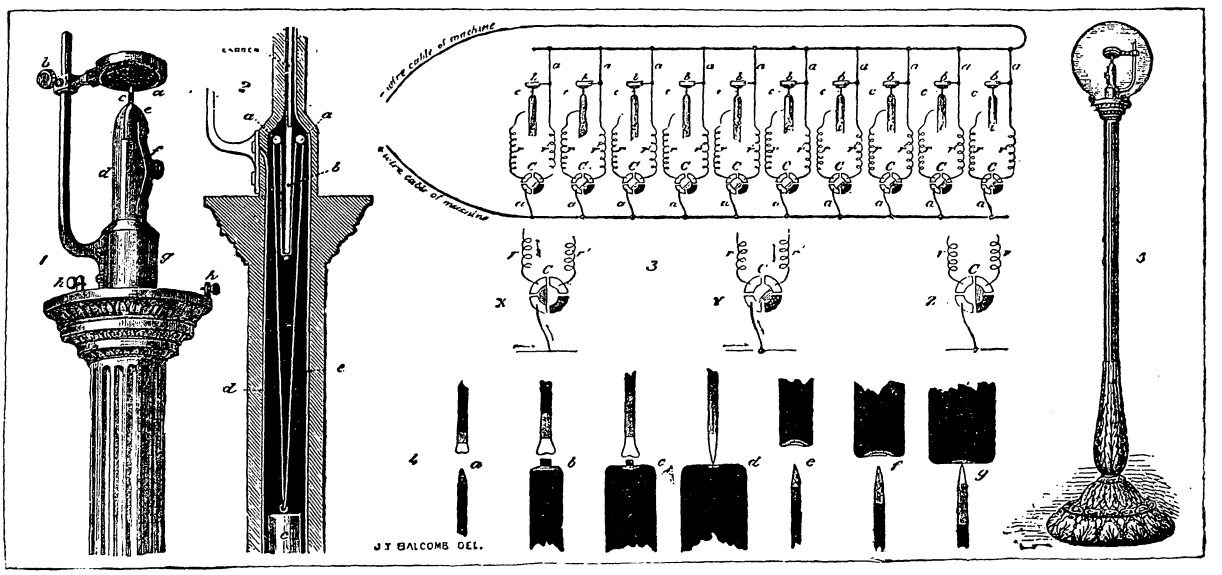
Fig. 3. End view of central revolving magnets, and edge view of brushes, *a*, showing the arrangement of the latter on the commutator. The air-holes for ventilation show through the wires, *b*.

Fig. 4. A brush, front view. It consists of two or three layers of fine copper wires soldered together at one end.

Fig. 5. The Wallace Lamp. *a* is a fixed plate of carbon; *b* is a similar plate of carbon, but connected with the rod, *c*, which passes freely through the cylindrical electro-magnet contained in the box, *d*. The two plates are joined to opposite poles of the machine. When there is no current the plate, *b*, rests, as represented, on *a*; but when the electric current is started, the electro-magnet being excited attracts the keeper and raises *b*, which thus maintains the distance necessary for the production of the electric light. The whole is intended to be contained in a clear glass shade.

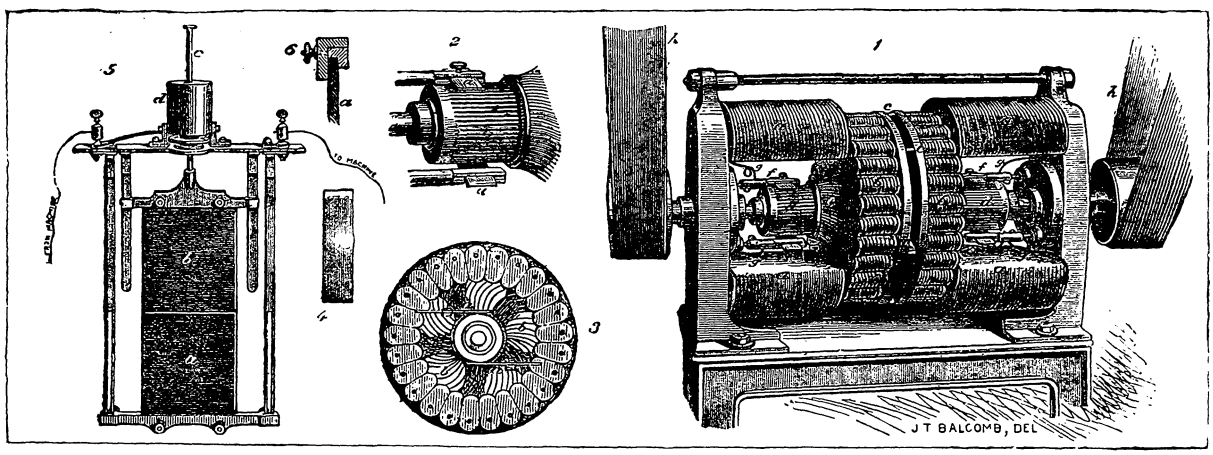
Fig. 6. Section on a larger scale, showing clearly how the carbons are fastened in the lamp. *a*, carbon plate; these plates are about five inches by four, and will last fifty hours.

The Werdermann regulator is on an entirely new plan;



THE WERDERMAN ELECTRIC-LIGHT APPARATUS.

but it has not yet been submitted to the test of practical working outside the laboratory. The positive carbon, which is lowest, ends in a sharp point, which, strangely enough, retains its figure while the carbon burns away at the rate of about two inches per hour. The negative carbon is a block having its under side, against which the positive carbon presses, slightly convex. The positive carbon is pressed steadily against the negative, by the action of a weight. The increased resistance to the passage of the current at the sharp point of the positive carbon generates sufficient heat to produce a powerful light. The light resembles a steadily radiant star, but "with all its softness and purity of tint, it is so intense that adjacent gas-flames are thrown on the wall as transparent shadows." The light will last for fifteen hours without attention, the positive carbon rod being used in lengths of three feet. The carbon block scarcely undergoes any change. When the lamp has been burning a long time, a slight depression can be seen at the place where the positive carbon touches it, but by shifting the carbon in its holder this is easily remedied. Mr. Werdermann lately exhibited a row of ten small lamps burning side by side at the same time. "The two wires from the machine," says Mr. Hepworth, "were carried one on either side of this row of lamps, branch



THE FARMER-WALLACE DYNAMO-ELECTRIC APPARATUS AND WALLACE LAMP.

wires being led from them for the service of each lamp. Mr. Werdermann says that his perfected lamps will be furnished with keys, by which the current can be turned on or off, as in the case of gas. We may say, in fact, that in the nature of its connections and various arrangements, it (the Werdermann lamp) most nearly comes up in convenience to the use of gas."

Fig. 1. Exterior view of the Werdermann lamp. *a*, negative "bun"-shaped carbon, held in its place by a metal ring, secured on upright metal rod by screw, *b*. These are conductors of the electric current. *c*, positive carbon pencil, which slides within tube, *d*. *e*, split contact-piece. This grips the pencil, and to it is conveyed the positive wire. *f*, spring to regulate the pressure of the split contact-piece. *g* contains the mechanism by which the pencil is kept up. *h*, screws to secure the clear glass globe.

Fig. 2 shows the interior of *g*. *a*, *a*, wheels over which revolves a chain, its two upper ends being fastened to the carbon-holder, *b*. *c*, counterbalance weight. This always keeps the pencil carbon, as it burns away, in gentle contact with the disk. *d*, conductor to negative carbons. *e*, conductor of positive electricity through the split contact-piece to the pencil carbon.

Fig. 3 shows the method of connecting up the Werdermann lights in a parallel circuit. The lamps are connected to the main cable by the wires *a*, the wire at the top going to the negative carbon, and that at the bottom going on to the commutator *C*, the use of which will be presently explained. *b* is the top or negative carbon; *c*, the small pencil or electrode which is consumed; *i*, the tube through which it is guided, and which forms contact with it; *r* is a spiral spring of steel wire, to offer resistance in the circuit through which the electric current flows from the cable to the lamp; *r'* is another resisting spring, equivalent to *r* and the resistance of the electrodes combined, so that if any particular lamp is extinguished the current which originally flowed through that lamp is shunted, through the resistance *r'*, and the intensity of the other lamps is then not affected. But the current from any extinguished lamp can be used to increase the light of those left burning, if necessary, by simply turning the handle of the commutator, the arrangement of which is shown at X, Y and Z. The use of the commutator is for turning the light off and on. When the commutator stands as at X, then the current goes from the cable up through *r* to the lamp. When it is standing as at Y, the current goes through the equivalent resistance to the lamp, the light now being out. When it stands as at Z, the circuit of the commutator is broken, and no current passes; the other lights are then slightly increased in illuminating power.

Fig. 4 illustrates the history of Mr. Werdermann's experiments, leading up to the principle of his invention. *a* shows the ordinary arrangement of carbons in an electric lamp. *b*, the result of increasing the lower carbon in sectional area. Notice the cylindrical pimple of carbon, and the spreading out of the end of the upper electrode. *c* is a larger lower carbon; when, in order to maintain continuity of the arc, it was necessary to bring the two carbons closer together. In *d*, the lower carbon is still larger, and the continuity of the circuit could only be maintained by keeping the two carbons in actual contact. Notice the pointed form of the upper carbon. In *e*, *f* and *g*, we see what occurred when the large carbon formed the positive pole.

We do not yet know certainly what arrangement Mr. Edison employs to obtain the light of which so much has been heard. It is asserted that his light is obtained from the incandescence of an alloy of iridium and platinum, which will bear without fusion a heat of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It would be unsafe, however, to assume that this account is trustworthy, or to infer, as we might in the case of almost any other inventor, that such being the nature of his plan, it could lead to no result of practical

value. As has been well remarked by a contemporary writer, whatever Edison's invention may be, "it is certain to be something to command respect, even if it does not quite come up to the glowing accounts which have reached us in advance."

The following passage from one of these accounts, which appeared in the New York *Herald*, will be read with interest, and may be accepted as trustworthy, so far as it goes: "The writer last night saw the invention in operation in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The inventor was deep in experimental researches. What he called the apparatus consisted of a small metal stand placed on the table. Surrounding the light was a small glass globe. Near by was a gas-jet burning low. The professor looked up from his work to greet the reporter, and in reply to a request to view the invention, waved his hand toward the light, with the exclamation, 'There she is!' The illumination was such as would come from a brilliant gas-jet surrounded with ground glass, only that the light was clearer and more brilliant. 'Now I extinguish it and light the gas, and you can see the difference,' said Mr. Edison; and he touched the spring. Instantly all was darkness. Then he turned on the gas. The difference was quite perceptible. The light from the gas appeared, in comparison, tinted with yellow. In a moment, however, the eye had become accustomed to it, and the yellowish tint disappeared. Then the professor turned on the electric light, giving the writer the opportunity of seeing both side by side. The electric light seemed much softer; a continuous view of it for three minutes did not pain the eye; whereas, looking at the gas for the same length of time caused some little pain and confusion of sight. One of the noticeable features of the light, when fully turned on, was that all the colors could be distinguished as readily as by sunlight. 'When do you expect to have the invention completed, Mr. Edison?' asked the reporter. 'The substance of it is all right now,' he answered, putting the apparatus away and turning on the gas; 'but there are the usual little details that must be attended to before it goes to the people. For instance, we have got to devise some arrangement for registering—a sort of meter; and again, there are several different forms that we are experimenting on now, in order to select the best.' 'Are the lights to be all of the same degree of brilliancy?' asked the reporter. 'All the same.' 'Have you come across any serious difficulties in it as yet?' 'Well, no,' replied the inventor, 'and that's what worries me; for in the telephone I found about a thousand, and so in the quadruplex. I worked on both over two years before I overcame them.'"

Other methods, as the Sawyer-Man system, and the Brush system, need not at present detain us, as little is certainly known respecting them. In the former it is said that the light is obtained from an incandescent carbon pencil within a space containing nitrogen and no oxygen, so that there is no combustion. In the latter the carbon points are placed as in the ordinary electric lamp, but are so suspended in the clasp of a regulator that they burn fourteen inches of carbon without adjustment, the carbons lasting eight hours, and producing a flood of intense white light, estimated as equivalent to 3,000 candles.

We have no space to consider the cost of electric lighting, even if the question were one which could be suitably dealt with in these pages. Opinions are very much divided as to the relative cost of lighting by gas and by electricity; but the balance of opinion seems to be in favor of the belief that electric lighting will on the whole be as cheap as lighting by gas. Then it is to be remembered that, important though the question of cost is, it is far from being all-important. The advantages of electric lighting for many purposes, as in public libraries, in cases where many persons work together under conditions rendering the vitiation of the air by gas-lighting exceedingly mischievous, and in cases where the recognition of delicate differences of tint or texture is essential, must far more than compensate for some slight difference in cost. The possibility—shown by actual experience to be a real possibility—of employing natural sources of power to drive machines for generating electricity, is another interesting element of the subject, but could not be properly dealt with save in greater space than is here and now available.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.—Considering the fact that nitrous oxide gas is now extensively used by dentists, it has occurred to M. Paul Bert that the same agent could be advantageously employed in hospitals in surgical operations. He finds that the nitrous oxide acquires a very great degree of activity when submitted to pressure. After a few inspirations in a compressed atmosphere containing one-sixth of nitrous oxide, a dog falls entirely to sleep. The heart beats, however, and the temperature remains normal. The excitation of the centripetal nerves determines the production of the reflex phenomena. The author was able to keep up this condition for more than an hour. If at the expiration of this time air is allowed to enter the lungs, we see, after the third respiration, all of the ordinary functions re-established. The sensibility is returned, and with it full energy and activity. There are none of the disagreeable effects which follow chloroform, which is explained on the principle that the latter agent forms a combination with the principles of the blood, while the nitrous oxide is simply dissolved in it. In view of these facts, M. Bert suggests the importance of introducing the compressed nitrous oxide in hospitals.

THE SATELLITES OF MARS.—Prof. Asaph Hall, of the National Observatory at Washington, discovered two satellites of Mars, by aid of a very powerful telescope, and also favored by the near approach of the planet to the earth, in 1877. In the eighteenth century the idea was prevalent that such satellites ought to exist, and Mr. Richard Proctor has found a letter, written by Kepler to his friend Wachenfels, in 1610, in which occurs the following passage: "So far from being opposed to the idea of the existence of four satellites of Jupiter, I am waiting for you to send me a telescope, in order that I may try to find two accompanying Mars, because the mass seems to demand them." It was probably from Kepler that Swift and Fontanelle derived the idea of the probable existence of two moons around Mars The prediction was nearly forgotten, until the fortunate discovery of Prof. Hall.

A REAL TELEGRAPH.—A new invention of a real, practical character, not a mere *paulo post futurum* invention, like many we have heard of lately, has just been made by Mr. E A. Cowper, the well-known mechanical engineer. It is a real telegraphic writing machine. The writer in London moves his pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions. The writer writes in London, the ink marks in Brighton. We have seen this instrument at work, and its marvels are quite as startling as those of the telephone. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the Society of Telegraph Engineers. We annex a fac-simile of the writing produced by this telegraphic writing machine.

CRYPTOGAMIC BOTANY.—A superb work, by M. Thuret and M. Bornet, on the algae, fuci and other marine plants, has appeared in France. It is composed of 101 pages of text and 51 magnificent plates, in folio. Among the subjects treated of in this work, we notice the peculiar fecundation of the fuci, the extraordinary phenomena of the fecundation of *polyides*, and finally the sexual reproduction of coralline, never before described. The monograph will prove to be interesting, not only to botanists, but also to all persons occupied with the question of the reproduction of organic beings.

THE EFFECT OF COLORED LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—M. Paul Bert has recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences the results of exhaustive investigation on the influence of colored light on vegetation. When he found that plants placed under green glass perished rapidly, he considered the explanation of the fact to be that, as they were themselves green by reflected or transmitted light, the rays allowed to reach them being of the same color, they were rejected as useless. But considering that these leaves, when in thick layers, appeared red, he supposed that they could not either utilize the red rays, but was greatly surprised to find that vegetable life persists almost indefinitely when only supplied with the red rays. That apparent contradiction led him to a more profound investigation. By the spectroscope he discovered that, in diffused light, the red glass intercepted the yellow, and all the more refractible rays, allowing only to pass the orange and the red; the green, on the other hand, allowed all to pass except about three fourths of the red. The former suffices to maintain life, but the second kills. Therefore, the part of the spectrum necessary to support vegetable life is found in the rays which are absorbed by the green. If they are prevented from falling on the plant, no further increase takes place, and the resources already stored up by the vegetable are gradually exhausted until it perishes. Behind red glass, plants live long, doubtless, but they grow excessively tall, are thin, and the members are flabby and very slightly colored. The reason is, that they are deprived of the blue and violet rays. Consequently, each part of the spectrum contains elements which play an active part in the life of plants. The conclusion at which M Paul Bert arrives is that, although vegetable life may be maintained almost indefinitely under the influence of certain colored rays, yet each part of the spectrum has its specific action, and that unless plants have due access to the whole rays which, combined, form white light, the vegetation must inevitably be imperfect.

A NEW LACUSTRINE STATION.—A new lacustrine station has been discovered at Locras, on the lake of Bienne, in Switzerland. It dates from the end of the age of stone, and is situated at some distance from the shore, not far from another station explored in 1873. The present one has been left exposed by the fall of the waters, which were unusually low last Autumn. The researches, directed by Dr. Gross de Neuveville, have brought to light a number of curious and interesting articles; among others are flint hatchets, pierced like those found in Denmark, and fixed with pitch to a handle of deerhorn, which is itself fitted into a wooden stock; flint spear-heads; various articles of domestic use in wood, including a colander and a vase in a good state of preservation, and several instruments and arms of pure copper. The discovery of these objects serves to prove that the age of stone was not followed immediately by that of bronze, but that there was an intermediate period, during which copper without alloy was used. Several human skulls were found, and one of them bears evident marks of trepanning. After death, a round piece was cut from the crown to form an amulet to which certain virtues were attributed. According to Dr. Broca, a similar operation was practiced on living children, to give an issue to the evil spirit which was believed to be the cause of convulsions. Similar amulets have been found in the sepulchral grottoes and dolmens of the South of France, as well as in Sweden, Germany and Austria.

THE NEW METAL, DAVYUM.—Prof. Sergius Kern has contributed some further information relative to the metal discovered by him, and which he named davyum, in honor of Sir Humphrey Davy. The metal is obtained from platiniferous sand, by the analytical method of Prof. Bunsen. Only a very small quantity has been obtained. The chloride of davyum is very soluble in water, alcohol or ether, and its crystals are not deliquescent. It forms double salts with the chlorides of potassium and ammonium, which are insoluble in water and very soluble in absolute alcohol. The double salt of sodium and davyum is almost insoluble in water and alcohol, a reaction which is characteristic, and may lead to a method for the precipitation of soda. The specific gravity of davyum is 9.38, thus classing it with the lighter metals of the platinum group. The atomic weight has not yet been determined, but preliminary experiments point to 150 or 154 as the probable number. The spectrum of davyum has been investigated by vaporizing the metal in powder, between the carbons of the electric lamp. It is found to give lines differing from those afforded by any other metal, thus confirming the elementary character of the substance. The metal is soluble in aqua regia, from which solution potash gives a yellow precipitate of the hydrate, which is easily acted on by acids, even acetic acid. Thus far no uses have been suggested for the new metal.

SILICATE OF ALUMINA SUBSTITUTED FOR ALBUMEN IN THE PREPARATION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER.—Mr Phipson recommends to float the paper upon an aqueous solution of silicate of potash (soluble glass) until it is well saturated, and then to immerse it in a bath of alum-water. The two baths must contain equivalent quantities of each salt. While the paper is still moist, it is passed between wooden rollers, and subsequently hung up to dry. The sheets are sensitized in the ordinary way, and the prints resemble perfectly those made on albumen paper.

MEASURING HEIGHT BY THE BAROMETER.—A neat and easily recollected rule for measuring height by means of the barometer is given in Admiral Fitzroy's treatise. The figures are, of course, approximate, since no allowance is made for temperature; but they will often serve where accuracy is not required, and the height to be estimated does not exceed a quarter of a mile The rule is to divide the difference of reading between the upper and the lower stations by the decimal 0.011; the result is the elevation in feet.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A DRY TIME.—About eleven o'clock A. M.

FINE DAY.—Monday morning at the police court.

DISAGREEABLE DUTIES.—On passengers' baggage.

WHY is a church bell more affable than a church organ? **Because** one will go when it is *tolled*, but the other will be *blowed* first!

"IF a Miss is as good as a mile, how good is a Mrs?" If she is a widow, she will be good for a league under any circumstances.

A KANSAS man who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said he, "my old woman!"

"THE cat in gloves," said Franklin, "catches no mice." Indeed, no; not she. When the cat is able to wear gloves she can afford to buy her mice, ready dressed and cooked.

THERE may be differences between a single cat in a fit and a couple of them in a fight, but it amounts to about the same thing if they each happen to select the flower-plot in the front yard as the scene of their activities.

"OH, granny!" cried little Tommy, at the top of his voice, "I just seen the biggest ant! It couldn't begin to git inter that door!" Granny was duly excited, but not so much as when Tommy told her it was an eleph-ant!

A LAWYER about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible. "Ah!" said the lawyer, "you might properly enough say that to the foreman of your establishment; but that is not the way I make my bread."

WHEN a woman gets a red spot on the end of her nose, the world charitably remarks that her blood is out of order; but just let that red spot appear on a man's nose, and every one will declare they smell whisky as soon as they get within twenty feet of him.

ONE of our most learned men of science has worn his head nearly bald trying to invent a machine that would calculate with some kind of accuracy the difference between the weight of a fish when it is first taken out of the water and when it gets into the newspapers.

THE gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's snowy brow, caught a severe cold. The lady who had a spark in her eye, is now suffering with a match in the other. The gentleman who was devoured by love's flame, recovered when his lady-love threw cold water on his proposals.

"MAMMA," said a wicked youngster, "am I a canoe?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

COMPLIMENT ON THE SPOT.—Count d'Orsay, in remarking upon a beauty-spot upon the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose-leaf. "The compliment is far-fetched," observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the count, "when it is made on the spot?"

A NEW recipient of judicial honors in Alabama was reminded, after the argument in a case that was being tried before him was closed, that he should charge the jury, and rose and said, "Gentlemen ob de jury, I charge you half a dollar apiece, and I say you must pay it before de case goes on."

"SOUND," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes, you can!" said a smart boy. "John Hopkins," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing!" quickly replied the smart boy.

"THAT'S a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scottish minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet!"

DR. BYLES's wit once met with a severe retort. Encountering a lady who, having declined an offer of marriage from the doctor, had married a gentleman of the name of Quincy, he said, "So, madam, it appears you prefer quincy to biles." "Yes," she replied, "for if there had been anything worse than biles God would have afflicted Job with them!"

A LITTLE fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, after having been washed, was put into another garment as much too large as the other had been too small Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt!"

THE editor of a Virginia City paper was asked the other day why he never wore an overcoat. "Overcoat!" said he; "how in thunder could I run fast in an overcoat? If you were chased to and from your office every day by some indignant citizen or other with a club, you wouldn't need an overcoat, bet your life! A linen duster would be too heavy, even. I generally make the home-run in my shirt sleeves!"

THE MASTER PAINTER.—FROM A PAINTING BY VERHAS.

SEE FUNERAL RITES AND CUSTOMS PAGE 617.

DECORATING THE MUMMY CASES IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

"Gramercy Park" is a green little nook in the City of New York, about midway between the Battery and the lower end of the Central Park. Some forty years ago the site was on the outskirts of the city. About that time a few gentlemen purchased some four acres of land here, with the purpose of building residences for themselves. An acre and a-half in the centre was laid out as a park, owned in common by all the proprietors, surrounded by an ornamental iron fence, and planted with trees, which have now attained a stately growth. The streets were so laid out that the great thoroughfares would run at a little distance from its four sides, so near that they could be reached by a walk of two or three minutes, and yet so far that their noise and bustle would be only faintly heard. The streets which bound the little park are yet, and are likely long to be, very quiet. The dwellings fronting upon Gramercy Park are all what we should call respectable, none of them pretentious. Some are of plain red-brick, others are of brown-stone. Among the men of mark who have here made their homes are James Harper and Samuel J. Tilden, David Dudley Field—the second of that name—and his brother, Cyrus W. Field. Peter Cooper, *nomen clarum et venerabile*, may be properly placed among these, for his plain yellow-brick mansion is within a stone's throw of the park, from which it is separated only by the dwelling of Cyrus W. Field.

On the 10th of March, 1879, a notable assemblage of many hundreds of men met in the adjoining and communicating abodes of the Field brothers. The purpose was to celebrate the quarter-centennial anniversary of the practical beginning of the work of constructing the Atlantic Telegraph. It was the "silver wedding" of the union between the two continents; or, rather, one may say, of the betrothal which was, after a dozen years, to result in an actual marriage. We propose here to set forth some of the salient features of that enterprise. As we shall see, there were keen eyes, wise heads, and strong hands engaged in this work; but, from first to last, Cyrus W. Field was the heart of it.

The general idea is not a new one that electricity might be employed to transmit instantaneous signals over considerable distances. We find it suggested by Schwenter, who wrote as early as 1637, and he found the suggestion in a still earlier writer. Whole pages might be given to an enumeration of suggestions made in this direction, down to Morse's practical realization in 1844, of the idea of a recording magnetic telegraph, which he had casually conceived twelve years before, while on a voyage from Europe to America. The earliest attempt which we find at sending signals through a submerged wire was by Doctor O'Shaugnessy of Calcutta. In 1839 he stretched a copper wire, insulated by wrapping it in cotton thread saturated with tar across the Hoogly River, a distance of a mile, and signals were transmitted by this wire. In 1842, Morse laid a submarine wire in New York harbor; but we believe no practical use was ever made of this. In 1847, Mr. A. J. Craven, of Newark, New Jersey, placed an insulated iron wire across a little brook which crossed the line of the telegraph between Washington and New York. He connected this at both ends with the wire through the air, and found that the course of the message was not interrupted. This led in the following year to the laying of a telegraphic "cable" between New York and Jersey City, across the Hudson, a distance of about two miles. This may properly be regarded as the first submarine cable.

So matters stood at the beginning of 1851. At that time, Mr. Frederick N. Gisborne, who had been engaged in building a telegraphic line in Nova Scotia, conceived the idea of shortening the communication between Europe and America. His plan was to make St. John's, at the eastern end of the Island of Newfoundland, the American terminus of a line of swift steamers running to the extreme western point of Ireland. The distance, following almost along the parallel of 50° N., is about nineteen hundred statute miles, and it was supposed that the passage would be made in six days. From St. John's to Cape Ray, the western point of Newfoundland, the distance is about four hundred miles. Between these two points he proposed to lay a subterranean telegraph, through an uninhabited region of forest, rock, and morass. Then came the Strait of Northumberland, fifty miles broad, separating Newfoundland from Cape Breton Island, whence an overland line would connect with the great telegraphic system of the American continent. "My plans," he says, "were to run a subterranean line from Cape Race to Cape Ray, fly carrier pigeons, and run boats across the Straits of Northumberland to Cape Breton, and thence, by overland lines, convey the news to New York."

Work was commenced in cutting a road along which the wire was to run, and thirty or forty miles were cleared, when all at once the men who were to furnish the money found themselves either unable or unwilling to carry out their agreement. The company became bankrupt, owing some fifty thousand dollars to the laborers who had been employed. Mr. Gisborne was arrested for the debts, and stripped of every dollar of his property. At length, early in 1854, he came to New York, in the hope that his former associates would be able to do something in the matter. He found that nothing was to be expected from them. One day while in the Astor House he encountered Mr. Matthew D. Field, a civil engineer, who listened with interest to his plans, and promised to speak of them to his brother Cyrus W. Field.

Cyrus West Field was born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1819. At the age of fifteen he became a clerk in New York, and, in a few years, he was the head of a large mercantile house. In 1853, at the age of thirty-four, he had acquired an ample competence, and retired for a time from active business, and spent six months in traveling in South America. His connection with the Atlantic telegraph began very shortly after his return from this journey.

We have now reached the early months of 1854, when the attention of Cyrus W. Field was first called by his brother to Mr. Gisborne's project of the Newfoundland Telegraph. He was at first averse to embarking in an enterprise so wholly new to him; but finally, at the urgency of his brother, he consented to ask Mr. Gisborne to come to his house and explain his project. The interview over, and his visitor having taken his leave, Mr. Field began turning over the small globe which stood on his library table. "It was while studying this globe," says Mr. Henry M. Field, to whose History of the Atlantic Telegraph we are largely indebted, "that the idea occurred to him that the telegraph might be carried further still, and be made to span the Atlantic Ocean." The idea was original with him in the sense that it was suggested to him by no one else; but, fortunately for the world, it had before presented itself to at least two other men; and equally fortunately it was to these two men, both personally unknown to him, that he at once applied for information. He saw at a glance that the question involved two problems: *First*, could a permanent cable be laid across the ocean? and *Second*, if successfully laid, would the electric

current be transmitted by it through two thousand miles of water?

The first of these questions involved a knowledge of what was going on at a depth of miles below the surface of the ocean. Before another sun had set, Mr. Field had written to Lieutenant Maury, the accomplished superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, inquiring if the physical character of the ocean and its bed presented an insuperable barrier to the laying and maintenance of a telegraphic cable. A reply was soon returned. "Singularly enough," wrote Maury, "just as I received your letter, I was closing one to the Secretary of the Navy on the same subject;" and a copy of this was sent as embodying his matured opinion on the matter.

During the previous Summer, Lieutenant Berryman, in command of the United States brig *Dolphin*, had made a line of deep-sea soundings from the shores of Newfoundland to those of Ireland. "This line of soundings," says Maury, "seems to be decisive of the question of the practicability of a submarine telegraph between the two continents, in so far as the bottom of the deep sea is concerned. From Newfoundland to Ireland the distance between the nearest points is about sixteen hundred nautical miles, and the bottom of the sea between those places is a plateau which seems to have been placed there especially for the purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph and keeping them out of harm's way. The depth of this plateau is quite regular, gradually increasing from the shores of Newfoundland to the depth of from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms as you approach the other side. It is so deep that the wires once landed will remain for ever beyond the reach of the anchors of vessels, icebergs, and drifts of every kind, and so shallow that the wires may be readily lodged upon the bottom . . . I do not pretend to consider the question as to the possibility of finding a time calm enough, the sea smooth enough, a wire long enough, a ship big enough to lay a coil of wire sixteen hundred miles in length; though I have no fear but that the enterprise and ingenuity of the age, whenever called upon with these problems, will be ready with a satisfactory and practical solution of them."

For an answer to the second problem, whether the electric current would be transmitted by a cable, Mr. Field had recourse to Professor Morse, to whom he wrote on the same day as to Lieutenant Maury. The professor answered the question in person. He avowed his perfect faith that an ocean telegraph was practicable, and would be some day achieved. This was, indeed, no new conclusion of his, for almost eleven years before, in a letter to the then Secretary of the Treasury, he had put the same opinion upon record. After detailing the result of certain experiments made by him, he adds, "The practical inference is that a telegraphic communication on the electro-magnetic plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic Ocean. Startling as this may now seem, I am confident that the time will come when this project will be realized."

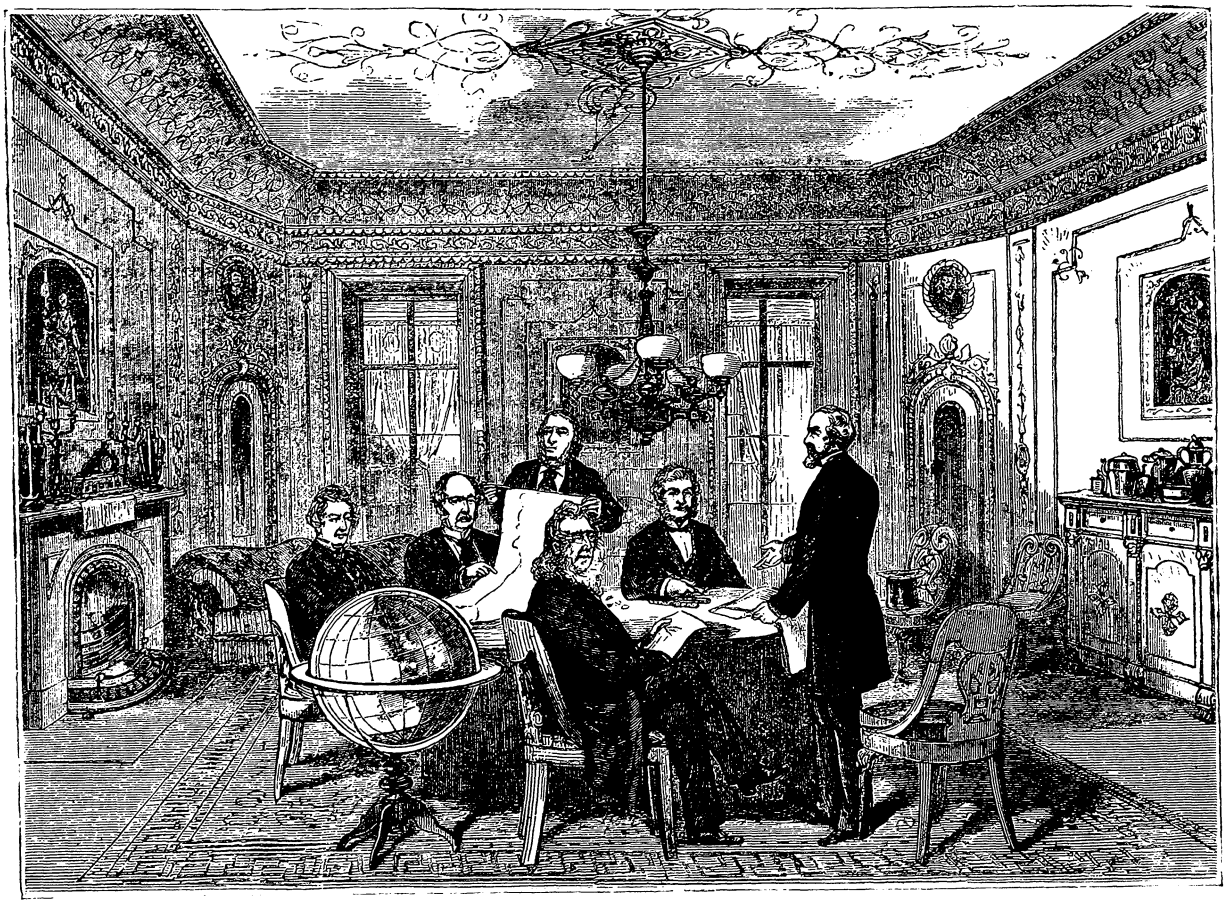
Thus assured by Maury and Morse as to the two great essential factors in the problem, Cyrus W. Field took counsel with one other man. "This," says Henry Field, "was his eldest brother, David Dudley Field. They lived side by side on Gramercy Park, and were in daily communication. To this, his nearest and best counselor, he opened the project which had taken possession of his mind; and being strengthened by that maturer judgment, he finally resolved that, if he could get a sufficient number of capitalists to join him, he would embark in an enterprise which, beginning with the line through Newfoundland, involved in the end nothing less than an attempt to link the New World with the Old."

The next thing was to find coadjutors of like mind. He first applied to his neighbor and friend, Peter Cooper. Of this man there is no need here to write a biography or eulogy. Suffice it to say that he had reached the age of sixty-three; had acquired an ample fortune, and had come to think that the remainder of his life should be mainly devoted to the work of wisely administering a great part of this fortune for the public good. The walls of the "Cooper Institute" were growing up under his eye, and to care for this in all its details seemed work enough for the few years which, in the ordinary course of nature, would be allotted to him. But the enthusiasm of his young friend was contagious; and the upshot of the conference was that Mr. Cooper would take part in the enterprise provided that a number of other gentlemen would become associates.

This conditional engagement was an important advantage. Everybody knew Peter Cooper, while comparatively few knew Cyrus W. Field. He now looked around for other fitting associates. Moses Taylor was well known as a capitalist who had been successfully engaged in many great enterprises. Mr. Field had then no personal acquaintance with him, but having procured a note of introduction from a common friend, he asked for an interview. Of this first interview, Mr. Field says, "I shall never forget how Mr. Taylor received me. He fixed his keen eye upon me as if he would look through me; and then sitting down, he listened to me for nearly an hour without saying a word." But he had been taking in all that his interlocutor had been saying; and the result was that he would also enter into an agreement — conditional like that of Mr. Cooper—to take a part in the enterprise. Mr. Field next thought of Marshall O. Roberts, a man whose many bold commercial enterprises had given him a special character in the business world. Men called his enterprises hazardous and rash until their success had been assured, and then they pronounced them to be sagacious and far-seeing. It required little urgency to induce him to take part in the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise. Mr. Field next applied to a personal friend, Chandler White, who had for some time retired from active business. He was at first loath to enter again upon the cares of active business, but was soon won over.

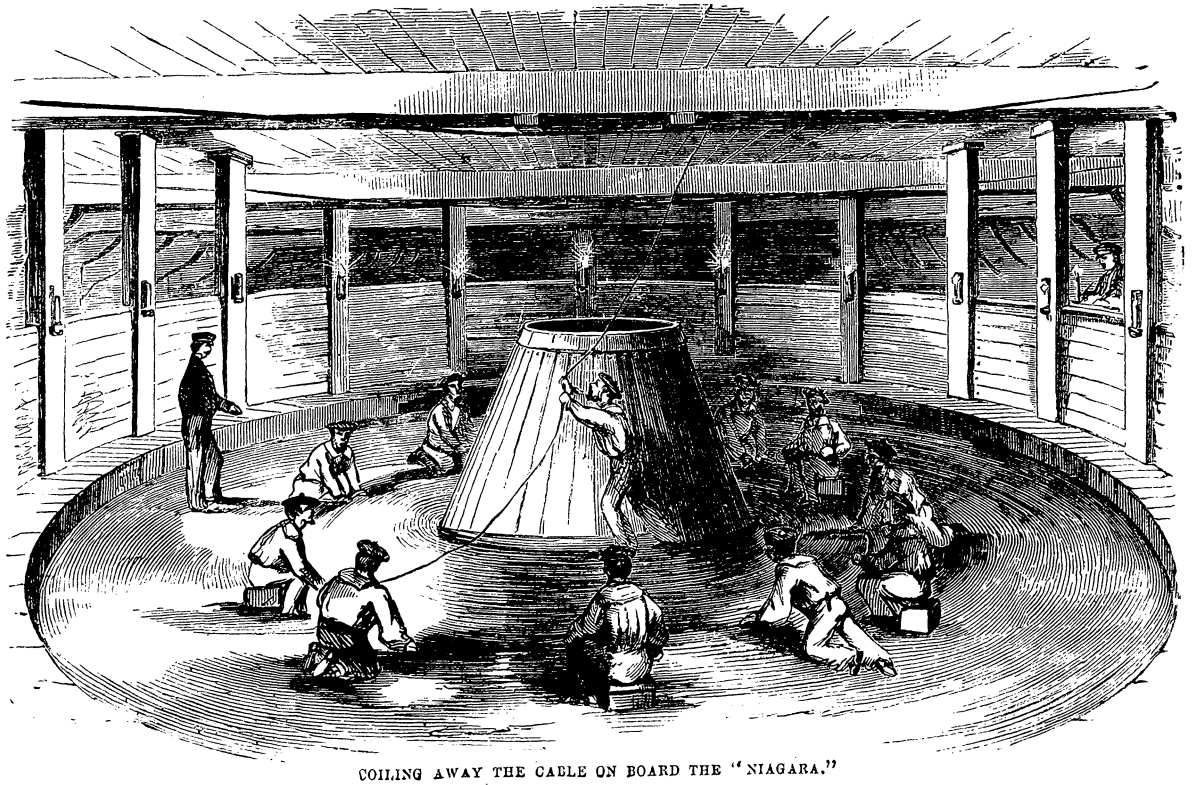
Five men, strong in character and wealth, had now been enlisted. Mr. Field was about to apply to others, when Mr. Cooper suggested that they were enough — five men were as good as ten. To this they all agreed; and they met for four successive evenings at the house of Mr. Field to consult upon a plan of operations. The result was that they would undertake the enterprise provided that the Newfoundland Government would grant a favorable charter to the new Company. The decision was made on March 10th, 1854, in the library of Cyrus W. Field. There were present the five associates, not one of whom had a month before ever heard of such a thing as an ocean telegraph. Mr. White died in about a year, and his place was taken by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt, another of the merchant princes of New York. Just twenty-five years from that evening, these men were assembled in the same apartment. The table upon which the agreement was signed was in its old place; and upon it was the very globe, a glance at which had suggested to Cyrus W. Field that "the telegraph might be made to span the Atlantic." But these men were not alone now. Every room in the spacious connected mansions of the two brothers Field was thronged with guests, among whom were hundreds of the best known men in the land, all eager to do honor to the quarter-centenary of the work.

Almost from the first the laboring oar fell into the

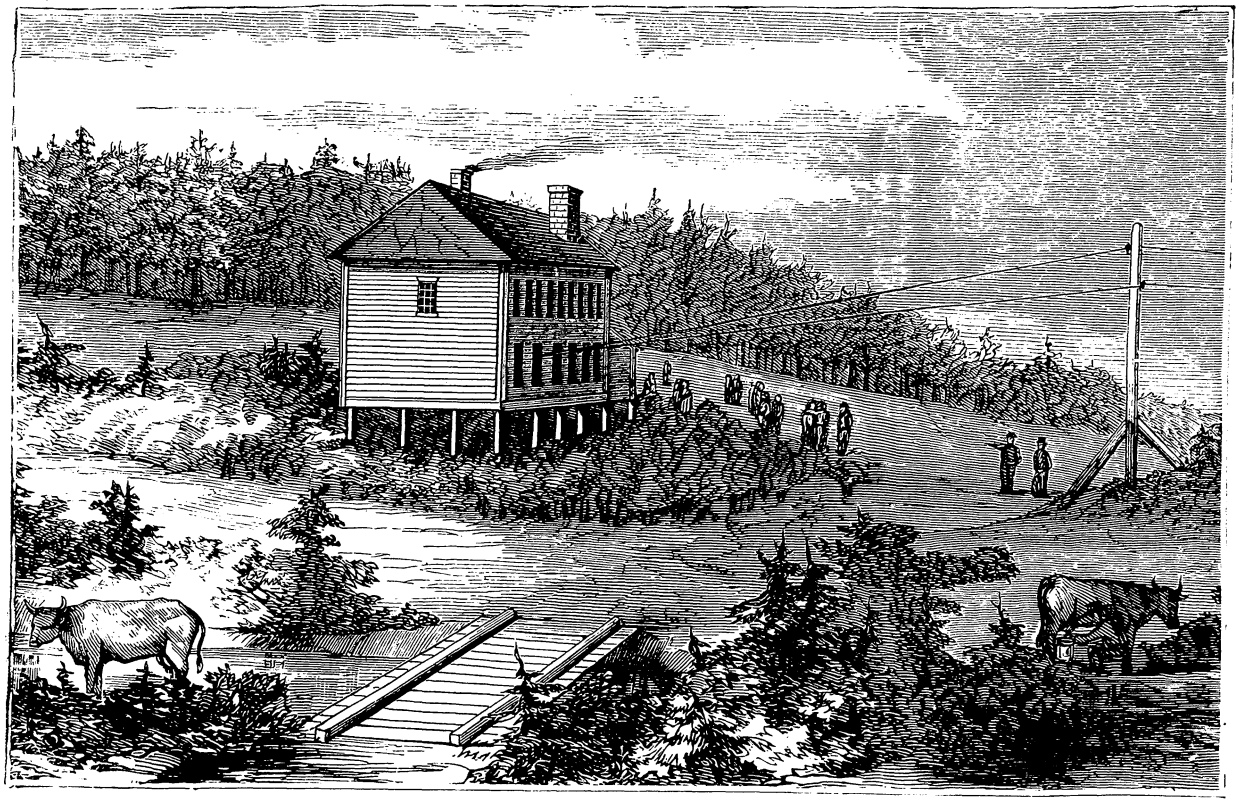


THE ROOM IN MR. FIELD'S HOUSE IN WHICH THE COMPANY WAS ORGANIZED.

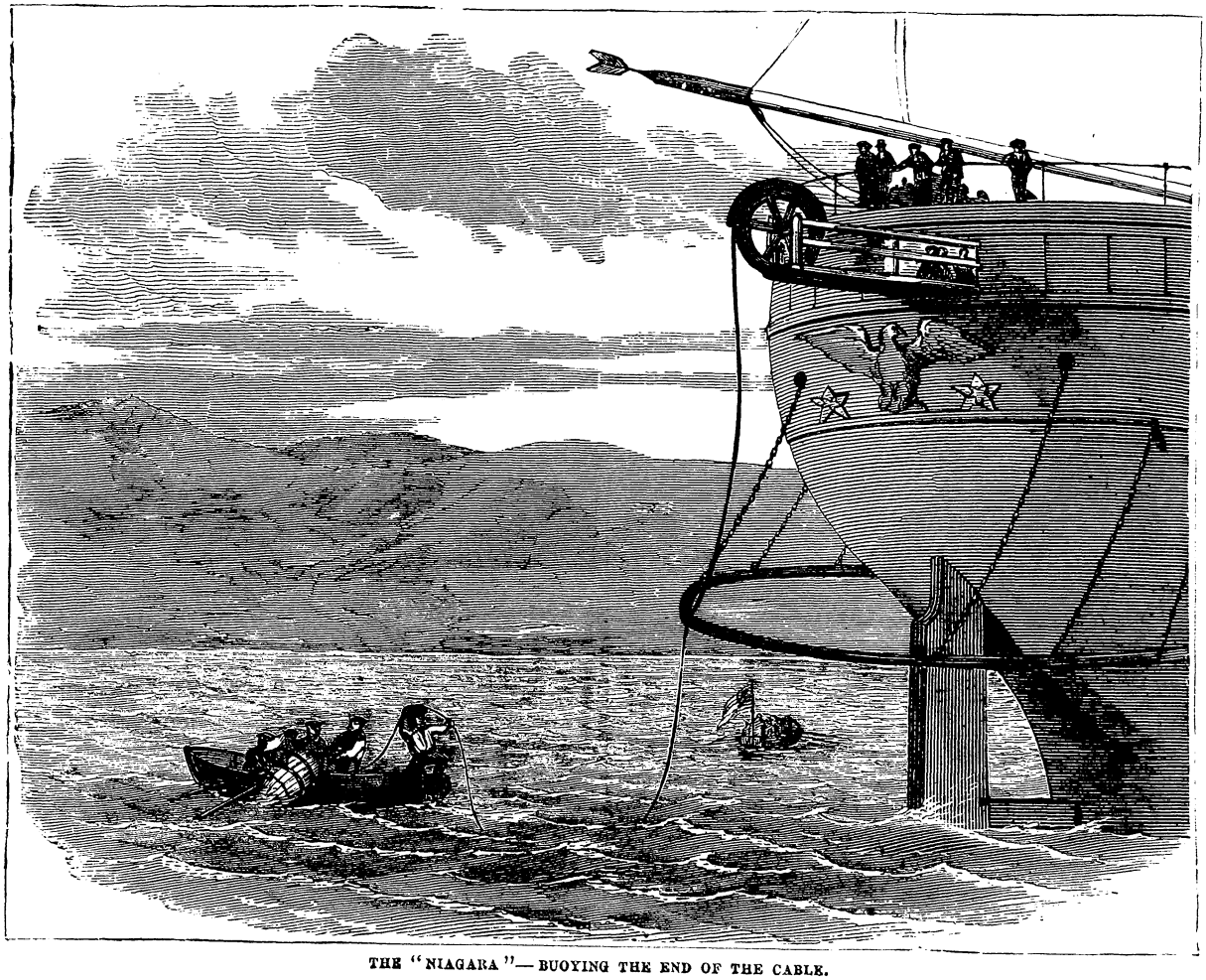
hands of Cyrus W. Field—for he alone of all the associates was so circumstanced that he could give his sole attention to the enterprise. The association had already purchased the charter of Mr. Gisborne's Newfoundland Company. But further concessions from that colony were desirable, and Cyrus W. Field, Dudley Field, and Mr. White started



COILING AWAY THE CABLE ON BOARD THE "NIAGARA."



CYRUS TELEGRAPH STATION, NEWFOUNDLAND.



THE "NIAGARA"—BUOYING THE END OF THE CABLE.

for St. John's, Newfoundland. A brief interview with Governor Hamilton was sufficient to interest him in the scheme, and he at once convoked the Council of the colony to consider the matter. The official answer was given in a few hours: "The Governor would recommend the Assembly to guarantee the interest upon £50,000 of bonds; to make an immediate grant of fifty square miles of land, with a further grant of the same extent on the completion of the telegraph across the ocean; and a payment of £5,000 toward the construction of a bridle-path across the island, along the line of the land telegraph."

During the voyage Dudley Field had drawn up a new charter which it was hoped would be granted by the Newfoundland Legislature. We have already mentioned the essential features of the old charter: Its swift steamers across the Atlantic; its four hundred miles of land telegraph across Newfoundland; its little steamer and carrier-pigeons to transmit intelligence across Northumberland Straits. The proposed charter for the "New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company" was a very different thing, as was indicated in its opening sentence: "Whereas, it is deemed advisable to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Europe, by way of Newfoundland, therefore, etc." The essential provisions of the proposed charter were that the associates were incorporated for fifty years, and among them there should be a perfect equality between citizens of the United States and subjects of Great Britain; and that during these fifty years no other company or individuals should be permitted to land any telegraphic wire or cable upon any point upon the shores of Newfoundland or its dependencies. After considerable discussion, this bill was passed by the Assembly without a dissenting voice, and was confirmed by the Governor in Council.

The first thing to be done was to open a road through the wilds of Newfoundland; for by their charter they were to make "a good, traversable bridle-road, eight feet wide, with bridges of the same width," from one end of the island to the other. Mr. White went to St. John's to act as general agent for the Company, and Matthew D. Field, as engineer, was to have charge of the construction of the road. The story of this part of the work is well worth the telling, had we here space for it. The region furnished nothing except water in the way of supplies. Food and implements were supplied by a little steamer plying along the coast, whence they were borne on the backs of men over the hills. The hundreds of men were rudely sheltered under tents or in huts; but oftener they slept on the bare ground under the canopy of the sky. During the Summer and early Autumn there was enough of endurance; but in that northern latitude snow lies deep for nearly half the year; blinding drifts sweep over the moors, and choke up the paths of the forest.

Toward the close of the year Cyrus W. Field went to London to contract for a cable across Northumberland Straits. In due time the cable was dispatched, and although the overland line was not completed, it was resolved to lay this cable at once. A fine steamer was chartered, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen embarked at New York on the 7th of August, 1855. Among the party was the lamented Bayard Taylor, who went as correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. It was supposed that the bark which was to bring the cable from England would be in waiting for them near Cape Ray; but when the steamer reached the place the bark had not arrived, and they had to wait several days. When the bark came, it was resolved to proceed at once to lay the cable. The whole distance is scarcely fifty miles; the sea was calm, and no trouble was looked for. But when they reached the middle of the Straits, a fierce gale sprung up, and the heavily laden bark was in great danger of going down. At last, when forty miles had been paid out, the peril became so great, that there was nothing to do but to cut the cable, which was thus a total loss. This untoward accident involved the loss of a whole year, but it had taught one important lesson: that for laying a submarine cable a steamer must be employed.

Next Summer, when the new cable had come, it was laid without difficulty. By this time the overland wire had been completed; another telegraphic line, a hundred and forty miles long, had been built across the island of Cape Breton; and thus there was direct telegraphic communication between New York and St. John's, a distance of more than a thousand miles. The whole outlay up to this time had been nearly a million of dollars, most of which had been borne by four men; Mr. Field had furnished something more than $200,000; Mr. Cooper, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Roberts each something less. Upon the death of Mr. White, in 1856, Mr. Field was chosen Vice President. "But," says Mr. Henry Field, "In all the operations of the Company thus far, the various negotiations, the plan of the work, the oversight of its execution, and the correspondence with the officers and others, mainly devolved upon Cyrus W. Field."

The part now accomplished was by no means half of the work; and that part was of comparatively little real value of itself. Until the broad Atlantic should be spanned by a telegraph, the great centres of the two continents were only a few hours nearer each other than they had been before. Up to this time the Atlantic telegraph had been a purely American, or, rather, a New York enterprise. But now that the British shores were to be touched, it was fitting that Great Britain should be invited to take part in the work. So, in the Summer of 1856, Mr. Field again went to England.

He was fortunate at the outset in coming into contact with the very men of all others who were able to comprehend the grandeur of the enterprise, and who were prompt to aid in its execution. The names of some of these men will come before us as we proceed. Foremost in point of time was John W. Brett, who was at this time the only English stockholder, and who proved himself a firm friend to the work in its darkest as well as its brightest hours. There was Charles T. Bright, an engineer who was in time to receive the honor of knighthood for his share in laying the cable; there was Edward O. W. Whitehouse, who had made many important discoveries in electro-magnetism as applied to telegraphing—one of which Professor Morse declared to have "most satisfactorily resolved all doubts of the practicability of operating the telegraph from Newfoundland to Ireland." There was Brunel, the younger, who was then engaged in building the *Great Eastern* steamship, who made many suggestions as to the kind of cable to be constructed, and the means by which it might be laid. One day he took Mr. Field down to see the enormous hull which was slowly rising upon the banks of the Thames. "There," said Brunel, "is the ship to lay the Atlantic cable."

Another man was James Wilson, Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Field hoped through him to induce the British Government to give official aid to the work. The Secretary invited him to spend a few days in the country, where they could quietly discuss the matter. The issue of this conference was that Mr. Wilson laid the proposition before the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. The speedy answer of their lordships was to the effect that they were ready to enter into a contract with the Company upon the following generous terms: "1st. The capital required to

lay the line was understood to be £350,000 (say a million and three quarters of dollars). 2d. Her Majesty's Government would furnish the aid of any ships necessary to make the required soundings; and would consider favorably any request to furnish aid by vessels in laying down the cable. 3d. Upon the completion of the line, and so long as it continued in working order, the Government would pay at the rate of £14,000 a year—that being four per cent. upon the assumed capital—as a remuneration for work done on its behalf; such payment to continue until the net profits of the Company should be equal to a dividend of six per cent., when the fixed payment should be reduced to £10,000 a year, for a period of twenty-five years; but if in any year the Government messages, at the usual tariff-rate, should amount to a larger sum, then such additional payment should be made as would be equivalent thereto. 4th. The British Government should have a priority over all others in the conveyance of their messages, subject only to the exception that, if the Government of the United States should enter into a similar arrangement with the Company, then the messages of the two Governments should have the priority in the order of their arrival at the stations."

It now seemed every way advisable that a new Company should be formed, the object of which, as stated, would be "to continue the existing line of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company to Ireland, by making or causing to be made a submarine telegraph cable for the Atlantic." This association was to be styled "The Atlantic Telegraph Company." The stock was subscribed for in a few weeks. It was divided into 350 shares of £1,000 each; of these, 252 shares were subscribed for in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Manchester; and a few in other parts of England. Mr. Brett subscribed for 25 shares, and Mr. Field for 100; but when the books were finally closed, it was found that more than the whole number of shares had been subscribed for; and in the final apportionment only 12 shares were allotted to Mr. Brett, and 88 to Mr. Field. The interest of Cyrus Field in the Company was thus more than a quarter of the entire capital. "Thus," says Mr. Henry Field, "he was by far the largest stockholder in England or America; his interest being more than seven times that of Mr. Brett, who was the largest next to himself, and being more than double the amount held by all the other American shareholders together."

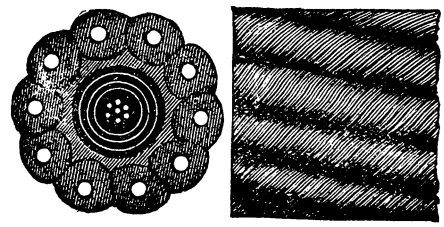
The kind of cable to be constructed was now the paramount subject for consideration. It must be flexible, and as light as was compatible with the requisite strength. In the year that had just passed several ocean cables had been attempted. Mr. Brett had lost one in the Mediterranean, between Sardinia and Algeria. It had suddenly broken short off while being paid out in calm weather.

The form of the cable having been decided upon, the

CABLE OF 1857–8.

contract for its manufacture was awarded to two firms, R. S. Newall & Co., of Liverpool, and Glass, Elliott & Co., of London. Of this latter Company, more will have to be said hereafter. The direct distance between the two termini is about 1,600 nautical miles, measured along the arc of a great circle of the earth's circumference; but to provide against possible contingencies, several hundred more miles of cable were ordered; each contractor was to produce one-half, and the whole was to be completed by the first of June, ready to be submerged.*

The virtual promise of the British Government to furnish ships for the laying of the cable seemed to give ample assurance that the work would be accomplished; the elaborate experiments of electricians left no room for



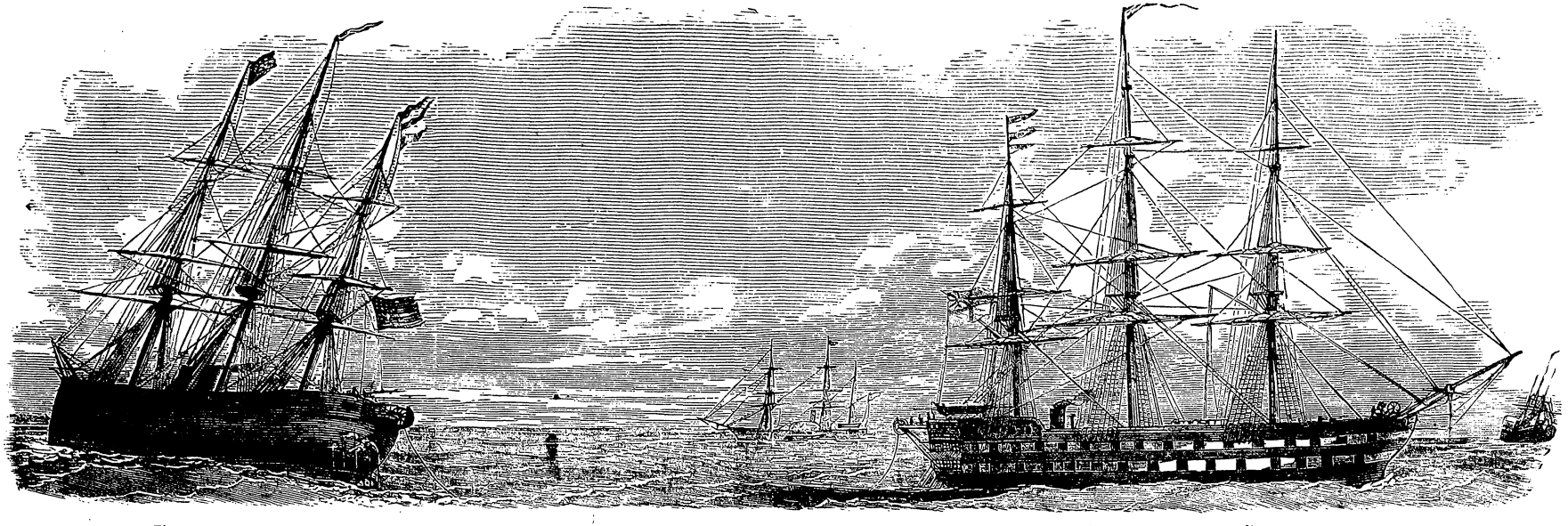
CABLE OF 1865–6.

doubt that the cable, once laid, would suffice for its purpose; and the guarantee of at least £14,000 a year from the British Government insured that the whole enterprise could not fail to be a paying one. The British Government had become in a measure a partner in the Atlantic Telegraph, and provision had been made that the Government of the United States might become a sharer in the advantage upon equal terms. Immediately upon the receipt of the note from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, Mr. Field transmitted a copy of it to the President, and added that, "The Company will enter into a contract with the Government of the United States on the same terms and conditions as it has made with the British Government."

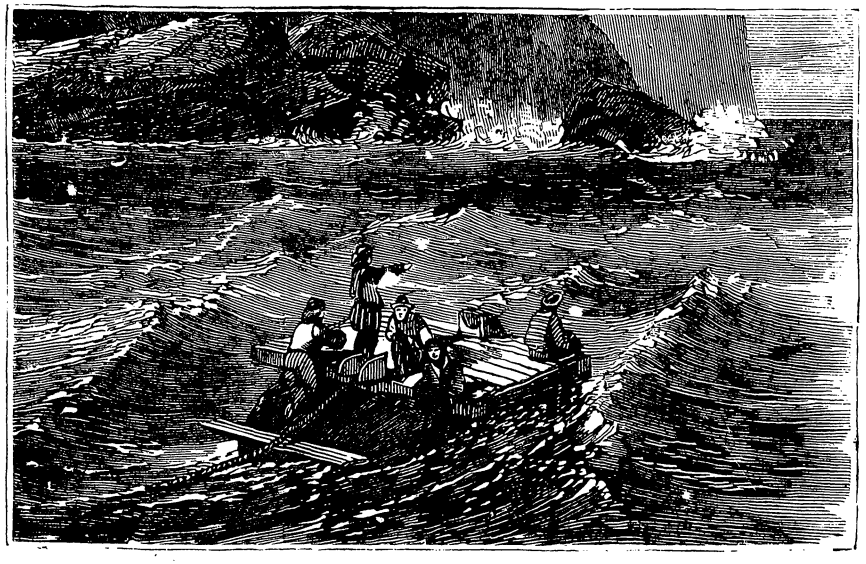
The advantages of this proposition to the United States were so apparent that we now wonder that there should have been any hesitation as to its acceptance. Mr. Pierce, then President, and Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State, were personally in favor of it; but they dared not give it their official sanction; for there was a class of politicians upon whom the red flag of England has the same effect that any red rag is said to have in exciting the wrath of a bull or a turkey-gobbler; and it was feared that they would be sufficient to defeat the measure.

In this emergency, Mr. Seward was appealed to to draft a Bill granting this aid, and to advocate it in the Senate. He complied with the request. Speeches which were delivered against this Bill are not profitable reading at this day; but it is pleasant to glance at some of the Senators who took part in its favor. There were among them men who soon, in the fierce struggle of our civil war, came to stand in the sternest opposition to each other. But now, side by side stood Seward and Rusk, Douglas and Benjamin, Hale and Mallory. In spite of all their efforts and

* We give illustrations showing the exact size of the two cables which were finally employed. The sections show the manner of construction. In the cable of 1857–8, the conducting medium consisted of seven copper wires twisted spirally around each other. This conductor was enveloped in three separate coverings of gutta percha, around which tarred hemp was wrapped; and over this was the outside covering of eighteen strands of iron wire, each strand being composed of seven wires twisted spirally; the whole weighing about a ton to the mile. Its strength was such that it would sustain, in water, about six miles of its length suspended vertically. In the cable of 1865–6, the copper wires were three times larger than those of the former one, and around them were four layers of gutta percha, separated from each other by an insulating compound. The protecting covering was made of steel wire, wrapped in Manilla yarn, the whole being further wrapped in tarred rope. This cable weighed a ton and three-quarters to the mile: but its specific gravity, when compared with water, was much less than that of the old one; and it would sustain in the water eleven miles of its weight. The shore ends of this cable, for a considerable distance, had a diameter two and a half times greater than that of the deep-sea portion.

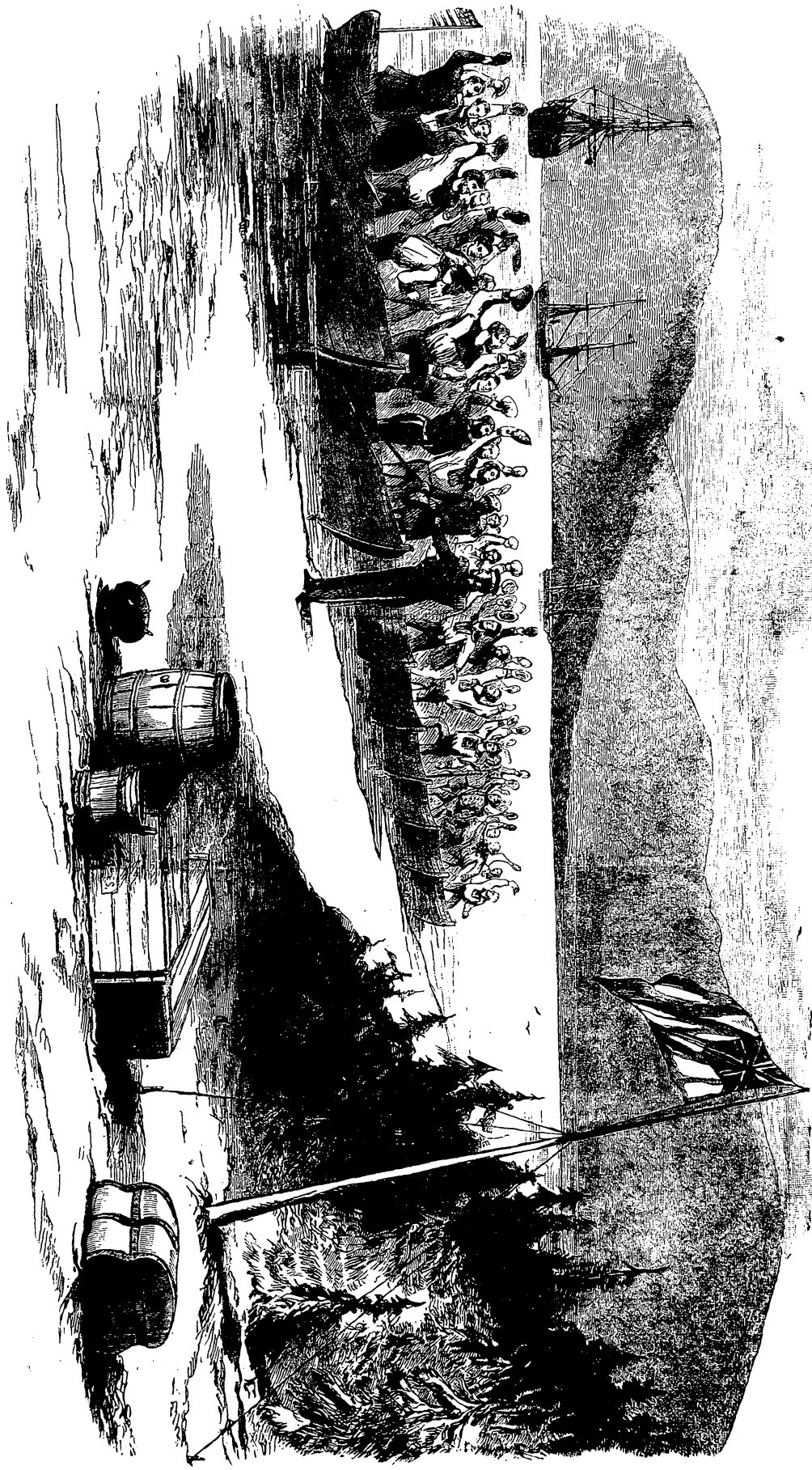


The "Niagara." THE TELEGRAPH SQUADRON COMMENCING TO LAY THE CABLE, 1858. The "Agamemnon."



LANDING THE FIRST CABLE, VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT KNIGHTSTOWN, NEWFOUNDLAND.



CAPTAIN HUDSON LANDING THE FIRST CABLE, AUGUST, 1858.

arguments, the Bill passed in the Senate by a majority of but a single vote; and in the House the votes for and against were almost equally divided. But the Bill was passed, and received the signature of the President on the 3d of March, 1857, the last day of his Presidential term.

If the assent of Congress had been somewhat slow, that of the new Executive was prompt and effective. Two of the finest ships in our navy were detailed to co-operate with the British vessels in the laying of the cable. These were the *Niagara*, a screw steamer, and the largest man-of-war in the world, then lying at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and the *Susquehanna*, the largest side-wheel steamer in our navy, at the time on duty in the Mediterranean. The *Niagara* was at once fitted out for her peaceful mission, her heavy armament being removed, and alterations made in her interior so as to make room for the immense coil of a thousand miles of cable which she was to take on board. She set out upon her voyage on the 24th of April, under the command of Captain William L. Hudson, and with him, as chief engineer, went William E. Everett, who was, in time, to perform services second to those of no other man.

The British Government had detailed for this service the *Agamemnon*, one of its finest steamers: the one which had borne the flag of the admiral at the bombardment of Sebastopol. She steamed up the river soon after the arrival of the *Niagara;* and salutes and hearty cheers were exchanged between these two great men-of-war which were now to unite in the work of peace. The *Susquehanna* soon arrived from the Mediterranean; and the *Leopard*, the other British steamer, was ready when her services were required. The steamer *Cyclops* was also detailed to make the necessary soundings. These five vessels composed the united telegraphic squadron. The cable was to be carried by the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*.

It had been a matter of much discussion whether the laying of the cable should be commenced on the coast of Ireland, the one vessel laying her complement to mid-ocean, where it should be joined to that on board the other, which should put down the remainder to Newfoundland; or whether the fleet should proceed together to mid-ocean, there join the cables, then part, one going east and the other west to the respective shores of the Atlantic. It was finally decided to adopt the former course. Toward the close of July both cables were on board the respective vessels, and the whole fleet assembled in the harbor of Queenstown, Ireland. Here the continuity of the cables, through their entire length of 2,500 miles, was thoroughly tested; and the fleet sailed for Valentia Bay, which was to be the Irish terminus. To the *Niagara* was assigned the work of laying the cable from Ireland to mid-ocean, where it was to be taken up by the *Agamemnon*, which was to carry it thence to the coast of Newfoundland; and all the vessels to remain together during the whole voyage.

On Tuesday, August 4th, a great crowd was assembled at the little port of Valentia. The Earl of Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had come from Dublin to do honor to the occasion; and he made a glowing speech at a banquet given by the Knight of Kerry. "I believe," said he, "that I am the first Lieutenant of Ireland who ever appeared upon this lovely strand. At all events, no Lord-Lieutenant could have come among you on an occasion like the present. . . . We are about to establish a new material link between the Old World and the New. Moral links there have been—links of race, links of commerce, links of friendship, links of literature, links of glory; but this our new link, instead of superseding the old ones, is to give a life and an intensity which they never had before. We may leave behind us the wars, the strifes, and the bloodshed of the elder Europe, and may pledge ourselves to eternal peace between the Old World and the New."

The preparations for laying the cable were complete, and the work was to begin the next morning. But the day broke stormily, and it was two hours after noon before the work could begin. For several hours the Lord-Lieutenant stood among the crowd upon the beach, watching the progress of the work. At length the American sailors sprang through the surge bearing the hawser by which the cable was to be dragged ashore. Every one, the Lord-Lieutenant being among the foremost, was eager to lend a hand; and by half-past seven the end of the cable was safely secured upon land.

Early on the following morning, Thursday, August 6th, the fleet put out to sea. Before five miles had been gained the heavy shore end of the cable caught in the machinery, and parted. The *Niagara* put back, and the cable was "underrun" the whole distance, and its end spliced to the coil on board; but a whole day had been lost. On Friday the *Niagara* began to move again, and before night the fleet was out into the broad Atlantic. Saturday and Sunday were calm and still, and the cable was paid out at the rate of four or five miles an hour. All through Sunday everything was favorable. On Monday morning they were two hundred miles from land. The shallow waters were left behind, and soon they were in water where the depth was two thousand fathoms—more than two miles. Still the slender cord ran easily off, and sank quietly to the bottom; and all the while the constant flashes in the darkened telegraph room told that the electric current was passing along the thousand miles of wire which lay coiled on board.

At nine o'clock in the evening there was a sudden cessation of these electric flashes. The cable was not broken, but its conducting power had ceased. For more than two hours the electricians applied every test in vain, and they were on the point of cutting loose, when all at once the light again flashed in the darkened room—showing that somehow the cable had righted itself. Upon the whole, this event seemed auspicious, as it apparently indicated not only that the cable was safe when it rested upon the bottom of the ocean, but also that there was a recuperative force by which it would recover from any slight injury which it might have received during its descent.

Before morning dawned, all the bright hopes which had been reawakened were irretrievably dashed. The *Niagara* was going at the rate of four miles an hour, but the cable was running out at the rate of six miles. To stop this waste of cable, the engineer in charge ordered the breaks to be applied. They did their work too well, and held the cable fast in their strong grip. The stern of the ship was at the moment in the trough of the sea; as it rose upon the swell there was a sudden jerk upon the slender line; it parted close to the *Niagara*, and three hundred and thirty-five miles of it were lost.

A consultation was held, and it was decided that the two American vessels and the *Agamemnon* were to remain where they were for a few days, in order to make certain experiments; the *Cyclops* was to steam back to Valentia, and the *Leopard*, with Mr. Field on board, was to steer for Portsmouth. During the voyage Mr. Field wrote hopefully to his family at home: "The successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph cable is put off for a short time, but its final triumph has been fully proved by the experience that we have had since we left Valentia."

But there were few others who shared this strong faith. "Nothing succeeds like success," and nothing fails like even apparent failure. The loss of so many miles of cable and that involved in the postponement of the enterprise, was not less than half a million of dollars; and to make

this good the Company must enlarge its capital. Few of the present shareholders were disposed to invest more than they had done; and for a time no new ones could be found. The cable was unloaded from the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, and coiled up on shore at Plymouth. Mr. Field returned to America, only to meet evil tidings. The great financial storm of 1857 had swept over the land; many a great fortune had crumbled away, and among them his own had been in imminent peril.

But the English Directors were of too sturdy stuff to give way before even such a blow; and before many days an order was given for seven hundred miles of new cable, and the British Government renewed its promise of aid. In America, Mr. Field asked the use of the national vessels which had been granted before. He had perceived that the immediate cause of the late disaster was owing to defects in the apparatus for paying out the cable, and he had fixed upon a man capable of remedying these defects. This was Mr. Everett, the chief engineer of the *Niagara*, for whose assistance he made special application. Both requests were granted without hesitation. "There," said the Secretary of the Navy, as he signed the official order, "I have given you all you asked."

On January 6th, 1858, just a week after the reception of this document at Washington, Mr. Field, accompanied by Mr. Everett, sailed from New York for England. He had scarcely arrived when the Board of Directors invited him to become General Manager of the Company, with the entire control of the whole staff of officers. They wished to pay him for his services £1,000 besides his expenses. He accepted the duties of the position, but declined to receive any pecuniary compensation. Mr. Everett was at once installed in a large machine-shop at Southwark, where he devoted himself to studying out the details of the new paying-out apparatus. In three months he had produced a working model, which was at once accepted as meeting all the required conditions.

The British Government had again detailed the *Agamemnon* for the new service; and the place of the *Leopard* was taken by the *Gorgon*, commanded by Captain Dayman, who, in the *Cyclops*, had made the deep-sea soundings of last year. The American Government had intended to employ the *Niagara* and the *Susquehanna* again on the service. The *Niagara* reached Plymouth on the 9th of March; but before long tidings came that the *Susquehanna* was unavailable. Mr. Field, without even waiting to inform the Directors of this mishap, drove at once to the Admiralty, and laid the matter before Sir John Pakington, the head of that department. "I am ashamed," he said, "to come to you, after what the English Government has already done for the Atlantic Telegraph. But the *Susquehanna* is in the West Indies with the yellow fever on board, and she cannot come to England to take part in the expedition. Can you do anything for us?" Sir John replied: "I will see what I can do." In an hour or two word was sent to the officers of the Company that Her Majesty's Steamship *Valorous* had been ordered to take the place of the *Susquehanna*.

The whole of April and half of May was required to ship the cable, now more than three thousand miles in length. It had been decided to proceed at once to near mid-ocean, where the two lengths were to be joined, and thence to lay the cable in both directions. During the last four months the charge of everything had devolved upon Mr. Field as General Manager. The expedition left Plymouth on Thursday, June 10.

The weather was calm at first; but on Sunday a gale sprang up, which lasted all the week. The heavily laden *Agamemnon* suffered severely, and was in danger of foundering. A coil of two hundred and fifty tons of wire on the forward deck broke loose from its fastenings, and threatened to dash through the bulwarks. Then the gale subsided. On June 25th, fifteen days after leaving Plymouth, the whole squadron were together at the appointed meeting-place near the middle of the Atlantic, now smooth as an inland lake. The upper part of the main coil of cable on board the *Agamemnon* had shifted and become so twisted that a hundred miles of it had to be cut out and re-coiled in another part of the ship; so that it was not until the evening of the 26th that the cable was spliced between the ships, and lowered to the bottom of the sea; then the vessels got under way, one heading east and the other west. Before three miles had been gained the cable was caught in the machinery of the *Niagara*, and parted. The ends were hauled up, spliced again, and a fresh start was taken.

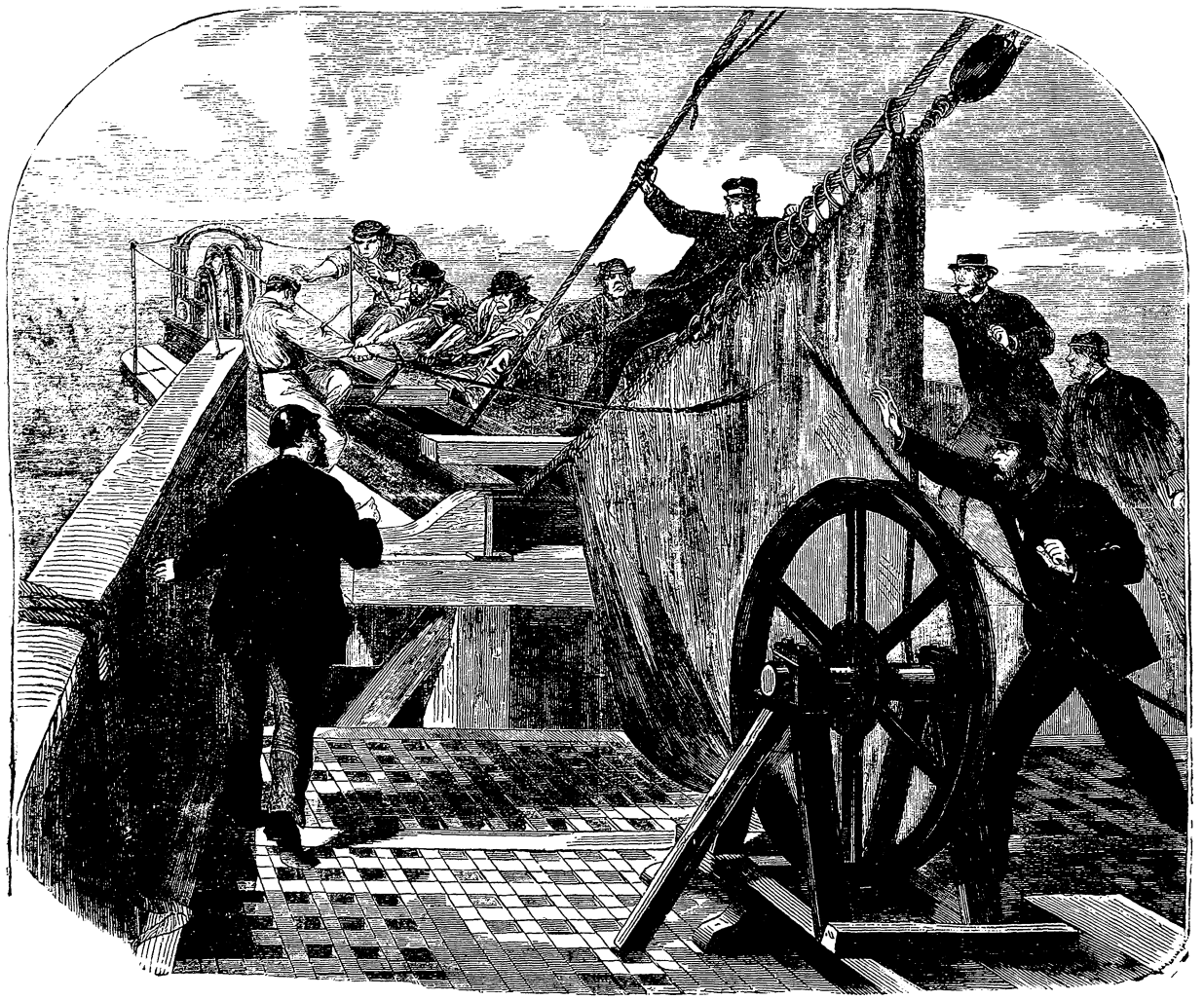
At half-past three o'clock on next Sunday morning, when forty miles had been gone, there was a sudden break of continuity. The cable had parted. The two ships headed back to the place of rendezvous, when it was found that the fracture had taken place somewhere between them. The cable was again joined in mid-ocean, and the two-fold voyages were resumed. All through Monday night and Tuesday everything went well. Hearts grew light as the record showed that 50, 100, 150, 200 miles had been safely laid. But on Tuesday night came the fatal announcement that the electric current had ceased to flow. The cable had parted, and, as afterward appeared, some twenty miles from the stern of the *Agamemnon*.

It had been agreed that should a break occur before each vessel had gone a hundred miles, both should return and renew the attempt; if it occurred after that distance had been run, both vessels should sail for Ireland. The *Niagara* had run 111 miles; and as the *Agamemnon* had run about the same distance, it was assumed that she would proceed to Ireland. The *Niagara* reached Queenstown on the 5th of July. But the *Agamemnon*, owing to some misunderstanding, had gone back to the rendezvous in mid-ocean, and did not return until a week later.

From Queenstown Mr. Field set out at once for London. But the tidings of mishap had preceded him, and a meeting of the Directors had been called. Sir William Brown, the chairman, advised that the cable should be sold. Mr. Booking, the vice-chairman, resigned his office. He would have nothing more to do with a hopeless enterprise. "But," says Mr. Henry Field, "there were others who thought there was still a chance. To be sure, it was a forlorn hope. But the ships were there. Though three hundred miles more of cable had been lost, such a contingency had been provided for, and there was still enough to cross the ocean. These arguments prevailed, and it was voted to make one more trial before the project was finally abandoned."

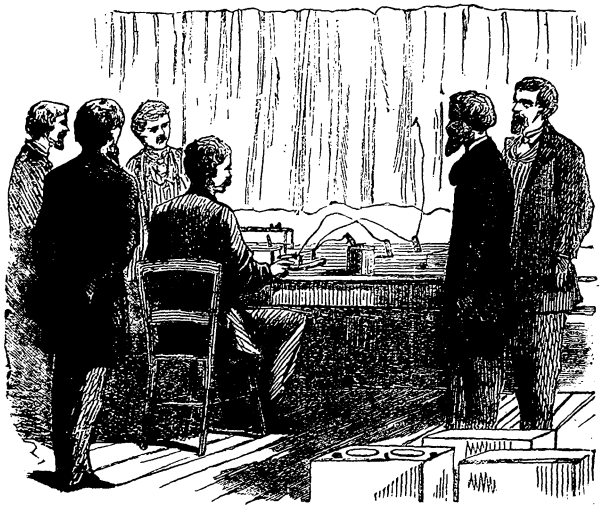
Provisions and coal were taken in as speedily as possible, and the squadron was again under way, leaving Queenstown on the 17th of July. It had been decided that this time the vessels should not try to keep together, but that each should make its best way to the latitude and longitude designated for the rendezvous. The *Niagara* being able to carry more coal than the others, steamed the whole distance, and had to wait several days for her consorts, the *Agamemnon* being the last to arrive, on the 28th of July. The rendezvous was not exactly in mid-ocean, it being 822 nautical miles to the station in Newfoundland, and 813 to the Irish station; so that the *Niagara* had to go 69 miles more than the *Agamemnon*. Each vessel had on board about 1,100 miles of cable.

The splicing was effected a little after noon on Thursday, July 29th—a year lacking a week from the day when the



THE BREAKING OF THE CABLE ON BOARD THE "GREAT EASTERN" IN 1865.

first expedition set out from Valentia Bay; and in a brief space the two vessels set off for their opposite destinations. The voyage of the *Niagara* was uneventful as far as the elements were concerned; but there were not wanting ominous indications that something was amiss in the cable itself. Men afterward said, "Mr. Field was the only man on board who kept up his courage through it all." In his journal, Mr. Field thus mentions the first of these warnings, which took place only a few hours after the ships parted company: "At forty-five minutes past seven in the evening, signals from the *Agamemnon* ceased. We kept on paying out very slowly, and constantly applying all kinds of electrical tests, until ten minutes past nine, when we again commenced receiving perfect signals from the *Agamemnon*." The next



DELIVERING SIGNALS ON THE "GREAT EASTERN."

RECEIVING SIGNALS ON THE "GREAT EASTERN."

THE "GREAT EASTERN" ENTERING TRINITY BAY, JULY 27, 1866.

day it was found that the *Niagara* had run more than sixteen miles out of her direct course, involving so much waste of cable. At this rate there would not be enough to reach Newfoundland. The cause of the error was easily detected. The immense mass of wire in the ship had affected the compass, so that the needle no longer pointed due north. The *Gorgon*, having no cable on board, her compasses were not thus affected; so it was arranged that she should go ahead and pilot the shortest way. So accurately was this done that the distances, as shown by the log and by observation, varied scarcely a mile. From the journal of Mr. Field we abridge a few entries:

"*July* 31*st*.—At eleven o'clock 300 miles of cable had been paid out. Not quite three hours later, signals were received that the *Agamemnon* had paid out an equal length. *August* 2*d*.—About noon, imperfect insulation was detected in sending and receiving signals from the *Agamemnon*, which continued until forty minutes past five, when all was right again. The fault was found in the ward-room, about sixty miles from the lower end, which was immediately cut out and taken from the circuit. *August* 3*d*.—At a quarter past eleven, received signals from the *Agamemnon* that they had paid out from her 780 miles of cable. At ten minutes past nine, P.M., received signals from the *Agamemnon* that she was in water of 200 fathoms. At twenty minutes past ten the *Niagara* in water of 200 fathoms, and informed the *Agamemnon* of the same. *August* 4*th*.—Weather beautiful, perfectly calm. Sixty-four miles from the telegraph house. Received signal from the *Agamemnon* at noon, that they had paid out from her 940 miles of cable. Made the land off entrance to Trinity Bay at eight, A.M. Entered the bay at half-past twelve. At five, P.M., saw Her Majesty's steamer *Porcupine*, which had been sent by the British Government to Newfoundland to watch for us. *August* 4*th*.—At forty-five minutes past one, A.M., the *Niagara* anchored. At two, A.M., I went ashore in a smallboat, and awoke persons in the telegraph-house, half a mile from the landing, and informed them that the telegraph fleet had arrived. At four, A.M., delivered telegraphic dispatch for the Associated Press, to be forwarded to New York as early in the morning as the offices of the line were open. At a quarter past five, A.M., cable landed; at six, end of the cable carried into the telegraph-house, and received very strong currents of electricity through the whole cable from the other side of the Atlantic. Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, then read prayers and made some remarks."

Meanwhile, on board the *Agamemnon* affairs had more than once taken a critical turn. She encountered rough weather and head winds during nearly the whole voyage, and more than once it seemed imminent that the cable must part. Twice she met sailing vessels, which seemed bent upon crossing the track of the steamer just under her stern, in which case they would have run afoul of the cable. They were kept off only by firing of guns across their bows, the well-known signal to alter their course. As the *Agamemnon* had 69 miles less to go, she sighted the Irish shores at almost the same hour in which the *Niagara* sighted those of Newfoundland; but the wind was so strong that it took longer to land her cable, and it was not made fast on shore until three o'clock in the afternoon, nine hours after the like work had been done on the other side of the Atlantic. But this success had narrowly missed being a failure; for neither vessel had on board more than seventy miles of spare cable, and any one of a hundred possible accidents might have more than used up this small surplus.

By noon of that Thursday, August 5th, 1858, the tidings of what seemed to be a perfect success reached New York, from whence it was flashed to every point on the American continent which was touched by the great network of telegraphic wires. We have not space to more than allude to the outburst of enthusiasm which followed.

But in the very midst of these rejoicings, and next day known to all men, came the news that all was over. The Atlantic cable had ceased to work. Not a message, nor even a signal, passed over it from one continent to the other. Never was there a more sudden revulsion in public feeling. It began to be suggested that the whole thing was a hoax and a swindle—that the cable had not merely ceased to work, but that it had never worked at all. To all this it is now sufficient to say that there is, and then was, the clearest proof that during those four weeks just 400 messages had been sent, of which 271 were from this side and 129 from the other. Most of them, indeed, were private ones pertaining to the business of the Company; but a few of them transmitted news for the public, of such a nature that they could not have been spurious.

For four years after this nothing of direct consequence was done in regard to the Atlantic Telegraph; but in the meantime other ocean lines had been successfully laid, of which those in the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf were each about 1,500 miles long; and by their means telegraphic communication was opened between Great Britain and India. Mr. Field had been busy in urging a renewal of the effort. The most feasible plan seemed to be to make a contract with some responsible parties to construct and lay the cable. Application was made to the house of Glass, Eliott & Co., who had already manufactured and laid nearly 6,000 miles in different parts of the world. The reply was that the responsibility and risk were too great for any single firm; but so confident were they of success, that they were ready to undertake the work, and stake a large sum upon its success.

Still the requisite capital was not forthcoming; but in August, 1863, the Board advertised for proposals for a suitable cable. Seventeen proposals were received; and that of Glass, Elliott & Co., was unanimously selected. But still the work halted for lack of money. At last Mr. Field obtained an introduction to Mr. Thomas Brassey, who had acquired immense wealth as a railway contractor. Mr. Field describes their first interview—"He put me through such a cross-examination as I had never before experienced. He inquired of the practicability of the scheme, what it would pay, and everything connected with it; but before I left him he said that it was a great national enterprise that ought to be carried out; 'and,' he added, 'I will be one of ten to find the money required for it.'" Mr. John Pender, Member of Parliament from Manchester, next agreed to be another of the ten. It was not long before a great association was organized under the name of the "Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company," which included the two great manufacturers of telegraphic cables.

To be sure of a sufficiency to guard against all contingencies, the new cable was to be 2,300 nautical miles (about 2,700 statute miles) in length. To carry the cable of 1858 had tasked the two largest men-of-war afloat; and this was to be much larger and heavier. How should it be floated? That problem was soon solved. The *Great Eastern*, which Brunel had said was the vessel to carry the cable, was for sale, for a small fraction of what it had cost to build her. Some of the friends of the cable bought her, and offered her use to the Company—her services to be paid for only upon condition that the work should be successful.

The work of constructing the cable was pushed with the utmost speed possible. The last mile was finished on the 29th of May, 1865. But to put it on board, and to make necessary preparations, took time. At last, on the 15th of July, the *Great Eastern* hoisted her anchors, and steamed to the Irish terminus of the line. The shore end was made fast after some delay, caused by unfavorable weather; and at length on Sunday, July 23d, the voyage across the Atlantic was commenced. Before daylight on Monday, when eighty-four miles had been paid out, there

was a check to the flow of the electric current, and tests showed that the fault was some ten miles astern. The work of picking-up was begun, but it could not be carried on at more than a mile an hour. Early on Tuesday morning the cause was found. A piece of wire, not larger than a needle, had been driven through the cable until it touched the copper wires; and through this minute wound the electric current went streaming into the sea. The injured piece was cut out, and the cable spliced, all causing the loss of a day and a half.

All now went well until Saturday, the 29th, when there was a cry of "dead earth!"—that is, the insulation was completely destroyed. Up again the cable was hauled from a depth of two miles. Then the part which had been hauled up was carefully examined. It was just as before—a wire had been again driven through. It was apparent that this was the work of malice, not of accident. Somebody was on board who wished to frustrate the work; who it was no one could tell. But from that moment the officers of the expedition took turns in watching the workmen.

Three days more brought them safely far beyond mid-ocean, and within 600 miles of the shore of Newfoundland. Then again a leak was announced. Again the work of picking up was to be performed. Just as the injured part was being hauled on deck a flaw of wind struck the ship, causing her to drift a little right over the cable, which parted, and another 1,200 miles of it lay useless upon the ocean bed. It was resolved to fish for it in two and a half miles of water. Grappling-irons were improvised, and the ship steamed back and forth across the line where the cable must be lying. At last the irons caught something, and its weight—increasing every moment as the rope was hauled in—showed that it could be only the cable. But before they had raised it a mile a swivel in the grappling-rope gave way, and the prize was lost. Again and again the grapple was thrown over, again and again the cable was caught, and again and again the rope gave way. Each time two miles of grappling-rope had been lost. It was all there was on board, and nothing more could be done. The whole had taken nine days. Nothing was left but to return; and so the execution of the work was delayed for another year.

We pass over the weary task of raising money for the next attempt. It was finally decided that the Company should be reorganized, under the title of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, with a capital of £600,000. Of this the previous Company took £100,000. Ten gentlemen subscribed £10,000 each, one of them being Mr. Brassey, who said if it were necessary he would take £50,000 more. Before the stock was even offered to the public, £230,000 had been taken, and there was now no difficulty in procuring the remainder.

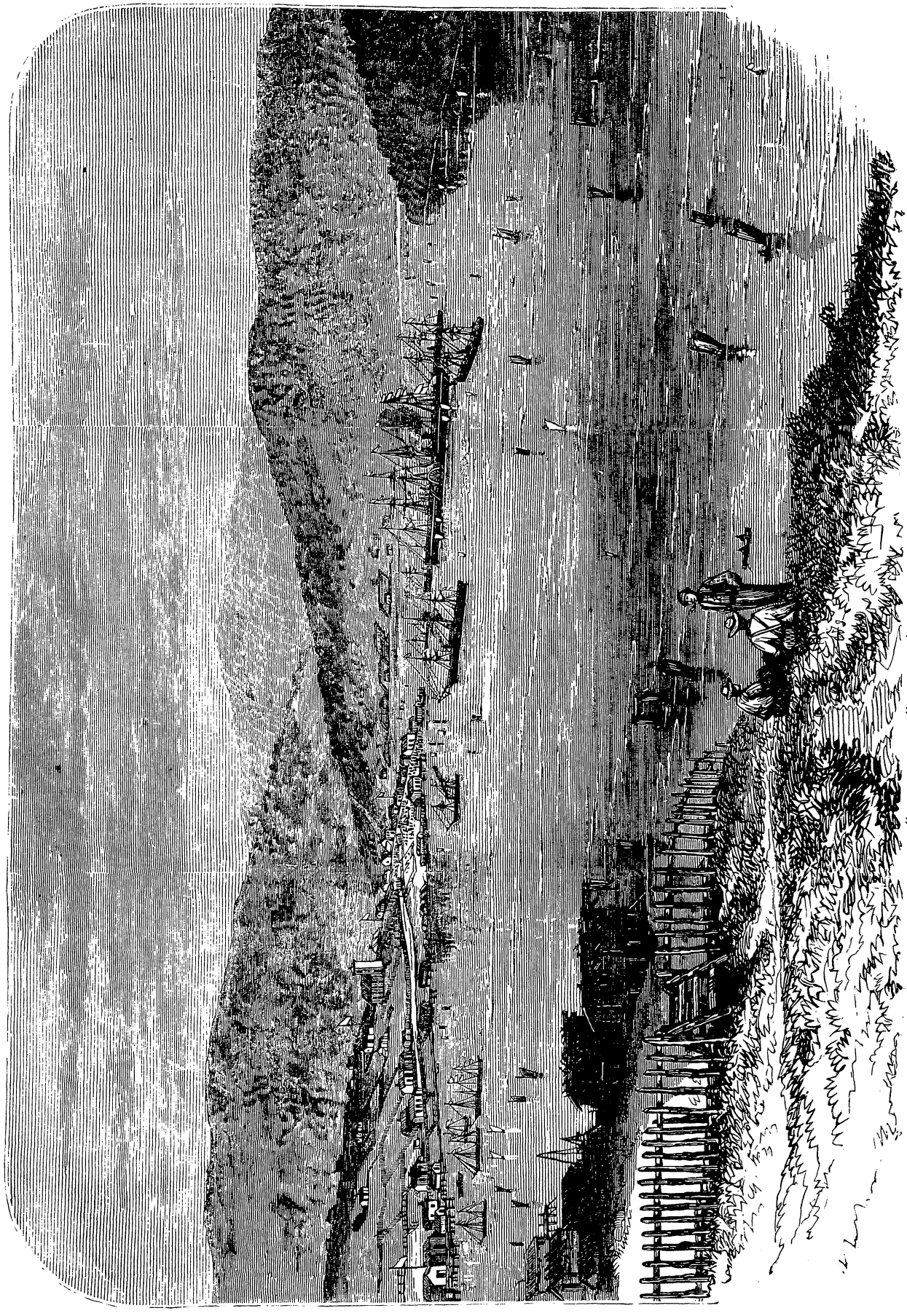
In four months the requisite 1,700 nautical miles of cable were ready. Every conceivable defect in the machinery and modes of proceeding was provided for. Grappling apparatus was also provided; for it was determined to fish up the 1,200 miles of lost cable. On the last day of June, 1866, the *Great Eastern* again left her moorings. In a fortnight the shore end had been laid; and on the 13th of July the great vessel was once more on her way across the Atlantic. Not a single serious disaster occurred; and on Friday, July 27th, the shore of Newfoundland was reached, and the great work was done.

One more event in the history of the Atlantic Telegraph remains to be told. Some twelve hundred miles of the cable of 1865 lay buried at the bottom of the ocean. There was good reason to hope that this was uninjured, and could be fished up. The *Great Eastern* had been provided with adequate fishing apparatus. The hooks consisted of enormous grapnels; the line was a rope of iron wires and hemp twisted together, six and a half inches in diameter. It was known to a mile exactly where in the waste of waters the cable had parted, and thither the *Great Eastern* steamed from Newfoundland, reaching the spot on the 12th of August. The *Albany* had preceded her by a week, had grappled for and caught the cable, but lost her hold in a storm. They were now assured that they knew just the line along which their search was to be made. This was marked out by buoys placed two or three miles apart; and the fishing began. It lasted three weeks, during which the weather was extremely unpropitious. In all there were scarcely three clear, calm days, and for much of the time the ocean was covered with driving mist. But the line of buoys enabled them to work night and day, in fog and sunshine.

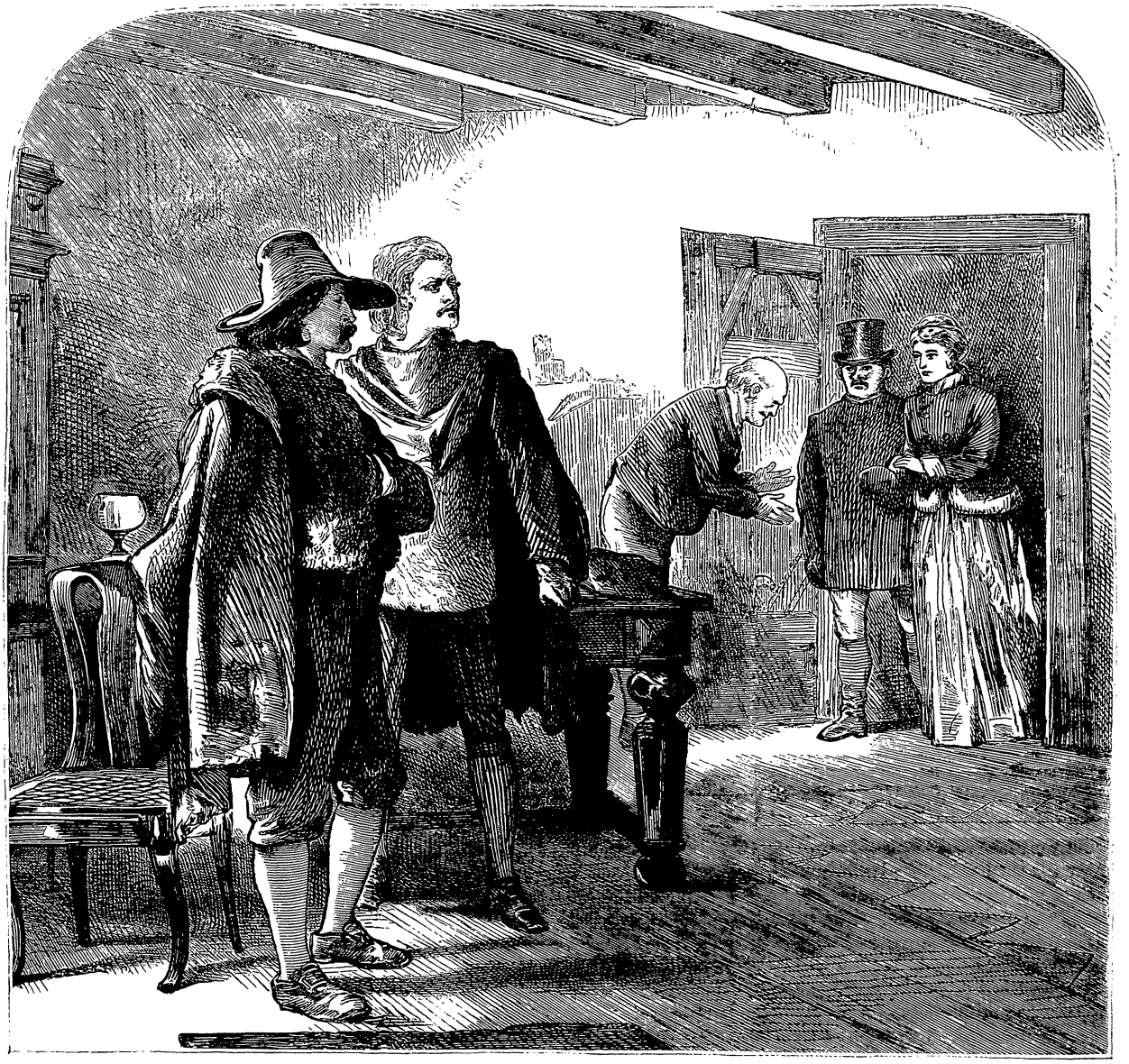
The mode of fishing was this. The grapnel was thrown over, and in a couple of hours touched the bottom. Then the vessels drifted slowly back and forth, crossing each way the spot beneath which the cable lay. If it caught anything the line was hauled in—a process occupying several hours. Thirty times in all was this repeated, before success was won. Several times, indeed, the cable was caught, and as often lost. Of these mishaps one shall serve as a sample of all. On the 17th of August, the grapnel struck ground at five in the afternoon. In two hours something was caught. Early on the following morning the work of hauling in began. The increasing strain evinced that they had hold of the cable. Slowly the rope was hauled in, until twenty-three hundred fathoms were on deck; there were scarcely twenty more. These were soon brought up; and there, suspended from the ship's stern, was a bight of the cable, looking like a long, black snake with a white belly. This showed that it had rested upon, and had not been imbedded in, the black ooze. For five minutes it was in sight; then it broke close by the grapnel, and the two parts sunk back into the ocean.

So passed the long days until the last day of August, when, just before midnight, the grapnel of the *Great Eastern* again caught. They hauled in the rope for a thousand fathoms, when the dynamometer indicated a fearful strain. Warned by previous disasters, a new measure was adopted. The cable was buoyed at that depth, and the *Great Eastern* went two or three miles to the west to get a new grip, which was soon gained. Meanwhile the *Medway*, two or three miles further to the west, had got a hold. She was directed to haul in until the cable was on board or broke, it mat tered little which. It broke at a hundred fathoms from the surface. This gave the *Great Eastern* an end to pull upon instead of a long loop. Fortunately the day was calm, and the rope was slowly hauled in. It was near midnight on Friday when the cable had been caught; it was past midnight on Sunday morning when it was safely brought on board.

For a whole year the electricians at Valentia, twelve hundred miles away, had watched night and day the galvanometer at that end of the cable. Just as the sun was rising on that Sabbath morn, a signal flashed from the *Great Eastern;* this was soon answered; and it was known to both parties that not only was the cable recovered, but that it was in perfect working order. The new piece was soon spliced on, and the *Great Eastern* turned her prow toward Newfoundland. She reached Heart's Content on the 7th of September, when the cable was brought ashore, the sailors hugging the heavy shore end in the exuberance of their joy. When it was safely landed they seized Mr. Field and his two English associates, Canning and Clifford, in their arms, and raised them over their heads.



ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" AT HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND, JULY 27, 1866.



THE BARON'S WEDDING.— WILHELM HASTENED TO MEET THEM. FIRST ENTERED A SHORT, HEAVILY BUILT MAN, WITH AN UNNECESSARILY UGLY AND SALLOW FACE, TREACHEROUS BLUE EYES, AND FLAT LIPS WREATHED WITH A CONSTANT SMILE."

THE BARON'S WEDDING.

CHAPTER I.

IT was settled. On the day before Christmas, Claudine Stolberg was to become the wife of Baron Karl von Wallenstein. And on the same day the newly-married pair were to leave Crefeld, the bride's home, for Vienna.

"There must be no confusion of guests," said Claudine, when at last she consented to sell herself to a man whom she thoroughly detested. "There must be no guests at all. I have no desire to be sacrificed in public."

"Do you persist in styling it a sacrifice—obstinate, undutiful girl that you are!" cried the old general, angrily. "Let me tell you that the noble Baron Wallenstein need not go a-begging for a wife!"

"Very true; he has secured me for the asking," was the calm retort.

"Claudine——"

"My dear father, let us have done with discussions; I am quite ready to accept the husband whom you have chosen. What more can you ask?"

"Much more. I ask you to forget the scoundrel who has been secretly corresponding with you for the last year, whose real name you do not know, and who is too cowardly, even when assured of your affection, to act as an honest suitor should—come forward and claim you."

"You ask too much, sir," said the young girl, coldly.

"But, Claudine, you know nothing of him. You met him at Homberg—why, every adventurer goes to Homberg—and I was an old fool to permit you to go there with your aunt, who is an old idiot. But come now, little one, will you not promise to forget the scoundrel?"

"I can neither forget nor cease to love Georg Rœmer, sir!"

"Georg Rœmer!" scornfully repeated the nobleman. "There is no such person in Austria."

"Possibly—but if not in Austria, he is somewhere else in the world—and wherever he may be, rest assured that my heart is with him. You know that. I told you so when you first spoke to me of the baron. I might have deceived you, and eloped with Georg, but I preferred to be honest and loyal. I confessed all to you. How did you receive

my confession? Why, with oaths and curses and threats. And when those failed to move me, you resorted to supplications. I say *resorted*, because I cannot believe that Von Wallenstein has any claim whatever upon you, and I do believe that the account of your indebtedness to him was all a mere fabrication."

"Great Heavens!" gasped the general. "How dare—"

"Oh, no matter. I will marry your baron. Pray, let us say no more about it."

"And you are acting willingly, Claudine?" whined the old hypocrite.

"Willingly and cheerfully, my father."

"And that Georg?"

"I shall never see Georg Rœmer again, sir."

"Never?"

"Never; rest assured of that."

To the baron, Claudine had been equally frank.

"I do not love you," she said. "I do not even care for you; so I warn you that I will be a troublesome wife."

"I would certainly have the life of any one else who said the same, for I could as easily believe evil of an angel from heaven as of you!" was the reckless answer. "Dear heart, we will be the happiest couple in all the world!"

"But you know that I love another."

"I know that you have told me so repeatedly."

"And you still persist in claiming me?"

"I still persist, my angel—yes."

"Then so be it," said Claudine, gravely. "Evidently, it is our fate."

Thus it happened that the beautiful Claudine Stolberg became the wife of a man who, if he was one of the ugliest, was also one of the richest, in Austria.

Chapter II.

Ten years ago the inn of the Golden Griffin was the pride and boast of Reichenberg. You who remember it know that. Built of dark stone, it is pleasingly diversified with a profusion of steep gables and slender chimneys; but the chief glory is the sign, a grand affair which, when bathed in the vaporous red of a wintry sunset, becomes really gorgeous.

And just at nightfall, ten years ago to the day, December the twenty-fourth, the landlord of the Golden Griffin threw open his door to two weary and travel-stained men.

"Enter!" cried good Wilhelm Storme. "No one shall ever have it in his power to say that I am churlish on this night of all nights. Enter—and a Christian's welcome to you!"

Who could be slow in accepting an invitation so heartily given? Not these poor fellows, certainly. But Dorothea, the housekeeper, caught sight of the newcomers, and drew her master aside.

"I wonder at you!" she said, in a tone of reproach. "They are strangers, and that is quite bad enough; but they are also Bohemians, and that is worse. If you will persist in feeding them, why, let them have some soup and a crust in the kitchen."

At this piece of advice, Wilhelm's broad, good-natured face grew very serious.

"Why should I send them to the kitchen?" he asked.

"I'll wager that they haven't a *gulden* between them," retorted the woman.

"In that case I am right; for I should like to know how we can more fittingly celebrate the birthday of our blessed Lord than by giving meat to the hungry and drink to the thirsty. It is my custom, mind you, Dorothea, and if you had been longer at the Golden Griffin you would have known it."

"Very well, my master; we must prepare for a crowd of beggars, then."

"Not one!" laughed Wilhelm Storme. "Who ever heard of a beggar in Reichenberg, pray?"

Then he hurried back to the dining-room, to chat with his guests.

One, the taller, was thin, tall, dark and ragged. That he was not young was evident; for the heavy masses of black hair, falling beneath a broad-brimmed hat, but partially concealed a somewhat furrowed face, with large, strongly-marked features. But the black eyes were bright and piercing, whilst the teeth, that gleamed through the jetty mustache, were dazzlingly white.

His companion, however, was really handsome. Slight, fair, graceful, and, in his tattered clothes and patched shoes, looking for all the world like a prince in disguise—a musical prince, at that; for the outlines of a violin were plainly discernible in the baize bag slung over his shoulder.

And these two poor fellows stood warming themselves at the fire, when Wilhelm burst upon them, bearing a tray, with three goblets filled to the brims with good, strong wine.

"Here we are!" he cried, cheerily. "Your supper is coming, my friends; but first let us drink the toast that is always drank in my house on this night."

Then, handing a glass to each of his companions, he took the third, and, raising it aloft, said, solemnly:

"In honor of that Friend of the friendless—our Lord, the blessed Son."

The goblets were drained in silence. Then the tall man spoke:

"I humbly thank you, worthy sir; but Ludwig and I have the wherewithal to pay for our night's lodging. Still, that does not make us less your servants, and we are very grateful."

"You have the wherewithal to pay, eh? So much the better, then; so much the better. I am not one to turn my back upon money; but, tell me, do you manage to earn much by that?" pointing to the baize bag, now lying on the table.

"A little, sir," modestly replied the youth.

"I am glad to hear it. Now, here comes the soup; so, my friends, to work. As for me, I will——"

"Master! master!" called a servant, dashing open the outer door and thrusting in a shock head, which disappeared as soon as the message was delivered, "lose no time; here is the Baron von Wallenstein!"

"Whew!" whistled Wilhelm. Then, suddenly, "No matter. I'll tell you what we'll do, my friends—we'll draw your table a little further back—so—and let the noble baron have the fire, because——"

"Because he is the noble baron," interposed the elder Bohemian, with great gravity.

"Nay, but because his bride must be with him. He was to have been married to-day; his servant told me so when they stopped here last week."

"Ah, well, do not be vexed, sir; Ludwig and I are well enough here. Hark! your guests are coming."

Wilhelm hastened to meet them. First entered a short, heavily-built man, with an unnecessarily ugly and sallow face, treacherous blue eyes, and flat lips wreathed with a constant smile.

This was the Baron Carl von Wallenstein; and the woman with him was the wife whom he had wedded only a few hours before. A very lovely wife, indeed, for such a husband! Small, but exquisitely proportioned, was the young baroness, with large, soft gray eyes, perfectly molded features, and a tiny rosebud of a mouth. Add to this an

expression of childlike candor and goodness, and you may form an idea of this irresistibly charming person.

"Do you see, Wilhelm?" cried the baron, noisily stamping the snow from his boots; "do you see? We are caught by a cursed accident! There's something wrong with the horses, and you must give us shelter until things are righted. Have you a private room for us?"

"Alas! Excellency, all are occupied."

"Then my wife must remain here. Madame, make yourself comfortable, I will be with you presently. Come, Wilhelm."

And away went this abrupt gentleman, with obedient Wilhelm closely following.

Full twenty minutes passed. Then the door was suddenly opened, and the baron entered, just in time to see a man drawing hastily back in the shadow of the projecting chimney. But the sight could not have disturbed him, for he advanced to his wife, who was reclining in a great wooden chair, and said:

"We shall be forced to remain here until morning, Claudine, and, my poor child, you must content yourself where you are, for the place is really full."

"Have no care for me," answered the bride, without turning her head toward him. "I am perfectly content here."

"Wilhelm says that no one shall come in here, and he has promised to turn those two fellows out," continued the baron, in a low tone.

"Did you make that request?"

"Certainly! I have a couple of idiots at work upon the carriage, and, as I must oversee them, I do not fancy leaving you in such company as this."

"You might have spared yourself that trouble," was madame's cold response. "Be sure that no one shall be put out-of-doors for me. I will attend to that."

"Only out-of-doors," said her husband, thoughtfully. "Well, that is not far. One might be sent yet further."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, my dear—nothing at all. Try to sleep."

A few moments' silence, during which His Excellency stood warming his hands at the fire; then he suddenly turned to the tall Bohemian, who was still awake, and crouching upon a low settle in the corner.

"Friend," he whispered, softly, "what is your name?"

"Johann Sepel," answered the other, shortly.

"Well, my good Johann, won't you come and keep me company? It is very lonesome here for both of us. Come, and we will have a glass of hot spiced wine together." Johann slowly arose.

"You are very good, Excellency. Shall I arouse little Ludwig?"

The baron looked down at the figure stretched upon the bare floor, and breathing audibly.

"Nay," said he, the shadow of that ugly smile just flickering about his thin lips; "he sleeps so soundly that it would be a sin to disturb him. Come!"

So this kind-hearted noble and the awkward Bohemian were soon, to Wilhelm Storme's amazement, drinking deep draughts together at a little table at the further end of the room. They were talking too, quite confidentially; but, after a while, Johann arose and crossed to his companion, whom he briskly aroused.

"Where now?" drawled Ludwig, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"To the stable—the noble baron needs us."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" dragging Ludwig after him. Then, when they stood before Von Wallenstein; "and may all good attend you, sir!"

"Heaven bless you, my honest fellow!" returned the nobleman, kindly.

Ludwig, who seemed to be either too sleepy or too stupid to understand such condescension, stared, laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and silently followed Johann.

When they were gone, the baron approached his wife, who was still lying back in the great chair, sleeping, apparently. Only apparently. She was awake, and Von Wallenstein knew it; but he was far too civil not to respect this evident desire for solitude; so, lighting a fresh cigar, and wrapping his fur cloak about him, he quitted the room, and sent in Dorothea, busy and bustling, to watch beside the bride.

Chapter III.

The next day was Christmas, and, if fortune had not been perverse, it would have been spent by the baron and baroness at Vienna. But, thanks to Johann's imbecility, everything went wrong with the repairers of the broken carriage. First he cut a thong by mistake, then he lost a hook; and then, after sundry other mishaps, this bird of ill-omen announced that the shaft was split from end to end.

"The evil one is at the bottom of it all!" sighed Wilhelm, despairingly; "I can do no more. His Excellency must e'en eat his Christmas dinner at the Golden Griffin—and it won't be such a bad dinner, after all," he concluded, emphatically, his thoughts reverting to the tender pullets in the kitchen, to the great butt of Mark-a-brunner in the cellar, and to the superb appearance which the table would present, with those gilt-edged plates and crystal goblets that were always reserved for rare occasions.

Presently the baron came out to investigate matters. As it chanced, no one was in the carriage-house but Johann.

"Are you ready?" asked the nobleman, in a low voice, when he stood beside the Bohemian.

"All ready!" was the prompt answer. "But where is the lady?"

"She went out for a walk, full ten minutes ago, so the hostess tells me."

"And Ludwig?"

"I saw him crossing the field just now. But come, my friend, finish earning your money. Let me thank you, however, for what you have already accomplished. Those poor fellows who have been making icicles of themselves out here over this carriage little imagine how we have been working against them. Well, well! what a providential thing it was that an accident should have happened at all! Had it not been so, I might never have known—well, I might never have known what I do now."

"Would you not have detected Ludwig?"

"My friend," said the Baron, loftily, "if you knew me better you would also know that I am a person of the greatest acuteness. I could, therefore, have penetrated any disguise that Frederic von Arnheim might have thought proper to assume. There, now, enough of that. Still, I must say again that I shall never forget your cleverness, nor cease to be grateful to you."

"Don't thank me, Excellency," muttered surly Johann; "I worked well because my heart was in my work, that's all."

Chapter IV.

Such a joyous Christmas-day! A clear, blue sky, brilliant with light; a fresh, healthy breeze sweeping down from the mountains, and pure, crisp snow cracking beneath the tread.

And through the snow two men came tramping. On

through the forest they went in silence, until they reached a clearing, where huge mounds of earth about a yawning cavity revealed what had once been a mine.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Johann, when they stood beside the opening.

"Do you think that they will come?" asked the other, anxiously.

"Think? I am sure of it! It is only a mile or so to the next village, but, you know, they expect to walk there—so, of course, they will start as soon as possible."

"Of course, but upon quite another journey. And you, my friend, are you confident that the sight of your former employer will not overcome you?—not intimidate you, eh?"

"Nothing can intimidate me. Tell me, Excellency, do you still hold to your original purpose? Are you determined to send them down here together?"

The baron nodded.

"As soon as they appear," said he, "you must attack Von Arnheim. I will manage my wife. Oh, yes, they must go down together."

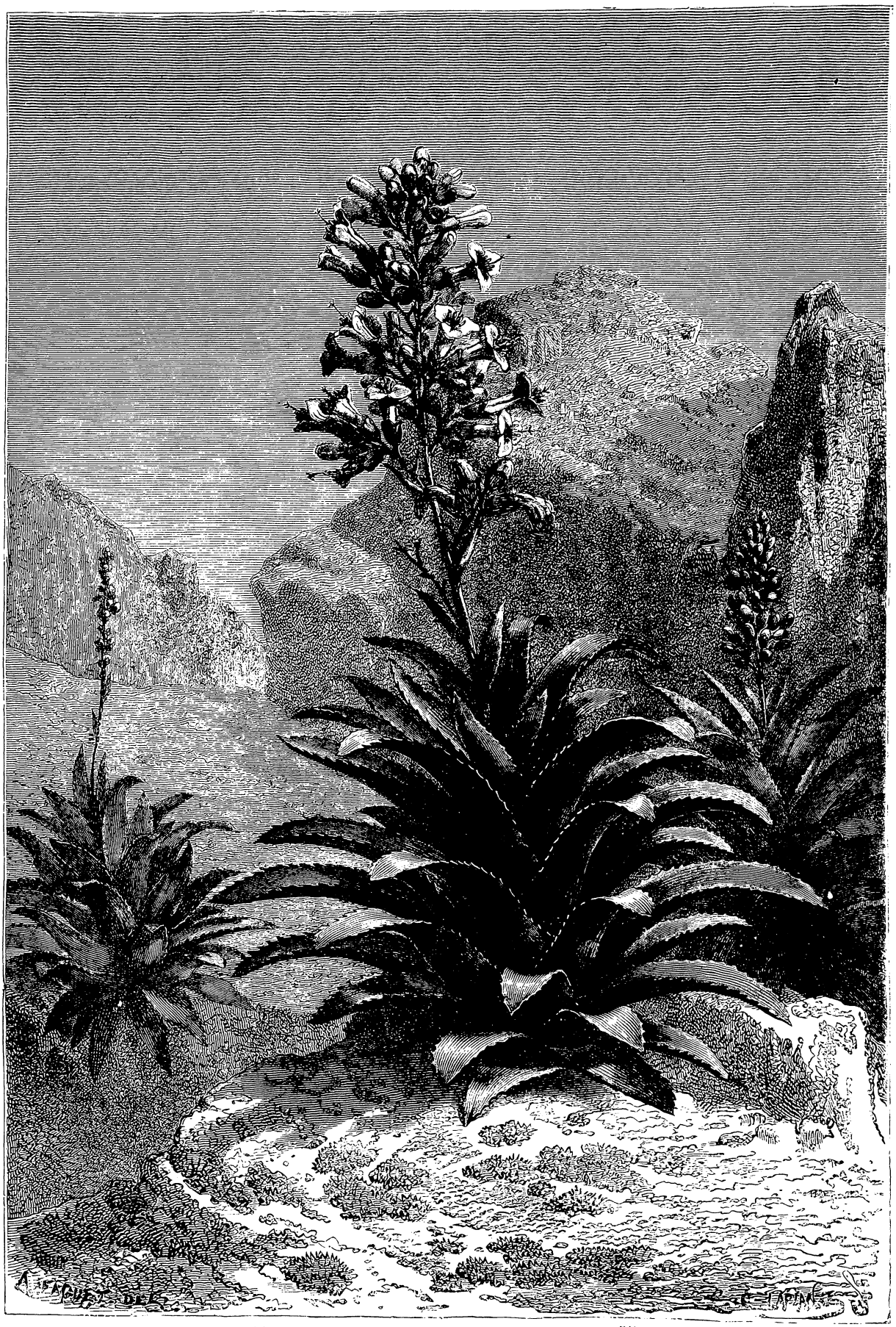
"In that case, it would be as well to send some one below to welcome them. So, by your leave, Excellency, you shall go first."

And the Bohemian accompanied his words with such a vigorous blow, that Von Wallenstein, completely stunned, measured his length in the yielding snow.

It was not the work of many minutes, then, to encircle the waist of the prostrate man with the end of the rope that was still around the windlass-roller, and, pushing him over the side of the shaft, to gradually lower him down.

This feat, silently and hurriedly accomplished, Johann cut the rope, effaced all evidences of a struggle by carefully smoothing the snow, and then returned to the inn.

A MAY CAROL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 539.



THE AGAVE AMERICANA, OR CENTURY PLANT.— SEE PAGE 542.

"Good Lord!" cried Dorothea, who, from the kitchen-window, saw him coming. "There has been a miracle worked this blessed Christmas Day! That clumsy Bohemian has forgotten his shuffle, and walks with head erect, for all the world like an honest man."

* * * * * * *

When consciousness returned, Von Wallenstein found himself lying at the bottom of an inclined shaft, perhaps fifteen or twenty yards deep. The darkness was terrible, palpable, and broken only by the fair ray of daylight that gleamed upon the smooth surface of a shallow pool of black water.

Undeniably brave as this man was, he could not restrain a thrill of horror as the full conviction of his frightful position burst upon him. He sprang to his feet, cursing and calling for aid. But the first shout died away upon his lips, and the blood bounded back to his heart, for he caught the cold, metallic glare of two small, glittering eyes fixed intently on his.

"Ah, my God, a snake!" cried the miserable wretch, instinctively throwing himself upon the ground.

That action saved him. With a hiss of rage, the reptile made its spring, but, cheated of its prey, disappeared through the mouth of a tunnel. Then Von Wallenstein arose and staggered back against the rocky walls of his prison.

"Help!" he cried, again. "Help! Help!"

But no help came until hours had passed. Hours? It seemed an eternity before some one called to him:

"Are you there, Excellency?"

It was Wilhelm Storme's voice, but never before had those hoarse tones sounded so heavenly sweet to mortal ears.

"I'm here. In God's name, be quick!"

A fresh rope was now lowered, and in a few moments the noble baron was a free man, and on his way to the inn again.

And before he reached the inn he had learned all there was to learn—that his wife was missing, that the two Bohemians were gone, and that he would have perished miserably in that abominable pit if Johann Sepel had not sent word from the neighboring village to Wilhelm, telling him where to look for at least one of his guests.

"But the rascal is not altogether lost to every sense of shame," continued the landlord, with the air of a man seeking to convince himself upon a doubtful point. "No, not altogether lost to shame, for he has also sent me what would have paid twenty times over for a year's lodging in the best room in my house."

Chapter V.

In a surprisingly short space of time Von Wallenstein was at Vienna, and once there, he very soon presented himself before the Countess Darenberg—that proud, dark woman, who was at once the idol and detestation of every man and woman of her acquaintance.

Yet Luisa, Countess Darenberg, was only a young girl, an orphan, very rich, very clever, very much admired; above all, very much in love with Count Frederick Von Arnheim. So much in love, in fact, that her good name had suffered; for, while she treated all other men with coldness and caprice, she evinced for Von Arnheim the most unwearying tenderness and devotion.

Before he crossed her path she had been simply a dangerous coquette; but since then, there had been no more flirtations, no more despairing lovers.

As for the count, although ardent, passionate, and full of impulse graces, he was just as much the poor girl's tormentor as her lover. She was his betrothed—that was certain—but whilst he evidently adored, he never ceased to shamefully wrong, her, by the most glaring infidelities. And she, strong even in her weakness, waited and suffered. Suffered as only a justly jealous and wrongfully accused woman could. Waited—for what? His reformation, perhaps.

But that was not yet at hand, it seemed, for one morning, in that bower of beauty—her boudoir—the countess received Von Wallenstein, and flushed, excited, indignant, listened to his story.

"Did you say that you come to me because you imagine that I may have suspected something of this?" she asked.

"I imagined it—yes."

"You are wrong. I have never even dreamed of such a probability. Have you endeavored to see Von Arnheim?"

"I went to his hotel as soon as I arrived; but, of course, he was absent, and I could learn nothing of his whereabout."

"You positively believe him guilty, then?"

"I am sure of it."

"Let us see," said the countess, musingly. "Did you ever suspect that there was a lover in the case when you married her? Tell me that."

"I do not deny that I was well aware of the fact. I learned it from the fraulein's own lips, when she consented to become my wife."

"And you were mad enough to marry her after that!" cried his companion. "Great Heaven! a man in love is a man lost! Did she tell you his name?"

"No."

"Nor anything of him?"

"Nothing."

"Two men, you say?"

"Yes, two."

"Describe them."

"Well, Johann, the scoundrel who played me that trick, was a great, shambling fellow; as ugly as Satan, and far more vicious. Ludwig, however, was a mere lad, not over and above sensible; not really bad; much more of a fool than a knave, and far less villainous-looking than his accomplice. Still, as I have already said, countess, I am convinced that it was no other than Frederic Von Arnheim. I recognized him as soon as I saw him. Moreover, I instinctively felt that he was the lover in question. I was right, you see. Von Arnheim is the culprit, and the Bohemian was only his tool."

"That peasant's dress works wonders with some people. I have often seen the count in such a disguise, and he looked years younger than he really was."

"Then, too, that Ludwig was very fair."

"Von Arnheim is as fair as an angel."

"And he had a mocking, reckless air."

"That recklessness is Von Arnheim's chief charm, my dear baron," said the countess, slowly. "It is clear that your bride has eloped with my intended husband. He was the lover whose existence she confessed to you. He bought over the Bohemian to aid him, and he—he alone is the author of your shame. Now, what will you do? For my part, I confess that I am desperate."

"Countess," said the man, turning his cold, cruel face full upon her, "you should advise me, for the shame is yours also. If you will be frank, now, and say, 'What shall *we* do?' I will be equally frank, and answer——"

"Well, what?"

"I will answer that we must avenge ourselves."

"Good! In what way?"

"Searching my heart, I can find there no tender forgiveness; there is but one way—*death!*"

A silence—then the woman spoke.

"What will be your first step ?"

"I shall find them."

"No—you must first find His Highness, Prince Georg. He is good, although somewhat overbearing—but you need not mind that."

"Oh, no ! I shall not mind that in the least ; for, although I am but a countryman, who knows nothing of courts, I am, also, an honest man, who demands justice and his wife. But how can the prince help me ?"

"No one else can do so much. Von Arnheim is attached to his service ; he will help you, be sure, for he is acknowledged to be a very just person. Have you ever seen him ?"

"Never ; I seldom come to Vienna, madame. When I was last here you were but a child, and my old friend, your father, was still living. But, although I have not danced attendance at the palace, I have not quite buried myself alive, either. I always know something of what passes here. For instance, I knew that Von Arnheim was to be your husband, and I acknowledge that I regretted it ; for I had met him several times in the provinces, and cordially detested him. Ah, well ! that does not matter now, does it ?"

"No," said the countess, quietly ; "nothing matters now."

Chapter VI.

The second day after his interview with the Countess Darenberg, Von Wallenstein was ushered into the august presence of Prince Georg of Wieliezka. And to this great personage did the baron relate his griefs.

"She was my wife," he concluded. "Legally, my wife."

"Yes ; you were married one day, and before nightfall of the next she had quitted you, eh ?"

"Exactly, Excellency."

"And do you suspect no one ?"

"Pardon, Excellency—I suspect——"

"Whom ?" asked the Prince, sharply.

'Ludwig. He was Von Arnheim—I recognized him at the time."

"Indeed ? You surprise me. And Johann ? Who was he ? Really a Bohemian, I suppose ?"

"Yes, a Bohemian," answered Von Wallenstein, with quiet scorn. "It was plainly to be seen that he was only a miserably dirty and villainously ugly scoundrel. A cutthroat, no doubt—a thief, certainly. Just the sort of wretch, in fact, to be hired for a rascally piece of work, and just the sort of dog to be kicked to the gallows afterward."

"Humph ! Bad company for Von Arnheim," said the prince, dryly.

"Bad company for Satan himself !" retorted Von Wallenstein.

"Really, my dear baron, you seem very bitter in your denunciations."

"*Seem* so ! Ah ! great Heaven ! Well, put yourself in my place, Excellency. Fancy being knocked down a pit, robbed of a bride, and laughed at, into the bargain !"

"True ; that is provocation enough for any one. So, baron, I will do my best to assist you, and bring the real culprit to justice. I promise you that."

"I humbly thank your Excellency."

* * * * * *

From the palace, Von Wallenstein went directly to the Countess Darenberg.

Madame received him in her boudoir—nay, met him at the very threshold.

"Well," she exclaimed, eagerly, "have you seen the prince ?"

"I have seen Johann," answered the visitor.

"Johann ?"

"Yes, my dear lady. Your prince and my ugly Bohemian are one and the same."

"What do you mean ?"

"Simply this : that his Excellency is a capital harlequin. He was my wife's lover ; he was Johann, the ugly Bohemian—two very opposite *rôles*, but he succeeded admirably in both, curse him !"

"And Von Arnheim ?"

"He is innocent. I detected the guilty one just now."

"Ah, my God ! my God !" cried the countess, falling back in her chair.

"What is it ? Speak !"

"Only this," moaned the wretched creature—"nothing but this : Von Arnheim was innocent, and he is dead. I have killed him !"

Chapter VII.

Three months of torturing anxiety to Von Wallenstein, during which all attempts to discover his wife proved fruitless. Then, one morning, the final blow came, in an official announcement that his marriage with Claudine Stolberg was formally annulled.

Mad and reckless with rage and mortification, the miserable man hurried to the prince.

"Highness," he cried, "is law a mockery, is justice a by-word, that a wife may be stolen with impunity, and then fraudulently divorced ?"

"Certainly not," answered the other ; "but, Baron, as I understand matters, you had no wife. It is true that General Stolberg attempted to sell his daughter to you, in order to cancel a certain indebtedness ; but that arrangement ended awkwardly. Moreover, you know that the money is paid. Your advocate has received the full sum, with interest. So, now, what do you expect from me ?"

"Let us have done with subterfuges," said the Baron. "I demand the Baroness Von Wallenstein."

"But the law declares that no such person exists."

"I demand Claudine Stolberg."

"You have no right to do so. Besides, she who was Claudine Stolberg is now the Princess of Wieliezka."

"Ah, my friend Johann ! my friend Johann !" exclaimed Von Wallenstein, bitterly, his harsh voice quivering with excitement, his black eyes flashing.

"Baron," said His Highness, in a tone that could not be misunderstood, "I do not ask who Johann is. I only say that if he is really your friend, he will advise you to make no accusations that you are unable to prove. If he knows you as well as I do, he will remember that you are a coward and a braggart, and counsel you accordingly. Do I astonish you ? Scarcely. None but a coward would compel a woman to marry him. None but a braggart would make such a boisterous outcry over his defeat. I fathom your motive, you see. You seek to frighten me. That is simply impossible. But you annoy me, and I do not like to be annoyed. So I give you the choice—civil behavior or imprisonment. Yes, I am quite in earnest, I assure you. If you ever dare mention my wife's name with disrespect, I shall certainly not spare you. Another thing, you know now, as well as I do, that I am Johann. I acknowledge that I am also Georg Rœmer. Under that name I first won the love of Claudine Stolberg. Somewhat romantic, I confess ; but then there are men who desire to be loved for themselves alone. When she consented to marry you, she knew that I would save her—

A STRANGE PROSECUTION.—"HE CAUTIOUSLY LIFTED UP HIS SURPLICE, AND THERE CROUCHED BETWEEN HIS REVEREND LEGS AN UNHAPPY HARE."

even at the eleventh hour. Dear child! her faith is implicit. I could not leave the capital in time to prevent the ceremony; but, nothing daunted, I sent on those who were fully capable of prosecuting all my plans. Thanks to them, you were forced to stop at the Golden Griffin, and then the rest was easy enough. I take the trouble to explain all this, because I am somewhat proud of the achievement; besides, I really think that I owe it to you to set your mind at rest upon the subject. As Georg Rœmer, I won the love of Claudine Stolberg. As Johann the Bohemian, I rescued her from you—and you may believe that, as Prince of Wieliezka, I shall keep her. That is all, my dear Baron. Go, but do not scorn my counsel, even if you experience an objection to me."

* * * * * * *

During all this while, nothing had been heard of Von Arnheim. He had disappeared, but where or how, no one seemed to know. Numberless and unavailing were all inquiries. And, at last, Von Wallenstein ventured to question the Countess more closely.

"Do you really believe that he is dead?" he asked.

"I know it. The poison I used superinduced madness. Von Arnheim has destroyed himself."

"In that case," said the Baron, quite cheerfully, "we have nothing to fear. Still, I really wish that I could learn something of the poor fellow."

The wish was gratified. When next Von Wallenstein called upon the Countess, he was told that she had gone.

"But where?" was the natural query.

"To Paris, with her husband."

"With—*whom?*"

"Her husband—the Count Frederic Von Arnheim."

The visitor recoiled a few paces, and, gazing fixedly at the man, whom he firmly believed insane, said, mildly:

"My good fellow, won't you endeavor to remember whom madame married?"

"I remember perfectly well, Herr Baron; and here is a letter for you."

"Dear Baron," ran the precious missive, "I accused my Frederic upon the strength of your assertion. It was fortunate that I did so, for he straightway explained matters, and we are married. Of course that poison story was a shameful deception, but it was the Count's idea. He has been in the provinces for some time—kept there, partly by business, partly by the desire to torment you. But I am sorry to be obliged to say that the fact of having instigated a murder did not seem to trouble you in the least. Adieu, dear Baron. Try to forgive us.

"Yours, COUNTESS VON ARNHEIM."

A STRANGE PROSECUTION.

IN the Grand Duchy of Baden, in the fair margravial land, the home of the famous Markgräfter wine, there lies, some three or four English miles north of Basle and the Rhine, nearly midway between Lorrach and Hüningen, along the slope of a lofty hill, in the midst of a luxurious garden-belt of vineyards, the ancient village of Haltingen, a genuine old German thorp, rustic and unpretending throughout, but comfortable and well-to-do-looking withal. It commands an extensive, charming view into Alsace and the Swiss canton of Basle, and presents altogether the most picturesque bit of rural and mountain scenery to be beheld far and near, even in this favored spot of earth.

It was in the "good old times," somewhere about the last quarter of the eighteenth century, ere yet the tremendous heave of the French Revolution had come to shake the old political and social system of Europe to its foundations. Baden was enjoying the blessings of the benevolent and beneficent sway of Margrave, afterward Grand Duke, Charles Frederick, one of the very few exceptional model rulers whose names the muse of history has rightly recorded on her imperishable tablets.

In these said good old times, then, there flourished at the Haltingen Parsonage the reverend pastor Andreas Hitzig, a worthy scion of the family of that name so renowned in the annals of the Evangelical Church of Baden. To his loving guardianship and pious care the spiritual welfare of the parishioners of Haltingen was intrusted.

It was on a Sunday in Autumn, albeit a bright, warm day, such as departing Summer will send in occasionally by way of P. P. C. card. The reverend pastor had dismissed the congregation, after a most powerful and effective sermon anent the deep gratitude due in thought and deed to the Almighty for His signal mercies vouchsafed to

A STRANGE PROSECUTION.—"HE BROUGHT DOWN THE HEAVY BIBLE ON THE DOOMED ANIMAL'S HEAD, SMASHING IN HIS SKULL WITH ONE VIGOROUS, WELL-DIRECTED BLOW."

A STRANGE PROSECUTION.—"THE GRAND MASTER, FINDING THAT TO GET AT THE HARE HE WOULD HAVE TO CARRY THE PARSONAGE BY STORM, WAS FAIN AT LAST TO RETREAT."

them in the bountiful vintage just gathered in, at an exceptionally early time of the harvest season.

He had, with the elders of the parish, counted the contents of the offertory plates and boxes, and his soul felt proudly elated at the large collection netted for the poor. He was alone in the sacristy, or vestry, the parish clerk having requested and obtained permission to leave a little earlier than usual. The door opening upon the churchyard was left ajar.

The reverend gentleman was just upon the point of replacing the ponderous silver-mounted and silver-clasped old parish Bible upon its proper shelf, when he was suddenly startled by an infernal din of baying and howling of dogs, resounding from outside the churchyard wall; immediately after there was a rustling noise behind him, and the next instant he felt something passing between his legs. The parson was a man of great presence of mind, rapid decision and energetic action. His legs closed with lightning speed upon the something that had got between them, and held it thus securely pinned there.

A shrewd man, skilled in putting this and that together, and drawing inferences even from slight indices, he had a suspicion of what the "something" might turn out to be; so he cautiously lifted up his surplice, and, behold! the correctness of his shrewd guess was brilliantly demonstrated. There crouched between his reverend legs an unhappy hare, which, moved thereunto, maybe, by an alas! totally mistaken, half-reasoning instinct, had run in to seek sanctuary in God's house, and was turning its agonized eyes upward, beseechingly appealing to its reverend captor for mercy and life.

Robert Burns, in the profuse string of gems and pearls dropped from his lips and pen, has given us "Lines to a Mouse," and "Verses on Seeing a Wounded Hare"—two exquisite jewels, beaming forth from every line the soft rays of his own vast humanity and all-embracing kindliness of feeling. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" tells us that

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> Both man, and bird, and beast;
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small.
> For the good Lord who made the world,
> He made and loveth them all."

But at the time of this veracious story, Burns and Coleridge had not yet written; and, in sober truth, it would have mattered but little, I am afraid, if they actually had, and if their writings had been done into German for the special behoof of the Reverend Andreas Hitzig; for, look ye, the worthy man was a parson—which neither Burns nor Coleridge was—and his sacerdotal bowels of compassion were incased in the *æs triplex* of his holy calling. Neither knew he aught of Cowper, who made pets of hares, as he loved them; whereas the parson simply liked them—roasted or stewed.

No great wonder, then, surely, that the reverend gentleman should sternly disregard the mute appeal of the—

> "Poor sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,"

held between his legs as in a vise; and, not troubling his heart or his conscience about the "panic in its breastie," bring down the heavy Bible upon the doomed animal's head, smashing in the skull with one vigorous, well-directed blow.

Having performed this high and mighty feat, Andreas Hitzig put poor dead master hare under his surplice, shut up the church, and wended his way home to the adjacent parsonage, where he exultingly handed to his beloved helpmate the booty (figuratively) of his bow and spear, receiving in return the worthy lady's gratulation and encomium upon his prowess.

Poor puss had scarcely been taken to the kitchen for further proceedings, when the churchyard was invaded by the margravial huntsmen and the baying and howling pack of hounds. The hare had fled from the wood down the mountain, pursued by the pack. A deep and wide ditch running along outside the churchyard wall had been taken in fine style by the hunted animal, urged on by the fear of death, which had subsequently, also, made it clear the wall. The hounds, unable to follow, had come to a stop at the ditch, and had accordingly lost the scent. The margravial huntsmen, coming up in due time, had not thought proper, in the eager pursuit of the game, to respect even the sacredness of the churchyard, but had opened the gate to let the whole hunt pour in.

Now, on the pastor's short way to the parsonage, a few drops of the hare's blood had fallen on the ground, thus

A STRANGE PROSECUTION.—"ABOUT A WEEK AFTER, THE REVEREND ANDREAS HITZIG RECEIVED A LARGE OFFICIAL PARCHMENT, DULY STAMPED AND SEALED."

giving the hounds back the scent, which speedily led them and the huntsmen to Magister Andreas Hitzig's manse, where a peremptory summons was at once addressed by the grand master to the reverend trespasser, to deliver up instanter the body of puss, kidnapped and slain by the aforesaid, against the peace of their sovereign lord the margrave, and counter the statute made and provided against breakers of the sacred game-laws.

But Andreas Hitzig was a stanch man, who in every way and sense did honor to his name. He was equally hot-headed, hot-blooded and hot-handed; besides this, he was as obstinate as a mule. He refused, then, point-blank all and any compliance with the grand master's peremptory request; stoutly asserting and maintaining his indefeasible right to "take and slay" (and eat) the hare that had trespassed upon the sacred precincts of his church. The good wife stood bravely by her spouse, growing literally pot-valiant in defense of the contents of her stew-pot—for the plumpness and fatness of poor puss had carried the culinary decision in favor of stewing.

The grand master, finding that to get at the hare he would have to carry the parsonage by storm, and painfully conscious that Mrs. Hitzig was considerably worsting him in the wordy encounter, was fain, at last, to beat a retreat, and withdraw his forces.

So Andreas Hitzig and his spouse were left triumphant in possession of the field—and of the hare, which, some hours after, smoked on the festive board, where it was done full honor and justice to by the worthy couple, most ably supported by the parish clerk, who had accidentally come up to the manse, attracted by the savory smell.

So the matter ended, apparently in victory all along the line for Andreas Hitzig, making the obverse of the medal look charmingly bright for the worthy pastor. But this was for a time only, and for a very brief time, indeed; for Nemesis but too soon set briskly out in pursuit of the clerical offender against the sacred majesty of the game-laws, and the medal very speedily displayed a most ugly reverse to the poor parson's sorrowing sight.

It has been remarked already that this happened in the good old times. Now, one of the most beautiful and commendable characteristics of those good old times was the noble institution of the forest and hunting code, which hedged game with something like the divinity of a king. In Germany, more especially, this code was conceived in the truest and most truculent Draconian spirit. A hare was looked upon by the law as a thing inviolable by all men but the lord of the land and the chase, and it was almost a less risky thing to slay a man than to snare a hare.

So it came speedily to pass that the grand master of the margravial hunt and hounds lodged a complaint against the Reverend Andreas Hitzig, who was imperatively ordered to appear before the criminal division of the margravial high court of judicature, to plead his answer and defense to an indictment and accusation preferred against him at the instance of his most Serene Highness's master of the hounds, and in his most Serene Highness's interest; for that he had, on such day of such month and such year, committed and perpetrated the high misdemeanor and grievous offense of snaring, killing and slaying one of his most Serene Highness's hares.

At first the reverend defendant felt disposed to treat the matter lightly. He was even very wroth that a servant of God and a shining light of the Church, like him, should be ignominiously arraigned before a court of law as a common malefactor; and he claimed the intervention of the Evangelical Consistory, contending that the whole Church was being assailed in his person. His eyes were soon opened, however, to the true most serious state of affairs, and he found, to his dismay and grief, that the law was stronger than the Church.

He then set his wits to work devising cunning pleas in justification. He turned upon his accusers, charging them with the heinous offense of Sabbath-breaking, inasmuch as they had been hunting the hare in church-hours, and asserting that he had simply seized upon the animal to bring it forward as *corpus delicti*, the perishable nature of the article alone having prevented him from keeping it intact to the day of trial; whilst to let it go to loss altogether would have been a sad sin.

To this ingenious plea the public prosecutor retorted, with crushing effect, that two wrongs could never constitute a right, and that an offense against the law on the one side could never be pleaded in justification of an offense committed on the other side.

Still undiscouraged and undismayed, the parson bravely persisted in fighting the good fight. In those olden days, criminal suits in Germany had a strong tendency to develop to most extraordinary dimensions, and to last nearly as long as Chancery suits in England do. What with counts and averments, pleas and counterpleas, demurrers, rejoinders, and rebutters, sur-rejoinders and sur-rebutters, the case dragged its slow length along for close upon five years, when it ultimately terminated in the condemnation of the Reverend Andreas Hitzig to the degrading punishment of three years' close imprisonment in one of his most Serene Highness's jails, and payment of the costs, which simply meant the poor man's total ruin, social and financial.

The unhappy parson was in despair. For his grief there was no consolation; and, to make his sufferings more poignant still, even the wife of his bosom, who yet had been his most stanch and valiant ally in the fierce contention for the possession of the hare, turned upon her liege lord now, and "wished to know" what madness could have possessed him to bring this misery and suffering upon her! Women are rarely logical, you see.

Then poor Andreas waxed faint before the Lord; hope died within him, and his trust in Providence forsook him so that in the bitterness of his heart he opened his mouth and lifted up his voice and said: "Let the day perish wherein I was born!" But as the hour before the rise of dawn is apt to be the darkest, so help is mostly nighest when the need of it is sorest. So also here.

It came to pass at this time that Charles Frederick made a tour of inspection through the upper land, in the course of which he came also to Lorrach. Here was a fine chance afforded to the pastor of Haltingen to make a last appeal to the lord of the land in person. He naturally availed himself of the opportunity, and he pleaded his cause with such consummate eloquence, supported by such sound and convincing arguments, that the august ruler at once most graciously promised to throw his exalted protection over the threatened man, and to shield him from all penal consequences of his unlucky trespass.

Charles Frederick was, indeed, shocked beyond measure to learn that any man living in the land under his sceptre could possibly be doomed to a most degrading punishment, and to total ruin, for simply knocking a hare on the head. He sent for his prime minister and chief adviser, to have the proceedings in the Hitzig case canceled and set aside.

To his intense amazement, the leading statesman of the land informed his most Serene Highness that his most serene will in the matter could not well be obeyed. The proceedings in the case had been quite regular, and the judgment and sentence were strictly according to law;

and it would be the saddest and direst misfortune for the land and the people if the ruler—the very embodiment of the majesty of the law—should arbitrarily set it aside. The minister went further still in his opposition to the margrave's declared intention to see the poor parson harmless through the affair. He ventured to express strong doubts even of the wisdom and policy of the exercise of His Highness's undoubted prerogative of mercy in this case; forcibly pointing out to the prince the injustice which a free pardon to Pastor Andreas Hitzig would involve to hundreds of poor men lying at that time in jail in expiation of the same offenses, under sentences of the same court, even in accordance with the same law.

"If this man is allowed to go free," he wound up, "then all these men are unjustly imprisoned. If the law is bad, let it be amended, or let it be struck out altogether from the statute-book; but so long as this is not done, let the law be obeyed by the people and respected by the ruler."

In the palmy days of King George III., two Quakers, the brothers Perrin, were sentenced to death for forgery. Great efforts were made to obtain from the king's clemency a commutation of the harsh sentence. It is said that Thurlow warmly joined in these efforts. But the brothers were Quakers, and so, of course, the law was let take its course. Subsequently, when Doctor Dodd's appeal for mercy was before the king, it is said that the monarch was willing to grant it, and was on the point of signing the pardon of the unhappy clergyman, when the Lord Chancellor, handing the pen to the king, observed, *sotto voce:* "Then the Perrins have been murdered." George, overhearing the observation, dashed down the pen, it is said, swearing that so long as he ruled, no condemned forger should ever escape the gallows.

But Charles Frederick was made of different stuff. The arguments and insinuations of his minister made a deep impression upon him, no doubt, but they did not cause him to swerve one iota from his expressed resolution to save the poor parson. He therefore cast about in his mind for some device of effecting this, if possible, without bringing his prerogative into play.

Charles Frederick was a humorous prince, full of merry jests and conceits. He soon hit upon a singularly happy thought, which even brought a smile into the stern face of the grim old minister, when the margrave bade him take the steps required to carry the idea into effect.

About a week after, the Reverend Andreas Hitzig received a large official parchment, duly stamped and sealed, with his most Serene Highness the margrave's sign-manual attached to it, reciting that—

"Whereas it has come to our knowledge that the Reverend Andreas Hitzig, priest, incumbent of our parish of Haltingen, etc., has approved himself a mighty hunter before the Lord, and we opine that the relaxation of the noble sport of the chase may well be permitted and granted to the aforesaid Andreas Hitzig, etc., after the conscientious performance of the functions of his sacred priestly office and the proper discharge of his parochial duties:

"Now, be it known to all whom it may concern, that we have been most graciously pleased to grant to the aforesaid Andreas Hitzig, etc., and to all his successors to come in the incumbency of our aforesaid parish of Haltingen, etc., for ever and evermore, and to him personally, with retrospective and retroactive force and effect, extending over the five years last preceding the date of these presents, the right and privilege of chasing and hunting, snaring, killing and slaying, or seizing in any other way whatever, all and every and any kind of game whatever, within, but not beyond, the precincts and boundaries of the sacristy or vestry of the church of our aforesaid parish of Haltingen, etc.

"And we order these present letters of privilege to be issued and promulgated, and duly registered and transmitted to the aforesaid Andreas Hitzig, etc, free of all charges thereon. And we have been most graciously pleased to order and decree that, as the natural and self-evident consequence of the preceding grant, the indictment and accusation preferred against the aforesaid Andreas Hitzig on account of alleged breaches and infringements of our forest and hunting code, with all the results and effects of the same whatever, be held of no force and validity, as being founded IN ERROR. Given," etc.

This merry conceit of the good margrave, of course, fully answered its intended purpose. Andreas Hitzig, thus rescued from (to him) worse than deadly peril, lived many long years after to bless the Solomon of Baden. It may be a mooted question whether the peculiar privilege thus strangely accorded to the incumbents of Haltingen would still hold good; but the letters-patent conferring it exist to the present day, and may be inspected by any one curious in the matter in the archives of the parish of Haltingen.

A MAY CAROL.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

SEE the sun shining—
Oh, how pleasantly—
Hear the birds singing
From every spray.
Fresh winds are blowing now,
Bright streams are flowing now,
Fair flowers are showing now—
'Tis merry May!

Shadows are falling
Down from leafy trees,
Over the greensward
They glint and play;
Gorgeous-wing butterflies,
Painted with rainbow dyes,
Roam 'neath the sunny skies—
'Tis merry May!

Oh, glorious May-tide!
Fresh from her night-sleep,
Nature is waking up
Lusty young day.
Forth! with the jocund dawn,
Over the dewy lawn,
Starting the hare and fawn—
'Tis merry May!

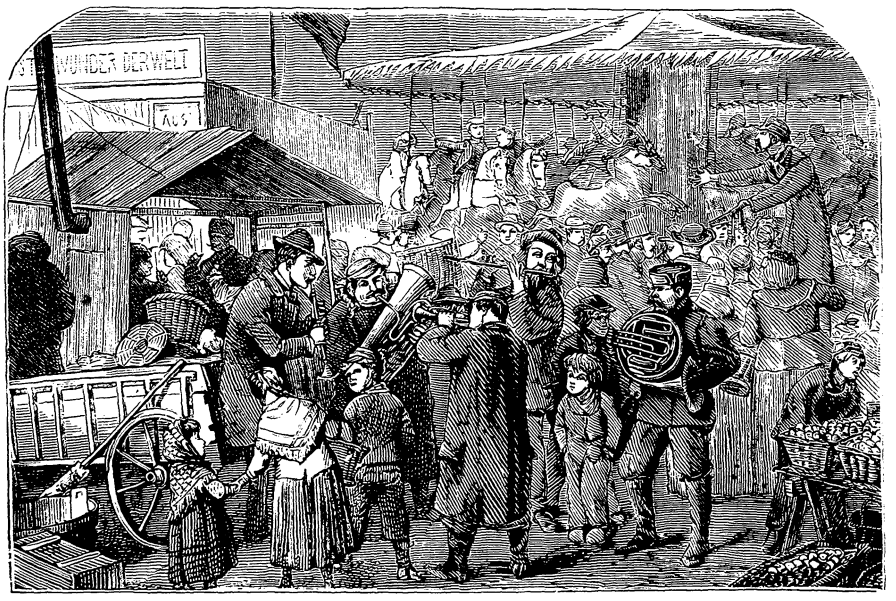
May! dear to young hearts
Throbbing lovingly—
May, dear to old heads
Though growing gray.
Wreath we in homage now
Hawthorn-bloom round thy brow;
Queen-month of all art thou,
Oh, merry May!

THE FAIR.

"Oh, dear! what can the matter be!
Johnny's so long at the Fair!"

AND why should Johnny not remain at the fair, until he had seen all that there was to be seen, or bought as much as his purse would permit, not forgetting the "bunch of blue ribbons," that was to tie up the "bonnie brown hair" of the one that bewailed his absence?

Within the last generation, the famous "World's Fairs" have been held, beginning with the London International Exhibition of 1851, followed by that of 1862; the French Exposition of 1867; the Vienna, of 1873; the American Centennial Celebration of 1876, and lastly the French, of 1878. These great fairs were exhibitions of the great works of the world, but, originally, fairs were simply periodical gatherings of the people for the purpose of barter and trade. The word itself comes from the Latin, the source



MARKET-DAY AT LEIPSIC, GERMANY.

of so many of our English words, and means literally a day of rest, or holiday; but the event is associated with trade. In addition to the purchase and sale of goods, the hiring of servants and laborers was also a feature of the old fairs; while they were also often associated with religious festivals and popular entertainments.

It is difficult to trace the origin of fairs. The universal desire of trade, which is inherent in all members of the family of nations, has always found an outlet in this or some similar manner; and fairs, bazars, and public assemblages have prevailed from time immemorial. In ancient Greece, fairs were held in conjunction with popular assemblies for political purposes. In Rome the Forum was the great market-place, and there the multitude assembled for festivities, which, as they afforded special opportunities for buying and selling, and also on account of the popular amusements, were truly fairs.

Among the earliest established of the fairs of Europe were the Fair of St. Denis, instituted by King Dagobert in 629; the Fair of St. Lazare, begun by King Louis VI.; the Fairs of Aix-la-Chapelle and Troyes, which date back as far as the year 800; the Leipsic Fair, which dates from the twelfth century. Fairs were introduced in England in 886 by Alfred the Great, and William the Conqueror in 1071 encouraged them. They sprang up in Flanders in 960, and were common in Germany about the year 1000. They also spread to other European countries, and were universally resorted to by all classes of purchasers. Turkey, India, China, Japan, Egypt, and Abyssinia, also hold fairs at various portions of the year.

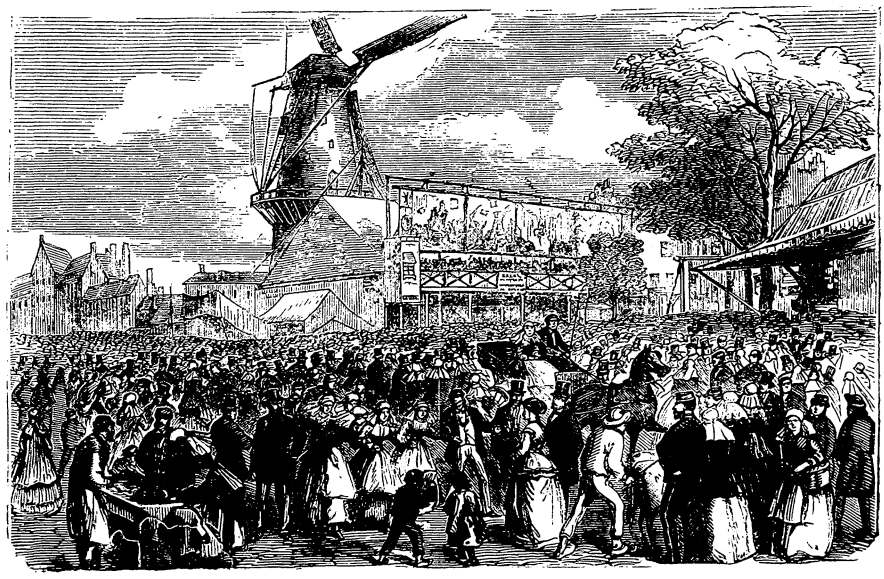
During the last century permanent market buildings have, in a great measure, taken the place of fairs; and where this is done, the ancient custom has ceased, but there are still some few places where the old fair still continues. In England the most celebrated fair was that granted to the Priory of St. Bartholomew in London by Henry I., in 1133. This was held on St. Bartholomew's Day, and the two subsequent days. The duration of the fair was gradually extended to fifteen days, but in 1708 it was again limited to three days. It was for a long time wonderfully successful, but during the present century declined in importance, and was held for the last time in 1855, after an existence of over seven hundred years.

Weyhill Fair in Hampshire, England, is held annually on October 10th, and is celebrated for its sheep. St. Faith's Fair, held at Norwich, October 17th,

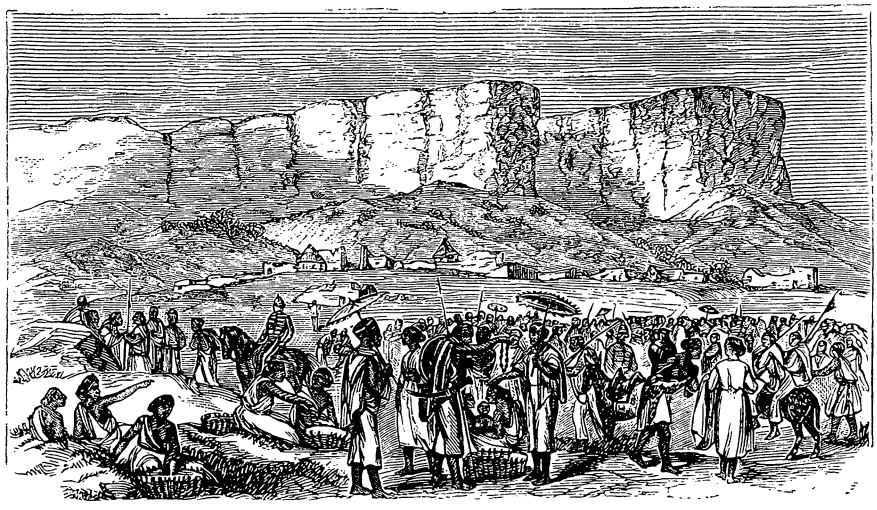
A MARKET-DAY AT HAARLEM, HOLLAND.

THE MARKET-PLACE AT LEIPSIC DURING THE FAIR.

is as renowned for its Scotch cattle. Ipswich boasts two fairs, one in August for lambs, and one in September for butter and cheese. It is said that at the August fair about 100,000 lambs were sold. Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, has a fair in August, which is the largest horse fair in England. Another horse fair is held at Howden, and horses are also sold at the Woodbridge Lady Day Fair. Fairs are also held in Bristol, Exeter, Gloucester (which is the greatest cheese fair), and other English cities. In Greenwich, fairs were formerly held at Easter and Whitsuntide, but they were abolished in 1857. Fairs have also been abolished in Walworth, Camberwell, and Peckham; and as market buildings become more common, it is most probable that the other fairs will soon be numbered among the past.



THE ANNUAL FAIR, ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND.

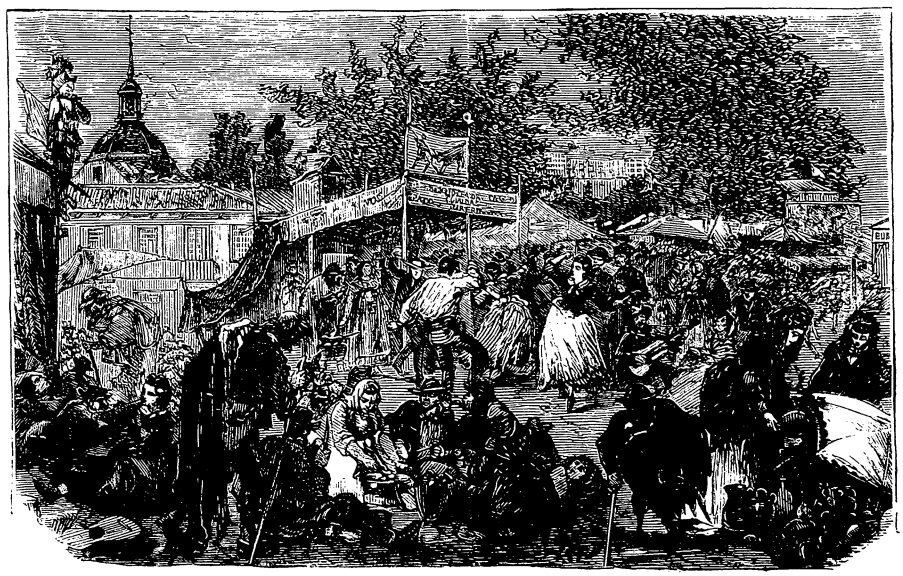


WEEKLY FAIR AT ANTALA, ABYSSINIA.

In Scotland there is an annual fair at Falkland for cattle and sheep; and at Ballinasloe, Ireland, from October 5th to the 9th, a large cattle and sheep fair is held, at which about 25,000 head of cattle and 75,000 sheep are bought. The famous Irish fair at Donnybrook has been abolished.

In France, at the St. Denis Fair, slaves were sold, and French children were taken in return to be bartered away in foreign countries. This revolting traffic was, however, suppressed, mainly through the efforts of one Bathilda, a wealthy freedwoman. It was customary to exhibi at this fair a piece of the True Cross, which attracted large crowds of visitors. The fair, both commercial and religious, was continued until 1789, when, after an existence of 1,160 years, it was abolished. The fairs of St. Laurent, St. Germain, St. Lazare, and St. Oriel, in Paris, were abolished at the same time.

The fair at Beaucare, held July 22--28th, still exists, and is the greatest fair in all France. It is held in an extensive square in the heart of the city, and is said to attract as many as 200,000 traders from all parts of Europe, and yield a return of some four to five millions of dollars in its trade. A tribunal



THE FESTIVAL OF ST ISIDORE, MADRID, SPAIN.

of commerce, composed of twelve members, exercises supreme power over all trade disputes during the fair.

A very large fair for wool and woolen goods, and horses, is held annually, from August 10th to 15th, at Guibray, a small place in Normandy. This fair was instituted in the eleventh century.

At Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Holland and other Dutch cities, annual fairs are held, and in Germany the principal fairs are held at Leipsic, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and Braunschweig. Of these fairs, the greatest is undoubtedly the Leipsic, which dates from the twelfth century; and an estimate of all the trade of the four German fairs gives 45 per cent. to Leipsic, 35 to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, 15 to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and 5 to Braunschweig. During the year, three fairs are held at Leipsic, one each at Easter, Michaelmas and New Year's, of which the former is the largest, and the latter the smallest.

The most celebrated fair of Italy is that of St. Mary Magdalen, in Sinigaglia, held in July and August. Silk is the prominent article of this fair. In Spain the largest fair is that of St. Isidro del Campo, held annually on May 15th at Madrid. A grand pilgrimage and festival of San Isidro attract large crowds of people.

In March, May, August and November, fairs are held at Pesth, Hungary, and in January, July and August the most celebrated Roman fairs are held at Nizhni-Novgorod. The January fair is devoted to the sale of timber and articles of wood, and takes place on the frozen river. The July fair is given up to horses, but the Peter-Paul fair, beginning August 5th, and frequently lasting till the end of September, is the greatest of the three, and embraces everything that may be the object of purchase or sale. The sales at the fair frequently amount to $100,000,000. This is the largest fair in the world.

The Turkish fairs are Yenidje-Vardar, beginning December 3d, continuing for about three weeks; Serres, beginning on March 21st, for three or four weeks; Okhrida, May 3d; Varna, May 23d; Filibe, August 27th, and Eski-Saghra, November 10th—each of which lasts two weeks; also, Yatan-Bazari, September 15th, and Tchaltadeh, November 6th; each of which lasts two days. A fair is held annually at Mecca, which attracts an average of 100,000 persons.

In India, a fair is held annually at Hurdwar, at the Vernal Equinox, which is the largest of the East Indian fairs. Between two and three hundred thousand visitors assemble, and at every twelfth year, which is considered especially holy, about two million pilgrims and dealers visit the place. A weekly fair is held in Autalia, Abyssinia, and in the Central and South American States fairs are frequently held, especially in Mexico and Peru.

In the United States we have State agricultural fairs, and those which are held for charitable purposes; these latter are simply private and personal in their interest. The fair, however, as such, is gradually dying out, and as permanent markets increase, the fairs will decrease. In one sense, this is to be regretted, for these fairs brought together the representatives of all nations, and the mutual intercourse thus had was not only pleasant, but profitable as well. This was an advantage which was greatly felt before the days of steam railroads, but to-day it is perhaps not so great. Nevertheless, there are many reasons to regret the decadence of the Fair.

THE wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct. The right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

THE AGAVE AMERICANA, OR CENTURY PLANT.

THE *Agave Americana*, the usual ornament of our hot-houses, bears on a short and massive stem a tuft of fleshy leaves, sometimes no less than ten feet long, fifteen inches wide, and eight inches thick. After many years a flower-stalk twenty feet high shoots forth in a few weeks from the heart of the plant, expanding like a rich candelabrum, and clustered with several thousands of greenish yellow aromatic flowers. But a rapid decline succeeds this brilliant efflorescence, for it is soon followed by the death of the exhausted plant.

In Mexico, where the *Agave* is indigenous, and whence it has found its way to Spain and Italy, it is reckoned one of the most valuable productions of Nature. At the time when the flower-stalk is beginning to sprout, the heart of the plant is cut out, and the juice, which otherwise would have nourished the blossom, collects in the hollow. About three pounds exude daily, during a period of two or three months. Thus a single *Agave*, or *maguey*, gives about a hundred and fifty bottles; and though the plant perishes in consequence, and produces but once after ten or fifteen years, its culture must be profitable, as extensive fields of it cover the Mexican plains at an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea. After standing for a short time, the sweet juice undergoes a vinous fermentation, and the stranger, when once accustomed to its disagreeable odor, prefers the *pulque* to all other wines, and joins in the enthusiastic praises of the Mexican. The consumption is enormous; and before the revolution which severed the country from the yoke of Spain, the revenue derived from a very small municipal duty exacted on the *pulque* at the gates of Mexico and La Puebla averaged $600,000.

But the use of the *Agave* is not confined to the production of a vinous liquor, as the tough fibres of its leaves furnish an excellent material for the strongest ropes, or the formation of coarse cloth. Long before the conquest of the country by Cortez, the aborigines applied the *Agave* to a great variety of purposes. From it they made their paper (pieces of which, of various thickness, are still found, covered with curious hieroglyphic writing), their threads, their needles (from its sharp points), and many articles of clothing and cordage.

The American bromelias likewise resemble the aloes of torrid Africa, by the form and arrangement of their leaves. To this useful family belongs the pineapple (*Bromelia Ananas*), which grows best and largest in Brazil, where it is so common that the pigs fatten on the fruit. Formerly confined in our country to the tables of the wealthier classes, as long as it was only supplied by our hot-houses, it can now be enjoyed at a very moderate expense, since thousands are imported by every West Indian steamer.

CURIOUS ANCIENT GOLDEN HORNS FOUND IN DENMARK.

IN 1802 these two horns of solid gold were stolen from the Kunst cabinet of Christiansborg, Denmark, by a jeweler named Heidenreich, and were melted down before the robbery was discovered. The robber was imprisoned for life, and a long imprisonment it proved, for he lived to be eighty years of age.

The circumstances attending the original finding of these golden horns were singular. In the year 1639, near Tonder, in Slesvig, a young peasant girl, by name Katharina, as she was returning home one evening, remarked something sticking up out of the ground by the side of the road. Imagining it to be a piece of wood, she passed it

by without examination. Some days later, walking along the same road, she struck her foot against the same object. Seeing it to be something curious, she endeavored to pull it from the earth, and having, after great efforts, succeeded in extracting it from the ground, called to her companions to look at what she had found. They all laughed at her, declaring it to be an old hunter's horn, and advised her to leave it where she found it. This she refused to do. Having had the trouble of dragging it out from the earth, she determined to carry it home. She then washed it in the river, and, when rubbed and freed from the mud which adhered to it, it was believed to be brass. Everybody ridiculed her; but she took one of the rings which hung from the horn and sold it to a goldsmith in the village, who discovered it to be of gold. The mayor of Tonder, having questioned the girl, caused excavations to be made at the same place, but without success. At last the rumor came to the ears of Christian IV., then on a visit to his son, the Crown Prince, at Glückstadt. Christian purchased the horn from the girl, and presented it to the prince. The prince placed it on his buffet, and amused himself with his court in endeavoring to quaff its contents at a draught. This feat, however, no one could accomplish, as the horn contained three pots and a half of wine. It weighed seven pounds, and was worth about £450. It is now supposed to belong to the first or an earlier Iron Age.

In the year 1737, twenty-five steps from the place where the first horn was found, a peasant, by name Erik Lauritzen, whilst removing mold, at six inches from the surface struck against the second horn, and took it up. Finding it to be of gold, he presented it to Count Schack, owner of the land, who gave it to Christian VI. The king sent the peasant £25, the value of the horn being £500. The man was so delighted with His Majesty's liberality that he wrote twice to thank the king for his kindness.

The celebrated poet Adam Oehlenschläger composed a funeral elegy on these horns, when they had been stolen and melted down, so touching that it brought tears into the eyes of all antiquaries who perused it. For this reason I have not translated it, as it might have been too much for the reader's feelings.

SAVED BY A STAR.

By William Henry Badger.

TWILIGHT had been whitened by a snow-storm; but the places of amusement in one of our largest cities had time to shelter their audiences before it was perceived that the snow-fall was going to be unusually heavy. Listening to concerts and lectures, dancing in ballrooms, looking at ballets and Oriental spectacles, and, in one particular theatre, sorrowing luxuriously over the woes of Juliet (Romeo was a "stick," and got no sympathy), the pleasure-seekers forgot the tempest till the curtains fell over the bright illusions; and, from tropic forests, enchanted isles and Italian skies, the public stepped out to the Winter of the northern Atlantic coast, and into eighteen inches of first quality cold snow, and bowed their heads and grinned against the cutting blasts. To walk a few hundred yards, that evening, was to feel as if you were about half-drowned in the ocean breakers.

A nobleman of Verona—he had been seen by the public in earnest, but in audible, converse with old Capulet in his own noble ballroom—shambled along a dark passage to the stage-door; opened it, after a brief conflict; looked out, and found himself face to face with the great storm of 18—, and stood aghast. The white glory, that had sent hundreds of children jubilant to bed, and was at that moment delighting with prospects of Winter joys the beaux and belles in front of the theatre, was a calamity to him. He had been cruelly lamed, not long before, in a railway accident. He was thinly clad for the season; was absolutely penniless, and had a mile and a half to go, with that storm dead against him all the way. His first step into it showed him its depth on a level. His first glance over it was enough to show him that its drifts were heavy. For a moment he looked back over his shoulder, along the black passage behind him, as if tempted to return and spend the night in the mammoth cave beyond.

But a vision rose before him of a dimly lighted garret, where, with a sick baby in her arms, a woman, young, but early faded, crouched beside a fire as feeble as her child's own spark of life.

"I'll try it," said he. "Who would ever have thought that I should come to this! Poor Molly!"

But long ere he reached his home he wished, for poor Molly's sake, that he had not ventured to brave that storm.

Twice, as he staggered on, a policeman swooped down upon him from some hidden shelter, and, after threatening "to lock him up," begged his pardon, and lent a stalwart arm to help him on his way. It was lucky that the same thing happened a third time. He was resting then in a snow-drift, and was just dozing off "so comfortable," as he told Officer Quiney, who was, however, unreasonable enough to insist on his getting up and stumbling on, till, after dreaming of looking up his own narrow court, and seeing a light—the only one along the black fronts at that hour—high up in a window like a beacon, he found himself, with the policeman still beside him, at the foot of his own stairs, waiting for strength to climb them.

A door at the very top opened, and his wife came running down.

"Nat, my darling husband, is it you at last! Oh, in all this storm!" Then, snowy as he was, she flung her arms round his neck, put her cheek to his, and, murmuring, "The baby's been so sick!" began to cry.

"Well, friend," said Officer Quiney—and it was probably the wind that made his voice husky—"all safe now? Good-night."

"Molly—thank the gentleman—he brought me—home."

"Poor Nat!" Then Molly put out her hand to the stranger. "God bless you, sir! I think my poor husband never could have reached his home alone."

The rough policeman passed the rough hand which the young wife had held a moment gratefully in hers across his eyes, and, muttering something about a rough night, and its being all right—which rhymed, though Officer Quiney was not exactly a poet—was turning away, when Molly called to him: Would he like some of the coffee she had made against her husband's coming?

Ay, he would like it, and he did; taking it on the landing outside their room, which he refused to enter lest he should give the sick baby more cold—"Being covered with snow, like, you know, ma'am," as he certainly was, looking, in the dim light, like a snow-man engaged in the unusual act (for his race) of taking refreshment.

When he was gone, and Nat—his own snowy garments having been hung outside the door—was helping with that sovereign specific for all juvenile lung troubles, an onion-poultice, Molly asked, anxiously:

"Did they 'guy' you to-night?"

SPRING SONNETS.— SEE PAGE 554.

"Worse than ever. It's my limp, I think."

"How can they do it! The boys in this city must be very bad."

"The boys! It's the men, chiefly."

"No, Nat. No *man* would deride another for his misfortunes. Men, indeed! I've a better opinion of 'em. My husband's a man."

"A mighty poor one."

"I should think Mr. De Wolfe would turn them out."

"De Wolfe says he must turn me out, and stop the 'guying' that way."

"Oh, Nat!"

"He says anybody but me would have had his walking-papers long ago."

"I don't see how you bear their cruelty—for it *is* cruel!"

"I must bear it," said the poor supernumerary, with a sigh. "I am only afraid De Wolfe won't bear it after this week. God help us! I wish," with an uneasy glance at the cradle, "baby would be——"

"Nat, come home, won't you, after rehearsal to-morrow, if you can?"

And the wife, following literally the direction of her husband's eyes, went to the cradle-side in answer to a low, weary moan of that most mysterious of earthly dispensations, a young child's pain.

Fulfilling that promise next day, Nat, to his amazement, received a kindly nod from one of two ladies in a superbly appointed sleigh. As he raised his shabby hat, he recognized the one who had nodded to him as the beautiful Miss Boniface, then playing a successful engagement at the theatre where his own engagement had not been brilliantly successful.

Lost in wonder at her recognition of him, he did not even see the face of her companion; nor, had he seen it, would he, being a stranger in the city, have known, as did most of the passers-by, that its proprietress was the dashing Mrs. Aulspeiss, wife of a retired grocer and liquor-dealer. Still less would he have been aware that she had taken up Miss Boniface in the faith that society, which was just then receiving Miss Boniface, might receive her, too, as Miss Boniface's friend.

In the sweet hope of admission to that land of Beulah, Mrs. Aulspeiss, who, without being exactly a Peri, had long stood at the gate disconsolate, had invited society to meet Miss Boniface; and society, as a rule, had said it would come.

Just as they passed poor Nat Giles, Mrs. Aulspeiss was saying to her new friend, for the sixth time in two days:

"You'll be sure and not fail me?"

"Nothing but business shall keep me away."

"John, drive to Bossange's. You positively must see that diamond spray." It was not John, but Miss Boniface, who must see the diamonds. "You've no matinées?"

"Mr. De Wolfe said something about one, but named no day."

"Oh, I must have you. The whole world is coming to meet you." This was so far true, that her world was, or said it was. "A disappointment would kill me. Here we are. John, stop. Now, Miss Boniface, come."

And the lady whose life hung by this very frail tenure led the way, with a sad attachment to worldly things, into the brilliant store.

A clerk, who was just driving away a poor, pale woman who had asked charity, turned, all airs and graces, to wait upon the ladies.

The ornament admired by Mrs. Aulspeiss was really in exquisite taste.

"And," said Mrs. Aulspeiss, "only five hundred dollars."

"A mere trifle," remarked the salesman.

"Five hundred dollars!" sighed Miss Boniface, with a woman's love of jewelry. "No, I am too poor. And yet——"

"Well, make up your mind, dear. Monsieur Bossange, good-day. These diamonds are bought."

Monsieur Bossange, a fat Frenchman, dressed in the height of style, bowed, smiled and rubbed his hands.

"If you don't wear them at my reception, I do. Now, where shall I drive you?"

CURIOUS ANCIENT GOLDEN HORNS FOUND IN DENMARK.— SEE PAGE 542.

SAVED BY A STAR.—"HE FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH HIS FRIENDLY PURSUERS. 'THANK GOD!' MURMURED THE ACTRESS. 'STEADY, FRIEND!' SAID THE POLICEMAN, LAYING HIS HAND UPON THE CRIPPLE'S BREAST."

"Anywhere, so that you set me down at the hotel in time to dine, and dress for the theatre."

That evening, at the theatre, Miss Boniface, musing between the acts over the rural beauty of the park as seen in a sleigh-ride, was disturbed by hoots, hisses and laughter from the auditorium.

Looking out, she saw a supernumerary shambling off the stage.

"Oh, Mr. Giles, is it you? Are they ill-treating you again?"

She was answered by more laughter, ironical applause, and shouts of "Speech! speech! Hi! lame duck, speech!"

"I should think Mr. De Wolfe would turn them out," said the lady.

"I think he will turn me out instead," answered Nat, wondering at her knowing his name, at her feeling sorry for him, at her noticing his existence.

"You have a wife and baby, haven't you?"

"Yes, madame; a wife—and I had a baby when I left home.

"What do you mean?" she asked, smiling; but instantly, as she looked at Nat's eyes, became grave. "Poor little thing! is it very ill?"

"Ye—yes, ma'am," answered Nat, with a sob.

The "guying," and then the kind tone and look, coming together, were too much for him.

"Speech! speech! Hi! Hoppetty Kick! Gilesey! Hi! Speech!" cried the gallery, enjoying itself.

"Mr. Giles," said the actress, with flashing eyes, "if I were you, I'd make 'em a speech!"

And she nodded to him, and shut her door.

After *Juliet* had killed herself, she again sought out Nat, whom the manager was notifying to leave at the end of the week.

"Try the speech first," said she, with another nod.

"Oh, Miss Boniface!"—the manager, all affability—"I am glad you are here. Just coming to you. What say you to a matinée and five hundred dollars?"

"I say, exactly the price of my lovely diamond spray. When?"

"Next Wednesday."

"Next—dear me! Well, it's business. Mrs. Aulspeiss must make other arrangements. What play?"

"Whatever you please."

"'As You Like It'?"

"Ha, ha! Very good—quite a pun. Mind, on Saturday you go."

This to Nat.

"Try the speech," said Miss Boniface, again.

The actress spent an hour before going to sleep in meditating upon the diamonds of Monsieur Bossange.

The diamonds of Monsieur Bossange were the first objects that reflected the rays of the morning sun upon her mental vision.

After she had breakfasted, and raimented herself in Madame la Mode's last dream of a walking-suit, she glided down the private staircase of the hotel, saying to herself:

"The matinée is five hundred dollars extra. I may as well have them. They will always be at least four hundred, so I really spend but one. Yes, I can afford it, after all."

But on the way to the jeweler she thought of the sick baby.

"I will go there first," she said, half aloud, "and then I shall remember it. There is no fear of my forgetting the diamond spray."

The daughter of the Capulets took a street-car, like any other mortal. No, not quite like any other, for several of the passengers recognized the *Juliet* of the night before, and stared at her till she was not sorry when the time came to alight.

By frequent reference to a slip of paper, and patient putting of questions to all varieties of stupid people, she at last found the court, which was unanimously described to her as "a blind alley," and then had no trouble in finding the house; for the theatre man, though a mere supernumerary, was regarded by all the ragamuffins in the neighborhood as a natural curiosity.

She climbed the stairs and knocked softly at the door.

As she did so she heard footsteps coming up-stairs, and within the room a sound of sobbing. Her heart divined instantly what it was. She waited a moment till a strange gentleman, evidently a physician, appeared, followed as fast as he could limp by Nat Giles.

Then she opened the door, and looked into the poor room upon a woman kneeling by the bed, with her face hidden upon it, and her arms stretched out, clasping a baby that was white and still.

Even as she looked, the lame man seemed actually to spring past her with a loud cry, and the stricken mother at the coming of her husband rose hurriedly, exclaiming:

"He died while you were gone! He died while you were gone!"

The man made no answer save a groan; but putting his wife away from him, though she tottered after him with outstretched arms, went limping about the room like a wild creature round its cage.

"Nat! oh, Nat!" cried his wife, striving to stay him, while the tears rained down her upturned face; "Oh, Nat! come to me—comfort me! I shall die too!"

He was past comforting her.

Breathing heavily, and with staring eyes, unnaturally bright, he went upon his round, mechanically avoiding the few things in his path, and suddenly, as his wife attempted to intercept him, broke away from her, but turned again and caught her to his heart with a passionate cry put her from him again, and, exclaiming, "Take care of her, or her blood be on your head!" made a dart for the door, and ran, lame as he was, down the shaky stairway, and out of the wretched house.

The doctor was bending over the dead child; the mother had sunk fainting on the floor.

The actress had seen a terrible expression in Nat's face and she rushed away in pursuit; for she knew that a point upon the river, where the wharves were little frequented, was just at hand.

At the first street-corner she met a policeman, and beckoned him to walk beside her, which led to her being mobbed instantly by a swarm of children, rapturously calling one to another:

"Oh, look! Look at the lady took up!"

Sternly driving these back—though they followed at a respectful distance—in a series of raids and routs, the policeman listened while Miss Boniface told her fears.

"He's made right for the river, mum; I know just where he'll go. I seen him turn down the street not two minutes 'fore you come. I helped him home the night it snowed so. His wife's a good woman."

"Hurry! hurry! and we shall gain the river first!"

"That's so," said the officer. And they did.

Lame, as he fortunately was, Nat, after a few hundred yards of his unwonted pace, was scarce able to drag himself along; yet he held steadily on his way, murmuring as he went, "If I am gone they'll care for her. I'll go to my boy, and leave her to be happy," turned a lonely corner of a boarded lot fronting the water, and found himself face to face with his friendly pursuers.

"Thank God!" murmured the actress.

"Steady, friend!" said the policeman, in deep bass, laying his hand upon the cripple's breast.

He made no resistance; but to Miss Boniface's extemporized message from his wife, replied, in a tremulous voice like an old man's, that if he were gone for good her friends would take care of her; that they had promised; and then, as they were leading him home again, said, with a moan, "I wanted to go to my boy."

"Why, we're taking you to him," answered Officer Quiney. "You was going right away from him, you was, as hard as you could pelt."

"I—I believe I was," said Nat, seeming to wake from a stupor. Then he murmured, under his breath, "Thank God—yes, so she said. Thank God!" And so, with no more reference to the dreadful purpose with which he had rushed away from his wife, he was led back to her; and gathered her, weeping, to his heart, and tried like a man to comfort her.

It was late when Miss Boniface left the chamber of death and went home to prepare for the evening, and, lo! she had forgotten the diamonds, after all!

Remembering them in passing Bossange's, she remembered that she must send Mrs. Aulspeiss a regret; and on reaching the hotel her first care was the fulfillment of that social duty.

"But!" screamed Mrs. Aulspeiss, when her lady's companion—not a workbox, but a pale, sorry-looking girl—reached that fatal word upon the tinted page. "But!" and she snatched the note, read it rapidly, tore it into strips, fell into hysterics and an easy-chair, and alarmed everybody in the house but her corpulent husband, who knew her of old.

Dr. Guyland was sent for, and came. When he got home again, his wife said to him:

"What is the matter with Mrs. Aulspeiss?"

And the doctor made a reply which all his friends will recognize:

"Got the devil in her."

Late as it was, Miss Boniface, after expiring on the steps of the Capulet's tomb, found, as she ascended the steps of the Monumental Hotel, that the Aulspeiss sleigh stood at the curb. Her heart sank within her, yet she laughed, and ran gayly up the private staircase and along the corridor, saying to herself:

"The sooner my 'bad quarter of an hour' is over, the better."

It was coming, though. As she entered the drawing-rooms Dr. Guyland's patient, doing him great credit by her sudden and complete recovery, rose to meet her. In vain did the actress plead.

"If you did but know, dear Mrs. Aulspeiss, why I must refuse!"

"Did but? Pish! I do know!"

"Business——"

"Fiddlesticks! You get extra wages for the matinée, and of course you want them diamonds."

"I shall not buy the diamonds."

"Don't tell me! It's an outrage—a perfect outrage! Promise me, and then make me look a fool! All those people coming, and you not there to—to be shown to them! No time to put them off; and, if there was, the entertainment is ordered, and must be paid for; and that imbecile companion of mine has lost the invitation-list. Oh! oh! oh! And to think, after all our kindness to you—drives, dinners, suppers, flowers——"

"Mrs. Aulspeiss," interrupted the actress, now thoroughly indignant, "my agent, Mr. Torchiant, will settle with you. Pray send him the bill; a—a—good-evening."

And before, as Mrs. Aulspeiss said, she could "realize" her meaning, the fair star was no longer visible above the horizon of the hotel-parlor.

She fretted a little over the lady's wrath, but held steadily to her purpose, nevertheless, and did not play with less spirit or success the next evening. Indeed, she was laughing at her own little geyser of wrath, as compared with the Niagara of Mrs. Aulspiess, as she sat down to rest and think between the acts, when she suddenly sprang to the door of her dressing-room, exclaiming:

"He can't be here to-night, Mr. De Wolfe!" The manager was passing at the moment, and stopped. "Have you made that man come to work, and his child lying dead?"

"No, madame. I merely said if he didn't, I'd discharge him!"

Without another word, Miss Boniface stepped to the curtain and peeped out, just as poor Nat, broom in hand, came toward her, pursued by shouts, laughter, and hisses, blended with loud cries of "Speech!"

"Make it, Mr. Giles!" she called to him.

He stopped, turned deadly pale, and walked down to the footlights.

"I will make a speech," he said.

The actress clapped her hands to encourage him, and the gallery, taken by surprise, was silent. The rest of the house looked on in lazy curiosity, half amused.

"That is," the supernumerary went on, "if the ladies and gentlemen will let me do what I've been asked to do every night."

"Come off!" cried De Wolfe, springing to the curtain. "I'll speech you! Come off!"

"Mr. De Wolfe," said the *Juliet* of the evening, "if he comes off, I go on."

But Nat was too much excited, absorbed, and, if the truth be told, frightened, to hear any voice but his own.

"You hoot at me for being awkward," he went on, "and maybe I am. My foot was mashed in a railroad collision, and, besides, this ain't my line. By trade, I am an undertaker."

A shudder ran through the audience—thus, in the midst of pleasure, confronted with a living reminder of death!

"I have a child lying dead at home now."

There was a murmur of sympathy, but very faint. The house was startled.

"I was hurt on the cars, and so lost my place, and got poor. I knew Mr. De Wolfe when times were better with me than they are now, and not so good for him. When I came to this city, I came to him, and begged of him, for God's sake, to give me a job of some kind to get bread for my wife and child. He says, 'Why, Giles, I've nothing fit for you.' 'Oh,' says I, 'I'll take anything—do anything.' 'You wouldn't be a supe?' says he, asking me a question like. 'Indeed, I would,' says I, 'and thankful.' But every night—every night since I've been here, the gentlemen in the galleries made fun of me because I'm a cripple; and now Mr. De Wolfe says he can't have it, and when my week's up I must go. Oh, gentlemen, if you'd only please let me keep my place!"

He paused a moment, and in that moment out thundered the applause.

"Let him keep his place!"—gallery, dress circle, boxes and parquet, gave him the answer.

Round followed round so quickly that they seemed but one long burst of applause.

This humble, unlettered man, more respected by his misfortunes than the great actress by her genius, was the star of that evening. Cheers were blended with the clapping of hands. The ladies put their handkerchiefs to their

A HORSE PLAYING DETECTIVE.

eyes, and took them away to wave them. The applause died down and burst out again. The orchestra struck up, and was drowned first and then silenced.

Meanwhile half a dozen well-known gentlemen, as if by common consent, had risen from their seats in parquet and parquet-circle, and were busy, hat in hand, among the audience; and when at length the contents of all the hats were emptied into one vast white silk handkerchief, and handed up to the poor supernumerary, who had no words in which to return his thanks, and only stood bowing and clumsily wiping his eyes with his disengaged hand, while he held fast to his broom with the other, the applause became deafening, and so continued till Nat had bowed himself behind the drop-curtain, and, as it quickly rose, the soft, low voice of Miss Boniface spoke the words:

"'Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day!'"

Nat Giles has gone back to his trade, and now has a handsome establishment in one of our principal cities. The collection taken up for him in the theatre helped him to bury his child and relieved his immediate wants.

But the capital which set him up in business for himself in a small way, which soon grew a large one, was the five hundred which Miss Boniface did not give for the diamond spray.

Nat's wife—though a son and daughter have come to take, not the dead baby's place, but their own—looks like a girl again, and Nat's house is so stylish that Miss Boniface, whenever she comes to town along her starry orbit, drives directly thither from the depot—though many persons think that she would do just the same if the house were not stylish at all.

And grateful Nat not only goes to the theatre every night she plays, but declares, to express his goodwill in a grand climax, that if he lives to see that day, nobody but himself shall bury her.

A HORSE PLAYING DETECTIVE.

A HORSE-THIEF was tracked in a curious way at Grand Rapids, Mich., the other day. It appears that one of the horses belonging to a man in that city was stolen from the stable. The animal was soon missed, and the owner, with a neighbor, started in pursuit, taking the missing animal's mate, which was put upon the scent and suffered to go at pleasure. After going several miles, the sagacious beast led the party into the woods with furious speed, and they came at once upon the thief, who, discovering his danger, slipped off the horse and managed to escape; but the horse was secured.

THE German papers quote some statistics comparing the proportion of married persons in the populations of the different countries of Europe. Germany ranks only seventh in the list. To 10,000 souls in each country, there are in Hungary, 6,475; in France, 5,566; in England and Wales, 5,398; in Austria, 5,274; in Italy, 5,270; in Denmark, 5,191; in Germany, 5,107; in Norway, 5,065; in Sweden, 4,952; in the Netherlands, 4,948; in Scotland, 4,678; in Belgium, 4,634; in Switzerland, 4,582; and in Ireland, 4,313.

VILLAIN AND SPY.

By Jane G. Austin.

Jean Jacques Rousseau Vieuxvert, commonly called l'Enfant-Perdu, was a corporal in the Ninety-ninth Zouaves, serving, at the time of this anecdote, in Algiers.

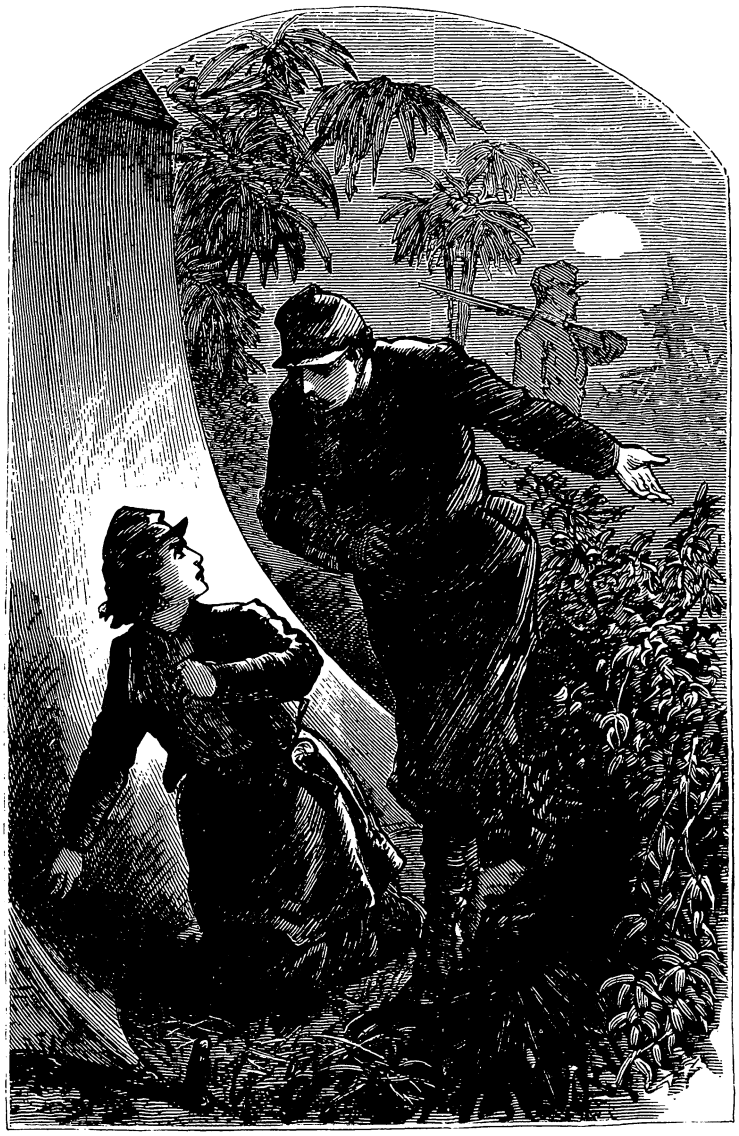
It was an offense punishable with death for a zouave to sell weapons or ammunition to an Arab, and yet, as Colonel Milmontain swore, the Beni-Snassens were better armed than his own men; and to stray beyond the outposts of the camp after dark was to offer your bones to the jackals and the wolves. A strict espionage was instituted; and when, one fine morning, Colonel Milmontain, seated alone in his tent, received the visit of a villainous-looking sub-corporal, he immediately said:

"Good-morning, Jean Lapin. Whom have you detected?"

"Good-morning, *mon commandant.* This morning an Arab, Mustapha el Reis by name, a leader among the Beni-Snassens, met a corporal of Company X, Ninety-ninth Zouaves, in a deep ravine half a mile beyond the last outpost. A heavy package of ammunition and a roll of gold were exchanged between them, and then the Arab rode toward the desert, and the zouave returned to camp."

"The name of the corporal?" demanded the commandant, sternly.

"Vieuxvert, commonly called l'Enfant-Perdu," replied the informer.



VILLAIN AND SPY.—"'COME AWAY, QUICK, MA MIE! JULES BEAUVEN IS LOOKING THE OTHER WAY, NOT TO SEE YOU. QUICK! COME!'"

"Ah, yes, l'Enfant-Perdu!" replied he, slowly. "An enemy of yours, Lapin, is he not?"

"I was ordered upon this duty, *mon commandant.*"

"I know it; but it is nevertheless true that l'Enfant-Perdu fought with you a few weeks since, and left you half dead upon the field?"

"Yes, *mon commandant.*"

"He spent ten days in the guardhouse, and you a week in the hospital in consequence?"

"Yes, *mon commandant.*"

"And all for no better cause than the smiles of a *vivandière?*"

"I had been four months making a fool of myself to please l'Immortelle, and she was just beginning to smile upon me, when this fellow came between, and took her away from under my very mustache, *mon commandant.*"

"Not without her consent, however, Lapin."

"He bewitched her, *mon commandant.*"

"It is a common case, my poor fellow, and all that I have to say is, beware that no private enmity or lust of vengeance tempts you to waste my time with idle or false reports. It is better to be shot than to die under the stick. You swear that your tale is true, and that the zouave was Jean Vieuxvert, corporal of Company X?"

"I swear it, *mon commandant.*"

"Very well. Now go and find the Red-beard, and tell him to come quietly to my quarters at eleven o'clock to-night. Here is leave for the day. You will probably find the Arab at his own *douah*—he seldom comes into camp since the attempt to steal his wife in his absence. I shall yet discover and punish the offenders in that raid."

And the commandant fixed his piercing gray eyes upon the pallid face of the spy, who shuffled uneasily, wiped his forehead with the back of his hand, looked everywhere but into his officer's eyes, and murmured:

"I proved my innocence, *mon commandant.*"

"Yes; but I advise you to carry yourself a little carefully at the *douah* of the Red-beard to-day. They haven't much faith in *alibis*, these poor Arabs."

And then he released him, and Jean Lapin, escaping into the outer air, drew the long breath of a criminal who quits the torture-chamber. But the next breath he encountered, almost face to face, a young woman in the dress of a *vivandière*, who, casting an inquisitorial glance at his face, said, carelessly, and with an intonation that gave the double meaning of his name which was the scourge of the informer's life:

"Good-morning, Le Lapin. Which of my comrades have you been getting into trouble with the commandant now?"

"You are always cruel to me, l'Immortelle, and I—you never would let me tell you how dearly I love you."

"No ; I don't have much time to listen to romances," replied the *vivandière*. "And besides, Le Lapin, some one might come along and frighten you away before the story was finished."

She laughed, showing all her fresh white teeth beneath the scarlet lips Jean Lapin had never touched, and walked away, while he, hissing, serpent-like, an oath, retreated in the opposite direction.

"She, too ! If I can include her in his disgrace and death ! Or if they would put her, bound and gagged, into my hands for punishment !"

So plotted Lapin, while l'Immortelle, forgetting him as she did the little adder that darted across her path and disappeared, went singing on her way to the hospital, where she was welcomed by her weary, fever-burned, discouraged patients as the devout and immaculate Sisters of Mercy who shared her duties were never welcomed.

Presently she caught sight of the handsome, careless, saucy-looking Enfant Perdu, in his showy zouave costume, stopped, and saluted with a mocking affectation of respect.

"Good-morning, my dear little corporal. What new wickedness have you to report ?"

"Only the same old sin of coveting what does not belong to me, l'Immortelle," replied l'Enfant-Perdu, drawing a little paper parcel from his pocket and offering it to the *vivandière*, who curiously opened it, and displayed a medal or locket of pure, yellow gold, wrought in the Saracenic style.

"For you, l'Immortelle, if you will accept it."

"*Hein !* If I will accept it !" exclaimed l'Immortelle, attaching it to the chain about her neck. "That goes without saying, my child ! That is, if there is no blood upon it ; I don't like men killed for my adornment, even if they be but Arabs."

"Not even an Arab was killed for that trinket, *ma belle ;* I got it in a fair barter."

L'Immortelle looked sharply, not to say sternly, into the face of her companion.

"L'Enfant-Perdu, take care that you don't get your name changed to l'Enfant Pendu (The Hung Child)," said she, severely, and went her way to the hospital.

"I'll be a little civil to the fellow, and get his secret out of him as easily as a monkey coaxes an oyster out of his shell," was the climax of the *vivandière's* reverie, as, leaving the hospital, she walked along through the camp and reached the quarters of Company X just as the men went to dinner.

A shout of welcome greeted her appearance.

"See here, l'Immortelle ! A soup, for which Victor, François, Gervase and I have foraged to some purpose !" cried Gros-George, sticking his bayonet into the seething caldron and dragging up an animal that may have been a rabbit, but looked uncommonly like a cat.

"Thanks, George ; but I am looking for a rabbit not yet cooked," replied l'Immortelle, dryly. "Where is Jean Lapin ?"

Every one laughed, but no one could reply. The subcorporal had not been seen since early morning, and in spite of l'Enfant-Perdu's earnest invitation to a seat by his side and a share of his mess of beans and hard bread, the *vivandière* shook her head and moved away toward her own little tent. She had need to be alone and to think.

"Le Lapin had been to make a report to the commandant, and I knew by the evil look he cast upon me that this report was a revenge upon me ; but I personally have done nothing of which an ill-report could be made ; it is therefore one for whom I care that is threatened, and all the world knows that l'Enfant-Perdu is the only man for whom I care the puff of a cigarette, and Le Lapin is, for that and other reasons, the deadly enemy of l'Enfant-Perdu ; it is therefore my poor boy who is likely to be the object of this spy's information ; and he, what has he done ? Been trading with the Beni-Snassens, of course, for here is the proof." And she angrily twitched the locket about her neck. "But that is no crime, except for one commodity, and l'Enfant-Perdu is not the traitor to furnish our foes with weapons to use against us, his comrades ! No, no ; I will not insult him so much as even to ask the question ; but what, what has he been about ?"

And hastily dispatching her coarse repast, the *vivandière* wandered restlessly forth again, and this time quite to the confines of the camp, and so near to the outpost nearest the desert that she saw a horseman come galloping from that direction, stop and give the password and exchange some sentences of gay chat with his comrades, before passing on. The next moment he passed her with a mocking salute, and l'Immortelle's hardy bloom paled for an instant as she recognized Jean Lapin, and caught the evil triumph in his eyes.

"Must have had leave of absence—must have had a pass, and a horse furnished by the commandant. And that track —yes, it leads to the *douah* of the Redbeard—in the pay of the commandant, also—and the look of triumph on the face of Le Lapin ? Come, l'Immortelle, you have your work cut out for the next four-and-twenty hours, and first, my child, rest and sleep, for to-night you will wake."

And with her soldierly facility for rest, whenever rest was practicable, the *vivandière* returned at once to her tent and lay down to sleep, secure that nothing more would be done before nightfall upon the side of the enemy, as she now classed Le Lapin, the commandant, and Redbeard, his Arab satellite.

L'Enfant-Perdu was desolate. Let him try as he might, no moment of that day or evening afforded him the opportunity, so ardently desired, of an interview with his mistress, who was always either asleep or busy with her invalids, or out of the way altogether.

That night, a few moments before eleven o'clock, the *vivandière*, prowling in the vicinity of the commandant's tent, encountered a gliding shadow, whose white draperies, stealthy step and crescent-jeweled fez bespoke an Arab.

Meeting the *vivandière*, he avoided her, and pursued a course leading quite away from the commandant's quarters. L'Immortelle also made a detour, and returned just in time to see the Arab glide behind the door-curtain, and disappear in the recesses of the tent. Again she retreated, and, sure that she could no longer be observed by the sentinel, reapproached quite at the rear of the tent, and crept close to the canvas walls, with the naïve purpose of listening to what passed within.

But the conversation, carried on in a low tone of voice, in the central division of the canvas dwelling, was all but inaudible to the listener, when the stern voice of the colonel became distinguishable, saying, "To-morrow at sunset, and Lapin will be there with a force to arrest him—" when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a voice whispered in her ear :

"Come away, quick, *ma mie !* Jules Beauven is looking the other way, not to see you. Quick !"

Grinding her white teeth, l'Immortelle twisted herself free, and, springing to her feet, glared into the eyes of l'Enfant-Perdu with an expression of scorn and pity, and then muttering, "*Sapristi !* It is enough to make one ashamed to have had a man for a father !" she strode away.

Had she remained ten minutes longer, she would have seen the Redbeard come forth and take his way through

the camp until, reaching the quarters of Company X, he prowled hither and thither, evidently looking for some one, whom he presently found in the person of Jean Vieuxvert, l'Enfant-Perdu, returning disconsolately.

A gesture and a look were sufficient for the quick-witted Frenchman, and, with simply a nod, he followed the Redbeard to a shadowy nook behind the tents, and, as the Arab paused, asked, carelessly:

"Well, Beni-Snassen, what do you want of me, and how came you here in camp?"

"Your chief called me to know of the plans of my tribe," replied Redbeard, in a low and confidential tone; "and I was glad to come, for I had much wish to see the brave soldier whom his comrades call l'Enfant-Perdu."

"His comrades? Yes," replied the zouave, a little grimly, "but whose name is Corporal Vieuxvert. Well, what next?"

"Was it Corporal Vieuxvert or l'Enfant-Perdu who spoke with Mustapha el Reis in the valley half way between the camp and my *douah?*" asked the Arab, dryly. "For my business is with that same man."

"*Sacre nom de Dieu!* But you fellows are as keen as the edges of your scimitars. Well, yes, it is l'Enfant-Perdu whom you wish to see; so speak out, and be done with it."

"It is well, my brother," returned Redbeard, his gravity unmoved. "The Beni-Snassen are at peace with the warriors of the French chief, and they need powder and bullets to strike the game which is to feed their *douahs.* The French chief cannot believe that this is all, but his soldiers are wiser than he. L'Enfant-Perdu sold ammunition to Mustapha el Reis, and Redbeard has come to him with money and gold in his girdle."

"Hm! And you want ammunition merely for the chase?" asked l'Enfant-Perdu, hesitatingly.

"I have said it."

"And you will pay well? If you have not enough money, I will take trinkets such as your women wear."

"I have a pair of bracelets fit for a sultana."

"All right. When shall I meet you, and where?"

"To-morrow, at sunset, in the dry watercourse between my *douah* and this camp, at the spot where the trail crosses the *mullah.*"

"Very well. I'll be there."

And l'Enfant-Perdu turned brusquely away, as if anxious to terminate an interview of which he might well be both ashamed and afraid.

And all this l'Immortelle had lost through untimely indulgence in a fit of the pouts, and, although she watched all the rest of the night, pervading the camp like an unquiet spirit, she saw nothing except the white, gliding figure of the Arab as he retreated toward the outpost where he had left his horse, and the stalwart form of l'Enfant-Perdu, stretched supinely upon the straw of his bivouac, and wrapped in the sleep of the just.

The next day brought no new light to cast upon the enigma to which l'Immortelle had as yet no clew except those few words of the commandant:

"To-morrow at sunset, and Lapin will be there to arrest him."

This it is to be a woman.

With all her haste, and she was no laggard, the *vivandière* was too late to witness Lapin's departure for the rendezvous; but, following the same road, she was in season to put herself within the shelter of one of those islands of vegetation that fringe the habitable portion of this strange region.

So secreted, l'Immortelle saw the squad of zouaves approach the deep gully where the rendezvous between l'Enfant-Perdu and the Redbeard had been appointed, saw them disappear in its recesses, and knew that they were hidden from the point where the usual track of caravans or travelers bound for the desert and the great cities beyond crossed the *nullah.* Next, she saw an Arab, whom her keen eyes recognized as the Red-beard, riding rapidly from the direction of his own *douah,* or dwelling, hidden beneath a clump of palms.

Next—a tiny, toiling speck upon the distant track brought a grim smile to the lips of the watching woman, who so easily recognized her recreant lover.

But yet another speck was moving now upon the wide, level field of the *vivandière's* observation. It was the figure of a horseman emerging from the sunken watercourse, a mile or more from the point where the zouaves were concealed, and still further from the point where the Arab and l'Enfant Perdu were to meet.

"Le Lapin!" muttered the *vivandière,* fiercely. "And galloping in the direction of the *douah!* And the sun already on the horizon—the hour when Redbeard is certain to be at the rendezvous with l'Enfant-Perdu! Now, what does all this mean? Treachery—but to whom?"

And l'Immortelle remained for a few moments in deep thought; then, striking spurs into her Arab's flanks, galloped in the direction of the *douah.*

Her plan of action had hitherto been to wait until the Arab and her lover had met, then to appear upon the scene. She had come partly to enjoy the Arab's discomfiture, partly to reprove and abash her lover by showing that he could not disguise his movements from her eyes, and partly to betray the treacherous errand of Le Lapin, and procure him a good drubbing from l'Enfant-Perdu.

But the movement of Le Lapin in quitting the rendezvous just at the appointed hour, and making toward the *douah,* which he must have known Red-beard had already left, was inexplicable. It was, therefore, natural that l'Immortelle, being a woman, should reverse all her plans, and rush to investigate that which remained a mystery to her.

A sharp, short gallop brought her to the edge of the somewhat extensive oasis, and, slipping from her horse's back, she left him to graze eagerly upon the short turf, and crept through the rapidly gathering shadows toward the white-walled tent gleaming among the palms. She was still twenty feet distant, when she heard the stifled, sobbing cry of a woman in deadly fright or peril.

L'Immortelle was at once woman to feel and soldier to defend and avenge.

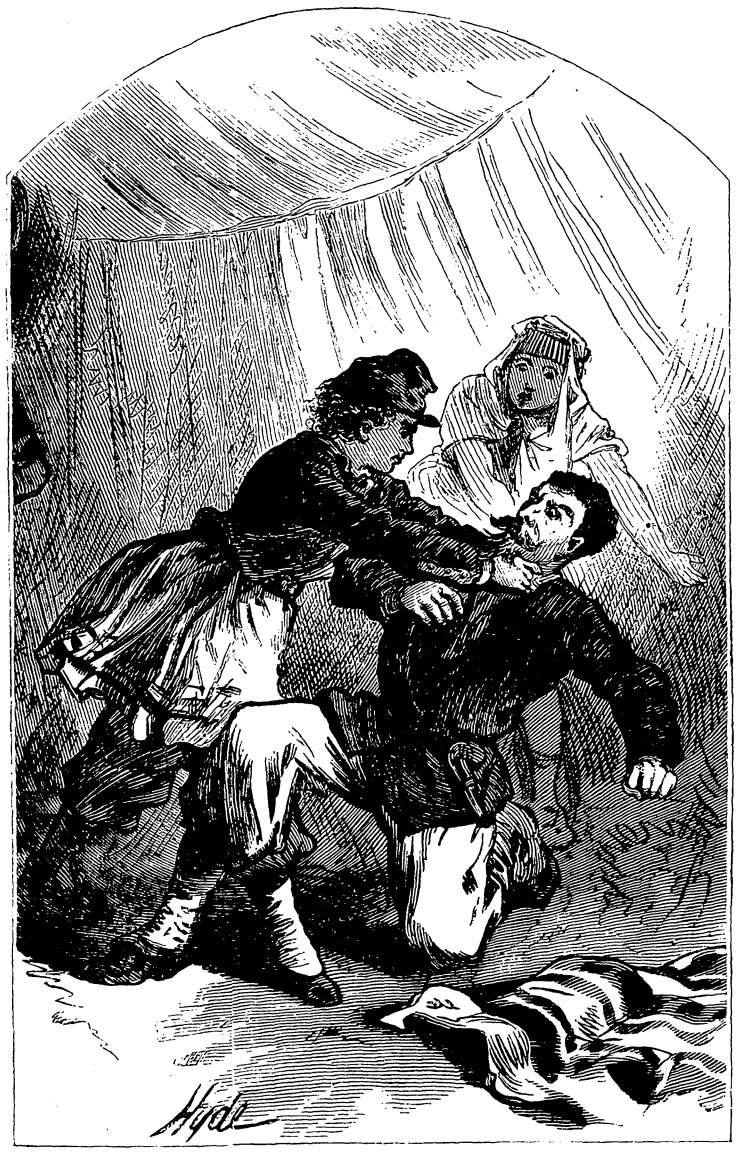
Springing forward, her quick eyes lighted at once upon the spot where the tent-cloth had been cut loose from the peg that held it down, and, swift as light, she too raised and darted beneath it.

The next instant she flung herself with resistless force upon one of the writhing figures, and, clutching her strong, nervous fingers about his throat with deadly force, cried to the panting woman whom she had released from a similar bondage:

"Quick, quick, woman! A rope—the tent-cord—anything! Tie his hands! Quick, I say, while I can hold him!"

For, powerful as she was, and greatly at advantage as she held her captive, the frantic struggles of Le Lapin threatened to overpower even the strength of l'Immortelle, more man's than woman's though that strength might be.

But Zarah was quick-witted, and even in her terror and pain she comprehended the command, and obeyed. The tent-rope lay close beside her, and, catching it up, she made a noose, passed it over the right wrist of the struggling man, then dexterously caught the left hand in another loop, and wound the cord about both hands and



VILLAIN AND SPY.—"'QUICK, QUICK, WOMAN! A ROPE—THE TENT-CORD—ANYTHING! TIE HIS HANDS! QUICK, I SAY, WHILE I CAN HOLD HIM.'"

arms with swift energy and hate; gasping all the while, amid her sobs, those poetic maledictions by which an Arab consigns to eternal perdition not alone his enemy, but all that enemy's kith and kin, past, present and prospective.

"Where are your servants?" inquired l'Immortelle, when this was done; and Zarah, in *lingua Franca*, made her understand that they were either absent or employed at the spring, some little distance from the tent, where Zarah had been surprised alone.

"Call them, and make this wretch sure and fast until Redbeard comes home; then tell him what has happened, and say that I, l'Immortelle, left the punishment of his enemy in his own hands. If there is trouble with the commandant, I am ready to testify where and how I found him."

And gently pulling away the hand the Arab girl was covering with kisses, the *vivandière* lingered only to see the stout servant-women, with their thongs, clustering, with shrill cries, about their captive; and then calling her horse with the low cry he always obeyed, let grass or water be never so sweet, she rode furiously back, hoping yet to be in time for the interview.

But when, riding recklessly down the rocky path, she arrived in the bottom of the *nullah*, the first sight that met her eyes was her lover, standing between two stern comrades, while the sergeant commanding stood by, his eyes contemptuously fixed upon the culprit; and Redbeard looked at each in turn, as if equally hating and despising all.

Upon a stone in the centre of the group lay the game-bag l'Enfant-Perdu had worn out of camp, its open mouth filled with cartridges.

"What is this, Sergeant Pelletier?" demanded the *vivandière*, in the sharp tone of command every soldier in the division loved so well.

"Why, it is just this, l'Immortelle," replied the sub-officer, in a tone of mingled affection and deference. "L'Enfant-Perdu here has been selling ammunition to the enemy. Le Lapin found it out, and dropped a word at headquarters, and we were sent out, with orders to see the ammunition delivered, and then to arrest both parties and bring them to headquarters, cartridges, bullets and all."

"And you saw Vieuxvert give those cartridges to the Arab!" exclaimed the *vivandière*, with a look of loathing upon the traitor.

"Yes, I saw it, l'Immortelle."

"Then take him to the commandant, and out of my sight!"

But as l'Immortelle turned away, the prisoner for the first time broke silence.

"L'Immortelle, one word before you go."

She fixed a haughty stare upon his unabashed face.

"I have no words with traitors and assassins," said she.

"But anybody grants a favor to a dying man," replied l'Enfant-Perdu, confidently. "And you may be sure that to-morrow's sunrise will be the hour the commandant will select for my last excursion into the country."

"Well, what do you want?" And, spite of herself, her voice trembled.

"Come with us now to the commandant; you will be admitted, you are welcome everywhere, and it would be a last pleasure for me. Will you come?"

"I will come."

L'Immortelle presently stood with the prisoner, his guard and the Arab, in the tent of the commandant.

The colonel's voice was cold and hard when, having heard all the testimony, he turned to the prisoner, who still maintained the careless, almost smiling unconcern of his manner.

"Corporal Vieuxvert, you have heard the accusation and the proof. Have you anything to say.

"Nothing, *mon commandant;* there are the cartridges, and there the bracelets, and there the men who saw them exchanged between Redbeard and myself. I offer no defense, but I make, in my character of dying man, one last request."

"Make it."

"It is that I may be allowed the use of my hands, and may help myself to one of those cartridges, to a bullet, and to my own empty pistol there upon the table. I solemnly

swear, on the faith of Jean Vieuxvert, to harm no one here —no one but myself."

Eagerly accepting the commandant's nod of assent, the late comrades of l'Enfant-Perdu loosed his hands and placed the pistol and the ammunition within his reach.

"Yes," said he, slowly loading the weapon, "it is perfectly true that I sold these cartridges to the Arab, and that I have sold others before these, and it is just and right that the man who puts a weapon in the hands of the enemy should perish by that weapon; but I do not want to be shot by Jacques, and Philippe, and Jules, and Auguste, and the others whom I have been comrade to so long, nor do I wish it said of the Ninety-ninth Zouaves that they have traitors among them, and that a man has been taken from their ranks to be shot for treason and disobedience, so—good-by, l'Immortelle!"

He smiled, almost mockingly even now, as he kissed his finger-tips toward her, and then, while she turned shudderingly away, he placed the muzzle of the pistol to his temple and fired!

The cap snapped, but no explosion followed.

"*Peste!* It is so awkward when the curtain will not fall at the end of the play!" exclaimed l'Enfant-Perdu, as he again failed to explode the charge.

"It seems that Providence decides that I ought not to die," remarked l'Enfant-Perdu, tossing the pistol upon the table, and turning his eternal smile upon the face of Colonel Milmontain.

"What do you mean by this farce?" demanded the colonel.

"It means, *mon commandant,*" replied l'Enfant-Perdu, picking up another cartridge and tearing it to pieces, "that the powder is made of charcoal, without any adulteration of sulphur or saltpetre, and the bullets are made of clay, colored and baked. It is some trouble to prepare them and put them up in this nice cartridge-paper, and if Mustapha el Reis likes to give me a locket, and Red-beard a pair of bracelets, for my industry, I do not know why I should not sell them as well as the bone rings and chessmen, and such matters that I used to manufacture. Am I right, *mon commandant?*"

"But, stupid fellow, why did you not say all this to the sergeant in the first place?" asked the colonel, laughing outright.

"I wanted to see how those who had pretended to believe in me would take my apparent change of base."

He glanced at l'Immortelle, who was looking at once angry, delighted, ashamed and dubious.

"Yes, yes, I see!" exclaimed the colonel. "But you and l'Immortelle will soon make it up, especially with the help of these bracelets, and I advise you, l'Enfant-Perdu, to try to get her consent to a drum head wedding, and make sure of no more separations And now, my children, good-night."

But before she left the tent, l'Immortelle passed close to Red-beard, and said in his ear:

"There is a snake coiling around the *douah*, and Zarah wearies for the strong arm and sharp sword of her lord."

The Arab started slightly, turned his calm, dark eyes upon the face of the speaker, and glided noiselessly out of the tent.

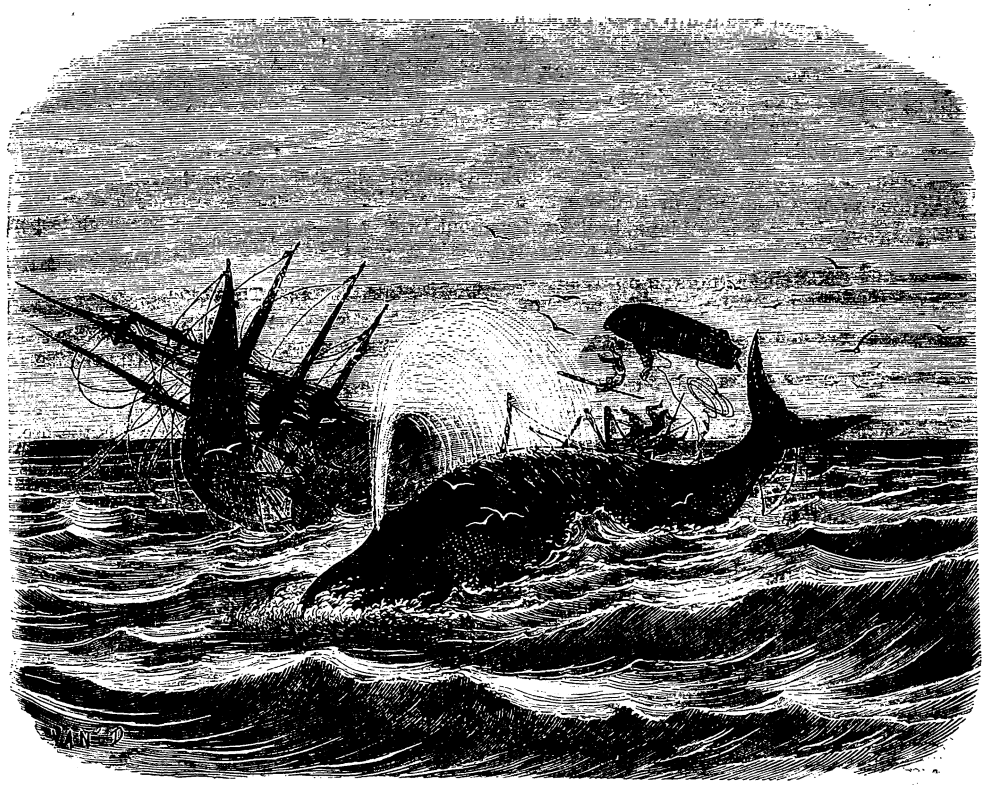
The next day the horse that Corporal Jean Lapin had ridden upon his reconnoissance came limping into camp, covered with sweat and the marks of cruel spurring, as if he had been ridden fast and furiously for many miles.

A few weeks after this there was a great wedding in the camp of the Ninty-ninth, and Colonel Milmontain gave away the bride, and l'Enfant-Perdu changed his nickname to l'Enfant-Trouvé, and l'Immortelle wore the Damascus bracelets.

THE LOSS OF THE "ESSEX."

THE prodigious speed and strength of the gigantic whale, and the resulting danger to his captors, are practically illustrated by two remarkable incidents, occurring, the one in the English and the other in the American whale fishery.

On the 28th of May, 1817, the *Royal Bounty*, an English ship, fell in with a number of whales in 70° 25′ north latitude, and longitude 5° east. There was neither ice nor land in sight. The boats were manned and sent in pursuit, and after a chase of five hours one of them, which had rowed out of sight of the ship, struck one of the whales. This was about four o'clock in the morning. The captain directed the course of the ship to the point where he had last seen the boats, and about eight o'clock got sight of one, which displayed the signal of being fast. Soon after, another boat approached the first, and struck a second



THE LOSS OF THE "ESSEX."

harpoon; and by midday two more harpoons were made fast.

But such was the astonishing vigor of this whale that, although it constantly dragged through the water from four to six boats, together with sixteen hundred fathoms of line, yet it pursued its flight nearly as fast as a boat could row, and whenever one passed beyond its tail it would dive. All endeavors to lance it were therefore vain, and the crews of the loose boats moored to those that were fast, the whale all the time steadily towing them on.

At eight o'clock in the evening a line was taken to the ship, with a view of retarding its flight, and topsails were lowered, but the harpoon drew. In three hours another line was taken on board, which immediately snapped. At four in the afternoon of the next day, thirty-six hours after the whale was first struck, two of the fast lines were taken on board the ship.

The wind blowing a moderately brisk breeze, the top-gallant-sails were taken in, the courses hauled up, and the topsails clewed down; yet in this situation she was towed directly to windward for an hour and a half, with the velocity of one and a half to two knots an hour; the whale all the while beating the water with its fins and tail, so that the sea around was in a continual foam.

At length, near eight o'clock, after forty hours of incessant exertion, this tenacious assertor of his vast animal vigor and territorial rights was killed.

There is also an instance given by Captain Scoresby, which occurred in his own experience in the fishing, where a Greenland whale was at last killed, which had drawn out ten thousand four hundred and forty yards, or about six miles of line, attached to eight harpoons, besides taking one boat entirely under water, which took above three thousand yards of line, disappeared and was never again seen—the harpoon by which it was held to the whale probably drawing out under the immense pressure, and leaving it to sink.

But the most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made upon the American whaleship *Essex*, Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean in August, 1819. Late in the Fall of the same year, when in latitude 40° of the South Pacific, a school of sperm whales was discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in that work, a sperm whale, judged to be eighty-five feet long, broke water about twenty rods from the ship, on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bows of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed directly across the vessel's course to windward. Meantime the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were ordered to be rigged. While working at them, one of the men cried out, "God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned at about one hundred rods from the ship, and was making for her with double his former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing head on, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship filled and fell over on her broadside in ten minutes from the first collision.

After incredible hardships and sufferings in their open boats, on the 20th of December the survivors of this catastrophe reached a low island which they supposed to be Ducies, in latitude 24° 40′ south, longitude 124° 40′ west.

It was a mere sandbank, nearly barren, which supplied them only with water and, very scantily, sea-fowl. On this uninhabited island, dreary as it was, three of the men chose to remain, rather than again commit themselves to the uncertainties of the sea. According to some accounts, a ship touched at Ducies Island, but found no trace of them, though they actually found them on Elizabeth Island, where they had suffered fearfully.

On the 27th of December the three boats, with the remainder of the men, put away together for the Island of Juan Fernandez, at a distance of two thousand miles. The mate's boat was taken up by the *Indian*, of London, on the 19th of February, ninety-three days from the time of the catastrophe, with only three survivors.

The captain's boat was fallen in with by the *Dauphin*, of Nantucket, on the 23d of the same month, having only two men living, whose lives had been eked out only through that last resort of hunger in the wretched, which words shudder to relate! Out of a crew of twenty, five only survived to make the ear of the world tingle at their strange, eventful story.

SPRING SONNETS.

By Park Benjamin.

I.

The birds sing merrily; the streamlets shout
With gleeful voices; tones are all around,
The air is filled with a pervading sound
Of happiness; bright creatures flit about—
Slight spears of emerald glitter on the ground,
And many flowers, the stars of earth, are found;
And from the invisible array of fair things
Flows a murmur, like a far-off sea;
I hear the clarions of the insect kings
Marshal their busy cohorts on the lea.
Life universal; 'tis all music—all,
From the rejoicing cry of children free
To the swift dash of waters, as they fall,
Released by Spring to perfect liberty.

II.

The virgin, May, young, coy and blushing, trips
Along the fields with downcast, modest eyes,
And, looking round her with a sweet surprise,
Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips
Of tender leaves, and buds that ope their lips
To the moist kisses of the amorous air,
Whose rival is the bee. Oh, false and fair—
To yield your honey-dew to wanton sips.
The sky is angry with ungrateful May
That she her blooming favors thus bestows
And so sharp darts from misty quiver throws,
And the Spring's darling weeps the morn away
Capricious nymph! at eve no more she sighs,
And the bright sunset flashes from her eyes.

A SHRIMP-SELLER IN FRANCE.

Shrimps are beginning to be a commodity seen on our streets, but the relish for them has not become general. In Europe, especially in England and France, they are

much liked, and such a vender as here shown would tend to give and retain popularity. All looks tidy. The shrimpers catch these animals in large nets with a semi-circular mouth, which they push before them along the bottom of the sea at ebb tide. They wade nearly up to their middle, raising the nets from time to time and removing the shrimps into a bag hung around the neck. This fishery gives employment to many hundreds of men and women.

Shrimps are marine, never leaving the water. They move forward by jumps, but when in danger, swim backward. They do not turn red in boiling, as crabs and lobsters do.

THE ONE GOOD HUSBAND.

By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

"TO marry, or to teach?—that is the question," said pretty Bell Davine, as she sat before her mirror doing her hair. "Which is it to be, Aunt Phillis?"

Aunt Phillis was crimping with a small penknife the ruffling on the newly-washed linen; but she stopped in the middle of a plait, and said:

"That depends."

"On what?"

"The definite prospects which belong to each side of the question. What offers for teaching have you, first?"

"That offer as governess to Judge Dale's children—five hundred dollars 'and found'; and that offer from the Graytown Academy—nine hundred a year and 'find myself.'"

"Better 'find yourself,' my dear; besides, if you will insist on speaking of all work as servitude, I should say 'no followers would be allowed' at the judge's, and that would scarcely suit you, unless——"

"I was under a vow of celibacy as well as of poverty—which I am not."

"Now, then, about the marrying. How many lovers have we?"

"We have three—Alfred the rich, Frederick the musical, John the good. Alfred has no features and no figure to speak of; but, looking at him from the point of real estate, he is colossal. He worships the ground I walk on, and can make me a present of the ground to prove it."

"Good! If you want to marry a farm or a town-house, then I should say he was eligible. What of Frederick?"

"Oh, Fred follows me like a shadow; but then——"

"What?"

"God gives to some men good sense, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle. Fred belongs to the latter class. I could not stand his constant practicing. I think I must put Fred out of the question."

"Poor fellow!" There was just a tone of sarcasm in Aunt Phillis's voice; but she went on: "Is John worthy of consideration?"

"In some repects he is better than might be; but he always keeps me in a state of unnatural amiability. I enjoy being naughty and disagreeable at times; there would be no pleasure in teasing a husband with an angelic temper. I should have to apologize, and it is against my principles to apologize. John is very good and very fond of me, but I have no vocation for a saint's wife. I hope that is no sin, aunt."

"Surely not. So all these three men have asked you to be their wife, eh?"

"I did not just say that, aunt; I said they all meant to do so. In fact, I have had some difficulty in preventing things coming to a crisis with all of them—but I was not ready to decide. The thing, however, rests with me; I am sure of that."

"Oh?" said Aunt Phillis, in a very uncertain, discouraging manner.

Belle looked at her quickly, almost angrily.

"Don't say prudent, hateful things, auntie, but tell me what to do."

"Well, dear, I will tell you what I should do. I should accept the position in Graytown Academy, tell all my admirers of my intention, and await the result. When a man really asks a girl to share his life and home, she faces the question solemnly. 'Yes' or 'no,' brings all her wavering fancies to a focus, and if she sincerely tries to decide right, a gracious, over-ruling Providence will not allow her to 'rough-hew' her life out of all beautiful proportions and intentions."

After this Belle felt further joking impossible; she went on with her preparations for the next scholastic year, and watched rather impatiently for some definite advances from her adoring lovers.

Alfred heard of her departure in silence, came more and more to see her, took her to Summer concerts and to eat ice-creams, or wandered in the long, sultry evenings with her in the park. He praised her beauty and her adorableness, but he never said, "Be mine only."

Fred set all his tunes to sadness and melancholy, parted his hair in the middle, cultivated a desponding look, sent her flowers and despairing sonnets, but never said, "Will you be my wife?"

John wrote her a touching farewell letter of good advice, and hoped that "they might meet again under circumstances more favorable to the development of a wise and self-denying love." This last was worst of all. "The insufferable prig!" she said, indignantly; and forthwith wrote an answer of cutting politeness, in which she "presumed no amount of favorable circumstances could develop what did not exist at all, for, judging him by herself, there was no affection of any kind to develop."

Then she settled steadily and wearily down to the prospect of school-bells and young ideas, and run her Wilcox & Gibbs very unevenly to all sorts of contemptuous and indignant thoughts about "those disgusting frauds of men."

And Aunt Phillis humored her—allowed her to think herself badly used—for she knew that a vain love must be slain before a true love could have a healthy atmosphere to live in. She knew that most pretty girls go through just such an experience, and live to be thankful for it. Belle was only nineteen; she had scarcely got over the childish notion that the world and all therein was made for her.

So the Summer months sped away, and in three days more Belle would leave the city and begin her duties as teacher in Graytown Academy. Her trunk was half packed, little piles of *lingerie* and muslins filled all the chairs in her room, a new silk dress nearly covered the bed, and a new bonnet to match reposed in tissue-paper beside it. For Aunt Phillis "had a little money," and was not indisposed to spend any reasonable amount upon her niece's outfit.

Three days, and Belle would have to take life upon herself—depend upon her own judgment; pay her own bills. It frightened her a little, for she was not one of your self-evolved, self-reliant young ladies who can take care of themselves, and are perpetually "thanking Heaven" for it. She would rather have some strong arm to lean on—some strong will to guide her—some bold heart to care for her.

A SHRIMP-SELLER IN FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 554.

But she had scarcely got over her disappointment yet about Alfred, Fred, and John, and was, upon the whole, skeptical as to their being any salt or savor among the masculine sex—"Men were deceivers ever, and ever would be, and there was an end of the matter."

It is the habit of youth to reason in this general way, to arrive at absolutely unchangeable opinions, and then change them in a moment as absolutely, upon grounds just as clear to themselves, and just as dark to every one else.

At six o'clock in the evening, Belle, drinking tea with Aunt Phillis, declared "That never, under any circumstances, would she believe any man again; and as for marrying one of them, she hoped she was not quite such a lunatic as that! She would put on an unbecoming dress and nurse the most uninteresting patients in the hospital first!"

Exactly four hours later she came cooing up to Aunt Phillis and whispered:

"Auntie, dear, I am going to be married next Saturday, if you please."

Aunt Phillis laughed inwardly.

"Who is it, dear; Alfred, Fred, or John?"

"Why, aunt, you know I wouldn't have any of them—no, not for millions! It is Dick Dana."

"Dick Dana!"

"Why, yes; he was only one of my 'probabilities.' But, only think, he says he's been adoring me for weeks and months, only he did not have enough to marry on until yesterday; and then he was actually a little afraid of that contemptible trio—the idea!"

"I always liked Dick."

"So did I, Aunt Phillis—latent affection, you know—just as soon as Dick said he liked me I knew I liked him."

"But why this hurry? What necessity to be married on Saturday?"

"Because Dick is to go away on Saturday, to take charge of a branch-house in New Orleans. That is such a lift for him! And his salary has been raised—that is the reason he can marry; and he does not want to go without me—that is the reason we are to be married on Saturday morning. Just as well, auntie! I was going to Graytown

to teach on Saturday; I would far rather get married and go to New Orleans!"

"But your engagement! It is not right to leave the school without anyone to fill your place."

"Dick says marriage breaks all prior engagements, and, of course, he knows all about business. It is not a comfortable thing, Auntie, to be too Quixotic; besides, I should think the trustees would be brutes to object to young people making each other happy. Dick says it is quite right of me to get married on Saturday and go with him; and all decent men who have wives of their own will, of course, see that my first duty is to Dick."

"Oh, certainly! And the new silk dress and bonnet—they will do, I suppose?"

"Dick says they are just right. And he and I think that it was a very remarkable thing—me making my wedding-clothes without knowing it. Indeed, Dick says it was quite a providence."

So the Graytown Academy had to get another teacher, and Belle went with her husband to New Orleans. A merry, loving couple, not inclined to make any trouble for themselves, and yet with plenty of energy and strength to meet trouble, if it should come.

"I guess marriages *are* made in Heaven," said Aunt Phillis, one day, sitting thoughtfully, with a letter of Belle's in her hand. "Here's Belle, now! Dick Dana called here one night, and she left everything and everybody, and went with him. Somebody wiser than we poor, short-sighted mortals, knew that they were made for each other, and arranged the time and the way. It is really wonderful what store she sets by his least word! I guess it was married women invented the doctrine of infallibility; I am sure Dick is a kind of domestic pope. St. Paul says marriage is a mystery; if it puzzled an Apostle, an old woman like me may well give it up."

The point which at this time particularly puzzled Aunt Phillis was the fact that Dick Dana, having saved money, was determined to go to Texas and turn stock-raiser; and, still more, the fact that Belle was willing to go with him. For Belle had always lived in large cities, and liked them. She had hitherto professed the greatest horror of all uncivilized communities, and of all country places; but now "she knew, of course, if Dick said it was best, it was best. Dick saw further than most men; they had three daughters, and it was only right to try and make them independent of the world," etc.

THE ONE GOOD HUSBAND.—"EXACTLY FOUR HOURS LATER BELLE CAME COOING UP TO AUNT PHILLIS AND WHISPERED, 'AUNTIE, DEAR, I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT SATURDAY, IF YOU PLEASE.'"— SEE PAGE 555.

And somehow Dick generally proved himself worthy of all Belle's unlimited confidence in his wisdom. His schemes proved successes, his speculations never failed—he made money, and, what is still harder to do, he kept it. So ten years after Dick and Belle's marriage, they were comparatively rich ; that is, Dick was worth about forty thousand dollars, which was all invested in unlimited acres of the finest prairie land, well stocked with cattle and horses.

Riches were now only a question of time. He could have hung a hammock in a live oak, and swung and smoked, while his cattle went on increasing in number, and his land in value, without any appreciable care or labor of his.

Then nearly seven more years lapsed quietly away ; very long letters came frequently to Aunt Phillis ; but after the new home had been described, and the new way of living, they did not very much interest her ; for a course of nearly seventeen years of letter-writing, all devoted to the glorification of one infallible husband and three perfect daughters, becomes monotonous — the most aunt-like devotion flags a little. Therefore Aunt Phillis had of late years just glanced over the contents of Belle's rambling letters to see that no one had been carried off by the Indians, or that there were no fresh items to be added to the blank leaves in the beginning of the Bible.

So it happened that one morning a letter arriving as she was going out, she placed it behind a picture on the mantel, to be examined at her leisure. Something unusual happened ; she was detained beyond her time, was hurried in consequence all day, went out to supper at night, and really forgot all about Belle's letter.

But she had had a delightful evening ; had heard good news about a little house she owned down-town, and was in a mood to accept pleasantly any surprise that could come to her, though scarcely able to believe it could come in the shape of Belle and her three daughters from Texas.

Nevertheless, that was what she found around her fireside on her return home. Belle was in deep mourning, and threw herself into Aunt Phillis's arms in a passion of ungovernable grief.

" He's dead ! he's dead ! auntie ; poor Dick is dead, and now I have no one but you !"

Aunt Phillis looked in amazement and sorrow, not untinctured with anxiety, at Belle's remark. Was she, indeed, all that was left to these four helpless women ?

In a moment she remembered how carelessly she had read Belle's diffusive, trying letters—so carelessly that she really might easily have missed important information as to Dick's affairs. But Belle immediately put all doubts aside.

" You see, aunt," she said, amid her sobbing, " all these years I have just done what Dick told me to do, and Dick never made a mistake—never ; and so I do not know how to manage myself. It will take me some time to recover my wits, and I thought with all my money and property I might do something foolish for myself and the children—so I ran away back to you, you dear, wise little Dame Durden."

Then Belle was rich. Aunt Phillis was neither selfish nor snobbish, but yet this knowledge did make a certain difference. Advice was all that Belle needed. Anybody likes to give that better than board and lodging.

Belle, poor and depending on her, would not have been an unpleasant fact ; but Belle in a fine suite of rooms in a fashionable hotel, with French *modistes* and French maids to wait on her, was undoubtedly a pleasanter one.

Belle was still a handsome woman, thirty-six years old, her fortune ample, her daughters well dowered. It did not seem unlikely that she would marry again. Belle had always valued her beauty, and Aunt Phillis noticed that the old coquetry of apparel was still a reigning passion. Therefore, it did not seem out of place, when the lapse of months had dulled the first keen edge of sorrow, to suggest the probability of some one more capable than she was to give Belle advice about her investments, and take an interest in her health and appearance, and in all those little affairs which mean so much to women.

Belle did not take unkindly to the idea.

"She was sure, if poor Dick could speak, he would beg her to have a friend in his place to advise and comfort her."

The question evidently now was only who was to be the favored individual.

Aunt Phillis recalled her old acquaintances, and thus Alfred, Fred, and John came up, eighteen years after the first discussion, for reconsideration. Aunt Phillis had quite lost sight of them, but then it was only a subject of inquiry, and to two women who had nothing else to do, the inquiry was not unpleasant.

I need not follow the chase, though it was often comical enough. John had married an angel of self-abnegation, and gone with her to a life of perpetual sacrifice among the Hottentots. Belle was standing before a glass, adjusting her jet necklace, when she heard the news. She gave a little sigh and a little laugh, and said :

"John was always too good for anything. I'm glad he's got such an angelic wife. He must need her in a Hottentot *kraal*. Certainly I am glad I am not the angel of that house."

Fred had progressed so far in violin-playing that he had joined a famous negro troupe, and Belle went to hear him sing his great tenor song. She did not laugh at his wig and his white eyes and black skin and red mouth ; she only told herself reverently that " Some one had ordered things better for her than she might have done for herself."

But she clapped her little hands at the close, seeing that clapping seemed to please him, and she thought : " Poor Fred ! I always told him to stop fiddling and go to work !"

Alfred did not have to be found out ; he found out Belle on seeing her name among the list of arrivals at a fashionable watering-place. Of all her old lovers, Belle had cared most for Alfred ; a dim, girlish romance still hallowed his memory ; she still firmly believed but for uncontrollable circumstances of some kind or other, he would have made her his wife. When he sent up his card with a request to be allowed to wait upon her, she was sensible of a keen thrill of pleasant expectation.

In some respects this expectation was not a disappointment. Seventeen years of travel and study had greatly improved him mentally, and, taking away what belongs to youth as youth, he was much handsomer physically. A handsome man of forty is in the very prime of manhood, and Belle felt this a little when she contrasted Alfred's fine appearance with the changes time and maternity had made in herself. But, for some reason or other, he constantly haunted Belle's rooms, or was in attendance upon her party.

Aunt Phillis watched everything out of her keen gray eyes, but said nothing when Belle wondered and wondered why Mr. Alfred Bennett came so often to see them. At the end of the season the reason " why " was frankly acknowledged. Mr. Bennett formally asked in marriage Miss Lulu Dana, Belle's eldest daughter.

Whatever Belle thought, she was quite equal to the emergency.

"If Lulu and he liked each other, she was satisfied.

She had married Dick Dana for love, and she wished Lulu to marry for love also."

Lulu on her part was quite sure that there never was and never could be another man at once so handsome and wise and good as Alfred Bennet. Evidently, Lulu was marrying for love.

And Belle laughingly told Aunt Phillis how her matrimonial scheme had ended, adding, "Don't let Agnes go to the minstrels or she'll be coming with the same story about Fred; and if that emissary from Hottentotdom comes home a widower, keep little Julia out of his reach, or she will sing the same song about him."

"You will have to hear that song anyway, Belle, about some man or other. I do not know any woman that sang it louder than yourself. *There is only one good husband in the world, my dear, and every woman has him.*"

CORSICA.

By the Hon. Roden Noel.

FIRED by Mr. Lear's Corsican paintings at San Remo, especially by his "Bavella," and still further stimulated by his interesting volume on Corsica, I resolved last Spring to pay that country a visit. The boat from Nice to Ajaccio has been taken off, which makes the task of reaching the latter town from the Riviera extremely difficult. There is still a boat once a week from Nice to Bastia, and on this a friend and I embarked early in May. There was a heavy swell on, and all night we had an unmerciful tossing, which, though not sea-sick, I confess I could have dispensed with. This boat rolls worse than any I know, and while we were slackening speed outside Bastia in the morning, I really thought her funnel would touch the water on either side alternately; she is small and stuffy, and smells abominably. But I sat on deck half the night, and watched, now pale stars reeling among scudding clouds above, now phosphorescent globes among dark, heaving rollers below. I turned out early to see a wonderful stormy sunrise, illumining the rude cliffs of Corsica, which reminded us of Mull, the brassy, watery sky, and heaving, seething, opaque, ruffled hills of the sea. Bastia has a small harbor, round which the old, brown houses are crowded picturesquely. You buy these pretty little coral daggers mounted in silver, a characteristic memento of the Corsican vendetta, and miniature gourds, silver-mounted also, models of the big, scooped-out gourds which the country people use for drinking flasks; these are rudely stained with figures of human brutes fighting and cutting one another's throats, after the approved fashion of this amiable population. From Bastia you can see the islands of Elba, Capraja, and Monte Cristo.

We were soon boarded by stalwart, wild-eyed, dark men, and by still stranger-looking women, strong, grave, severe, with a certain suppressed pensiveness in their dusky eyes. The men were first, and had taken possession of our baggage, but the women supplanted them, carrying it off in triumph.

The hotel seemed dirty, and the *garçons* would not be persuaded not to sweep the thick dust of the *salle-à-manger* in our faces. We got a wash under difficulties, and then some food, after which we secured places in the *coupé* of the diligence for Corte. We could not secure the three places, and so were a good deal cramped, but our companion was pleasant, an English gentleman superintending the mines at Ponte alla Leccia, who gave us much useful information about the country.

Our road lay along a marshy plain, where innumerable asphodels, with their tall, pale blossoms, were in flower; we then ascended toward Corte along the stream of the Gola.

The country seemed singularly dull-colored and desolate-looking, painfully so: reminding me of some of the dreariest parts of Ireland. But we were approaching one of the most interesting spots in the island—that bridge over Golo, Ponte Nuovo, the Corsican Thermopylæ, where the national forces under Clement Paoli, brother of the celebrated patriot, were finally defeated by the French after having repeatedly inflicted severe defeats upon the invaders, and this final loss of their independence was consummated by treachery.

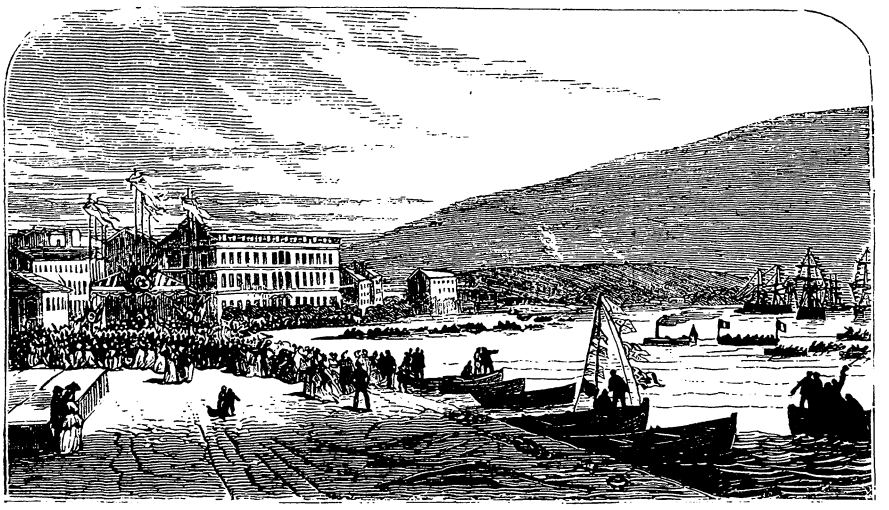
At Ponte alla Leccia our English friend left us to look after his mines, and we were in sight of Monte Pedro, a mountain of wonderfully fine serrated outline; the clouds on it presented a magnificent spectacle: now permitting the rugged mass to stand forth in all its own dark solidity, now vailing and softening the rocky ramparts, till these seemed to assume the substance of opaline mist; the clouds in their turn growing solid and massy as rock, and vaporous rays from hidden sunlight pervading the long, flowing robes of pearl, with which all that vast mountain form appeared invested. Before you reach this point, the green Golo is often very beautiful, rushing impetuously over and around huge boulders of exquisite pale green tint, schist, serpentine, and asbestos.

Corte is very finely situated, and a very attractive little town, I thought. Trees are planted along the principal street where the hotel is, and from the windows you look up to bold peaks immediately above the houses as at Innsbruck.

Corte is built on a spur of snowy Monte Rotondo, the highest mountain in Corsica. We were told that at this early period of the year Rotondo could not be ascended. We went up to the citadel, the position of which—lifted high upon the crest of a perpendicular precipice of green serpentine, like an eagle's eyrie, with snowy crags for rear-guard, and clear emerald torrents around the base—is striking in the extreme.

A man invited us into his house, whence the finest view over the ravines can be obtained, and refused rather indignantly any remuneration for his courtesy. I had frequently occasion to note a similar proof of dignified republican independence among the people, and to contrast their conduct in this respect with that of the Swiss. But while my friend and I were admiring the view, we heard some giggling at the window above us, and looking up, we saw leaning out of it two good-looking girls, upon which the proprietor calmly informed us, much to our astonishment, that here were two of his daughters wanting husbands, if we cared to avail ourselves of the opportunity. It was more difficult for my bachelor friend than for myself to refuse with good grace so frank and obliging an offer. I was led to believe by subsequent incidents, and by further inquiry, that this also might be taken as throwing some light on the national character.

The other interesting sights of the town are the old house of Gaffori, riddled with cannon-balls, and the statue of Paoli. This was the republican capital of that great and good man, far more interesting to me, therefore, than Ajaccio, the town of Napoleon. When tempted to exclaim that Napoleon was the typical Corsican, let us in justice to these strange but interesting islanders remember Paoli—Paoli, who was even more than the Garibaldi, who was the Mazzini, the Washington, of Corsica. His republican

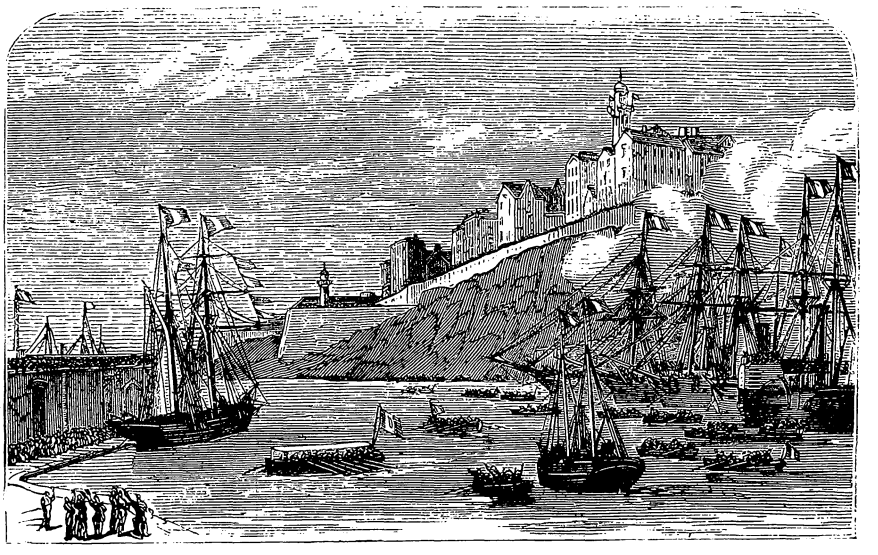


THE HARBOR OF AJACCIO.

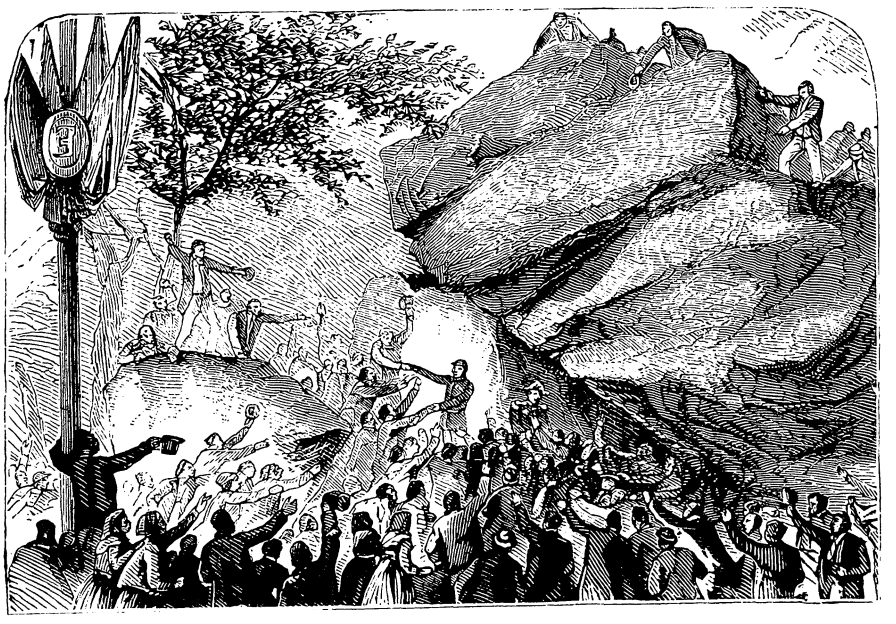
institutions were based upon the ancient democratic constitution of Sambucuccio, which that patriot had established so far back as the eleventh century, in opposition to the tyranny of the Lord of Sinarca and his fellow-nobles, a popular movement similar to those in Switzerland and the Italian cities.

Curiously, the first Corsican parliament under Sambucuccio was held at Morosaglia; and here, 700 years after, was born Pasquale Paoli. He was one of the very few perfectly unselfish, self-devoting, and at the same time energetic public men, whose names history has recorded; but his compatriot Napoleon has made more noise in the world. Fame in other spheres, and under the eyes of all-judging Jove, may be dispensed on different principles.

Corsica, indeed, is a limited sphere of action; but so was Athens. Its position has probably caused it to be coveted by larger States in its immediate neighborhood; of old by Carthage, Rome, and Genoa, and later by France; otherwise the island might conceivably have remained independent. Its inhabitants have never been content with any foreign masters, but no foreign masters seem fairly to have attempted developing its resources. One difficulty is that the islanders themselves have never been willing to assist in developing



THE HARBOR OF BASTIA.

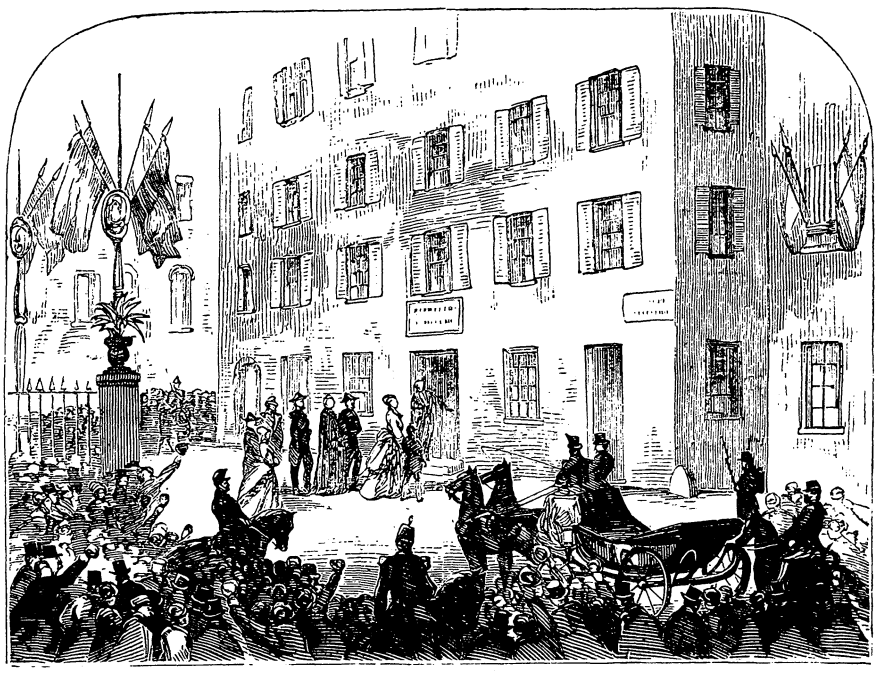


THE NAPOLEON GROTTO.

them, and are apparently jealous of foreigners doing so, if one may judge by the haughty manner in which for generations they sent the little Greek colony of Carghese to Coventry. They made it very hot for the Genoese, and French gentlemen do not attempt to live there. To gay Parisians the magnificent island seems as brutal, disagreeable, and barbarous a country as it did to Seneca (though Seneca professed to be a Stoic). They think it degrading to do manual labor here. They are all like so many medieval barons. Every man insists on lounging about with a gun, and asserting his own individual dignity with the utmost punctilio. In some respects they realise the very ideal of democracy — so far as that may be

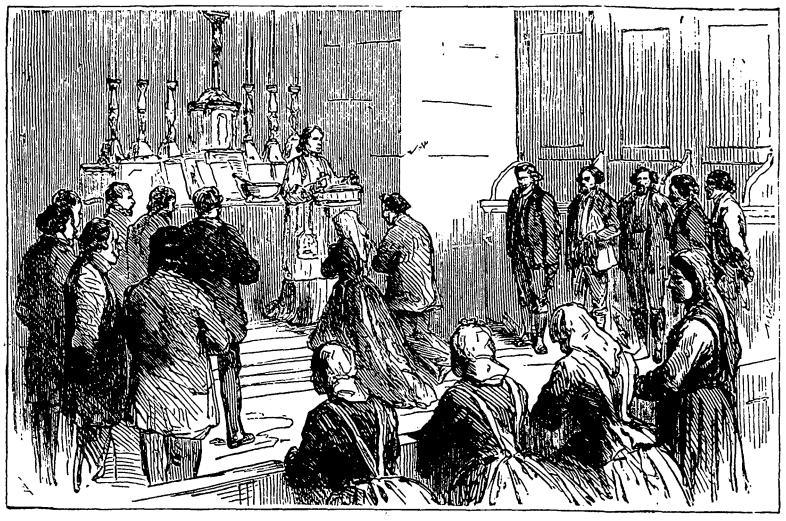
gathered, for instance, from Mill's *Liberty*, Walt Whitman, *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the Irish doctrine, that "one man's as good as another, and a great deal better too." On the other hand, nothing can be further than they from the true ideal of communism or socialism. Individualism is rampant; there is no notion of the State, of merging self-interest in that of the community.

The Slav institution of the *Mir*, a village commune which exists in Russia, would be inconceivable to a Corsican. Napoleon is the very flower and consummation of the national character. Still, these fierce mountaineers love their country, and have ever displayed an ardent, uncompromising spirit of patriotism, and the most heroic contempt of danger, which moved Rousseau to prophesy that one day this little island would astonish the world; and certainly the world was astonished when Corsica turned her young Bonaparte loose upon it. The islanders say, "France has not annexed us; we have annexed France."



THE HOUSE WHERE THE GREAT NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

The savage and sanguinary *vendetta*, which I had supposed to be extinct, I found still flourishing. Objectionable as it is, it may, perhaps, be regarded as mitigating the aggressive self-assertion of the national character. It implies and fosters at least the sentiment of family honor, the obligation of family ties and affection to kindred; perhaps also a sense of justice and hatred of wrong, as distinguished from a mere cold and calculating self-interest, which is apt to characterize more stolid and more money-loving races, with whom the "jingling of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels." On the other hand, the famliy here, as in competitive, property-accumulating England, may be but a greater, more absorbing, self. Cæsar's wife is mainly important to Cæsar as she is Cæsar's chattel, not another's. Besides, a man is as much bound to avenge some petty insult to himself as the gravest injury to another. And the *vendetta* militates against pure, unwavering patriotism. If that had steadily prevailed, not fitfully flamed out only in brilliant, isolated instances, which indeed the world has never seen surpassed, surely little Corsica should, from the very earliest times, have held before yet benighted Europe, as did Switzerland and the republics of Italy, the beacon of a wise and dignified national independence. Whereas, in reading the history of this strange people, we are compelled to alternate the wonder of admiration with the wonder of indignation and disgust. A Corsican patriot might indeed reply by asking with what feelings we read the history of Greece, and other histories that might be named. But private ambitions, envies, jealousies, and resentments have here ever and again interfered with public duty, with steadfast devotion to the common weal. If Corsicans have fought like lions against foreign domination, there have seldom, alas! been wanting Corsicans to betray the sacred cause, to sell the fatherland. While one Judas has been wielding the sword of Maccabæus, a brother has crept up with the kiss of Iscariot.



A CORSICAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Witness Sampiero, who, more Roman than the sternest Roman in patriot fanaticism, with his own hand slew the wife he loved, when she, a weak woman, dared to listen in his absence for a moment—though that were for the sake of Sampiero himself and of their children—to wily overtures of the foreign foe; witness Sampiero perishing in an ambuscade arranged for him by his own trusted armor-bearer, by the brothers of his murdered wife, and by nobles, his fellow-countrymen, disdainful of his low birth—all bribed to do the deed of treachery by Genoa, the tyrant of their common fatherland.

Witness again Gaffori, that magnificent patriot of later time, the very William Tell of Corsica, whose beloved little son the Genoese exposed in a breach of the citadel of Corte, hoping

that his father would suspend the fire which the patriots, led by him, were directing against it, but hoping in vain; for he, mastering his great agony, gave orders to fire on, and God, as by miracle, saved the child, delivering him once more into his father's arms: witness this Gaffori betrayed to death by his own brother, and by envious members of a rival house. Or, again, regard Paoli, the incorruptible, the illustrious, in the midst of his wise and, as it seemed at one time, well-nigh successful efforts for the moral and material welfare of his race, assaulted by a native faction under guidance of a compatriot basely jealous of his fellow-countryman's richly earned hold upon the strong affections of the nation. Here are men so enamored of their own baseness, because, forsooth, it is their own, that they must needs enthrone it in the seat of that virtue and that wisdom whose God-warranted sovereignty, instead of bowing them in the dust before it, but rouses their mad, malignant fury. Such is the *reductio ad absurdum* of that license miscalled liberty which some now worship. We have here the virtues of a Bolivar, or a Washington, side by side with the vices of a Visconti, or a Borgia, a Marat, or a Raoul Rigault. Are the elements of a stable commonwealth here? In Crete, in Montenegro, they may be; but not here. These men can neither rule themselves nor others. Seneca is severe on this people. He says:

> "Prima est ulcisci lex, altera vivere raptu,
> Tertia mentiri, quarta negare deos."

But the charges contained in the latter clause of each line seem now, at any rate, untrue. And the Corsicans say in turn, "Seneca era un birbone." They are in fact extremely religious; and in connection with this trait their intensely anti-Christian character and code of social honor is very remarkable. But the same is true of all dueling Europe. How little does a mere nominal change of creed do to change the ingrained nature of a race! Creeds are elastic, and may with surprising facility be adapted to private aptitudes and passions.

Pope Alexander Borgia, like the devils, believed—and yet, unlike the devils, did not even tremble. It were certainly singular if salvation depended on what men believe without regard to what they do. The Corsican seems to be a sort of *pot-pourri* of races—Etruscan, Ligurian, Phœnician, Phocæan, Roman, Italian, Spaniard, Byzantine, Vandal, Saracen. All these have passed here, fought, and colonized in turn. The Vandal, Saracen, and medieval Italian seem not far to seek in the Corsican. And we must allow for the long isolation of the people in their savage, inaccessible mountains.

We got a cabriolet of the country with two mules to take us to Ajaccio from Corte; indeed there is nothing else, except the diligence, to be got. It is a conveyance without springs, with two wooden benches for seats. And as we went I had a conversation with our driver, a wiry, dark, wild-eyed man, about the *vendetta* and the state of the country. He seemed quite hurt at my having imagined that so national a custom, and one so conformable to the common conscience of mankind, could possibly have fallen into abeyance. I argued the point of its morality with him, and he waxed quite eloquent in its defense. I urged that there were courts of law established for administering justice. "But supposing," he replied, "that you injure me, and the courts of law, being corrupt, decide in your favor, then what remains to me but—— ?" and he put his hands up in the attitude of shouldering and pulling the trigger of a gun. Is it indeed possible, I reflected, that the corruption and untrustworthiness of alien tribunals during many centuries past may have fostered this habit of private vengeance, which, after all, is the natural germ among primitive and semi-barbarous tribes of public and more impartial courts of law? We find blood-feud, or something like it, among the Bedawee Arabs, among the ancient Jews, among Afghan mountaineers, among the Scottish Highland clans of old, not to mention other instances. But in one particular the Corsicans and some of these other wild people are singularly unlike—there is in them none of that suave and gentle *politeness* which so charmingly characterizes the Bedawee and other Orientals. It is really a marvel how these blood-feuds have not depopulated so small an island. The most trivial insult has to be avenged by blood-shedding; and again blood cries for blood from generation to generation for ever. The members of a family who deliberately leave a murder in their own family unavenged by the slaughter of one or more of the murderer's, lie under the stigma of public contempt; they suffer social ostracism. And even villages or communes in which one or other family is distinguished will often espouse that family's quarrel, and so be ranged in chronic antagonism to one another; for a system of patron and client prevails, similar to that of ancient Rome. Thus you have "Montagu" and "Capulet," as in the cities of medieval Italy, sworn to mutual extermination. The French Government had no doubt done a good deal to put down the *vendetta*, but since the law restricting the possession of firearms has been abolished, the inveterate old custom has revived. Men are said to have lived for years and years behind an iron barricade on the staircase of their massive stone houses, that look indeed like fortresses, with huge machicolations supporting balconies, not daring to emerge; and when at last they did emerge it was only to be shot dead on their own doorstep. Prosper Mérimée's *Colomba* gives a graphic and accurate account of this state of things; and yet Paoli founded a university at Corte, established schools throughout the country, promoted agriculture, put down the factions and cruel vendetta by missionary effort, by edict, and by uncompromising severity in executing his own law; he reorganized on a wise basis the political as well as military institutions, created a navy, and was even in a fair way to render his country independent of foreign aid, to which in her perplexities and in her self-destructive dissensions she had been so wont to turn: all this he accomplished in less than fifteen years. But there was not time for his institutions to take root; and the destruction of his young republic by France seems as cruel as her destruction in more recent times of the Mazzini-Garibaldi republic at Rome.

The *vendetta*, like the duel, does not make men less ready to take offense, as one might have fancied it would, but more ready. To be touchy, a bully, a swashbuckler, and to prove your mettle, becomes a point of honor; whereas, if you do not carry a weapon, and public opinion does not sanction personal violence, it becomes obviously better breeding not to offend and provoke, nor to be too easily provoked, yourself, as also more convenient in every way. A Corsican, like an Italian, stabs a man on the smallest provocation, and, like an Irishman, thinks it no dishonor to shoot at him from behind a stone wall. Having killed his victim, he escapes into the *maquis*, the wild, open country, covered with impenetrable, odorous brushwood, and there lives, supported by his sympathizing fellow-countrymen, practically safe from pursuit, for the gendarmerie do not care much to venture into the wilds on such an errand. So a Corsican gendarme in the French service, bound with others on a service of pacification in a disturbed district, and who climbed up behind our mule-cart, without leave asked, chatting affably, informed us. Moreover, the people of the neighborhood always give these "banditti," as they are termed, timely warning of the approach of the

police. Some of these gentry have killed quite a large number of men; and if only the murders have not been committed for purposes of robbery, the banditti are most popular, especially among women. But robbery and theft are counted dishonorable, and the Corsican banditti, therefore, justifiably object to be confounded with the banditti of Greece, Italy, or Sardinia. A traveler is perfectly safe, though the district through which he travels be infested with them; and when acts of pillage have been committed in their name, they have always executed summary vengeance on the offender who has thus dared to take their dreaded name in vain. A poor man was robbed on the mountains of all his belongings by one who said that he was Seraphino, a celebrated bandit; the poor man went on his way weeping; as he went, a respectably dressed and kindly mannered person came up to him and asked what was the matter. Upon being told, he took the direction in which the robber had just gone, and soon after the poor wayfarer heard a shot fired. This was followed by the return of his friend, who brought him back his goods and chattels, informing him that he himself was Seraphino, the bandit. Honesty is a Corsican virtue; so are hospitality and generosity. Sexual morality does not appear to be their strong point, though any insult to an unmarried girl incurs the implacable vengeance of her relatives. I was told, however, on excellent authority, that the father of a distinguished Corsican having been murdered, the son, who was too enlightened to revenge himself after the approved fashion of his countrymen, handed the culprit over to French justice, which sentenced the man to only a few years' imprisonment, the result being that this miscreant, now at large, threatens to exterminate not this son only, but all his family. It is difficult, one must own, to feel much liking for such a race of rascals. Yet I am disposed to think that a really good Corsican, when you do get hold of him, is a very noble person indeed. Such was Paoli, and such was, we believe, the coachman who drove us in all our subsequent expeditions from Ajaccio.

To return to our journey. There is a magnificent view at the bridge over the Vecchio (these high, narrow, single-arched Genoese bridges are beautiful) looking up the huge-bouldered torrent to the mountain whence it descends, whose gray wooden crags here fold over one another in the most picturesque lines. Our mules were allowed to go downhill all alone, while the driver sauntered along behind them. Things are done rather promiscuously here; our driver stopped occasionally to pick up and put down a friend, till I told him that, the carriage being paid for by us, we would stand no more nonsense of the kind. In our journey from Ajaccio, one of our horses used to stumble, but nothing would persuade our man from driving them downhill as furiously as Jehu the son of Nimshi. However, he really drove very well. We encountered somewhere here a body of troops going to keep order in a village where an election riot was expected, a very serious one having just occurred in a neighboring village, the municipal elections there having resulted in the death of two persons and the wounding of many more. The French officers in command, however, who dined with us at Vivario, a little further on, would not say a word on the subject. But a Corsican told us that more bloodshed was expected, that the mayor having falsified the voting papers, he would certainly be shot before all was over. The authorities keep things "dark" in Corsica, and this prediction may have been already verified without the outside world hearing of it.

As is well known, the French system is to change all local functionaries according to the political party in power. This leads to periodical struggles for places under Government, especially in Corsica, where every one wants to be a public functionary, disliking commerce and agriculture. A general clearance is made on these occasions, and new elections give occasion to very bitter strife, which, in Corsica, soon issues in a free use of knife or gun.

We are often told that all Corsica is Bonapartist; but I could not ascertain that the Bonapartist party is much stronger than the Republicans. Napoleon I. neglected his native country, though Napoleon III. did more for it. Of course they are proud of their illustrious compatriot; but they do not seem to care much for parties and principles in the abstract; it is rather a question of having a place under Government. This was the time of the struggle in France between MacMahon and the Republicans. And this is how the business was managed here. At the election of municipal councilors in the said village, the mayor was sitting at a table in the evening counting the votes; the members of the opposition declared across the table that he had counted wrong, and insisted on their being recounted; the mayor refused. Upon this a man, producing a revolver, discharged it point-blank at the mayor, and missed him. The mayor straightway put out the lights and slipped under the table; whereupon his opponents proceeded in the dark to discharge their revolvers at each other, and to kill two of their own party. Vengeance, accordingly, is vowed against the mayor and his friends. If all really ended there, it would be a most astonishing phenomenon.

"As we cannot trust our rulers," said a Corsican to me, "we must of course take the law into our own hands." But would this people trust any rulers? Would they ever learn to submit their private judgments to public, even the most impartial tribunals? A man threatened the life of our chaplain in Ajaccio because he had prosecuted him for ill-treating an animal.

Vivario is beautifully situated, and has that rarity in Corsica, a good inn; we got a very good lunch, and then drove on to Borognano, which is still more lovely for situation, but has a dreadfully dirty inn, with food positively uneatable. This, I must say, was seldom the case; we generally got quite eatable food; but here there was nothing except lard, garlic and decomposed cat, or something very like it.

Borognano is embosomed in splendid chestnuts, but they were only beginning to leaf. The foldings of odorous, flowery, leafy, stream-fed hills are particularly lovely here, nor least so by a full moonlight, under which we saw the spot, or, rather, dimly divined it, on our return journey to Bastia; Monte d'Oro filling and possessing with pale, mighty presence, and ample-flowering gray robes, as it seemed, all the northern space from base to firmament across the deep, broad valley, as we ascended, gazing upon its vast phantom form and snow-crowned crest through openings in the great beech and pine forests of Vizzavona. The pines are not so fine in this as in some other forests, but there are very good beeches. It was quite cold as we ascended to the Foce Pass, and we were half in cloud. Mr. Lear says that the country inns are better than those in the towns; I confess I cannot agree with him. As was to be expected, the beds are indifferent, and the linen not always clean; vermin simply swarm, though at Mundania, in Asia, and in a native house I had at Boulak on the Nile, the walls might perhaps have been a little *more* brown and alive with bugs.

Then there are none of the usual decencies whatsoever, either inside or out; but pigsties and filth unutterable just under the windows of one's bedroom. If you want to sleep, you must take a camp-bed; and unless you also take a man-servant, that is a nuisance.

In Oriental countries, where one camps out, one is, of

LA TRAVATA, A CORSICAN WEDDING CUSTOM.

course, independent of the houses; and here, if a man were strong enough to sleep in the *maquis*, he would have a pleasant, fragrant bed enough; but it is a rainy country, and not like Palmyra, where I slept tentless ten days *sub Jove* with much delight; even the bandits prefer friendly huts to the open countryside. On the lower slopes of Monte d'Oro, by-the-way, live the brothers Bella Coscia, quietly tending their flocks; famous banditti, with a good many murders, and it is said other less mentionable crimes habitually committed, on their consciences. To these gentlemen I was offered an introduction by a Corsican of distinction, but the time fixed for my departure prevented my visiting them.

We lunched at Fiasco off eggs and bacon. These you can generally count on getting. A priest came in to bless the house while we sat at our meal in the common public room; the proprietors and native visitors seemed profoundly reverential during the ceremony.

The country is very marshy and dismal when once you descend from the hills, and before you arrive at Ajaccio; there is, indeed, a great deal of fever in Summer at Ajaccio from these marshes. The whole coast is feverish from the same cause, attributable, it is said, to the damming up of the streams at their mouth, there being no tide in the Mediterranean, and to the consequent prevalence of stagnant water, with decaying vegetation. But I am bound to say that I, who am very subject to fever, felt no touch of it in Corsica. We kept, however, out of the way of Aleria and those parts. Miss Campbell, so long resident in Ajaccio, says the reports about its unhealthiness are exaggerated.

Ajaccio is a pretty and very French-looking town, where the troops beat the tambours and march about on the public *Place* all day; and it has an excellent hotel—the "Germania." The view of the mountains across the bay is beautiful. But there is a dearth of accommodation for strangers; villas and apartments are scarce. The Winter climate is, no doubt, excellent for consumptive persons. The gardens and vegetation generally do not seem, indeed, so brilliant and rich as those of the Riviera; but the nightingales were delicious, singing profusely all day and all night. The Napoleon fountain and the Napoleon statue are both very well executed. The Bonapartes' house, where Napoleon was born, is close to that of Count Pozzo di Borgo, with whom I exchanged calls. His charming countess and himself I found very agreeable. This family and that of Napoleon are hereditary rivals, though Napoleon and Duke Pozzo di Borgo, the ambassador, were friends in youth; but when young Napoleon, who had at first been Paoli's partisan, opposed him in the island politics, and began to manifest that arbitrary, domineering spirit which was native to him, Pozzo and he became foes, and the former subsequently devoted his whole life to overthrowing Napoleon's sanguinary, world-overshadowing despotism. In Russia, as well as in England, his influence became an all-important factor in his rival's overthrow. The mountain of Pozzo di Borgo dominates Ajaccio.

One day we hired a boat, and sailed over the bay to Major Murray's, to whom Mr. Lear had given me a letter. The great blue rollers reminded one of the Atlantic, as they burst in magnificent snow-white cataracts upon the rocks. We were about three hours sailing, and saw the dorsal fins of sharks—very uncanny-looking black knobs—above water. Bathing is most dangerous here. Major Murray, whose hospitality is renowned, received us most kindly, and showed us over his property. His extensive plantation of *cedrats*, or citrons, was doing admirably. He superintends the cultivation himself, and every possible advantage has been taken of favorable opportunities offered by land and water for the successful rearing of this valuable tree.

We likewise had a letter to Miss Campbell, a Scotch lady, who has built one of the prettiest little Anglican churches imaginable—a building that really adds to the beauty of the town. She has likewise written an excellent handbook for Corsica.

We visited Ajaccio three times. It is the most convenient headquarters for exploring other parts of the island. Here we engaged our admirable coachman, with a carriage and pair, at twenty francs a head from Dionisio. The main roads in Corsica are excellent, thanks to the First Republic and to the Napoleon dynasty.

In our journey to Bavella we slept the first night at

A CORSICAN BETROTHAL.

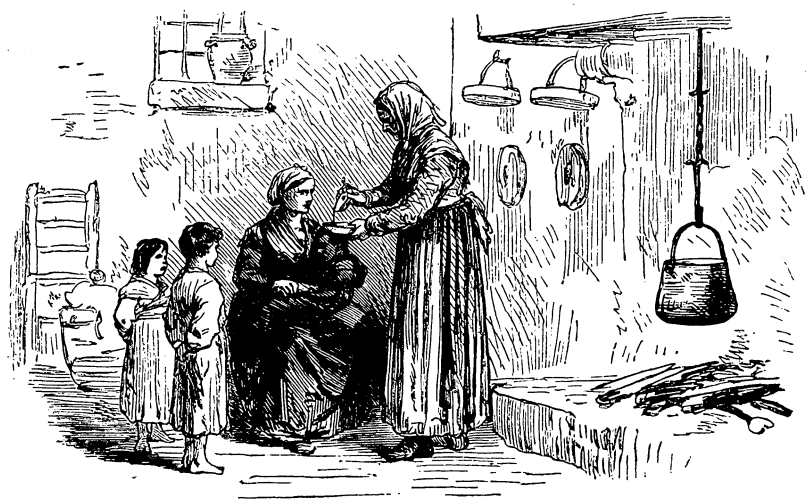
CORSICAN SHEPHERDS CONSULTING A CONJURER.

Bechisano, ascending thither from Ajaccio by Cauro and the Col de St. George. The *maquis*, consisting of arbutus, laurustinus, tall white Mediterranean heather, myrtle and lentisk, is peculiarly luxuriant between Cauro and Bechisano; its odor is delicious. Napoleon used to say that he could recognize the scent of his native land far out at sea. Bastelica, above Cauro, the birthplace of Sampiero Corso, is said to be beautiful. The white and the mauve cistus; the fatal hellebore, with luxuriant foliage and pale-green flowers; the tall, feathery fennel, flowering in deep azure air; pale-belled asphodel, together with forget-me-not and cyclamen in profusion, flourish not only here, but everywhere in this beautiful island, whose magnificent, sombre mountains are robed with the very finest forests in Europe, some still virgin.

The inn at Bechisano is a curious, cutthroat-looking place; there being a trapdoor from one of the bedrooms, with a ladder leading into the kitchen below, which I nearly fell through. I slept in a very dingy, primitive old room. But the eating was very good. We got delicious *brocció*, which is an absolutely first-rate national dish when fresh—a kind of creamy curds made of goat's milk, eaten with sugar and a drop of black coffee or cognac; but you seldom get it quite fresh. The old landlord was most surly in manner, but that is a way they have in Corsica, though, at last, he gave us everything we wanted. He was a sort of Caleb Balderstone, for he made a great fuss about giving us rooms, and left our luggage for a long time in the sitting-room, as he said, because somebody was still occupying his best room; but we found out there was absolutely nobody in the place, all this fuss being only, as in Caleb's case, "for the honor of the house." The young men of the hotel were affable enough. But it is most desirable to order rooms and food beforehand, for the inn accommodation is extremely limited. We got some excellent trout here. You can seldom get private meals, and yet there is never precisely a *table d'hôte*. You must eat with whoever happens to be eating, master or servant, and the landlord usually eats with you. There is, indeed, not so much as a notion among Corsicans of differences in social rank. The impression I derived during my brief visit was that they do not treat their own nobles with the very smallest deference, and the members of aristocratic families seem quite acquiescent in this familiar *modus vivendi* with their less distinguished neighbors. Few of them, indeed, I was told, live otherwise than as rich peasants or farmers; and, judging by what I saw, they keep almost open house, as the gentry used to do in some parts of Ireland. Perhaps there is, on the whole, no distinctive nobility at present. Probably families have for long intermarried irrespective of caste distinctions. Yet the descendants of very illustrious families exist, and the picture drawn by Dr. Bennett of his friend Dr. Manfredi's relations with his humbler neighbors at his old fortress-house near Orezza is a very pleasing one. But in this case the respect was shown to the doctor, to the benevolent friend, rather than to the gentleman; and, after all, is not that as it should be?

All these country inns are very cheap. I do not believe Corsicans ever cheat; and when one has been fleeced and had to pay fancy prices for the privilege of being made exceedingly uncomfortable at monster hotels in England or on the Continent, that is saying a good deal in favor of Corsica. They never give you a bill, but make a shot at what you owe, apparently off-hand, when you ask them. But would that the floors were scrubbed, or at least scraped, once a year! You may be eccentric enough to take a bath in the morning—that is, if you bring it with you; but what are you to do when you want to stand out of it and dry yourself? If you step on the floor, your feet become immediately encrusted with impromptu sandals of thick mud; and that is the literal fact, without exaggeration.

Mr. Shortt, our obliging consul at Ajaccio, had given us a letter to the *sous-préfet* at Sartene, which we regretted we had not time to deliver; but we sent it to him, and he furnished us with letters to the mayors of Ste. Lucie and Serva. On our way to Ste. Lucie di Tallano, we were struck with the very picturesque situation of Olmeto on its hillside; its old houses with yellow lichen on their tiled roofs; their huge machicolations supporting balconies, and the massive gray blocks of granite of which they are built.



CORSICAN SUPERSTITIONS—DECIDING THE CHILD'S FUTURE.

There is on the whole, however, little picturesque architecture in the island; the houses might be prisons —they resemble indeed, as Mr. Lear says, dominos standing on their sides. Yet the brown-gray villages, indistinguishable from rock, occupying the "coigns of vantage," or throned upon hill crests, harmonize with the severe, sombre character of the country, and with the sombre figures of armed men or dark women. The black Genoese *coif* and a black dress is the prevailing female garb, though occasionally the women wear something brighter to relieve the gloom.

We saw the town of Sartene very near us, but could scarcely have visited it without an extra day at our disposal; so we struck up toward the high ridge separating us from Propriano, which, with the sea, burst upon us from the height. In the clear, green bay of Propriano we found a cozy cove for a delightful swim; the sandy shore was covered with coral and beautiful shells of all kinds. We also got an excellent lunch at one of the few really good inns of Corsica, clean and comfortable, kept by a pleasant Frenchwoman. We slept at Ste. Lucie di Tallano, an extremely beautiful village, from whose public *Place* you have lovely views of fertile valleys and mountains beyond; everybody meets everybody on this public *Place*, and a great deal of gossip goes on. The postmaster was very good-natured in doing the honors of the place to us; he took us to call on the Giacomis, the principal people of the town, who have a good, roomy old house; the ladies had very pleasing manners, and the worthy ex-mayor's wine is excellent. We tried both his and that of M. Arry, another wine merchant, equally good,

This wine of Tallano is something marvelously good; it rather reminds me of the genuine fine Lebanon which one gets in pitchers covered with leaves in the Lebanon convents. It is very nice even at first, a red wine, but when old it turns yellow, and then is particularly fine. They say it does not bear transporting, yet I believe "Madame Mère," Napoleon's mother, always drank it in Paris. The mayor of Sartene had written to the postmaster to look after us, and he really did; he took us to see the picturesque old convent mentioned by Dr. Bennett, near which stands a magnificent stone pine. In the convent chapel there is some old inlaid woodwork of considerable beauty covering the organ.

A tradesman, who guided us to M. Arry's house the evening before we went on to Bavella, in order that we might inquire about this same wine of Tallano, of which we wished to take some bottles with us to Bavella, and who seemed on very good terms with the family, spoke very bitterly, on our leaving the house, of M. Arry's *riches;* the mere fact of his wealth seemed to annoy him, and he called him bad names; yet he did not allege anything against his character. However, this same individual proudly refused the remuneration we offered him for his trouble, and shook hands with us on terms of perfectly unaffected free-and-easy equality at parting. One both likes and dislikes this strange people.

But *the* character of Ste. Lucie is the old landlord, who is decidedly "off his head." Before his aberration of mind, they say the inn was good, and no doubt it might be worse now. The old man danced about the dining-room, and sang a strange accompaniment to his nimble performance; and when I gave him a glass of Tallano, he further insisted on my dancing with him. But when our orders did not meet with his full approval, he scolded us for giving them, though after much grumbling he generally ended by doing as we wished. He insisted on pulling about all our things as we unpacked them, and asking what they were, sitting on the beds, chatting familiarly. We heard the poor old man had suffered from pecuniary troubles, and it is a charity to patronize his inn; but he contrived to "rile" me a good deal, till I knew something of his story. He had a most provoking way of screeching out "Eh?" to everything one said to him.

One evening we took a walk, and were joined, after some time, by two young men of the place, who began to tell us extraordinary stories about themselves and their belongings, rather to our disgust, as we wanted to contemplate the fine gorge beneath us. The fathers, grandfathers, uncles, and indeed all the relatives of these youths had apparently committed the fashionable fault of cutting their friends' throats on little or no provocation, and were hotly pursued by the *gendarmerie;* on which ground the youths appealed to us to help them, as they were making a collection for these starving and persecuted patriots out in the *maquis;* an additional inducement held out being that one of our informants was himself a cutthroat and a convict, having been imprisoned in France for stabbing a friend who said something disagreeable to him; and he certainly looked villainous enough for anything.

After stating candidly our opinion that he and his friends were blackguards, we were, strange to say, so far infected by the romantic and sanguinary code of honor that pervades the atmosphere of this country as to give the young men a few sous for the bandits in the *maquis*, upon which they made off; and a very good-looking, more peaceably disposed boy, meeting us on our road home, asked us if it was true that we had given them five francs, because they had just told him so. He also informed us that these tales were mostly lies, though the ugly, villain-faced fellow was indeed a jailbird, as he had candidly stated. But the odd thing was that he stated it so volubly, and with such evident self-complacency, as though it were obviously a feather in his cap; perhaps indeed he meant to frighten us a little; and I am not sure that there might not have been a *nuance* of fear in our generosity, so cutthroaty did our friend look.

That was the only attempt to extort money, however, that we experienced in Corsica, and that was not an aggravated one; moreover, in every land there are jailbirds—assuredly not fewer in London and its suburbs than elsewhere.

We had procured an authorization from the gentleman at the head of the roadmaking department in Ajaccio, enabling us to sleep at the little Maison des Ponts et Chaussées in the forest of Bavella, as there are no hotels up there, it being quite out of the beaten track; it is necessary likewise to take provisions, which we did in the shape of potted partridge, etc., from Ajaccio. We drove through the villages of Zonza and Levie. The inhabitants of Levie surrounded our carriage while we were watering our horses, and pointed out the new bell-tower of their church to us with pride—they seemed a good set of fellows. These villages are very picturesquely situated.

The strange, serrated mountainous peaks above Bavella were in view long before we reached the forest—clouds were covering them when we alighted at the hut on the Bocca di Bavella, the summit of the pass, and vapors were drifting through the great pine trees. That this spot offers one of the most unique and most magnificent prospects in the world, is certainly the simply unexaggerated truth. Mr. Lear, "with such a pencil, such a pen," as his friend the poet says in the beautiful lines addressed to E. L., has done it no more than justice. Through grand colonnades of mighty pines, when the mist cleared away, ever and anon, we looked across the dark ravine to grand, rude rock ramparts of livid green and dull purple hue, their bases in rolling cloud, their weird, fantastic pyramids, peaks and

ruined towers dimly emerging from a loftier stratum of voluminous vapor.

The height of these perpendicular precipices, thus viewed, appears stupendous; one seemed to behold a vast, impregnable palace-fortress of gods, reared by enchantment in some alien, awful realm, afar from this world. Down the sombre, pine-clad ravine beneath, the eye ranged leagues away to the far-distant sea; in the foreground brooded great Corsican pines, swaying sonorous in the wind over that purple bloom of the unfathomable gorge, some straight and glorious in all the fragrant vigor of their youth, shooting up for more than a hundred feet without a break, then roofed abruptly with boughs sustaining cloud-like umbrage of dark-green; others blasted by lightning, bleached skeletons with bare arms raised as to upbraid Heaven's bolt that shattered them; others, again, prostrate upon the earth, their gigantic stature measurable at last.

It is this combination of magnificent rocky mountains and giant trees that makes the scene unique. Very strange the Titan trunks and their dark roofage look, with the wild mists scudding among them, now nebulous, now for a moment clear.

Musing among the great, fragrant, amber-weeping trees, and the huge boulders here, with sad-hued shed pine-needles for a floor, and eerie, flame-like cliffs around, I was irresistibly reminded of Wagner's music; of the *Gotterdämmerung* funeral march in the "Niebelungenlied." The pilgrim is palpably here in the presence-chamber of sublime nature-gods, of angels and of demons. I should suppose that the cañons of the Yosemite and the Rocky Mountains may bear some resemblance to these sombre and sublime scenes.

Wishing to avoid Aleria, we did not go down to Solenzara, but next morning we drove on to the second pass, the Bocca di Lavone, passing the Maison Forestière of Alzo; this looks more comfortable quarters than the other hut. We passed through a wide space of forest, where the young trees, alas! planted to replace those cut down, had all been burnt—blackened stumps only remain. The native shepherds, who were formerly allowed to pasture their cattle freely in the forest, and who are now forbidden to do so, are accused of setting fire to it; if so, the Government policy is short-sighted enough.

A little before arriving at the second pass (where there was lovely dark-blue pimpernel among the stones, wild thyme and rosemary) we made our way to the right through charred thickets to some rocks that overhung the gorge, and here we lunched. The scene at this spot again is magnificent beyond conception. Scaurs of noble color and form tower precipitously upward from the foaming torrent thousands of feet beneath, with a very army of dark ilex climbing and shadowing the perpendicular furrows of their rocky sides, while the white, loud stream disappears through mysterious cliff-portals of giddy height beyond, where no eye can follow. In these forests wild boar and *moufflon* abound.

Indefinable was the charm as we two sat that evening over our red-wood fire in the rough room of the lonely forest house, dreaming over memories and problems, or conversing, while chill mists and melancholy winds wandered through sighing boughs of that immense mountain forest without. After climbing some way up one of the crags, we descended again to Ste. Lucie, and upon these bent our course toward Zicano.

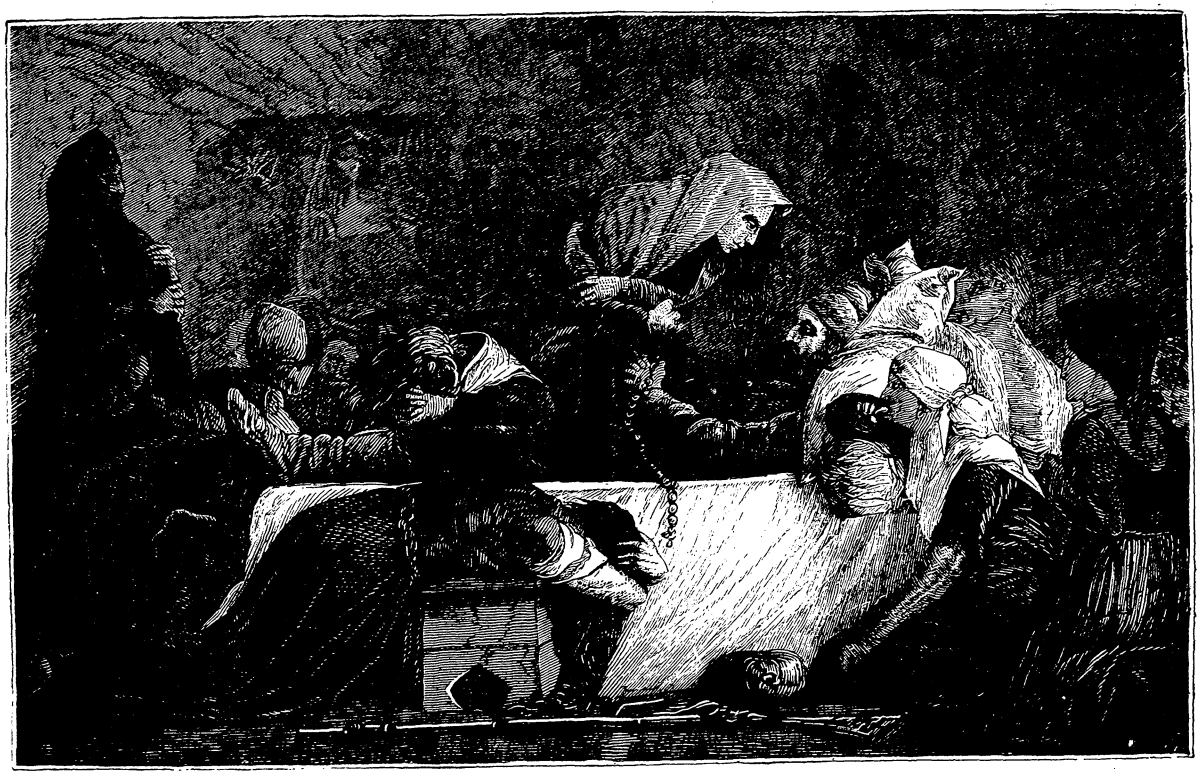
Passing through Serra, where there is no hotel, we sent our letter to the mayor, and he very courteously came to our carriage-door, and insisted on our lunching at his house. This was rather a delicate affair, as the "Maréchal de Logis" had previously arrived, and begged us to partake of his hospitality; but he gave way to the mayor when that functionary invited us. A very excellent little lunch the mayor gave us, seasoned with very agreeable conversation.

From Serra it was mostly down-hill, and we stopped for an hour under a lovely grove of large beeches, with their soft young foliage glowing in the sun; we lay down *sub tegmine fagi*, with a clear brook purling over gray stones beside us, while our driver unharnessed the horses and watered them at a stone fountain-tank of clear water.

It is a long day's drive to Zicano, but we got there at last. Alighting at the hotel-door, we found a very surly landlord lounging before it, and on our asking him for rooms, he seemed either not to hear or not to have them, or not to want us in them; at least he answered in growling monosyllables only, which made me rather savage; but it turned out that he *had* rooms, and would condescend to let us in. I believe he was cogitating how to manage; the landlady, indeed, had to give us up her own room, which was no doubt kind; but, alas! the bugs swarmed almost as thick as I remember them even at Boulak or Mundania. There were some rather objectionable guests in the inn; so we insisted on having our meals alone. But this is an unheard-of thing in these out-of-the-way Corsican publics, and the request always produces much grumbling, if not a point-blank refusal. And yet the surly old landlord next morning took us in the most obliging manner to a stream near for a bathe—a most lovely place, among ferns and shrubs and flowers—a granite basin below a very beautiful snowy waterfall, the water like green crystal, foam-beaded. Coming direct from the snowy mountains above, it was almost too cold. The surly landlord, moreover, fearing we should lose our way back, insisted on waiting for us, and carrying our towels, and we quite liked him—so full of strange contrasts are this odd people.

Zicano is on the side of a fertile hill, well-cultivated, like Ste. Lucie, and covered with flowers, grass and fruit-trees. But Corsica was more agreeable to travel in formerly than now, for at a time when Miss Campbell was the first Englishwoman ever seen at Zicano, the higher class of natives most hospitably entertained the traveler; but now that there are more travelers, it would be an impossible task for them to entertain everybody who comes; and still there are no inns to speak of—there are *not enough* civilized travelers to make them pay.

Sunday morning we went up to the pretty church upon the hillside, and witnessed a very striking scene. A long procession streamed up from the valley below—priests, acolytes, crucifixes, preceding a bier, with the corpse of a woman laid upon it barefaced. Crowds of people followed from the village, and from the hamlets round. The corpse was deposited in the middle of the centre aisle, and tall tapers lighted around it. Very striking was the whole picture. The men gathered together near the altar, where the vestmented priests intoned, and a choir of peasants chanted a monotonous chant for the dead in deep, melodious tones; while the women knelt in the nave, through the fair Gothic portal of which, the door being open, appeared leafy trees, and the far blue hills beyond the valley; the dead woman's shrouded form dividing the men from the women, as it lay with black hair and swarthy features, which had something resembling a scowl upon them. Deep reverence and gravity, if no great apparent sorrow, pervaded the multitude. Many women gathered around the open grave, which we had watched the grave-digger digging, while the funeral procession advanced through the woods in that serene Summer day. When the coffin was lowered they bent over it, murmuring *voceri*, or laments; but no *vocero* such as Mérimée describes in the



BEWAILING THE DEAD IN CORSICA.

house of the dead person—a lament often so poetical and full of feeling, especially when the dead person has been murdered, and the threnody is improvised by some veritably inspired sister, or wife, or betrothed maiden—had we opportunity to hear. Such, however, I have heard in the Syrian mountains; wild, terrible and harrowing they are. At Irish wakes I suppose the "Keeners" do something similar. These improvisators, however, are often hired by the relative to chant the *voceri;* they are persons with a peculiar genius for such an office, and in these *voceri* appears all the sombre, affectionate, ardent, vindictive poetry of this people. A Corsican lady afterward sang for us one of the most celebrated of these compositions, and a collection of them may be bought in Ajaccio.

From Zicano we drove through the baths of Guitera to Ste. Marie Ziché, visiting the baths on our way. The proprietor courteously showed us over the establishment. Warm sulphur springs well forth in abundance, and the bath windows overlook a stream. It must be hot and sultry here. At Ste. Marie, a pleasant village, there is a most excellent, clean little inn, comfortable in every respect, kept by a Frenchman and his wife. It was a pleasure to stay there. Thence we returned through Cauro to Ajaccio.

THE MUGLIARCHERI, A CORSICAN DANCE.

After spending a day or two at Ajaccio, we set off again for Vico and Valdoniello, with our beloved coachman, of course, but with a carriage less pervious to rain in the region of the hood. By the Col San Sebastiano we descended on Calcatoggio. From this Col the view is very fine of Monte Rotondo, Monte Ciuto, Artica, and other snowy mountains on the extreme horizon; of Sagone at one's feet, and its beautiful bay, with sunny promontory after promontory mistily jutting out into sapphire sea, in the direction of Carghese and Piava; the old ruined castle of Sinarca, that tyrannical baron of older days, against whom the early republican league was formed in the island, gloomily brooding on its rock by the Mediterranean, like Napoleon, for ever fallen, brooding on the seaward cliffs of St. Helena. Many other ruined forts are also visible along the coast, chiefly Genoese and Pisan, but some formerly pertaining to the native nobility. At Calcatoggio we made our lunch off eggs and bacon. The lately widowed, aged landlady had a fine-featured, statuesque, pale face, severely grave in its sadness. We spoke to her, and much liked her. There was also an educated native, a doctor, living here, who had traveled much. and with him I had some interesting conversation about the island.

From the summit of the pass above Vico the view is again exceedingly fine; the lofty, fantastic precipices of La Sposata bounding the prospect, and the remarkably picturesque town of Vico on the steep side of the hill below. From every point Vico is a study for the painter, and from its old convent, embosomed in magnificent chestnuts, with Spring flowers all around it—cyclamen, violets, strawberries, hawthorn—you see not only the wild Sposata, but the splendid snowy height of Monte d'Oro beyond, or the baths of Guagno (or a village near them) nestling in the glen beneath. By Guagno would be the best way to visit the Lake of Ino.

Before arriving at the Col Ste. Antoine above Vico, you traverse the valley of the Liamone, quite a large river, whose valley is rich and beautiful with waving barley, tall green river-reeds, and yellow flag-flowers. We had often suffered by not telegraphing for rooms and a dinner, which is generally possible, and always advisable, and now we *had* telegraphed, but had mistaken the name of the hotel, writing a name which does not exist at Vico; so the hotel we did not care to go to had calmly appropriated our message, and when we went to the good one the mistress of the former was angry, and wanted to make us pay her; but the landlord of our own hotel of course took our part. The one we went to belonged to the very republican schoolmaster of the place, an intelligent person. He sat down to dinner with us, as a matter of course, without invitation; and a very fair inn he keeps. I had a letter to Madame Peraldi from Major Murray, which I sent, and she asked us to visit her the same evening, which we did. A very pleasant glimpse this gave us of a true Corsican interior. The landlord, as a matter of course, accompanied us, and we found Madame Peraldi, with her accomplished and very agreeable daughter, Madame Colonna di Leca, together with her other daughters, awaiting us. They gave us tea and refreshments; and later in the evening came in a cousin, betrothed to one of the young ladies, as also M. le Curé of the parish. Madame Peraldi has the grave, subdued, courteous manner of high-born Corsicans. Her eldest son, the Baron, was not present, but a younger son was. The Colonna di Lecas are of the oldest Corsican aristocracy, and the ruins of their feudal castle may still be seen on one of the savage rocks near. She sang much to us, and with her fine voice, at our special request, she sang us one of the most famous Corsican *voceri*, which was very wild, strange and arresting. Their house is a large one. We went out on the moonlit terrace overhanging the gorge, and this, with the great mountains opposite, reminded me of the position of my house at Beit Miri, in the Lebanon. M. le Curé, who has also a fine voice, sang us some sacred music. The family warmly pressed us to return in a few days to meet the prefect, who was coming out from Ajaccio for a grand entertainment they were going to give; but this was not possible. We took leave of them with real regret.

THE DOG THAT SHUT THE SERVANTS IN.—SEE PAGE 571.

From Vico we drove to Evisa, through the village of Cristinaccia, and groves of wonderfully large ilexes.

Meeting some mounted *gendarmes* with a little girl, whom one of them was carrying pick-a-back behind his mule, and who kept slipping off most uncomfortably, we took her into our carriage, and engaged to deposit her at Evisa, which was her home, and whither the police were bound. She was a nice, demure little thing, and did not seem particularly shy between two foreign men. Evisa contains no place calling itself an hotel, but the house of M. Carrara, where every one alights, is virtually such. M. Carrara and his son, together with a Sardinian friend of theirs, dined with us. The place is not at all uncomfortable, and the eating is, as I said, everywhere fair as a rule, at least to

those who do not absolutely object to Italian cookery, oil, and a modicum of garlic. The bread, however, is usually uneatable, a month old, apparently, and sour; while the butter is not much better. But then the *broccio*—when you get it! And here we did get it.

In the evening, after dinner, we strolled down toward Porto, and, unaware of what we should see, came suddenly upon one of the sublimest spectacles in Nature. The range of peaks and precipices above the sea at Porto is indescribably grand; a huge, long surge of rock, of a dun-violet hue, tumultuously contorted, rolled, a rude, shadowy chaos, over a terrific gorge, unfathomable and uninhabitable save by some pale, far-sounding torrent, its indigo-bloom darkening as twilight deepened; beyond this rose mighty peaks, dark against sunset, two of which, with their abrupt grand lines meeting and folding over one another, seemed to form a vast jasper vase wherein to hold heaven's own nectar of ethereal carmine, and the opaque horizon of purple sea beneath. We stood in a place of graves, small wooden crosses marking the resting-place of the lowly dead, lying here, as it were, in the arms of the everlasting mountains.

> "Night's ever-deepening gloom
> Engulfs the gorges: all is mighty music,
> Phantasmal symphony of ghostly form,
> A visionary chorus with no sound."

Next morning we drew up to Valdoniello, through the forest of Aitone. No heavy weights can be taken, and the carriage must be strong, for the mountain roads are as bad as possible, stony and worn into deep, broad ruts by the big carts employed to carry down the hewn tree-trunks to the sea—tremendous engines of destruction to meet coming down while you are ascending. The finest trees have been destroyed, alas! and it is a wonder that there still remain so many magnificent ones. Out of Norway or the Carpathians there are no trees like those of Corsica in all Europe.

Miss Campbell measured a trunk by the roadside in this forest of Valdoniello, and found it 150 feet in height; but we heard from a gentleman connected with the forest that there are some still standing in certain yet virgin forests of the island, which I hope to visit another year, measuring upward of 200 feet in height, I think between Zicano and Vivario, somewhere near the forests of Sorba and Marmeno. Neither that route, nor Bonifacio, nor the chestnut country, properly so called, had we time to see. It is a glorious drive mounting up through the forest of Aitone, which still contains some noble trees in its remoter parts, I was told. It would be well worth devoting many days, or indeed weeks, to the quiet exploration of all these splendid forests, at least for any one who loves trees as I do. In Aitone are many beeches and *Abies pectinata* or *balsamia*, as well as the great *Pinus laricio*.

The pass up which you can drive is 4,785 feet high, and here you are in the forest of Valdoniello; it would be too much for the horses to take them further. But the traveler must walk a considerable distance from here if he would see anything of the forest, and return to the carriage, which will await him at the top of the pass. Here the scenery is wild and grand in the extreme. On your right rises the snowy peak of Mount Artica, immediately behind which is wild Lake Ino, well worthy of a visit, if there be time; on your left, other snowy mountains, some of the highest in Corsica (about 7,000 or 8,000 feet high)—Monte Christo, Paglia Orba, and Tafonata. Paglia Orba looks forbiddingly savage and steep; but there is a crater immediately beneath the brown, snow-patched precipice-wall up to which you look; and this, the shepherd who acted as our guide told us, is a favorite haunt of the *moufflon*. He said it was not at all impossible to get up there, and that one was almost sure to see them; but they are very shy indeed, and more difficult to get at than chamois.

Below you extends the vast lonely pine forest of Valdoniello, an immeasurable ocean of trees, filling the great valley of Niolo. M. Chanton has an establishment a little below the summit of the pass, where the timber is sawn and made ready for transport. The goatherd who guided us was a very rough fellow indeed, as familiar as possible, but civil and good-natured, who professed to know where the two celebrated trees called *Roi* and *Reine*, which we particularly wanted to visit, are situated; but as we walked hours through magnificent trees without arriving at these, at last we asked a woodman, from whose account it seemed that our friend knew nothing about it. The Queen we had passed long since, though it stood rather off the road; but as for the King, even he did not seem to know where that was. The King is a mere prostrate trunk; but the Queen is one of the most glorious trees I ever saw, and can scarcely be surpassed out of California. You can scarcely see the summit as you look up from under it, and the trunk is a huge, hoary tower, standing "four-square to all the winds that blow." Long may it stand! The firs at Baden or Drummond Castle will not bear comparison with this.

Whoever wants to explore that crater of the *moufflon* on Paglia Orba must sleep out in a cave on the mountain side—there may possibly be a hut—and besides must get a permit to sleep in the Maison Forestière here, for Evisa would be too far to make headquarters of. One must do the same in order to explore the Lake of Ino from this side. Our shepherd led us a "short way" back, which was short for him, who wanted only to rejoin his flock of goats, but a long and weary round for us. There were big patches of snow among the aromatic shrubs and flowers. Nor must mention of the *Bombyx processionaria* caterpillars be omitted. These queer creatures, hairy and brown, form immense processions in single file, and traverse the roads. Their larvæ hang in big muslin sacks from the trees, to which they are very destructive indeed. If you touch their bristles, they inflict a very severe sting, and the place stung swells up considerably.

Sleeping again at Evisa, we drove next morning to Porto, having previously sent a letter of introduction we had from Major Murray to M. Ruelle, the agent of M. Chanton, who resides at Porto. The scenery all the way is of the highest order of beauty. As the road winds downward toward the Capa dei Signori, so called from a feudal ruin that crowns it, you look back to mountains rising tier above tier, that seem like great, solemn giants watching; the vegetation, too, is aromatic and abundant, and *laurustinus* as usual abounding.

After crossing several torrent-beds, sinuous leaf and flower-filled rents, loud with rushing water, in towering crags of sublime height, we arrived at one where the loveliest conceivable waterfall, like floating lawn, descended amid richest greenery into a very bower of fragrant fig, vine, wild peach, pink asters, strawberry-fruited arbutus, *Osmunda regalis* ferns, maidenhair and glorious large white lilies, like the lilies in Correggio's pictures, not to mention cyclamen, hellebore, spurge, thyme, mint, yellow violets and wild pink; the whole bower paved with a pool of rippling, light-entangling crystal, and bordered by delicate gray rocks.

Here we could not but stop to bathe—most refreshing it was; but it made us rather late at M. Ruelle's for lunch, which he and madame had so hospitably prepared. They live in an old tower, and have a little "careless-ordered"

garden of exquisite flowers overhanging the torrent-bed, on their right a well-tended citron orchard and the sea beyond, opposite magnificent precipices castle-crowned, where eagles build. M. Ruelle is frank and intelligent; he said he was rather tired of this out-of-the-way place, and well may a Frenchman be so.

We now turned toward Piana along the coast. The wonders of this coast-road, I confess, seem to me to have been somewhat overpraised. The rocks called Calenka have certainly curious shapes; but the very agreeable Secretary-general's enthusiasm for them (as expressed to us in Ajaccio) on account of their supposed resemblance to certain animals, appeared to me characteristically French. Still the distant promontory toward Calvi, which is dark-red and of beautiful form, and all the misty capes lying behind in soft blue air and soft blue sea, make the drive extremely charming on a sunny day. There sailed, moreover, on the sapphire water a white-winged fleet of coral-fishery boats afar.

Having passed Piana, you arrive at Carghese, a village remarkable for its innumerable cacti, and as an old Greek colony. The Greek inhabitants have lately intermarried with the Corsicans, but you still see venerable Greek priests, with long white beards and the black cap peculiar to the Greek priesthood. The women also have a good deal more color about their dress, and animation about their physiognomy than is usual here. There is both a Greek and a Latin church. The landlady was a very handsome woman, and particularly affable.

We had a delicious bathe in the little creek below the hotel. The sea, if it had not been for innumerable most beautiful rainbow-colored, as well as colorless, medusæ, which stung us abominably, would have been perfectly enchanting for a swim.

From Carghese, where we slept, we drove along the coast to Sagone, after passing the little port of which, we arrived at Calcatoggio, and so got back to Ajaccio, where we saw the horse-market and the horse-races, which take place at this time of the year along the principal street, all the houses being lined with spectators. It is a gay scene, the jockeys and horses being gorgeously arrayed. The horses are very small, strong, wiry little beasts. We thence took the night *malle-poste* to Bastia, a dreadfully cramping mode of conveyance, and from Bastia sailed to Leghorn, thence getting home to our respective destinations.

THE DOG THAT SHUT THE SERVANTS IN.

THE Rev. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, when he lived at Liberton, had a dog that took great interest in his master's welfare; and he proved his sincerity, on one occasion, in a very remarkable manner. The servants, unknown to their master, during his absence from home, invited a number of friends to a feast.

They were not aware that, although the master knew not of the riotous way in which they were making use of his property, the dog knew all about it, and artfully contrived a plan to trap them. He took no notice of the visitors as they arrived, and appeared to be unconcerned about their procedure in the feasting; but when they were preparing to leave, he stood guard at the door, made them understand that no one could pass him, and there he kept them prisoners until Mr. Simpson returned home and became acquainted with their dishonest behavior.

Mr. Harrison Weir has given us a lively picture of this artful dog keeping guard over the terrified servants. May it make an impression on the minds of our young readers, in favor of truth, candor, and honesty; for if a dog may thus punish and reprove the wicked, how shall we hope to escape the watchful eye of our omnipotent Father, who has said, "Such as are upright in their ways are my delight"? We must not forget another fact in the history of this dog, especially because it is in some measure a reply to the question, "Do dogs understand human speech?" Mr. Simpson, one day, stated to a friend, in the hearing of the dog, that he should be compelled to get rid of him, in consequence of having to change his residence. That night the dog went away of his own accord, and was never seen again.

LADY ALICE.

THE Lady Alice walks alone,
By forest glade and river brim;
A scarf around her shoulders thrown,
At morning dawn and ev'ning dim.

The early woodman often spies
A gentle form and face most fair,
With lids that droop above the eyes
To hide the sorrow seated there.

And, ling'ring by the silent lake,
She may be seen at twilight gray,
Feeding the swans that love to take
Their food from fingers white as they.

The hare she meeteth in the glade,
At her approach disdains to stir;
And in the furthest chestnut shade
The fawn is not afraid of her.

They seem to know, those guileless things,
That she is gentle and in pain;
And startled birds that spread their wings,
Look at her, and alight again.

So her hurt spirit dwells among
Sweet friends that never make it smart;
And sympathy without a tongue
Is shed in silence on her heart.

MY FRIEND'S DISAPPEARANCE.

PEOPLE disappear every day. Staid, steady, sober business men, with good bank accounts and model wives.

These disappearances are all inexplicable, and yet there must be an explanation.

Now, one day, my old friend Stubb Crate vanished from the places that knew him. When did I make the acquaintance of anybody with such a name? Let me tell you.

My acquaintance with Stubb Crate dates from a juvenile difficulty with an unknown ruffian of tender years, in which I occupied a position on the ground, and the unknown one grade above me. I frankly confess that I was getting the worst of it. I was at that stage of the difficulty when one is puzzled to know whether to cry for quarter or die a martyr's death. And it was at precisely this stage of the affair that reinforcements arrived, in the shape of a very short, a very thick, and a very freckled boy, who easily put unknown No. 1 to flight.

I grasped the second unknown's hand, and, in consideration of his exceedingly diminutive altitude and massive circumference, called him Stubb, and thanked him.

"Why, how did you know that?" he asked, with a forward hitch of his head, to relieve his short neck from the pressure of his jacket-collar.

"Why, you are Stubb all over," I answered. "Is't your name?"

"Stubb Crate, or I'm a goslin! And yours?"

"Nathan Bergh."

Another shake of the hands followed this announcement, and coming directly after that, was a hint from Stubb that he would smoke at my expense, if I didn't object. Well, I didn't object; and during the consumption of two or three cigars apiece, our chance acquaintance ripened into an intimacy which lasted for the remainder of our schooldays.

Then I lost sight of him for a long time. I was four years past my majority, when, taking a trip to town, I met Stubb again. I knew him, although the boyish jacket and loose pants, with an enormous bulge at either pocket, had given place to a coat which Stubb's abundant and yielding flesh seemed to fill at every point, and likewise the pantaloons. Of course he was smoking; and the heavy gloves, and the whip with which he was vainly trying to reach a small dog, savored of horses somewhere.

Stubb recognized me. Our hands met. Stubb offered me a cigar, which I did not refuse. A few very laughable reminiscences of our schooldays were called up; and last, but not least, was an invitation to the "Cratery," as Stubb designated his home.

"You see, Nat, the old gentleman is no more," said Stubb, quite sadly, "and I'm living with mother. It's awful lonesome."

"Only you two, Stubb?"

"Ah, no, my boy! There's Lottie, a very distant cousin of mine, and as distant in manner as she is in relationship. By-the-way, Nat, she wouldn't be a bad thing for you—that is, if you haven't already got something of the kind."

LADY ALICE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 571.

"But you, Stubb?"

"Oh, hang it! I don't want her, Nat! Not that she's ugly, or anything like that, you know; but, you see, it's a made-up job, and I can't go it. So come along, Nat."

I had never been to the Cratery. In fact, during all our previous intimacy, I think neither of us mentioned our homes except in a general way. I was, therefore, a little curious to see the Cratery, and consented to go.

MY FRIEND'S DISAPPEARANCE.—"LOTTIE SAW THE GRAYS COMING ON AT A TEARING PACE, BUT HARDLY GAVE THEM A THOUGHT. 'FIFTY-NINE' SHOUTED SHE, WITH A MERRY LAUGH. THE NEXT INSTANT HER FACE WAS AS PALE AS DEATH, AND MINE HAD SCARCELY MORE COLOR IN IT; FOR THE GRAYS WERE WITHOUT A DRIVER."—SEE PAGE 571.

"All right, my boy! I'll take you up in sixty minutes."

This remark did not strike me as conveying an idea of extraordinary speed; but when I was fairly seated in a substantial road-wagon, behind two gray roadsters, which Stubb was "letting out a little," I began to realize that taking me up in an hour was nothing less than taking me a long distance in a short time.

"Fifty-nine—four!" exclaimed Stubb, looking at his watch, as we drew up before a great, heavy-posted double gate. "Cratery, Nat! Fourteen miles, if it's a foot, and roads only tolerable. How's that—eh?"

A centenarian opened the gate, and Stubb drove into the avenue.

I was very intently gazing at the house, for it was exceedingly quaint, when Stubb's voice rang out:

"Fifty-nine—four, Lottie! and good three hundred and fifty pounds in the wagon. You can't beat that!"

"I *will* beat it, Stubb Crate!" was the answer, in a woman's clear, musical tones.

Of course I turned my head, and of course I saw the prettiest of women, for there she stood right before me.

"By-the-way, Lottie—an old friend, Nat Bergh," added Stubb. "Come to stop with us a while. Nat, this is the girl I spoke about—Lottie Lander."

There was a touch of anger in Lottie's face as Stubb gave utterance to the latter sentence. Nevertheless she gave me a very pleasant greeting, or what I heard of it was pleasant, which was only the commencement; for Stubb spoke to his horses, and away we went toward the house.

"Come on, Lottie!" shouted Stubb, over his shoulder. And, looking back, I saw Lottie turn off in the opposite direction.

Cratery was a charming old place, and very valuable. I found Mrs. Crate to be one of the nicest old ladies in the world. I also found her impressed with the belief that Stubb was one of the nicest young men in the world. Likewise, that Lottie Lander was one of the nicest young ladies in the world. Moreover, I agreed with Mrs. Crate as to this last-mentioned conviction, and, substituting myself for Stubb in the conviction first mentioned, decided that it would be a nice thing to marry Lottie Lander.

Remembering Stubb's remarks about a "made-up job," I did not think it wrong to make an effort to secure what he didn't want.

As for Lottie herself, I felt sure that she approved of my style of wooing, it was so entirely unlike Stubb's. At least, she made no objection to it, thereby securing to me several days of unalloyed happiness.

Stubb drove the grays to town every day. He never asked me to go. In fact, if there had been a preconcerted plan for a marriage between myself and Lottie, circumstances could not have been more favorable. Even good Mrs. Crate seemed to join with the others in rendering me assistance.

"It is so lonesome for Lottie when Stubb is away, she said. "And I can't expect Stubb to stay here every minute," she added.

And I answered that Stubb no doubt needed some exercise.

One morning, about a week after my arrival at the Cratery, I saw Stubb driving his grays down the avenue, and just behind him was Lottie, driving a little bay filly, which I had often noticed in the stables. I scarcely knew what to think of it at first. Then I felt a slight twinge of jealousy. Lastly, I grew uneasy about Lottie.

"One of Lottie's wild freaks," said Mrs. Crate, when I spoke to her about it. "Stubb challenged her to a race. They'll be back by eleven."

"But is it safe, Mrs. Crate?"

"Oh yes; they often do it!"

Shortly before eleven, I saw a cloud of dust arising just beyond a bend in the road, and I knew they were coming. I hastened down to the gate. The bay filly and the grays were in sight, scarcely a quarter of a mile away—the filly leading, and skimming along like the wind.

I was so relieved to see Lottie safe, that I scarcely thought of Stubb. Of course I saw the grays coming on at a tearing pace, but scarcely gave them a thought, until Lottie drew up at the gate, a dozen lengths ahead.

"Fifty-nine!" shouted Lottie, with a merry laugh, as she turned in her seat and looked back.

The next instant her face was pale as death, and mine had scarcely more color in it; for the grays were *without a driver!*

No questions were asked on either side. The empty wagon told the tale. I looked to see Lottie faint, but she did nothing of the kind. She drove up to the house with a steady hand, and I took the grays.

"I will tell his mother," said Lottie, as she alighted.

There was but one course for me to pursue, and that was to go after Stubb, or Stubb's body, for I feared I should find the life gone out of him. I ordered fresh horses, and took the ostler with me.

There was no part of the road that escaped our notice, yet we drove clear to town without seeing poor Stubb, or any marks of his body in the thick dust or the rank grass. Neither could we get any trace of him in the town.

Mrs. Crate bore the suspense quite calmly, Lottie said; and when I told her of our fruitless search, she murmured:

"Thank God for that! Now I can hope; but if you had brought him home dead, that would have been the end."

A week of searching followed, helped along by large rewards and skillful detectives. A month of the same fruitless looking for Stubb came after the week.

"He is dead!" said the mother, at last. Lottie echoed the wail, and I could not say a hopeful word.

When I could be of no further assistance, I went away. An occasional letter from Mrs. Crate, and my reply, was all the communication I had with the bereaved people at the Cratery for almost a year. No doubt, you think I ought to have gone up to see Lottie; but you do not know how deeply she felt the loss of poor Stubb. Poor Stubb! he escaped the made-up match in a much different way from what he expected.

One day there came a letter from the Cratery, that was not written by Mrs. Crate, as I could see by the handwriting. I broke the seal and read:

"Mrs. Crate is very sick, and wants you to come up without delay. LOTTIE."

I went up that same day. It was just dusk when I reached there. I entered the parlor without knocking, and saw Lottie and Mrs. Crate playing backgammon.

I do not know which was the most surprised, myself or the ladies.

"Why, Nathan! why didn't you let us know you were coming?" exclaimed Mrs. Crate. "We would have met you!"

I was amazed—dumbfounded. I could not speak, for I did not know what to say, or think. I looked toward Lottie for an explanation, but she was evidently puzzled like myself.

"I can't understand it," said I. "Scarcely twelve hours ago I received a letter from Lottie, stating that you were sick, and asking me to come up. Here I am, and find you well, and surprised to see me here."

While speaking I had taken the letter from my pocket, and I now gave it to Mrs. Crate.

"Lottie never wrote this," she said, at the first glance.

"Then who could have written it?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, musingly, "nor what the motive could be. But never mind—there is no harm done. Perhaps it will be clear by-and by. But, now you are here, Nathan, why not stay awhile? We have not ceased to mourn for poor Stubb, and I do not know that we ever shall; but we are resigned."

Lottie seemed to urge me to remain, and I consented.

"Nathan," said Mrs. Crate, in the morning, before Lottie came down, "that letter you received put some strange ideas into my head. I dreamed last night that Stubb wrote it. And I thought I had another letter from him, telling me that he wanted you to take his place. Strange, wasn't it?"

"You were probably thinking of poor Stubb before you went to sleep."

"So I was, Nathan; but that does not matter. I have been thinking of it this morning, and it seems to me that Stubb would like to have it so. Would you mind, Nathan?"

"Surely, Mrs. Crate, you are not serious?"

"I never was more so, Nathan. I think if Stubb could speak he would approve. You know I gave him a liberal allowance, and he would have had all, poor boy, if he had lived. Besides, there is Lottie."

"My dear Mrs. Crate, I do not know what to say. It is so very unexpected. I never thought of such a thing. I really don't know that I ought to do it. Give me until night to think of it, and please say nothing to Lottie about it."

I used a little deception, but I do not think there was anything very wrong about it. I made good Mrs. Crate believe that the purest of motives was the cause of my hesitation, when in reality I was thinking how the "made-up match" ended in Stubb's case. I did not want anything of the kind in mine.

My next move was to find Lottie. And I found her. Then, to declare my love. And I declared it. Then, for the answer. And I got it:

"I have loved you from the day we first met, Nathan."

That decided me. I became Stubb's substitute at precisely nine o'clock that evening. At ten o'clock the wedding-day was set for a week hence. Rather short notice, but I was impatient, and Lottie had few preparations to make.

It was a week of bustle and confusion; but when the appointed day dawned upon us, we were as near ready as anybody can be for such an occasion.

I stood at the window in the upper hall, looking down the road, and I saw a cloud of dust, just as it appeared that day the grays came home without a driver. There was nothing strange in that, but it made me think of Stubb.

I strolled out to the gate. As I reached it, a span of grays were pulled up sharply at the gate, and——

Was it Stubb that held the lines?

"I say, Nat, which came in ahead—the grays, or the bay filly?"

Could I mistake that voice? No; there never was but one like it, and that was Stubb Crate's. Heavens, how it startled me! Ever since that time I have been quite lenient toward persons whose blind passions have prompted them to take life; for I do believe that if it had not been broad daylight, poor Stubb would have been buried the next day. Yet, with all these terrible thoughts passing through my mind with lightning speed, I replied, calmly enough: "The bay filly, Stubb."

"Confound it!" was Stubb's sudden ejaculation. "I must try it again. That Lottie is a peeler. She can whip anything in the shape of womankind at handling the ribbons, excepting—my wife."

"Stubb! say that again!" I yelled, holding my breath for the answer until my face was purple.

"Good gracious, Nat! what is the matter?" exclaimed Stubb. "Oh, if my wife was only here! She's death on all sorts of fits."

"Hold on, Stubb!" I cried, as he grappled with me, with the intention, no doubt, of throwing me. "If you are married, it is all right, Stubb."

Stubb looked at me a moment, and then he went down on the grass, laughing as though he would split.

"Where have you been, Stubb?" I asked. "We all thought you dead."

"Down below," said he, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in a southerly direction. "You see, Nat, I knew that put-up job of mother's wouldn't work worth a cent, so I slipped out of the hind end of the wagon, and left the grays to beat Lottie, if they could. Confound 'em! they didn't do it, after all. I most wish I'd stuck to 'em. But how's mother, and Lottie?"

"Both well. Come in and see them."

Stubb drew out his watch, and consulted it.

"Well, I guess I can spare a few minutes. Drive on."

I do not suppose it is necessary to say that Mrs. Crate was somewhat surprised to see Stubb again. She bore it well, however. Lottie, too, was as calm as a June morning; but she startled Stubb by asking:

"Why did you send that letter to Mr. Bergh?"

"Letter! letter!" mused Stubb. "Oh! that one that brought Nat down to see mother! Well, Lottie, to tell the truth, I wanted him to see *you*. I knew you and he never would get married if I didn't do something desperate. How did it work?"

"Charmingly!" said Lottie, with a timid glance at me.

"Good! Nat, I congratulate you! When does it come off?"

"At nine."

"W-h-e-w!"

And Stubb out with his watch again. He evidently ran everything on time.

"Just about time enough!" said he, darting through the door. "If I ain't here at nine, don't wait."

Well, he wasn't there at nine. We waited. He wasn't there at ten. We didn't wait any more. He wasn't there at eleven, nor at twelve, nor ever again, that I know of.

But I have seen him once since. It was last night, in town; and that meeting prompted me to write this sketch of faithful Stubb Crate.

Poor Stubb! I scarcely knew him. He had grown old; he was wrinkled; he was gray; he was dirty; he was ragged; he was wrecked.

"Why, Stubb Crate!" was my first ejaculation, when I met the poor boy.

"Don't, Nat—don't!" he entreated, stepping back into the shadow of the building to hide his wretchedness. "I *did* love Lottie, Nat. I loved her too well to hold her to an agreement that was distasteful to her, so I slid out. I could have died for her, Nat. And you got her! Lucky, my boy! But, I say, Nat, I did want to try her bay filly once more!"

At this moment some of his boon companions came along and took him away.

I am going to hunt him up. I am going to try a little reformation on him. I don't know that I can do much with him, but if I make nothing more than faithful Stubb Crate of former times, I shall be well paid for my labor.

COURAGE AND KINDNESS IN A GOOSE.

"Goose" is such a term of reproach, that we should scarcely expect an anecdote to be recorded showing in this bird any of the higher qualities. It deserves, however, a better reputation. An English lady gives an incident which happened within her own knowledge, which alone should redeem the goose from the usual slurs.

Several geese were amusing themselves pecking corn near a barn, when a little sparrow made its appearance among them — an innocent, confiding little creature — which hopped about among the birds that must have seemed to it as gigantic elephants appear to our eyes; it seemed to entertain no idea that any one would injure it or object to its taking its tiny share of the good things lying about.

The geese regarded it with pleased acquiescence, not showing that they took any special notice of the tiny creature and its little vain ways. But if the geese showed no unfriendliness, there were enemies about. A hawk that had been hovering around, espied the sparrow and suddenly descended upon it with one fell swoop, and in an instant was rising with the little creature fluttering in its talons.

COURAGE AND KINDNESS IN A GOOSE.— RESCUING THE SPARROW FROM THE HAWK.

Then the gander showed his courage and kindness. The sparrow was his guest, and not to be molested. It flew right up into the air and dealt the hawk so violent a blow that the winged marauder fell senseless and apparently dead on the ground, while the weak little bird, on which it expected to sate its appetite, shook out its ruffled feathers, chirped its small hymn of gratitude to its preserver, and flew away.

A GILDED PILL.—"'I'M COMING,' SAID TOM, LOUDLY; AND THEN, TAKING JESSIE'S HAND, HE KISSED IT TENDERLY, AND, AS THE POOR GIRL BEGAN TO SOB PITEOUSLY, HE HURRIED OUT OF THE HOUSE, AND WAS GONE."

A GILDED PILL.

A Tale of a Little Mystery.

By Geo. Manville Fenn.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S CAGE.

"Richard Shingle, Shoemaker. Repairs neatly executed."

This legend was written in yellow letters, shaded with blue, upon an oval, red board. Red, blue, and yellow form a pleasing combination to some eyes; but when the yellow is drab, the blue dirty, and the scarlet of a brick-dusty tint, the harmony is not pleasing. Moreover, the literary artist could not be complimented upon his skill in writing in pigment with a camel-hair brush; for, not content to be staid and steadfast in Roman characters, he had indulged in wild flourishes, which gave the signboard the appearance of a battle-field, upon which so many ordinary letters were staggering about, while three or four tyrannical capitals were catching them with lassoes, which twined wildly round their heads and legs.

For instance, the first "d" was in difficulties, the "g" was pulled out of place, the "h" and "o" tied tightly together, while just below, the "repairs" seemed to be neatly executed indeed, for the "r" had a yellow rope round its neck, having been hung by "Richard," beneath which it was suspended, with the rest of the letters kicking frantically because that initial was at its last gasp.

But this idea, probably, did not present itself to the inhabitants of Crowder's Buildings, a pleasant *cul-de-sac* in the neighborhood of the Angel at Islington. Crowder, once upon a time, bought two houses in a front street, between and under which there was an entrance like a tunnel, which led to the back gardens and back doors of the said houses; and Crowder—now dead and numbered with the just—being a man of frugal mind, gazed at the gardens of his freehold messuage and tenements, and saw that they were useful as cat walks, to make beds growing oyster and other shells, and vegetables of the most melancholy kind. He let the fact dawn upon his understanding that the vegetables grown might be bought better for sixpence per annum, and resolved that he would utilize the space.

To do this, he built up two rows of staring-eyed, four-roomed tenements, sixteen in all, separated by twelve feet of pavement, whitewashed them as they stood staring at one another, and turned the two garden deserts into a busy, thrifty hive, where some twenty or thirty families flourished and grew dirty.

The occupants of the two houses in the street complained, and left; but Crowder let the houses at a higher rent without the gardens—let the little tenements each at ten shillings a week, and turned out those who did not pay; and for the rest of his life collected his own dues, did his own painting and whitewashing, even plastered upon occasion; and at last, while repairing a chimney-stack, and putting on a new pot, at the age of seventy-five, like a thrifty soul as he was, slipped from the ladder, rolled off the roof of No. 10, fell into the open paved space, with his head in the centre gutter, where the soapsuds ran down, and his heels on a scraper—every house had a scraper to make it complete—and was so much injured that Nature gave him notice to quit his earthly habitation, evicted him, and, save in name, the buildings knew him no more.

For they passed into the hands of Maximilian Shingle, "Broker and Setrer," as his brother said—a most worthy member of society: a sticky-fingered man, who, through this last quality, was enabled to lay up honey in store. In fact, he was so well off that, when Crowder's Buildings were brought to the hammer by Crowder's heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, the hammer that knocked them down knocked them into Max Shingle's possession.

It was a retired spot after passing through the tunnel, and hence it became the popular playground of the children of the neighborhood, who chalked the pavement, broke their knees and heads upon its harsher corners, and made it the scene of the festive dance when a dark-visaged organ-man came down to grind the last new airs of the day.

By a great act of benevolence, Maximilian Shingle, who was a lowly, good man, a shining light at his chapel, where he was deacon, had, though inundated with applications for No. 4 when it became empty, let it to his unlucky brother Richard, who flourished under the sign that headed this chapter, made boots and shoes, and neatly executed the repairs in the dilapidated Oxonians and strong working-men's Bluchers that came to his lot.

It was front-room cleaning-up day at Richard Shingle's, and Mrs. Shingle—familiarly spoken to as "mother"—was in her glory, having what she called a good rummage. Had her home possessed a back yard or a front garden, every article of furniture would have been turned out; but as there was not an inch of back yard, and the front garden was very small, being limited to six flower-pots behind a small green fence on the up-stairs window-still, Mrs. Shingle was debarred from that general clearance.

But she did the best she could to get at the floor for a busy scrub while her husband and daughter were away; and the consequence was that the side-table had its petticoats tucked up round its waist, thereby revealing the fact that its legs were not mahogany but deal; the hearth-rug was rolled up, and sitting in the big-armed Windsor chair; the fender had gone to bed in the back-room; and the chairs seemed to be playing at being acrobats, and were standing one upon the other; while the chimney ornaments—shepherds and shepherdesses for the most part—were placed as audience on the top of the little cupboard to look on.

Mrs. Shingle finished her task of cleaning-up before descending, carrying a pail which had to be emptied and rinsed out before her hands were dried.

Mrs. Shingle was a pleasant, plump woman, who had run a good deal to dimple; in fact, the backs of her hands were full of coy little pits, where the water hid when she washed, and her wedding-ring lay in a kind of furrow from not having grown with her hands.

She gave a few touches with a duster to the lower room, which was half sitting-room, one-fourth kitchen, and one-fourth workshop, inasmuch as there was a low shoemaker's bench, with its tools, under the window, beneath which, and secured to the wall by a strap, were lasts, knives, awls, pincers, and various other implements of the shoemaker's art. On a stand close by stood a sewing-machine, and on the table were so many patches of kid and patent leather, evidently awaiting the needle.

Mrs. Shingle had finished her hurried cleaning, and the furniture was put back; been to the glass and arranged her hair, and finished off by taking out three pins, which she stuck in her mouth as if it were a cushion, giving herself a shake, which caused her dress, that had been round her waist, to fall into its customary folds; and then, sitting down, she was soon busy at work binding boots, when the open door was darkened, and a fashionably dressed young man, of five-and-twenty years, tapped on the panel with the end of his stick, entered with a languid walk, said, "How do, aunt?" and seated himself on the edge of the table.

The visitor's clothes were very good, but they had a slangy cut, and might have been made for some leviathan of a music-hall, who intended to delineate what he termed "a swell." For the cuffs of the excessively short coat nearly hid the young fellow's hands, even as the ends of his trowsers almost concealed his feet; his shirt-front was ornamented with large crimson, zigzag patterns, and his hat was so arranged on the back of his head that it pressed down over his forehead a series of unhappy, greasy-looking little curls, which came down to his eyebrows.

Mrs. Shingle nodded, and stabbed a pair of boot-tops very viciously as the young man saluted her.

"Old man out?" he said.

"You know he is," retorted Mrs. Shingle, "else you wouldn't have come."

"Don't be hard on a fellow, aunt," he said. "You know I can't help coming. Where's Jessie?"

"Out!" said Mrs. Shingle, sharply.

"She always is out when I come," drawled the young man, tapping his teeth with his cane. "I believe she is up-stairs now."

"Then you'd better go up and see!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle. "Look here, Fred, I'm sure your father don't approve of your coming here."

"I can't help what the governor likes," was the reply. "I'm not going to ask him where I'm to go. Is Jessie out?"

"I told you she was, sir," replied Mrs. Shingle.

"Don't be cross, aunt. It's all right, you know. The old man will kick a bit, but he'll soon come round. Don't you get being rusty about it. You ought to be pleased, you know; because she ain't likely to have a chance to do half so well. I shall go and meet her."

As he spoke, the young man—to wit, Frederick Shingle, Esq., eldest son and heir of Maximilian Shingle, Esq., of Penton Square, Pentonville—slowly descended from the table, glanced at himself in the glass, and made for the door.

"She's gone down the Goswell road, I know," said the young man, turning to show his teeth in a grin.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle, hastily.

"Thanky, I know," said the young fellow, with a wink; and he passed out.

"Bother the boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle, hastily. "Now he'll meet her, and she'll be upset, and Dick will be cross, and Tom look hurt. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I wish she'd been as ugly as sin! Ah, my precious!" she added, as a trim, neat little figure came hurrying in, snatched off her hat and hung it behind the door.

She was only in a dark-brown stuff dress, but it was the very pattern of neatness, as it hung in the most graceful of folds; while over all shone as sweet a face as could be seen from east to west, in the bright innocence looking out of dark-gray eyes.

"Back again, mother," accompanied by a hasty kiss, was the reply to Mrs. Shingle's salute.

Then, brushing the crisp, fair hair back from her white temples, the girl popped herself into a chair, opened a little packet, drew close to the sewing-machine, and in response to the pressure of a couple of little feet, that would have made anything but cold, crystallized iron thrill, the wheel revolved, and with a clinking rattle the needle darted up and down.

"Then you didn't meet Fred?" said Mrs. Shingle, watching her child as she spoke.

"Fred? No, mother," was the reply, as the girl started, colored, and the consequence was a tangle of the threads, and a halt. "Has he been here?" she continued, as with busy fingers she tried to set the work free once more.

"Yes, just now, and set out to meet you. I wonder how you could have missed him?"

There was a busy pause for a few minutes, during which some work was hastily finished, and while Mrs. Shingle kept watching her child from time to time uneasily, the latter rose from the machine and began to double up the packet upon which she had been at work, and to place it upon a couple more lying close by on a black cloth.

"I hope you don't encourage him, Jessie," said Mrs. Shingle, at last.

"Mother!" exclaimed the girl, and her face became like crimson, "how can you?"

"Well, there, there—I'll say no more!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle; "only it worries me. Now make haste, there's a dear, or you'll be late. Don't stop about, Jessie; and, whatever you do, don't come back without the money. Your uncle's sure to come or send to-day, and it's so unpleasant not being ready."

"I'll be as quick as I can, mother," said Jessie, briskly.

"And you won't stop, dear?"

"I don't know what you mean, mother," said the girl, with a tell-tale blush on her cheek.

"How innocent you are, to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle, tartly. Then, smiling, she continued, "There, I'm not cross, but I don't quite like it. Of course, Tom don't know when you go to the warehouse, and won't be waiting. There, I suppose young folks will be young folks."

"I can't help it, mother, if Mr. Shingle meets me by accident," said Jessie, blushing very rosily, and pouting her lips.

"But he mustn't meet you by accident; and you're cousins, and it oughtn't to be. Uncle Max would be furious if he knew of it, and those two boys will be playing at Cain and Abel about you, and you mustn't think anything about either of them."

"Mother!" exclaimed Jessie.

"I can't help it, my dear; I must speak, and put a stop to it. Your father would be very angry if he knew it."

"Oh, don't say so, mother!" exclaimed Jessie, with a troubled look.

"But I must say it, my dear, before matters get serious; and I've been thinking about it all, and I've come to the conclusion that it must all be stopped. Now, what impudence, to be sure! I believe that's him come again."

"May I come in?" said a voice, after a light tap at the door. And a frank, manly face appeared at the opening.

"Yes, you can come in," said Mrs. Shingle, sharply. And, in spite of her knitted brows, she could not keep back a smile of welcome as the owner of the frank, manly face entered the room, kissed her, and then turned and caught Jessie's hands in his, with the result that the parcel she was making up slipped off the table to the ground.

"There, how clumsy I am!" he exclaimed, picking up the fallen package, and nearly striking his head against Jessie's, as, flushed and agitated, she stooped too. "Well, aunt dear, how are you?"

"Oh, I'm well enough," said Mrs. Shingle, tartly, as she stretched a piece of silk between her fingers and her teeth, and made it twang like a guitar-string. "What do you want here?"

"What do I want, aunt? All right, Jessie—I'll tie the string. Thought I'd come in, and carry Jessie's parcel."

"Oh, there!" exclaimed the girl.

"Now, look here, Mr. Tom Shingle," said Mrs. Shingle, holding up her needle as if it were a weapon of offense. "You two have been planning this."

"Mother!" cried Jessie.

"Oh, no, we did not, aunt," cried the young man; "it was all my doing. No, no, Jessie—I'll carry the parcel."

"No, no, Tom; indeed you must not!" cried Jessie.

"I should think not, indeed!" cried Mrs. Shingle, who, as she glanced from one to the other, and thought of her own early days, plainly read the love that was growing up between the young people; but she did not see that her first visitor, Fred, had come back, and was standing gazing, with a sallow, vicious look upon his face, at what was going on inside, before going off with his teeth set and an ugly glare in his eyes.

"Tom Shingle," continued the lady of the house, "I mean Mr. Tom—Mr. Thomas Shingle—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to behave in this way. You, quite the gentleman, and under Government, and coming to poor people's houses, and wanting to carry parcels and all, like a poor errand-boy."

"Stuff and nonsense, aunt! I'm not a gentleman, and I'm only your nephew; and whilst I'm here I'm not going to see dear little Jessie here go through the street carrying a parcel, when I can do it for her."

"But you must not, indeed, Tom—I mean Mr. Shingle," said Jessie, in a half-tearful, half-laughing fashion—"I'm going to the warehouse, and I must carry it myself."

"I know you are going to the warehouse," said Tom, laughing; "but you must not carry the parcel yourself."

"But, my dear boy," said Mrs. Shingle, who was evidently softening, "think of what your father would say."

"I can't help what he would say, aunt," said the young man, earnestly; "I only know I can't help coming here, and I don't think you want to be cruel and drive me away."

"No—no—no," said Mrs. Shingle, "but——"

"Do you, Jessie?"

"No, Tom—Mr. Shingle," faltered Jessie. "But——"

"But—but!" exclaimed the young man, impatiently. "Bother Mr. Shingle! My dear Jessie, why are you turning so cold here before your mother? Are you ashamed of our love?"

"No—no, Tom!" she cried, eagerly.

"And you know how dearly I do love you?"

"Yes, Tom," faltered Jessie, sadly; "but it must be only as cousins."

"And why?" asked the young man, sternly.

"Because," said Jessie, laying her hand upon his arm, "I'm only a very poor girl, Tom, and half educated."

"What a wicked story, Jessie!" cried Mrs. Shingle, who had her apron to her eyes, but now spoke up indignantly—"why, you write beautiful."

"And," continued Jessie, "your father—my father would never consent to it; for I'm not a suitable choice for you to make."

"Why, Jessie," cried the young man, "you talk like a persecuted young lady in a book. What nonsense! Uncle Richard, if he felt sure that I should make you a good husband, would give his consent. And, as to my father——"

"Now, look here, you two," said Mrs. Shingle, "it's important that Jessie should get to the warehouse with those things, and you're stopping idling. It's quite late as it is."

"Come along, then," cried Tom, seizing the parcel.

"No, no," cried Jessie, who looked pale, and trembled.

"No, indeed; he must not go with you," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Don't be cruel, aunt," said Tom, appealingly. "I don't like Jessie to go by herself."

"There, then, she's not going by herself; I'm going with her," exclaimed Mrs. Shingle.

"Then let me go instead."

"No, no!" cried Jessie, getting agitated. "You must not!"

"You have some reason, Jessie," said Tom, looking at her suspiciously.

"No, no, Tom; don't look at me like that!" she cried.

"Then tell me why," he said, sternly.

"The man at the warehouse made remarks last time you came," said Jessie, hesitating.

"I'll make marks and remarks on him, if he does!" cried Tom. "Aunt," he continued, angrily, "I can't bear it! It's not right for Jessie to go alone—and I don't believe you were going. It makes me half mad to think that she may be insulted by some puppy or another, and I not be there to knock him down!"

"But no one will insult her, my boy," said Mrs. Shingle, looking at him admiringly.

"But people do, and have!" cried Tom, grinding his teeth. She has told me so. Because she goes with a parcel through the streets, every unmanly rascal seems to consider she is fair game for him; and—hang it, aunt, I can't help it!—if any scoundrel does it again, I'll half kill him!"

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" whispered Jessie, while her mother gave him an admiring look, as he strode up and down, with the veins in his forehead starting, and then uttered a sob.

"I can't help it!" he cried; "it's more than a fellow can bear. I'm not ashamed to own it—I love Jessie dearly; and if she'll be my little wife, I don't care what anybody says. Poor girl, indeed! Where's the lady in our set that can stand before her?"

"Not many, I know," said Mrs. Shingle, proudly.

"She can't help uncle being poor, and I can't help my father being rich. Come, aunt, you'll let me go?"

"I mustn't, my dear boy."

"Then it's because that brother of mine has been here!" cried Tom, angrily.

"No, no, no!" cried Mrs. Shingle; "indeed it isn't, my dear boy. But I mustn't allow it—I mustn't, indeed. Your father would never forgive me."

"Jessie, dear," cried the young man, taking her hand, "you know I love you."

"I know you say you do, Tom," she faltered.

"And I think you care for me—a little."

"Oh, no, Tom; I don't think I do—not a bit," she said, half-archly, half with the tears in her sweet eyes, as they would look tenderly at him, and seemed to say how much she would like him to come and protect her.

"I do not believe you, my darling!" he cried, impetuously. "I'm quite satisfied about that. Aunt, dear, you'll let me go with her?"

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Shingle; "and I'm sure it will lead to trouble."

"Not it, aunt," cried the young man. "Come, Jessie."

"No, no, no!" cried Jessie. "Indeed, you ought not to come, Tom."

"Tom! Well, I must come after that," he cried.

"Oh, no. I did not mean it," she said.

"Well, look here," said the young fellow. "Listen, both of you. If you will not let me walk with you side by side, I'll follow like a shadow."

"Shadows can't carry parcels," said Jessie, merrily.

"This one can, and will," he cried.

"There, go along, do, both of you," said Mrs. Shingle, whose eyes twinkled with pleasure as she looked on Tom's eager face. "You'll be dreadfully late."

"All right," cried Tom, joyfully; "we'll make haste, and if we are going to be late we'll take a cab."

"Because we are ashamed of the parcel," said Jessie, demurely.

"Ashamed!" cried Tom. "Why, if you'll come with me, I'll take the parcel under one arm and you under the other, and walk all round the quadrangle at Somerset House, when the clerks are leaving, just to make them all envious."

"Go along, do!" cried Mrs. Shingle.

And she stood gazing after them as there was a playful struggle for the parcel at the door; while, as they disappeared, the plump little woman took up her shoe-binding, began stitching, and said:

"Heigho! I'm afraid I've done very wrong.

CHAPTER II.

HOPPER—SHIP'S HUSBAND.

"HALLOA, you sir!" said a snarling voice; "mind where you're running to!"

"Beg pardon! Halloa, Mr. Hopper—is it you?" exclaimed Tom.

"Eh? What? Yes, it is me, you rough, ill-mannered cub! Tom Shingle, if you were my son, hang it, sir, I'd thrash you, sir—trying to knock down a respectable wayfarer who is getting old and infirm."

He shook the ugly, knobby stick he carried at the young man as he spoke, and his great, massive head, with its unkempt, grizzled hair and untended beard and whiskers,

looked anything but pleasant; for from beneath his shaggy, overhanging brows his eyes seemed to flash again.

"I didn't try to knock you down," shouted Tom Shingle, putting his face close to that of the old fellow, who looked as if his sixty years had been spent in gathering dirt more than in cleaning it off.

"Don't shout. I'm not so deaf as all that, you ugly ruffian! Pick up those boots!"

Tom stooped, and picked up a very old pair of unpolished boots that the other had been carrying beneath his arm, and had let fall on the pavement in the collision.

"There you are, Mr. Hopper, and I beg your pardon, and I'm very sorry," said Tom, smiling pleasantly. "There you are," he continued, tucking the boots under his arm. "It's all right now."

"What are you halloing like that for, you ugly young bull-calf?" snarled the old fellow, shaking his stick. "Do you think I want all the people in the buildings to come out and listen? Don't I tell you I'm not so deaf as all that, hang you? What are you going to do with that girl?"

"Only going down into the city," replied Tom.

"Hey?" said the old fellow.

"City!" shouted Tom.

"Oh, does your father know you're going with her?" cried the old fellow, with a malevolent grin beginning to overspread his countenance.

"No," said Tom, flushing slightly; while Jessie began to look troubled.

"Hey?"

"No!" shouted Tom.

"Does her father know you've come?" said the old fellow, pointing at Jessie with his stick.

"No!" said Tom, stoutly, and beginning to grow indignant.

"Then," continued the old fellow, chuckling, and rubbing his hands together, and dropping first his stick and then his boots, which Jessie hastened to pick up, "I'll go and see Mr. Shingle to-night, and tell him; and I'll wait here till Richard Shingle comes home, and I'll tell him; and there'll be the devilishest devil of a row about it that ever was. You've no business here, and you know it, you scoundrel! She isn't good enough for you. You're to marry the fair Violante—the violent girl—he, he, he! ha, ha, ha! There'll be a storm for you to-night, young fellow; so look out."

"I'll trouble you to mind your own business, Mr. Hopper!" exclaimed Tom, hotly.

"Hey?" said the old fellow, holding a boot up to his right ear, like a speaking-trumpet.

"I say if you get interfering with my affairs, Mr. Hopper," cried Tom, angrily, and paying no heed to a whispered remonstrance from Jessie, "I'll——"

"I can't hear a word you say," said the old fellow. "Try the other side."

As he spoke he held the other boot to his left ear, and leaned forward in a most irritating manner, grinning the while at the speaker.

"I say that if you dare to——"

"Tchsh! I can't hear a word if you mumble like that," snarled the old fellow. "Oh, be off with you. I've got no time to waste. I'm sixty, and if I'm lucky I've only got ten years to live. You're five-and-twenty, and got forty-five, so you are wasteful of your time, and spend it in running after girls who don't want you, like your beautiful brother Fred—bless him for a sweet, handsome, pure-minded youth! Bless him! if I had any money to leave, I'd put him down in my will for it—an artful, designing scoundrel!"

"Look here, Mr. Hopper," cried Tom, hotly, "you can abuse me as much as you like, and tell tales as much as you like, and play the sneak; but I won't stand here and hear my brother maligned."

"There, it's no use—I can't hear a word you say," grumbled the old fellow. "But it don't matter; I can see by your manner that you are abusing a poor, helpless old fellow, the friend of your father and her father; and you are keeping her back, so that she'll be late with her parcel, and make her lose the work, and then you'll be happy."

"Confound——" began Tom. "Here, come along, Jessie," he cried, snatching her arm through his.

And the old man stood chuckling to himself as he watched them out through the tunnel.

"He, he, he! ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old fellow, as he made for the door with the red sign, and, giving a sharp rap with his stick, entered at once, nodding quietly at Mrs. Shingle.

"Here, I've brought Dick a job," he said, carrying the old pair of boots to the bench. "He's to do them directly, and they're to be sixpence—I won't pay another penny. Are you listening?"

Mrs. Shingle nodded, and went on with her work.

"He's to put a good big corn on the last of the left hand foot, and then cut away the leather, well wax a patch and put it on. My left foot hurts me horrid."

"You ought to have a new pair," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Hey?"

"You ought to have a new pair," she continued, a trifle more loudly.

"Have a new pair?"

Mrs. Shingle nodded.

"Bah! How can I afford a new pair? Times are hard. Ships' husbands don't make money like they used. New pair, indeed! They're good enough for me. Tell him to mend 'em well, and they are to be sixpence, d'yer hear?"

Mrs. Shingle nodded, with her silk in her mouth, gave it a twang, and went on.

"You'll break your teeth one of these days," said the old fellow, taking off his hat, placing it on his stick, and standing it in a corner. Then, going in a slow, bent way to the well-waxed and polished Windsor chair, he gave the chintz cushion a punch, took a long clay pipe off the chimney-piece, made a chirrup, reached an old leaden tobacco-box from the same place, set it up on the table, and sat down.

"My teeth are used to it," said Mrs. Shingle, smiling pleasantly, as if she were quite accustomed to the old fellow's proceedings.

"Hey?"

"I say my teeth are used to it," repeated Mrs. Shingle.

"Oh! Don't shout. I say, this tobacco's as dry as a chip," he continued, filling his pipe.

Mrs. Shingle sighed.

"Dick's been going it awfully," grumbled the old fellow; "there was nearly half an ounce here last night."

Mrs. Shingle rose, took the matches from the chimney-piece, struck a light, and held it to the bowl of the pipe, when the visitor puffed the tobacco into a state of incandescence, and then subsided into his chair with a satisfied grunt, and sat staring straight before him, while Mrs. Shingle sighed, and went on with her stitching.

"I met those two," said the old fellow, after a pause.

Mrs. Shingle looked up sharply.

"Won't do," said her visitor.

"What won't do?"

"Hey?"

"I say, what won't do?" said Mrs. Shingle, coloring, and looking at him anxiously.

"I can hear you—don't shout," said the old fellow. "I say that won't do. Has Tom been here much?"

"No, not much," said Mrs. Shingle.

"I don't quite understand Tom," said the old fellow; "but I think he's a scamp."

"Indeed, I'm sure he's not!" cried Mrs. Shingle, excitedly.

"Sure he's not!" chuckled the old fellow. "Of course. Just like you women. You take a fancy to a man, and the blacker he is the more you say he's white."

"I'm sure Tom is a very good, gentlemanly young fellow."

"Ha, ha, ha! Of course. But it won't do, Polly—it won't do."

"I don't see why it shouldn't do," said Mrs. Shingle, turning her head. "They're both young and nice-looking."

"Bah! will that fill their insides?" retorted the old fellow.

"And they're getting very fond of each other."

"More shame for you to let 'em," said the old boy, composedly. And his eyes twinkled with malicious glee as he saw the little woman begin to grow ruffled, like a mother hen, and the color come into her wattles and comb.

"And pray why?" said Mrs. Shingle, loudly.

"Don't shout," said the old fellow. "Why, indeed! What will Max say when he knows of it?"

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Shingle, "what, indeed!"

"He'll boil over in his cursed sanctified way, and kick Tom out of the house without a shilling."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Shingle, letting her work fall into her lap and wringing her hands; "that's what I've been thinking, and I've tried all I could to stop it; but the more I try, the fonder they get of one another."

"Of course they do. That's their way—the young fools!" snarled the old fellow; "and if you let 'em alone, Jessie will marry the young noodle, fill his house full of children, and make him a poor man all his life."

"That wouldn't matter much, if they were happy," sighed Mrs. Shingle.

"Same as you've kept poor old Dicky?"

"Indeed! and we never had but one little one," said Mrs. Shingle, indignantly.

"Hey?"

"I say we never had but one little one—Jessie," said Mrs. Shingle, indignantly.

"Gross piece of extravagance, too," snarled the old fellow. "You couldn't afford children."

"No, indeed," sighed Mrs. Shingle.

"And now you're encouraging that pretty young baggage, who coaxes and carneys round you, to get herself in the same mess, and then you'll be happy."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear me! I wish I knew what to do," sighed Mrs. Shingle.

"What to do!" chorused the old fellow. "No business to have married. I didn't, and I've saved just enough to live on, with strict economy; and see how happy I am."

"You don't seem to be," said Mrs. Shingle, tartly; "for you're always finding fault."

"Finding fault?"

Mrs. Shingle nodded.

"That's because I like it," chuckled the old fellow—"makes me happy. Then I come and smoke a pipe here one day, and one at Max's another day; and you're both so glad to see me that it makes me happy too. Ha! you've spoiled that girl of yours, or she wouldn't go on like she does."

"I'm sure Jessie couldn't be a better-behaved girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle.

"Stuff! You never whipped her well, and Max never trained his boys. Good thing, flogging. Makes the skin elastic—gives room to grow. Where's Dick?"

"Gone to his brother's."

"Gone to his brother's?"

Mrs. Shingle nodded.

"What's he gone there for?"

"Take home a pair of new boots."

"What! did Max give Dick an order for a new pair?"

Mrs. Shingle nodded.

"Wonderful! He, he, he! Max is getting more virtuous than ever. I'll praise him next time I go."

"No, don't — please," said Mrs. Shingle, earnestly. "Every little does help so just now, and we can't afford to offend Max."

"So you make traps, and put Jessie in for a bait, and try to catch his two boys, eh?"

"Indeed, I did not!" cried Mrs. Shingle; "it was all Tom's own doing."

"Ah, I dare say it was; but young Fred's always hanging about here, too; and as soon as ever Max hears of it, there will be no end of a row. I shall put him on his guard."

"Pray say nothing!" cried Mrs. Shingle, imploringly.

"Why not? Best for both the young noodles to be brought to their senses."

"No, no; it would make them so unhappy. Let matters take their course. It will be quite time enough for the trouble to come when Maximilian finds it out for himself. Hush! here's Dick."

"That's right," snarled the old fellow—"woman all over. Keeping secrets from your husband. Glad I never married!"

Mrs. Shingle darted an indignant look at him, and no doubt a sharp retort was on her lips; but it was checked by a voice outside, and Richard Shingle, the occupant of the house, the mechanic who made boots and shoes and neatly executed repairs, entered the room, followed by his boy.

"Hallo, mother! here we are again, boots and all. Hallo, Hoppy, old man, how are you? Glad to see you. Too soon for the B flat yet; but you stop all day, and we'll polish that bit off to rights."

"How are you, Dick—how are you?" said the old man, quietly; and then, refilling his pipe, he lit up, half turned his back, and seemed to ignore that which followed, and to be totally ignored, on account of his deafness.

Richard Shingle was not an ill-looking man of forty; but he had a rather weak, vacillating expression of countenance, over which predominated a curious, puzzled look, which was due to something you could not make out. One moment you felt sure it was his eyes, but the next you said decidedly it was his mouth, while just as likely you set it down to his fair hair, or his rather hollow cheeks, or the cock of his chin. The fact was, it was due to all his features, his figure, and his every attitude; for Richard Shingle, as he stood before you, seemed as if he had just taken you by the buttonhole and said, in full sincerity, as applied to the general scheme of life and man's position on earth:

"I say, what does it all mean?"

For he was one of those men who had never "got on." He said he wanted to get on, and he worked very hard; but the world was too much for him, and he was always left behind. If he had lived at the equator, where it is so hot, and man naturally feels inert, while the world races round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, it is only

natural to suppose that he might have been left behind; but it would have been just the same if Richard Shingle's existence had been upon the very Pole itself, north or south, where he would only have been called upon to turn once round in twenty-four hours. As he lived in that part of the temperate zone known as Islington, where the medium rate of progress is in force, it remained, then, that not only could poor Dick never get ahead, but was always, in spite of his misplaced efforts, getting a little more and a little more behind.

And yet he looked a sharp, animated man, full of action, as on this occasion, when he bustled into the room, crying out: "Hallo, mother! here we are again, boots and all!"

"But you've not brought them back again, Dick?" said Mrs. Shingle, looking anxiously up from her work.

"What do you call that, then?" said Dick, taking a blue bag from a doleful-looking, thin, white-faced boy with very short hair, and turning the receptacle upside down, so that the contents fell out on the floor with a bang.

"Oh, Dick!"

"He said they were the wussest-made pair of boots he ever see. And after all the pains as I took with 'em!" said the speaker, dolefully, picking up one of the freshly polished feet-cases and examining it.

"Oh, Dick, how tiresome!"

"And swore he couldn't get his feet into 'em—least-wise," he added, correctively, "he didn't swear—Max is too good to swear—he said as he couldn't get his feet in 'em."

"Tut—tut—tut!" ejaculated Mrs. Shingle, stitching away at her work.

"He blowed me up fine—said I wasn't fit to shoe a horse, let alone a Christian man; when—look at 'em. Did you ever see a prettier pair, eh, Hoppy?" he shouted.

The old man glanced at the boots and grunted, turning away again directly.

"Look at 'em, mother—rights and lefts, and the soles polished off smooth; and see how prettily they put out their tongues at you, all lined with a bit o' scarlet basil. Called me a cobbler, too, he did; and after laying myself out on the artistic tack, so as to get his future patronage, and that of his two boys."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!"

"Yes, it is 'Oh, Dick, Dick!' Bad, too, as we want the money. Wouldn't fit you, I suppose, Hoppy?"

"Hey?"

"I say they wouldn't fit you, would they? You should have 'em cheap."

"Bah, no! I couldn't wear boots like those. Couldn't afford it—couldn't afford it. There's a pair for you to mend."

"All right, old man, all right; I'll do 'em. Of course they wouldn't do for you," he continued. "Bad, too, as we want the money. Said it was what always came of employing relatives, but he did it out of charitable feeling—so as to give me a lift. Called me a bungler, too, when, look here, mother, how nicely I made a little mountain on that side to hold his bunion, and a little Greenwich-hill on that side to accommodate his favorite corn. Blow my rags, mother, if it ain't too bad! That's working for relations, that is. Dressed up a bit, too, this morning, to take 'em home, so as not to disgrace him by looking too shabby; and made Union Jack walk behind to carry the blue bag, same as if I was a sooperior kind of tradesman, and his servants shouldn't look down on me. Said I was Mr. Richard Shingle, too, when the boy opened the door. But it was all no go. Another of my failures, old gal. Tell you what it is, mother, it'll be what the drapers call a terrific crash if it goes on like this."

"But Dick, dear, you don't mean that he won't have the boots at all?"

"That's just what I do mean. He's shied 'em on my hands. 'Tain't as if he'd shied them on my feet."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Shingle.

"Dear!" said Dick, trying to raise a feeble laugh. "That's just what they are. I can't afford to wear a pair of handsome boots like them. Only look at 'em. Leather cost me nine shillings before I put in a stitch."

"I declare, it's too bad, Dick!" whimpered Mrs. Shingle; "and us so badly off, too. Brother, indeed! He's worse than——"

"There, that'll do," said Dick, taking off his coat. "Don't you get letting on about him, mother, because he is my brother, you know. Blood *is* thicker than water."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it, Dick, if it's ten times as thick," said Mrs. Shingle, stabbing away at her bootbinding as if the kid leather were Maximilian Shingle's skin, and she were serving him out.

"No, you don't," said Dick, rolling up his sleeves, and tying on his leather apron, before going to the chimney-glass, and putting a piece of ribbon round his rather long hair, apparently to embellish his countenance, but really to keep the hair out of his eyes when he bent down over his work. "No, mother; that's because you're put out, and cross, and won't see it; but blood is thicker than water, ain't it, Hoppy?"

"Hey?" said Hoppy, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"I say blood is thicker than water, ain't it?"

"Ever so much!" growled the old fellow, going on with his smoking; while Dick, glancing over his shoulder, and seeing that his wife's attention was taken up with the binding, slipped a half-ounce packet of tobacco into his old friend's hand, with a nod and a wink, to indicate that the strictest secrecy must be observed.

"Yes," continued Dick, retiring toward his bench; "that's what I always say—brothers is brothers, and blood's thicker than water. And as to Max—well, it's a way he's got, and he can't help it."

"Stuff!" ejaculated Mrs. Shingle, sharply.

"No, no, mother—it ain't stuff, neither; so don't talk like that. Here you, sir," he cried to the boy, who was standing staring from one to the other, "get to work, you luxurious young rascal! That ain't the way to improve your shining hours. Wax up and get ready a pair of fine points to mend them old shoes."

"All right, master," said the boy.

And, slipping off his threadbare jacket, he sat down on a stool, and began to unwind a ball of hemp.

"I don't believe in such brothers," said Mrs. Shingle, bitterly. "Brothers, indeed!"

"No, that's it, mother; it's because you are a bit put out. But you'll see it in the right light soon, for blood is thicker than water. Ah!" he continued, rearranging the band round his forehead; and then, catching sight of a letter tucked behind the glass: "Now, if old Uncle Rounce's money—or present, as he calls it—would drop in now, it would be welcome."

As he spoke he opened the letter, which was written on thin paper, and bore Australian postmarks, and began to read aloud:

"'Thinking that a little money might be useful, I have sent you a present'—and so on. Now, I wonder when that money's coming?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Shingle, tartly.

"Now, there's where you are wrong, mother," said Dick. "It's very kind of the old fellow, who must have got on famously to be able to send us a few pounds—it's sure to be pounds when it does come."

"And it won't never come!" said Mrs. Shingle; "for you've had that letter nine months."

"Well, if it don't, mother, it don't—that's all; but what I say is, blood is thicker than water, or else old Uncle Sol—as I never see, only heard on—wouldn't have said he'd send me a present; would he, Hoppy?"

"Hey?"

"I say Uncle Rounce wouldn't have said he'd send me a present if blood warn't thicker than water."

"No. Have you got it yet?" said the old fellow.

"No, not yet. I asked Max about it, and he said he didn't believe it would come."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes, he said that," replied Dick, doubling the letter again, and replacing it behind the old looking-glass. "I dessay it'll come, though, some day."

"You had better try and sell those boots at once," said Mrs. Shingle, rather impatiently, and as if she had not much faith in the coming money.

"Sell 'em?" said Dick, rather down on his luck. "Yes; but who's to buy 'em? There's only two feet in London as will fit 'em, and they're Max's."

"I declare it's too bad, Dick dear, and we so pressed for money. The rent's due, you know. Rolling in riches, as he is, and to behave so to his poor brother, who works so hard."

"Gently, mother, gently; it's only a way he's got. But I do work pretty hard, don't I?—only I'm so unlucky."

"Why don't you make a good dash at something, instead of plodding, then?" said Hopper, suddenly.

"Come, now," said Dick, with an ill-used look and tone, "don't you turn round on me like that, Hoppy, old man. We're too good friends for that. It's what Max always says; and I ain't clever, so how can I?"

Hopper relapsed into silence.

"There, there, I shall get over it," continued Dick, working away; "and as to rolling in riches, why, Max can't help rolling in riches any more than I can help rolling in nothing. It's his way. But I say, mother, if we had riches, I think I could roll in 'em with the best."

"Don't talk nonsense, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle, "when we're so worried, too. There!" she added, in a whisper, as their visitor rose, "we're driving him away."

"Going, Hoppy, old man?" said Dick, as their visitor rose and laid aside his pipe.

"Yes, going now," said the old fellow. "I'll drop in, perhaps, in the evening."

"We haven't put you out, have we?" said Dick.

"No, no, my lad—it's all right. Dick, just lend me sixpence. My money is not due till Monday."

Dick's countenance fell, and he glanced at his wife.

"Have you got a sixpence, Polly?" he said.

"Not one," was the reply.

"I'm very sorry, Hoppy, old man," said Dick, looking more puzzled than ever, and as if this time he really could not understand why he should be so poor and his brother so rich—"but really I haven't got it."

"Never mind," said the old fellow—"never mind; I dare say I can do without."

And, grumbling and muttering, he took up his hat and stick, and went off, apparently in what Dick called a "huff."

CHAPTER III.

DICK ON HIS BENCH.

"Now HE's put out," said Dick, looking puzzled at his wife. "I did not mean to upset him; but a man can't lend another man what he hasn't got, can he, mother?"

There was no answer—only the clicking of Mrs. Shingle's needle against her thimble.

"I say a man can't lend what he hasn't got—can he, mother?" said Dick, again; as he bent over some strange performance that he was achieving with an awl and some wax-end.

"I wasn't thinking of that, Dick," said his wife, with a sigh; "but of the money for the boots."

"There, you needn't fidget about that," said Dick, throwing out his arms so as to draw the wax-end tight—"for we shouldn't have had the money if he had kept the boots."

"Not had the money?"

"No—he meant to keep it for the rent. He said so."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle. "Well, that comes of having your brother for your landlord. He's as hard again as any one else."

"Well, Max always was a hard one, certainly, my dear. Ever since we were boys together, 'Merry, merry boys—since we were boys together,'" he sang.

Then descending once more to everyday life conversation, he went on:

"He was a hard one, Max was; and as to money, he'd always have a penny or twopence when I had none, even if he borrowed it of me."

"And never paid it again," said his wife, contemptuously.

"Well, it was a way he had," said Dick.

"I haven't patience with him!"

"No, my dear—you never did have patience with Max. But I say, mother—— Can't you go on with your work, you young rascal? What are you opening those ears like that for, you young dog, eh?"

"Please, master, I couldn't help hearing," said the boy, dolefully. "I'm a-learning my trade, and trying to obey my pastors and masters as hard as ever I can."

"Now, lookye here," said Dick, taking up his hammer, and gazing threateningly at the boy, "I never have given it to you yet, John Johnson, or, as I familiarly call you—from where you came and the stripes you had on you when you came—Union Jack——"

"No, master," whined the thin boy, "you've been very kind indeed to me."

And, as he spoke, he seemed to be thin even to transparency.

"I have, you hungry young alligator," said Dick. "So look here, I won't have it; I'm as bad as Mr. Hopper that way—I hate people to preach at me, and sling catechism at me; so don't you do it again."

"No, master; please, I'll try very hard indeed, and obey you, as it is my dooty to."

"Will you leave off?" roared Dick, striking his bench with the hammer, so that the tools and nails jumped almost as much as the boy. "You're at it again, talking in that canting, whining, trod-under-foot, work-house style; and I won't have it. What did I tell you you was?"

"A free-born Briton, please, master."

"Then why don't you act as such?" cried Dick, "and say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, Sir,' outright and down straight?—not whine and grovel like a worm without any sting in his tail."

"Please, master, I'll try and order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

"Now, just hark at him!" cried Dick to his wife.

"Please, master, I'm very——"

"Ah!" shouted Dick.

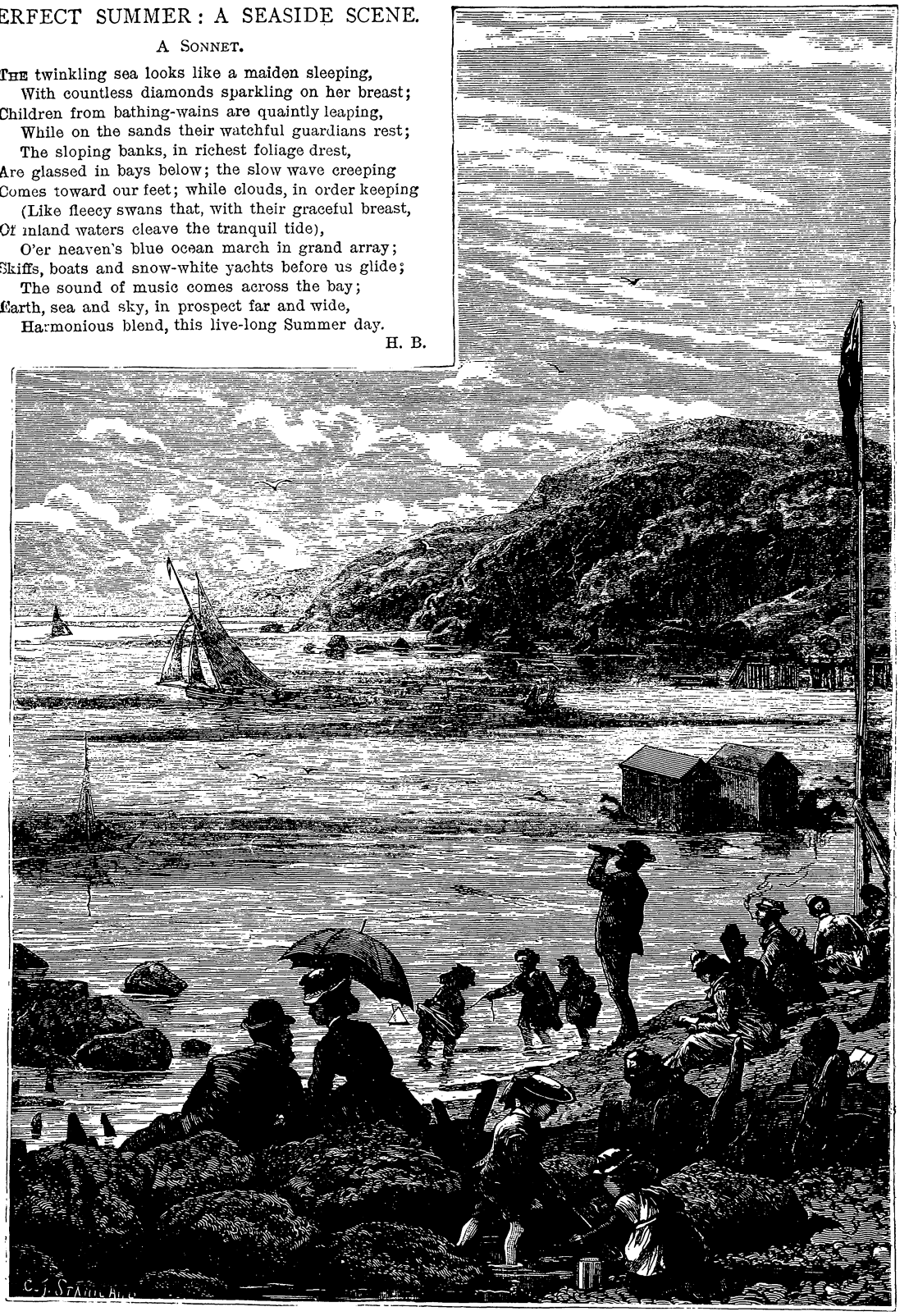
"All right, master," said the boy; and he bent to his work.

PERFECT SUMMER: A SEASIDE SCENE.

A SONNET.

THE twinkling sea looks like a maiden sleeping,
With countless diamonds sparkling on her breast;
Children from bathing-wains are quaintly leaping,
While on the sands their watchful guardians rest;
The sloping banks, in richest foliage drest,
Are glassed in bays below; the slow wave creeping
Comes toward our feet; while clouds, in order keeping
(Like fleecy swans that, with their graceful breast,
Of inland waters cleave the tranquil tide),
O'er heaven's blue ocean march in grand array;
Skiffs, boats and snow-white yachts before us glide;
The sound of music comes across the bay;
Earth, sea and sky, in prospect far and wide,
Harmonious blend, this live-long Summer day.

H. B.



"I say, mother," said Dick, "Max is a bit put out with us."

"So it seems," said Mrs. Shingle, biting her silk and stitching away. "I think he'd be glad if we starved to death."

"Well, I don't know about that, my girl, because it wouldn't be nice to look at, and he never liked unpleasant things. But he's a bit put out about our Jess."

"What?" said Mrs. Shingle, turning very red.

"About our Jess," said Dick, hammering away very viciously at an inoffensive-looking bit of leather. "He's got to know of his boys being so fond of coming here."

"Our Jessie's as good as his boys!" said Mrs. Shingle, sharply, and ready to stand her ground, now that the murder was out.

"So she is, my gal—so she is, every bit; but she's only copper, and they're silver-gilt in his eyes, if they ain't gold. Here, you, sir, you're listening again, instead of working!" he shouted to the boy, who began to gum his hands liberally with wax, and roll the threads on his lath-like knees. "But Max has been on to me about it, and he says he won't have it. And I always told them so, 'specially Tom. 'Tom,' I says, 'your governor won't like your coming here,' I says; 'and he'll think all sorts of things about it.'"

"Just as if money need make any difference," exclaimed Mrs. Shingle.

"It needn't, my gal," said Dick, grunting over his work; "but it do—it makes all the difference; you see if it don't. For if you don't get off with that bit of shoe-binding of yours, and bring back the money, we sha'n't get any dinner, and that's very different to having it. But where's Jessie?"

"Gone to the warehouse."

"What, all alone! Now, look here, mother—I won't have it! She's too young and pretty to go there all alone, and I won't have her left to be followed and annoyed by counter-jumpers, and that fellow as gives out the work. You know she come home crying on Friday. Why didn't you go with her?"

"I had this to finish, Dick."

"You've always got *this* to finish!" said Dick, testily. "Then you should have kept her till I came back."

"But it would have been too late, Dick. Where are you going?" she cried, as he rose and began to untie his apron.

"To meet her!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"But she hasn't gone alone, Dick," said his wife.

"If you've let her go there with that Fred, Polly, I'll never forgive you!" cried Dick.

"She's gone with Tom, dear."

"Tom, dear, indeed! It isn't 'Tom, dear,' and it isn't going to be 'Tom, dear,'" exclaimed Dick, re-tying his apron, viciously.

"But he came, dear, just as she was starting, and he begged so hard that I was obliged to let him go."

"There you go!" cried Dick, hammering again at the piece of unoffending leather. "You'll ruin me before you've done! Here's Max says only this morning, says he, 'I wont have that gal of your's hanging about after my sons.' He said 'gal' and 'my sons.' And I, feeling a bit up, says back, 'Lookye here, Max, I can't help your *boys* coming to my house. I'm not going to send my *daughter* away!' I think that was pretty sharp on him, you know; when, 'Damn your impudence!' he says——Look here, Jack," continued Dick, pointing at the boy with his hammer, "I promised the workhouse authorities as I'd bring you up moral—so don't you go telling anybody as your master swears, because that was some one else."

"All right, master," said the boy.

"That's better," cried Dick, "don't whine. Well, mother, then he gets in a towering rage, and showed me what was the matter with the boots. 'They'd got Jessie in 'em—that's where they wouldn't fit.' 'How dare you speak to me in that familiar way, sir?' he says, sticking himself out and looking big like a poor-law guardian. 'When I employ you, sir, as an humble tradesman, I desire you to pay me proper respect.' And now, mother, you've been and made worse of it. Blow my rags if I don't turn burglar, or something to make money, if things don't mend. I'm sick of being poor!"

"No, don't please, master," said the boy, with a whine. "Honesty's the best policy. And he who steals comes to a bad end."

"Now, just look here, young fellow," cried Dick, with a serio-comic look on his face, as he took up his hammer once more—"burglary's bad enough, but killing's worse. There was a man once who had a boy from a workus, just as I've had you, to teach you a trade——"

"Yes, master," said the boy, with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Well, he killed him with ill-usage, that's all," continued Dick. "I shouldn't like to kill you, you know; so don't you get chucking any more of your copy-book texes at me again."

"All right, master," said the boy, wiping his eyes.

"Now, look here, mother, once for all—I won't have it. I'm as poor as I can be to get along, and though we've swallowed my watch, and the sugar-tongs and spoons, I haven't swallowed my little bit of pride. And the next time that Tom or that Fred comes here, see if I don't call him a son of a purse-proud, stuck-up father, and slam the door in his face. Now, you be off!"

"Yes, Dick," said his wife, meekly; and she rose and gathered together her work. "But, Dick, you're not very cross with me?"

"Well, perhaps not," he said; and his eyes indorsed his words.

"But, look here, Dick; if Tom comes back with Jessie, you won't say anything unkind to him—for her sake."

"Won't I?" cried Dick, sharply. "I'll shy the lap-stone at him! If he's too good for my Jessie, she's too good for him."

"But don't hurt their feelings, Dick," she whispered, so that the boy should not hear.

"I don't want to hurt her feelings," said Dick, yielding to his wife's influence. "But there, you're trying to come round me again, as you always do, and I won't have it. Now be off!"

"Yes, Dick—I'm going," she said, meekly, as she put on her bonnet and shawl. "But I know you won't be unkind."

"Won't I?" said Dick, as the door closed. "I'll show some of them yet! I can be a regular savage when I like—can't I, Jack?"

"Please, what did you say, master?" whined the boy.

"I can be a regular savage when I like—can't I?" shouted Dick.

"Yes, master. Please, master, I'm so hungry."

"So what?" half shrieked Dick.

"So hungry, please, master."

"Hungry? Why, the boy's mad!" cried Dick, looking up in mock astonishment. "How dare you, sir? Hungry, indeed! There, take that wax out of your mouth. You're always trying to ruin me by eating the wax or chewing leather."

"I can't help it, master," said the boy. "Please, I'm so hungry."

"Hungry!" exclaimed Dick, with mock-heroic diction. "Brought up, too, as you were, at one of the first workhouses in the kingdom!"

"Please, master, I can't help it," said the boy. "I feel so hollow inside."

"Hollow? Nonsense, sir! It's bad tendencies, or desire for gluttony and wine-bibbing. And after I've been such a good master to you!"

"Yes, master; and I'll never, never, never——"

"'Never, never, never shall be slaves,'" sang Dick, in a musical tenor voice. "But don't you say that, Jack, my boy; because if you keep on running out of your trowsers

as you do, and looking like something growing out of two beans, which is your boots, and then joining in the middle and running up to a head, I sha'n't want you—specially if you're going to be hollow, and want filling out."

"But I don't want filling out, master, only just a little sometimes. I can't help feeling hollow, and as if something was gnawing me."

"Gnawing! Yes, that's it," cried Dick. "I always told you so. Brought up, too, as you were, in the first of Unions, and yet such is the wickedness of your nature that you will devour your food in such a way that it don't digest; and that's what you feel, sir—gnawing pains. There, fix up them bristles. You ain't hungry."

"It feels very much like as I used to feel at the workus, master," said the boy. "We all of us used to feel hollow there, sometimes, on rice days. I can't help it, please, master."

"Now, lookye here, my fine fellow, it won't do, so I tell you. I'm your master, ain't I?"

"Yes, please," said the boy, making a scoop with his hand.

"Leave off! I won't have it!" cried Dick. "You ain't to bow to me. I say as your master I ought to know best, and I say you ain't hungry; and, look here, don't you chew wax and leather any more, because they're my property, and you'll be tempted to swallow them, when it will not only be petty larceny, but they'll disagree with you. Now, go on sorting out the best o' them bits o' leather."

"Yes, master," said the boy.

Dick rose from his bench, and went to the cupboard to see if there was a crust of bread and some butter to give to the boy; but it was quite empty, and he began to walk up and down, talking to himself.

"It's very hard," he muttered, dolefully; "but the more I try to get on, the more I don't; and if things don't mend, God knows what's to become of us. Poor Polly! she frets a deal, only she hides it; and as for Jessie—— There, there, there! I can't bear to think of it," he groaned. "I must have been a fool, and so can't get on."

He scuffled back to his seat, for a familiar step was heard in the court; and, taking up his work, he began to sing merrily, after adjuring the boy to go on ahead.

"Hallo, mother," he cried, as Mrs. Shingle entered the room. "What have you brought—sausages?"

"No, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle, sadly; "they don't pay till next week."

"Don't pay for a week!" said Dick, letting his hands drop, but recovering himself directly. "All right!" he cried, "so much in store. 'Cheer up, Sam, and don't let your spirits go down,'" he sang. "I say, mother, ain't it time that Jessie was back?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle, sadly, "she'll be back soon. It's very hard, though, and it seems as if it never rained but it poured."

"Never does," said Dick, cheerily; "'so put up your gingham and drive away care,'" he sang. "Hang it, mother, I hope it won't really rain before she comes back. Did she take the big umbrella?"

"No, father," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Ah, bad job. But never mind—perhaps it won't rain. Go along, Jack, my lad. You don't feel hollow inside now, do you?"

"Yes, please, master, ever so much hollower," said the boy, pitifully.

"I never see such a boy," cried Dick. "Here, open the door, mother—it's Jessie. Hallo, my gal!" he cried, jumping up. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, father, father!" sobbed the girl, running to his arms.

"Why, my precious!" he exclaimed, patting her cheek, "what is it? Has any one dared—— Oh, that's it, is it?" he muttered; for his brother, closely followed by Tom Shingle, entered the room.

CHAPTER IV.

A BROTHERS' QUARREL.

MAXIMILIAN SHINGLE was a heavy, broad-faced man, very cleanly shaven, and with gray hair very smoothly brushed. His black suit was as glossy as a first-class undertaker's, and he always wore an old-style bunch of seals, with which he played as he spoke, spinning them round, while his other hand flourished a black ebony stick with a gold top and a good deal of tassel.

Metaphorically speaking, there was a good deal of tassel about Maximilian, for he swung and flourished about in his words and deeds, and always seemed to be more showy than substantial; and even now, when he was very white, and evidently in a towering passion, he flourished his seals and stick, and turned threateningly upon his brother; whilst the boy, who seemed to see in him a good deal of the workhouse official or Poor-law guardian, softly stole into the back room, and surveyed the proceedings through the crack of the door. In fact, the moment you saw Max Shingle, you said to yourself, "What a splendid man for a beadle!" And so he was. Put him in uniform, and he would have been simply perfect, from the soft roll of fat under his chin to the well-turned calf of his leg, which showed so prominently through his well-cut trowsers. His very appearance aggravated you, and caused an itching beneath the nail of your right toe; for he was one of those men whom Nature, out of pure beneficence, molded to be kicked as a relief to abnormal irritation. His appearance at every turn suggested it, inasmuch as he was padded with tissue of the most elastic nature, such as would yield easily to the foot, and thus the kicker would run no risks either of hurting himself or committing homicide, while he obtained the satisfaction of kicking all the same.

"Now, sir," began Max, fiercely addressing his brother, "what have you to say?"

"Well, I don't know yet," said Dick, looking in a puzzled way from one to the other. "What is it?"

"Don't know!" cried Max. "Didn't I speak to you, sir, an hour or two back?"

"Was it an hour or two back?" said Dick, who still held and soothed Jessie, as she clung to him.

"Yes, it was, sir!" cried Max, who was surprised that his brother did not cower, according to his wont. "I told you an hour or two ago that I would not have these disgraceful proceedings."

"What disgraceful proceedings?" said Dick, sullenly.

"These," cried Max, pointing with his stick, first at Jessie and then at Tom. "I speak to you, and warn you——"

"Let me say a word, father."

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried Max, holding up his stick; but the young man did not flinch. "I say I speak to you and warn you, and directly after I find your girl arm-in-arm with this foolish son of mine in the open street, sir—in the open street."

"Well, Max, you can't have the streets shut up," said Dick, quietly.

"How dare you address me, sir, like that?" cried Max.

"Father, will you listen?" cried Tom, who was losing patience; "it was all my fault."

"Silence, sir! I will not hear a word! Your conduct is disgraceful; and after the Christian example that has been set you——"

"I don't see anything unchristianlike in loving a good, sweet girl, father," said the young man, stoutly. "I cannot stand here and let you speak like this."

"Then go, sir—go, and never dare to enter beneath this roof again while these people are here!" cried Max. "I suppose you have had baits set to coax you into the trap, you silly pigeon."

"Indeed, father——"

"But let me tell them all," said Max, looking round with supreme disgust, "that if their nefarious scheme had succeeded, you would not have received a shilling from me."

Dick broke in here. He had been ready to explode several times, but had been kept back by wife and child. Now he could contain himself no longer.

"Here let me say a word!" he exclaimed. "He hasn't been coaxed here, nor nothing of the sort, Mr. Max. We don't want him, and won't have him! So there now."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Jessie.

"You hold your tongue, miss!" cried Dick, "and just try and have some pride in you."

"How dare you speak to me like that, sir?" cried Max, frowning portentously—"how dare you? You, whom I've tried so hard to raise out of the mud, but who always would persist in groveling!"

"I shouldn't have had to grovel so much if people paid me for the boots they ordered!" said Dick.

"You contemptible wretch!" cried Max. "You cloven-hoofed viper, who persists in turning and biting the hand that helped you! And after all we meant to do for you to try and raise you!—to endeavor to clothe and educate your neglected child, whose conduct as a work-girl is most reprehensible!"

"Look here, Max!" cried Dick, whose face was working with anger.

"Silence, sir!" cried Max, thumping his stick upon the floor. "You grow lower and lower year by year, and now try to reward me by making this despicable plan to drag yourself up to my level. Now, look here. I've warned you, and it has been of no use. I have let you occupy this house, when I might have had a better tenant, and you have got in arrears."

"Only two weeks!" cried Mrs. Shingle, indignantly.

"Silence, woman!" cried Max.

"Don't you call her a woman, Max, or there'll be a row!" exclaimed Dick.

"Silence, both of you!" cried Max. "I say I've let you get in arrears of rent for my property, and now you shall leave it! I'll let the house to honest people, who will pay——"

"Oh, Mr. Max!" cried Mrs. Shingle, imploringly.

"And then," continued Max, "I shall see the last of you, and have no more of these disgraceful meetings."

"Father, this is too bad!" cried Tom.

"Silence, boy!" said Max, placing one hand in the breast of his glossy frock coat, and scowling round at all in turn. "Does any one here think I'd disgrace my honorable house by such an alliance?"

"Nice, brotherly behavior, this!" cried Dick, indignantly.

"Brotherly?" cried Max. "Sir, I disown all relationship with you! You've hung on to my skirts too long, and now I'll be free of you. Miserable, groveling beggar!"

"I never begged or borrowed of you," said Dick.

"No; because I checked the impulse, or I should have had to keep you. And now you want to disgrace me and mine!"

"I'm sure no man could have been more industrious," put in Mrs. Shingle.

"Industrious!" cried Max, looking round at the shabby half workshop, half sitting-room. "Industrious! Yes, always idling in his wretched slough, instead of trying to improve his position—to get on; but I'll have no more of it. Leave this place you shall at once!"

"Oh, Mr. Shingle—Uncle Max!" cried Jessie, piteously: "it was all my fault. I ought to have known better. Don't turn poor father and mother out!"

"Bah!" ejaculated Max, contemptuously; while Tom made for Jessie, but his father laid his heavy arm across his chest.

"Don't, pray don't!" sobbed Jessie, joining her hands and looking piteously up in the smooth, smug face. "Don't do that, and I'll promise never to see—never to see Tom. No, no; I can't—I can't—I can't!" she cried, bursting into an agony of weeping.

"You shall promise no such thing, Jessie—dear cousin!" cried Tom, in a manly way, as, extricating himself from his father, he stepped up to her side and tried to take her hand, but she shrank from him and clung to her mother. "Jessie!" he exclaimed, "as I'm a man, I'll be true to you in spite of everything!"

"This is your work!" cried Max, furiously, as he turned to his brother. "Do you see now what you have done?"

"That was well spoke, Tom Shingle, and I never thought better of you than I do now," said Dick, rousing himself, though his face looked more perplexed than ever. "But I've had enough of this here. You and your father belong to the swells, and I'm a poor working-man. You two are ile, and floats on the top—we're only water, and goes to the bottom; but p'raps the water's got as much pride in it as the ile, and so's my poor girl, when she's got her bit of sorrow over. Tom Shingle, you're no match for her."

Max gave a loud, contemptuous laugh, which made Mrs. Shingle look up as if she would wither him.

"Not," continued Dick, "but what she's the best and purest girl in the whole world, though I, as her father, says it."

Dick took up his hammer in a helpless, meaningless way, and turned it over and over, examining the handle and the head, and gazing from one to the other, as if asking their opinion about the quality of the tool.

"I don't think I was ever so hard up in my life," continued Dick—"and mother, here, will bear me out if I don't speak what's good as Gorspel; but afore I'd stay under this here roof more than another week, I'd take the whole lot into the workus, and grow hollow like my poor boy here."

There was a half-stifled howl from the back room, but no one paid any heed.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Maximilian Shingle, as your poor shoemaker of a brother, as has been unlucky all his life, and never see the way to get up the ladder without shouldering and pulling some one else down, which wasn't his way, will ever trouble you again, nor let your boys come hanging about after his poor, dear gal. I never encouraged it, and never shall. Some day, p'raps, you'll come yourself and ask for it to be."

"I ask!" cried Max—"a common seamstress, an impudent drab!"

"Father!" cried Tom, starting forward, and laying his hand upon his mouth.

"Silence, sir!" shouted Max, who, roused by the opposition he had received, struck at his son with his tasseled cane. "I said an impudent, bold-faced drab!"

"Stop!" roared Dick, from whose face the puzzled look seemed to have departed, to give place to one of angry decision, and he stepped, hammer in hand, close up to his brother. "Look here, Max!" he cried, in a low, hoarse voice, "I don't want to play Cain, and there ain't much of the Abel about you; but my poor girl here"—he placed his arm round her as he spoke, and she hid her hot, indignant face upon his shoulder—"my poor girl here, I say, once read to me when she was a little one about a blacksmith knocking a man down with his hammer because he insulted his daughter. Now, you've insulted my dear, sweet gal, as the very poorest and lowest laborer about here has a respectful word for, and even the very costers at the stalls; and you've made my blood bile—poor and thin and beggarly as it is. So, now then, this is my house till I leaves it. I ain't Wat Tyler, and you ain't a tax-gatherer, and if you ain't gone in half a moment I'll give you what for."

"You scoundrel—you shall repent this!" cried Max.

But Dick made at him so menacingly that he hurried out of the house.

"Uncle," began Tom, who had stopped behind.

"After your father!" cried Dick, sternly. "I won't hear a word. No, nor you sha'n't touch her. Jessie, say good-by to him, and there's an end of it. We'll emigrate."

"Oh, father, what have I done?" cried Jessie.

"Nothing, Jessie, but what is right, my own darling; and here, before your father and mother——"

"Tom!" shouted Max from without.

"——I swear!" continued Tom, "that I will never give you up!"

"That'll do!" said Dick, uncompromisingly. "He's calling you. Out of my house!"

"Uncle," said Tom, "when you are cooler you'll think better of me, I hope. I can't help this. I do love Jessie dearly."

"I won't hear a word!" said Dick.

"But you'll shake hands with me, uncle?"

"No; I'm a poor shoemaker, and your father's made you a gentleman. Be off!"

"Oh, father! father!" cried Jessie; and she flung her arms round his neck.

"No, I won't give way!" cried Dick; but he was patting and soothing his child as he spoke.

"Shake hands with him, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle. "It ain't his fault."

"I *won't!*" cried Dick. "It is his fault—he had no business to come."

"No, father, it was my fault," sobbed Jessie. "Shake hands with him—please do!"

All this while Tom was standing with extended hand; and at last Dick's went out to join his for a moment, and was then snatched away.

"Good-by, dear Jessie," said Tom, then; "but mind, I shall keep to my word!"

"Is that scoundrel coming?" said Max from without.

Dick made a vicious "offer," as if to throw his hammer at the door; but Mrs. Shingle took it from his hand.

"I'm coming," said Tom, loudly; "and then, taking Jessie's hand, he kissed it tenderly; and, as the poor girl began to sob piteously, he hurried out of the house, and was gone.

CHAPTER V.

FRED IS BUSY.

THE offices of Maximilian Shingle were on the first floor in a narrow turning close to the Royal Exchange; and, though they were dark and inconvenient, they were handsomely furnished, as befitted a suite of three rooms for which a heavy rent was paid. The outer room was occupied by four clerks, the second room was allotted to Fred Shingle, and the inner sanctum was Max's own.

A morning or two after the visit to Crowder's Buildings, Fred Shingle was seated at his table, with a small open book before him—one which evidently had nothing to do with stockbroking; but he was studying it so hard that the lines were deeply marked on his effeminate face.

Twice over he started, and closed it hastily, as he heard a step outside; but, after listening for a few moments, he resumed his task, and kept on with his study for some time, when he closed the little memorandum-book with a sigh, placed it carefully in his pocket, and then, opening a drawer, he took out some doubled blotting-paper, between which, on opening it, lay some tracing paper and an old bill of exchange.

Placing this convenient to his hand, he also took a large blotter, arranged in it a sheet of paper, and wrote in the date and some half-dozen lines, before moving blotter and letter into a handy position.

This done, he listened for a few moments, and then taking the tracing paper and bill, began to go over the signature very carefully, writing it again and again, beginning at the top of his tracing paper, and forming a column of signatures.

Then there was a knock at the door; and as Fred cried "Come in!" the blotter was drawn deftly over the tracing paper, and he went on writing the letter.

A clerk brought in a couple of letters to be signed, and this being done, he retired, when Fred resumed his task, working away patiently, and always going over the writing again.

This went on for half an hour or so, when the young man started, and hastily drew the blotter over his work; for the door had been opened very slowly and quietly, and, in a heavy, noiseless way, old Hopper entered the room.

"How do, Fred?" he said, approaching the table slowly.

"How do?" was the short, sharp reply. "What does he want?" he muttered.

"Hey?"

"I say what hot weather!" shouted Fred.

"Don't shout—I'm not so deaf as all that," said the old fellow, hastily. "Father in his room?"

"Yes," said Fred; "he's in there."

"Hey?"

"I say he's in there!" roared the young man.

"I wish you wouldn't shout so, my lad," said the old man, sourly. "I don't want the drums of my ears split. I could hear what you said. And how is the dear, sweet, good man, eh?"

"Same as usual," replied Fred, with a grin.

"Ah!" said Hopper, "you ought to be a very good young man, having such a father."

"I am," replied Fred, with a grin.

"Hey?"

"I say I am!" shouted Fred.

"So I suppose," said the old fellow, chuckling, and looking at him with a strange expression of countenance. "Well, tell him I want to see him."

Ting!

There was the sharp sound of a gong heard in the next room, and Fred rose to answer it. He glanced first at the old man, and then down at his letter; but a second stroke on the gong made him hurry to the inner door, which he opened, and stood with his head half inside; but a few sharp, peremptory words were heard, and he went in and closed the door, leaving Mr. Hopper waiting.

Fred was not gone many minutes, and when he returned it was to find the visitor had taken a chair, and was busy over the contents of a bulky pocket-book, which he secured as the young man appeared, and returned to the pocket in the breast of his ugly, ill-cut dress-coat.

"He says you can go in, but he can only give you ten minutes," said Fred.

"Won't see me for ten minutes ?" said the old fellow.

"Says you may go in for ten minutes !" shouted the young man ; and then, in quite a whisper, "Confounded old nuisance !"

Old Hopper turned half round, and gave him a peculiar leer, shaking his head and chuckling to himself as he went slowly toward the door of Max Shingle's office, putting down his stick heavily in the recurring pattern of the floor-cloth, closely followed by Fred, who showed him in.

"What the governor has that deaf old beetle hanging about him for I can't make out," said the young man, returning to his seat ; and he was about continuing his task when a fresh knock at the door made him hastily thrust his papers into the drawer of the table, lock it, and take out the key.

"Ah, my dear Hopper, how are you ?" said Max, smiling amiably, and making his eyes beam upon his visitor.

"Hey ? How am I ?" snarled the old fellow, giving his stick a thump on the floor. "What's that to you ? I'm not dying yet. Ain't you sorry ?"

"Sorry ? Heaven forbid !" said Max, unctuously, as he shook his head reproachfully at his visitor ; and then, taking hold of his watch-ribbon, threw himself back in his chair, and began to spin the seals round and round.

"Don't. Be quiet !" cried Hopper, thrusting out the point of his stick, so that the seals stuck upon it and were arrested in their motion. "Think I'm not bilious enough with looking at you, without having that thing spun round in my face ?"

Max laughed, but looked annoyed ; while the old fellow took a seat unasked.

"What can I do for you ?" said Max, at last, smiling blandly.

"Give me a glass of wine. I'm hot and tired."

"Really, I——" began Max.

"It's in that stand," said the old fellow, chuckling, as he pointed with his stick at a handsome mahogany cellarette at one end of the room ; when Max, whose smile was tempered a good deal with a look of annoyance, rose, sighed, secured the door with a little bolt, and then unlocked the cellarette and took out a decanter and glass.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke cigars," said the old fellow, as he watched the sherry poured into the glass. "Hey ? You weren't going to offer me one ? Ho ! I was afraid you were."

Max had not spoken, but he winced as he heard these words—preserving his smile, though, as he turned his face to his visitor and passed the wine.

"Not bad, Max—not bad," said the old fellow, tasting the sherry and smacking his lips before pouring the rest down his throat. "How you must mug yourself here ! Lucky dog, lucky dog ! Now, if I had taken to stock-broking instead of ship's husbanding, I might have been as well off as you."

"Oh, dear, no ; I'm not well off," said Max.

"Hey ?"

"I say I'm not well off," said Max, more loudly.

"That's a pity," said the old fellow. "Never mind ; I'll have another glass, all the same. Fill it full this time."

Max shut his teeth with a snap, but he filled the glass brimming full, and then restopped the decanter.

"So you're not well off, hey ?" said Hopper.

"Very, very short," said Max, with his mouth close to his visitor's ear.

"Humph ! Sorry to hear it, because I want to borrow five pounds of you," said Hopper. "You've got that, I suppose ?"

"Indeed, no. I'm very sorry," began Max.

"So am I," said the old fellow, shortly. "Hah, Max Shingle, how you'd have liked to stick a dose of poison in that wine, wouldn't you ?"

"Really, Mr. Hopper——" began Max, indignantly, and he half rose.

But the old man laid his stick upon his shoulder like a sceptre, and forced him down.

"Sit still, stupid !" cried the old man. "I know what you are going to say—surprised at my making such remarks, and so on. But you would like to, and I believe you'd do it if it was not for the fear of the law. I say, Max," he chuckled, "it would take a strong new rope to hang you."

Max laid his hands upon the arms of his handsome, well-stuffed easy-chair, and turned of a pale dough color, as he glared at his visitor.

"I don't wonder at it," chuckled Hopper. "It must be very unpleasant to have a man come to see you, and invade the sanctity—sanctity, yes, sanctity, that's the word—of your home and private office, who knows what a scoundrel you are."

"For Heaven's sake, speak lower !" cried Max, in a hoarse whisper.

"All right," said Hopper, nodding. "Especially to a man like you, who goes in for the religious dodge, and is so looked up to and respected by every one. Ha, ha, ha ! ho, ho, ho !" he chuckled. "What a wonderful deal is done in this world, Max, by humbug."

Max began to wipe his wet face with his handkerchief, glaring the while helplessly at his tormentor.

"You're such a good man, too, now," said Hopper, laughing, and evidently enjoying the other's discomfiture. "I saw you coming from service last Sunday, with the wife, and that dear youth in the next room, Fred, all carrying limp hymn-books. Ha, ha, ha ! I say, Max, your prayers must be precious limp."

"Say what you have to say, and then go, for Heaven's sake !" gasped Max.

"Hey ? Say what I have to say ? How I can read your fat lips, Max ! I never feel my deafness when you are speaking. Well, I am saying what I have to say. I don't often speak out like this."

"Only when you want money," muttered Max.

"Only when I want money ? Right. There, I told you I could read off your lips every word you say ; so don't begin to curse me, and wish I was dead, because it will only make me want more. Think it, if you like. I say, you must look sharp after that boy Fred, or he'll go to the bad."

Max frowned.

"If he was half such a lad as Tom !"

"Tom's a scoundrel—a vagabond !" exclaimed Max, furiously.

"Yes, yes, of course. To be sure he is. Every one is who don't do as you wish, Max Shingle. I'm a horrible old scoundrel, and yet you're obliged to put up with me. You can't afford to offend me, and I come to your house as often as I like ; and I shall keep on doing so, because it's good for you. I'm like a conscience to you, and a devilish ugly old conscience, eh ?—a deaf conscience—and I keep you from being a bigger scoundrel than you are. I say, Max, you'd give a thousand pounds down, now, to hear I was dead, wouldn't you ?"

"What is the good of talking like this?" said Max, leaning over to whisper to his visitor.

"Hey? What's the good? A deal—does you good. I say, Max, I've often thought that you might be tempted to get me killed—by accident, of course. It is tempting, I know. You'd feel as if the old slate with the nasty writing on was wiped clean with a sponge. But it would be so ugly for such a good man to be exposed to such a temptation, and uglier still to add the crime of side-blow murder to his other sins. So do you know what I've done to save you from temptation?"

There was a curious malignity of expression in the old man's face as, with a chuckling laugh, he asked his question, and saw its effect.

"No! What?" exclaimed Max, in agony.

"Well, I've written it all down neatly on paper—not on a slate—and I've deposited it with my will."

"Where?"

"Ah, yes, that's another thing. Where it would be opened and read directly I was dead. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, ah, Max, what an *exposé* that would be! But don't be nervous, man, and look so white. It wouldn't be a hanging matter."

Max gasped, and wiped his face.

"Only a matter of twenty years—penal, you know. Forgery isn't——"

Max stretched across the table, and laid his hand upon his visitor's lips; but the old man thrust his chair back, and gave the hand a sharp rap with his stick, and Max shrank back in his chair.

"Isn't, I say, a hanging matter. But I say, Max, old fellow, I should look sharp after that boy Fred. Don't let him get into temptation. Like father, like son. Now, Tom——"

"Curse Tom!" cried Max, biting his nails.

"Not I," laughed the old man. "He isn't so bad—for your son—and you curse him quite often enough, you know. Ah, Max, what a blessing and relief it must be to you that you have reformed so, and become such a good, pious man!"

Max raised his hands.

"One of those dear, good creatures," chuckled the old fellow, "who go through life saying, 'Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,' and then feel so happy. Not a bit of the Pharisee about you, Max—all humble Publican. I say, why don't you build a church or a chapel? That's the proper thing to do," he laughed.

He poked Max with his stick as he spoke, and then chuckled at the other's horrified air.

"I'm no cackle-spinner like you, Max. I never went through the world saying it was all vanity and vexation of spirit, and a vale of tears; and howled hymns, declaring that I was sick of it, and wanted to die and get out of it as soon as I could, because it was such a wicked, wretched place. I never told people I had a call, like you did; and played shepherd in a white choker, and went and delivered addresses to the lost lambs outside the fold. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Max, at last.

"Mad as a hatter," said the old fellow, grinning; "that's why I chose the wrong way. Not like you. Ah, Max, when we both die, what a beautiful, plump cherub you'll make up above there, and what an ugly old sinner I shall be down below! How sorry you'll be for me, won't you?"

"Pray, let us bring this interview to an end!" gasped Max.

"No hurry," said Hopper.

"But I am busy," pleaded Max.

"So am I," said the old boy, chuckling, and giving a box on the table a poke with his stick—"busy giving you a taste of my bile."

"Shall we try and transact the bit of business you came about?" said Max, humbly.

"Presently," said Hopper, who was now wound up, and determined to go on. "Ah, Max, you don't know what a wicked old man I've grown," he continued, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "I never sing any blatant hymns to the same tunes year after year, and say the same words, till I feel afraid that God must be tired of hearing them. I never tell people, like you do, that I'm trying to save my own precious soul."

"Lost! lost!" said Max, almost inaudibly.

"Good job, too," said Hopper. "I was put here in the world, and the longer I live the more beautiful I find it; and I don't want to leave it, even to carry your secret with me. I mean to live as long as I can, taking my share of the bad as bitter to make the good sweet; and when it's time to set sail for the other land, I mean to go without canting or howling, but like a man, and say thank God for it all. Amen! There's a wicked old reprobate for you, Max. Why don't you try to convert this old scoundrel, eh? Ah, I'm a bad one—a regular bad one—hopelessly lost; and now I've got rid of all my bile, get out your check-book.

Max rose with a sigh, unlocked the iron safe in the corner, and took out a check-book and laid it upon a table.

"I can very ill spare this, John Hopper," he said. "Five pounds are five pounds now."

"Always were, stupid!" said the old fellow. "Dear me, how much better I can hear to-day! Got rid of all that bile," he added, considering. "But don't you draw that for five pounds. Make it ten."

"Ten pounds!" gasped Max.

"Yes. Five extra for your conscience. You don't suppose your poor conscience is going to preach to you, as it has to-day, for nothing?"

"But," commenced Max.

"Ten pounds, you goodly saint—you man after Heaven's own heart—you halo-promised piece of piety and man of heavenly manna!" cried Hopper. "Make it ten pounds directly, oh, gray-bearded piece of benignity, or I shall want twenty in less than a minute."

Max Shingle hastily drew a check for ten pounds, blotted it and passed it over; for he knew only too well that his visitor would keep his word, and that he should be obliged to obey.

"That'll do—for the present," said Hopper, grinning, as he folded the check and placed it in his very gouty pocket-book, when he rose to go.

"Good-by, God bless you, Max! What a good thing it is for me that I have a wealthy saint who can relieve my necessities! Thank you, my dearest and best friend! I shan't give you any acknowledgment, because I know you mean this for a gift. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Max, who could scarcely contain his rage.

"Good-by. And a word more from your conscience. Good advice, mind. Look after Master Fred. Don't let him go your way."

"You've got your money; now be silent!" cried Max, savagely.

"All right," said the old fellow; and he stumped out, making his stick thump the floor, and nodding at Fred as he passed through the outer office, while Max, as soon as he was alone, tore at his hair and ground his teeth with rage, as he heaped a series of very unchristianlike curses upon his visitor's head.

(To be continued.)

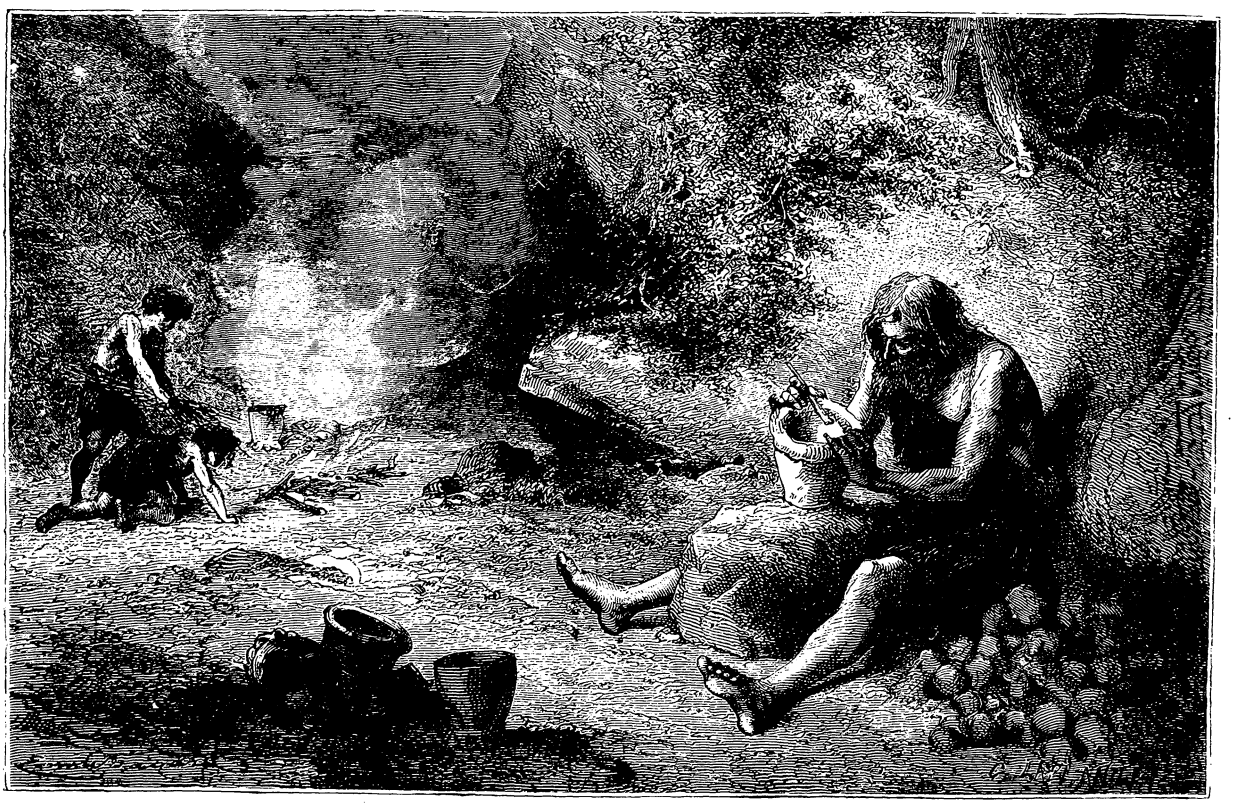
LABOR, PAST AND PRESENT.

By Frank H. Norton.

I.

PRIMITIVE AND ANCIENT LABOR.

At certain periods in the history of the human race there has been heard the cry of the laboring-man, clamoring for his hire, and resisting the concentration of capital, the tyranny of arbitrary power, or the evil jurisdiction of misguided legislation. In Holy Writ we are told of the struggles against their Egyptian masters of the Israelitish bondsmen. Rome resounded frequently with the groans of slaves, oppressed while their masters conquered the world. And, finally, the French Revolution wrote in blood the death-warrant of the aristocratic tenure of land, and the consequent slavery of the French peasantry—as the death-warrant of feudalism had been equally written in blood three centuries before. Aristocracy died out before the Reign of Terror, and democracy, merging into republicanism, seemed to establish freedom for all civilized men—and yet the laboring classes cried out, as they cry out to-day, finding a master at every turn, and caring but little whether that master was a king or an oligarch, kaiser or council of ten, since slavery seemed to be the net result.



THE EARLIEST POTTER'S WORK.

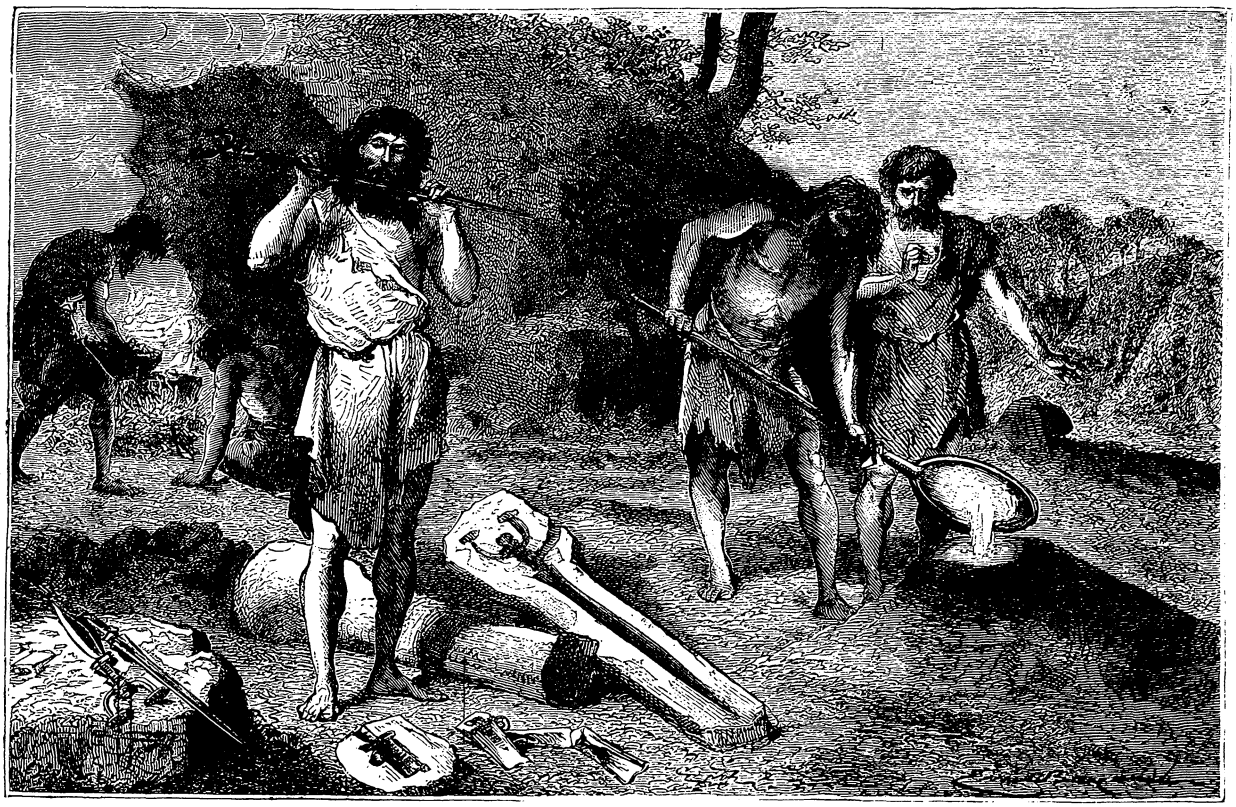
The history of labor is the history of man's struggles for existence. The earliest record possessed by us as to the nature of that labor in primitive and prehistoric times betokens for it a character which is simplicity itself. Such a record exists only in the flint implements of the "Stone Age," found in different parts of France and elsewhere. These implements comprise rough-hewn spear-heads, axheads, arrow-heads, and knives—all formed of pieces of flint; and all signifying that in those times men lived mainly by the chase. It is believed, too, that he lived in caves, and only at a later period built himself huts. The *neolithic*, or improved "stone age," saw an advancement in the manufacture of tools and implements, and some increase in their variety; but not sufficient change to indicate new branches of industry. What is known as the "Bronze Age" brought these into being. The discovery of the metals and their uses gave rise to mining operations; and of metallic tools and implements of this period there are many, including fish-hooks, hitherto not found. There are also fragments of nets forthcoming, and ornaments in the way of rude jewelry for women. This was some thousands of years before the Christian era, and there were hunting, fishing, building, warfare, and personal adornment, among the then existing vocations of man.

As for subsistence other than that provided by the chase, the primitive man had recourse to the spontaneous growth of the soil in fruits and vegetables, and agriculture and the herding of sheep and cattle came next in the order of labor.

Egypt, Chaldea, and China, were the first nations to devote themselves extensively to the practice of agriculture, Egyptian hieroglyphics show the most ancient implements devised for this purpose. From Egypt a knowledge of agriculture was carried into Greece, where the herding of domestic animals also became a recourse for the means of subsistence. The Romans, however, were far more an agricultural people than the Greeks, and as far back as a century before the Christian era possessed an agricultural literature.

Among the early Romans no one could own more than an area equal to six of our acres of land. The orator Curius said that "He was not to be counted a good citizen, but rather a dangerous man to the state, who could not content himself with six acres of land."

It is to be remembered that while vast empires must have subsisted by means of agriculture—not alone India, China,

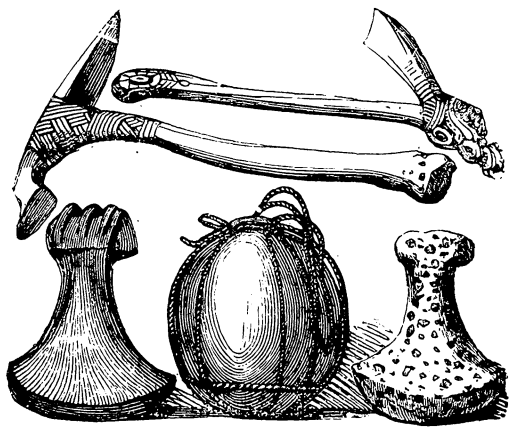


BRONZE MOLDING IN PRIMITIVE DAYS.

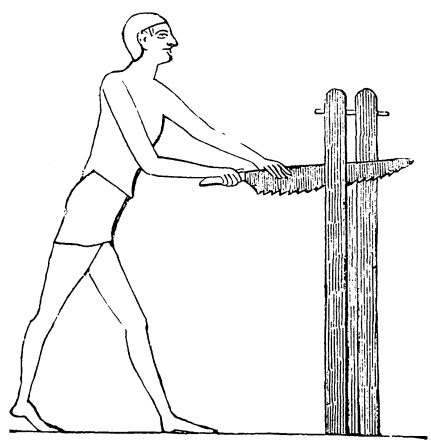
and Babylon, but even along the thickly settled eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea (if not even in the fabulous lost island "Atlantis")—there is no history extant of their methods, and only ruins to mark the results of their labor. Colossal ruins these are, some of them: the Pyramids, the temples of Karnac and Luxor, the great wall of China, and the rock-hewn temples of India, and cave-temples of Elephanta. These gigantic evidences of toil are significant of one of the most startling institutions characterizing human existence—that of slavery. None but enforced labor could ever have builded these structures, and we are forced to contemplate, at the very outset of our knowledge or supposition as to the subject, the unquestionable fact that almost the first condition of human labor was its enforced enslavement.

Recurring to the Scriptures, we meet with this condition as an existing element of society in the very beginning of tradition. Viewing the subject from the standpoint of logic, and by the later researches of Darwin and other modern philosophers, we are driven to the theory of "The survival of the fittest," as a necessary explanation of the fact. The prehistoric toilers doubtless labored as individuals—so long as no one possessed advantage of knowledge or mental capacity over another. The progress of these beings, however, involved a constant struggle of the wiser and more provident with the thoughtless and extravagant. The discovery of iron and its possibilities must have been a grander influence toward civilization than that of any other force known even to-day. The capacity to obtain and manipulate iron gave the fortunate one a controlling influence over his fellows, from which we may reasonably date the existence of slavery.

But the struggle for subsistence argues also conflict—of one man or family with another—and this condition required the combination of individuals for self-preservation and protection. There could be no such combination without leadership, and the latter, signifying power, means also possession—and among the possessions of the ancients none were more necessary or valuable than slaves. The union of many individuals under one head gave strength, and this strength being



NEW ZEALAND BONE IMPLEMENTS.



SAWING WOOD IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

employed for accumulation of wealth as well as for protection against rapine or massacre, it followed that in the struggles which ensued the weaker were defeated, prisoners were obtained, and thus slaves were ready to the hands of the conquerors.

Having slaves, the masters needed not to work themselves, and so they either schemed for the better use of their slaves, or made expeditions for pillage and conquest. In the former case they devised improvements on existing modes of living, made discoveries and inventions, and surrounded themselves with comforts and luxuries. In the latter instance they simply robbed their weaker foes of these good things. Here we have the occasion, the manner, and the uses of slavery, though the time and place of its institution are unrecorded.

In Egypt, in its earliest period, slavery was unknown. Agriculture, so far from being intrusted to the care of slaves, was held to be the most honorable of all employments, transforming the nomadic savage into a civilized man. Long before the Pharaohs the Egyptians tilled the soil, and dwelt in hamlets, villages, towns and cities. This was even before the establishment of *castes*, and before a grasping priesthood sacrificed whole populations to their religious system.

The hieroglyphic records of Egypt, however—not to refer again to the Scriptures—display slavery as having entered into the social system of that country certainly at a very early period. It was a part of Egyptian policy to close their ports against strangers. To this law the only exceptions were made in favor of certain merchants and traders who were duly specified. When, therefore, chance or shipwreck brought foreigners within their borders, the Egyptians made them slaves. Prisoners of war came under this category also, while conquered countries paid their tribute partly in children, who thus became slaves. The captivity and enslavement of the Jews was of this period, as was also the enslaving of many prisoners of Asiatic nations.

It is, however, worthy of notice, that while the Egyptians imported slaves, they did not export them until long afterward, and when decay had fallen upon their civilization, and destruction threatened them. It is noticeable, too, that their hieroglyphics show that red, white, and yellow slaves taken in war were far more numerous than blacks. Finally, natives condemned for any kind of criminal offense became slaves, or were sentenced to public hard labor. By the law which established this system of penal servitude, a person belonging to the red-skinned or superior caste was liable to become a slave in his own country. It is creditable to note that this law did not apply to debtors, as was the case in many other countries.

It is, however, a matter of curious importance in the history of labor that in the best days of Egypt she held no slaves. "In the monuments, paintings, and inscriptions, which remain as records of Egypt's palmy ages, no traces are found in the regular national and domestic economy of agricultural or industrial labor which have been performed by slaves or chattels."

Having slaves, at last, it was easy for the Eygptians to find employment for them. They worked in the mines, and were employed on every kind of hard labor, but principally on the great and almost indestructible public works and monuments that distinguish the cities of the Nile. As to their mines, it may be stated that they included certainly copper and iron. Again having recourse to the Egyptian hieroglyphic writings, we learn that both these metals were in use in Egypt at a period certainly three thousand years before the Christian era; while geological evidence shows that the bronze implements of the lake-dwellings discovered in France and Italy date back at least as far into remote antiquity.

The existence of slavery in the early ages was practicable, as has been shown, without that of slave-trading. In fact, it is to the Phœnicians that we must attribute the institution of traffic in human flesh. This people dwelt in the country lying between Palestine and the Mediterranean, which was called Canaan. To the south it extended as far as Joppa, and included also the cities of Tyre and Sidon, Acre, and Cesarea. It is believed, however—Herodotus being one authority—that the Phœnicians originated on the shores of Arabia and Persia, and that they migrated to Syria, being driven thither, as some say, by destructive earthquakes which occurred in their own country. It is certain that the Phœnicians were the merchants and navigators of antiquity; and it was by reason of their position *as* traders that they came to deal in slaves. Along the shores of the Indian Ocean their crafts were the terror of the sea, while their crews—veritable pirates—made frequent incursions into the surrounding country, and seized and carried off, to sell as slaves, whomsoever they could get into their possession, either by force or fraud.

Thus far, slavery had been employed only in the lowest class of manual labor: in mining, in hewing stone, and in carrying—so far as agriculture and the arts were concerned, they were prosecuted by free labor, and were respected. Viewing the conditions thus far considered as relating to a period beginning with the first appearance of man on the earth, and extending to about fifteen hundred years before Christ, we may divide its systems of labor into three classes: free labor by individuals; the same (agricultural and pasturing) by organized societies; and slave labor (not marketable), employed only in what were considered degrading vocations.

But with the rise of the Phœnicians appeared a totally different element in society, involving the traffic in slaves among many nations, and the introduction of this class of labor into all the pursuits in which it was found possible to make it of service. And here we may properly pause to consider for a little in detail the character and works of that marvelous people—the Phœnicians.

More than fourteen centuries B.C. the Phœnicians had covered all the shores around the Ægean and Mediterranean Seas with their colonial cities, their factories, and their strongholds. It furnishes the most striking picture of remote antiquity to consider the people of this little territory, two hundred miles long by twelve miles wide. Energetic, cunning, and industrious, but seemingly without much moral principle, the Phœnicians made all the world pay tribute to their acuteness and business capacity. They were the "middle-men" between all nations. Besides being common carriers, they were themselves manufacturers and producers to an enormous extent. In the arts, too, they were as great as in commerce and manufactures; while to them we owe our first knowledge of letters, of astronomy, and of arithmetic.

From the Phœnicians Europe received her first lessons in civilization, and imbibed a taste for the elegances of life. "The choicest works of art known to the Greeks came from Sidon; the produce of its looms furnished the most costly offerings to the gods; and its trinkets adorned the persons of the Grecian women." Tyre, in the height of its commercial splendor, embraced directly or indirectly the whole known world. By means of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, it communicated with India and the east coast of Africa; on the north its vessels found their way along the Euxine to the frozen borders of Scythia; beyond the Straits of Gibraltar its ships, or those of its colonies, visited the British Islands for tin, and perhaps pene-

trated into the Baltic in search of amber; and it is probable that even at this period they sailed along the Atlantic coast of Africa beyond the Great Desert, and had discovered the Canary Islands.

Besides thus carrying on an extensive commerce with many countries, the Phœnicians sustained also an immense land traffic, sending out caravans into remote places and peddling their own manufactures or importations, receiving in return the domestic products of those countries. They obtained their timber from Lebanon, and everything else for fitting out their vessels from Cyprus. The explorations of General di Cesnola have shown that to Cyprus in return they brought specimens of art which have long been thought to be native, but are now recognized as Phœnician.

Their ships are cited by Xenophon as the best of the period, and their navigation was daring and successful. Of their manufactures, the famous Tyrian dye has been recorded as a marvel of color, and its making is counted as one of the "lost arts." Sidon was noted for its glass, the invention of which was attributed to this prolific people. The Sidonians cast mirrors of glass, imitated precious stones, and excelled in the manufacture of drinking-vessels of gold and silver. They were acquainted with the use of the blow-pipe and the lathe. Hiram, the Phœnician king, sent to Solomon to aid in building the Temple an artist "skillful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving" (II. Chron. ii. 13, 14). The Phœnicians excelled in mining and metallurgy, and in Spain they carried on mining upon a stupendous scale, and on scientific plans.

To the skill in the arts and manufactures of the Phœnicians, and to their commercial supremacy, must be added, in a consideration of their important position, the fact of their extended system of colonization. Carthage, Utica, Cyprus, Sardinia, Malta, Cadiz and Cilicia were all among the colonies of Phœnicia. With such a spreading system of outposts, it is no wonder that this remarkable people were able to become the distributors of the products of the world. Phœnicia was, in fact, the Great Britain of ancient times.

Now, the special pertinency of the introduction of so much of a disquisition on the history of a dead empire to the subject of labor lies in the fact that the labor system of that country must have been peculiar, to have enabled her to accomplish so much in so many directions. It is certain that no such progress could have accompanied a state of society where every individual performed his own manual labor. No one could have found time for invention; the arts must have been neglected, and civilization would have necessarily been backward, instead of being in so advanced a condition as appears to have been the fact. We are, therefore, compelled to believe that, as was the case in regard to the imperishable monuments of Egypt, so in relation to the arts and sciences in Phœnicia: these must have been favored by a system of compulsory labor on the one hand, and, consequently, of freedom from necessary employment on the other. We are thus led inevitably to the conclusion that the processes of ancient times in this regard display the sacrifice of the individuals and of the individual rights of certain generations to the end that posterity might profit. That is, that the enforced slavery of a certain age enabling special classes in society to advance in civilization, these classes in turn, though slowly, elevate those beneath them; until, in the end, while individuals and nations suffer and perish, the race is benefited. Thus, while Phœnicia succumbed before the Persians, and her autonomy was destroyed by Cyrus and Cambyses, yet the elements of progress and an ever-advancing civilization had been scattered by her broadcast over three continents, to fructify and develop during succeeding ages, and cast their influence even over the history of modern times.

The Phœnician slave-trade was carried on among the Greeks, the Barbarians of the Hellespont, the Iberians, Italians, Moors, and many other peoples. The greater number of the slaves thus transmigrated were Caucasians, negroes constituting but an insignificant fraction. Thus were the races which had at first been distinct mingled with each other, and thus predominant traits of character and temperament were promoted and strengthened, to the exclusion and destruction of weaker elements. The slave-trade multiplied, too, the vocations of slaves. Employed at first in coarse manual labor, they increased with such exceeding rapidity, through the vast system of the Phœnician traders, that they were necessarily enlisted in the prosecution of every species of industry. It is said that in times positively historical, when Phœnicia had become the mighty and flourishing emporium of the world's trade, foreign slaves constituted the immense majority of the population of her cities—as, indeed, was the case with most of the commercial cities of antiquity. So it came to pass that, from the duties of lifting and carrying, slaves were promoted to the household, then to agriculture, and finally to the arts and manufactures. As slaves multiplied, too, freedmen found their opportunities for remunerative labor destroyed, and emigration followed. Where this resource was not available, conflicts arose between slave and free, and standing armies became necessary. This institution bred tyrants and dictators. And thus we are informed of the vast importance of labor in its connection with society and the State.

It has commonly happened in history that elements noxious in themselves have intervened in the affairs of mankind to effect beneficent results. The converse of this is true, and beneficent institutions often carry with them injurious conclusions. Thus, Law (meaning absolute control, and not jurisprudence) is in itself a good thing, and a necessity to progress; but Law continued permanently, and caused to direct all things, results in a conservatism which would become decay, but that Nature usually averts this by a convulsion. Thus, domestic slavery, however evil in itself, performed a work in the period to which we have referred, which could not otherwise have been accomplished.

Nearer to our own time, in point of history, and celebrated for her contest with Rome, Carthage represented in the West the power and capacity held by her mother-country, Phœnicia, in the East. Founded mainly by the emigration from the latter country of freedmen displaced by the increasing slave population, Carthage grew with such rapidity that she in turn was forced to lessen her tremendous increase by emigration. Her people founded new settlements in Libya and elsewhere, where they were oppressed with exactions on the part of Carthage, forced to pay heavy tribute, and thus rendered discontented and resentful. Meanwhile Carthage adopted the custom of slaveholding, and her wealthy landholders became more arbitrary and oppressive with the growth of this institution in their midst. Finally began the efforts of Rome to subdue this now mighty empire, and at length Carthage fell. But, as though with her last breath, she poisoned the social atmosphere of Rome with the taint of slavery.

In the early history of Rome, slavery had been confined in its operations to prisoners taken in battle. Afterward insolvent debtors were added to this class, but still the entire number of slaves in Rome was comparatively unimportant. The destruction of Carthage made Rome as much

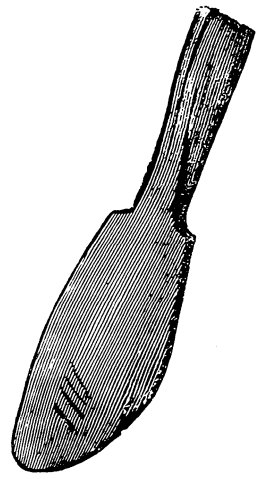
PRIMITIVE IRON-FURNACE, RESTORED FROM REMAINS STILL EXISTING IN FRANCE.

a slave-market as had ever been Carthage itself. Roman husbandry was now modeled on the Carthaginian agricultural system. The powerful and wealthy patricians bought or seized the land of the small freeholders, and worked it on a vast scale by means of slaves. As one consequence of this, the former class of small farmers was driven from the country to the city, and the number of poor supported by the Government became so enormous as to enlist the sympathy and concern of the wisest statesmen of the time. Here was seen the result of the displacement of natural human labor (justly remunerated) by the slave system. It would be remarkable if a parallel of result should be found to have occurred twenty centuries later from the over-use of machinery.

Scipio Africanus prophesied the downfall of the Roman State, as a result of the crushing-out of the ancient yeomanry system of farming, and its replacing by the vast operations which were now carried on by the use of slaves.

It will be curious to note, in this connection, the net results in the nineteenth century of precisely this process—substituting agricultural machinery, however, in the place of slaves.

In the time of Sylla, Italy contained about 13,000,000 of slaves. In Etruria the yeomanry no longer existed, their place being filled by imported slaves. These came from Macedonia, from Epirus, and from Greece. Large numbers were brought from Cpyrus and Cappadocia, and Marius made slaves of more than 150,000 of the Gauls, Teutons, Cymri, and even Angles and Saxons. An important change in the social condition of Rome resulted from this vast gathering of foreign slaves, in their distribution through all branches of labor.



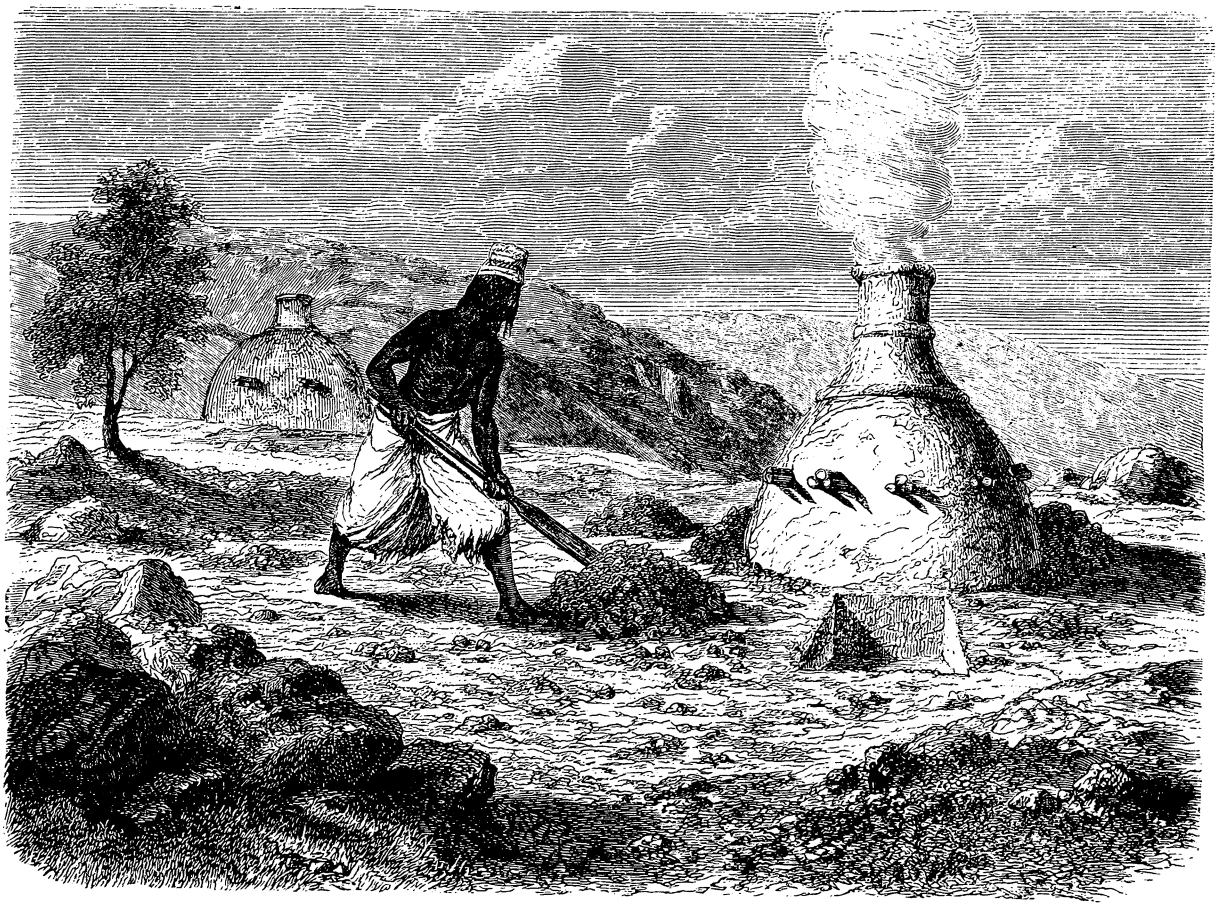
ANCIENT PERUVIAN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT (BRONZE).

Slaves were now farmers, mechanics, architects, artists, and shopkeepers. The slave-owners—and who was not one when an able-bodied man could be bought for a small sum ?—became rich and lazy. Luxury abounded, and slothfulness increased. The military spirit declined, and foreign mercenaries were hired to keep in order the foreign slaves. Revolts were common occurrences, and sometimes extended over large tracts of country, and involved tens of thousands of the population.

Republican Rome fell a victim to this unhealthy condition, and over the ruins of freedom Cæsar passed, called to power by the acclamations of the people who were being ground into the dust by an irresponsible and unprincipled oligarchy.

Under the Cæsars, great efforts were made to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and eventually the system under which they were held was merged into the relation of serfdom. Yet, under Nero, half of the known portion of Africa was owned by six slaveholders. These Nero slaughtered, acquiring their property by an enforced inheritance.

The extravagance which characterized the mode of living of certain of the Roman emperors resulted in the necessity for taxation to an almost unlimited extent, under which the freeholders — farmers, artisans, etc. — struggled in vain. All handicraftsmen, merchants and tradesmen were heavily taxed, and even the poorest plebeian was forced to pay a poll-tax. One result of this was that freedmen voluntarily sold themselves into slavery to avoid the tax-gatherer, while many joined the legions and were sent to the frontiers of the empire. The cities of Rome became impoverished, and the governors and magistrates

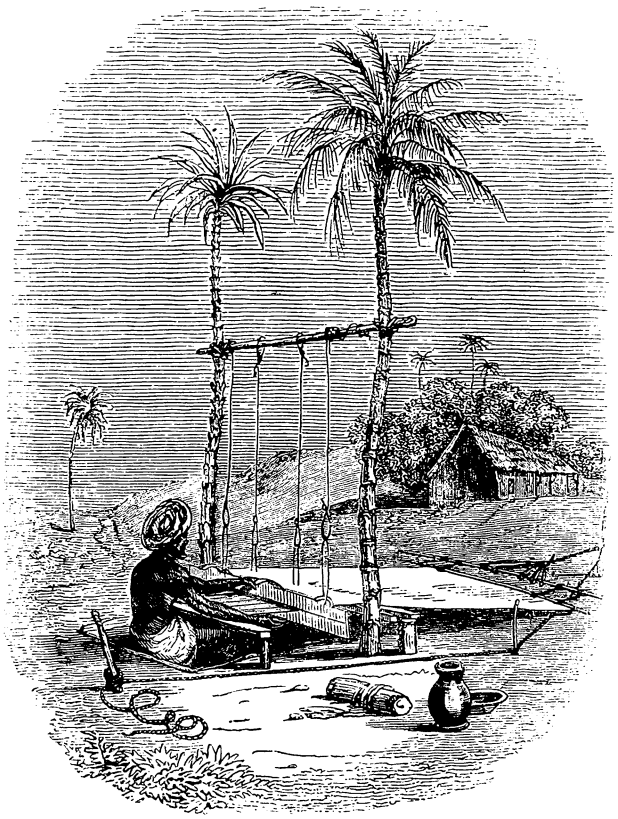


THE RUDE IRON-WORKS OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE.

were unable to conduct their government for want of means.

It was at this time that the Barbarians from the North poured their hordes upon the doomed empire, and Alaric's appearance before Rome was met by the voluntary accession to his force of more than 40,000 slaves. Three times was Rome besieged by this general, and at last the Goths ravaged the entire country, carrying their depredations to Constantinople itself, when Rome, as a separate State, ceased to exist; upon its ruins being formed the Western and the Byzantine Empires.

The history of slavery in Rome is also that of Greece, with certain modifications. The Pelasgi, who were the pioneers of Greece, were cultivators, or small farmers; and also the builders of the Cyclopean structures whose ruins yet remain. Succeeding their epoch was the legendary or heroic age, when free yeomen and agriculturists still owned and tilled the soil, and all the handicrafts and professions were free. Carpenters, smiths, leather-dressers, and artisans generally, were all free, as were also the bards and the "leeches"—a class much esteemed in ancient Greece.



A HINDOO WEAVER AT A PRIMITIVE LOOM.

As wealth began to accumulate, the more fortunate farmers began to hire poor freemen to do their work. The geographical position of Greece was a natural temptation to piracy, and soon the Phœnician vessels began to appear in her waters, and their colonies and factories were established on her shores. By these traders the Greeks were soon taught the advantages of slave over hired labor, and a new

market was found for the use and benefit of the Phœnician slave-traders. Asiatics now began to be introduced into Greece as slaves; forays were made into the neighboring countries to obtain them, and the condition became speedily a part of the regular social organization.

One feature of the institution, however, peculiar to Greece, of all the ancient countries, was that of the Helots. This class was composed of prisoners taken in war, who became the property of the State, and were allotted to the Spartans as servitors; but could neither be sold, manumitted, nor transferred by the latter. They were divided in proportion to the quantity of land owned by the individuals who employed them, and were forced to perform a certain stipulated task-work periodically. The Helots were liable to call for military service to the State, and were much employed in the navy.

Through the extent of Greek conquest they at last outnumbered the Spartans themselves, and frequently combined against their masters, occasioning long and bloody struggles. At the last, the Helots drifted into absolute slavery; the rich appropriated the land of the poor on their own terms; luxury and idleness came to enervate the Greeks precisely as it did in the case of the Romans, and so history repeated itself. "The enslaved Helots and Greeks, and many of the descendants of the enslavers, became, in their turn, slaves of the Romans, then of the Slavic invaders, afterward of the Crusaders, till finally all of them, masters and slaves, groaned under the yoke of the Osmanlis."

The Greeks, as was the case with the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, substituted their slaves for freemen in the handicrafts and in yeomanry, and sent off the latter to colonize their dependencies. Corinth had 450,000 slaves; Ægina 470,000. Under such a *régime* the Greeks lost their valor, and Philip and Alexander found their liberties an easy conquest. Alexander is said to have sold 30,000 Thebans alone into slavery. The institution penetrated first into domestic life, then entered into the various industries and trades, and, at length, absorbed the lands and the agricultural economy. Finally it grasped even the minor functions of State—the lesser offices being held by slaves, as was also the case in Rome.

Among the eastern Asiatic nations slavery was not as much of an institution as in the west, though it existed in China as early as the thirteenth century B.C. The Chinese have, however, lived in a condition amounting to slavery for all time; their dependence upon their employers being under such restrictions as to be almost equivalent to this. India, however, never favored slavery, the caste system making a gradation of rank which obviated the occasion for it.

The northern nations of Europe—the Gauls, Germans, Saxons and Slaves—practiced slavery as far as it related to prisoners captured in war; and their loose social system comprised the relation of clanship and that of followers, which, in most cases, was practical slavery. From the Slaves, in fact, we get our word for the institution. But these barbarians lived by the chase, dressed in skins, and their system of labor had progressed but little beyond that of the prehistoric peoples of whom we have already written. It was not until their conquests in Southern Europe had made them acquainted with a civilization hitherto unknown that they practiced any of the finer arts, or discovered requirements in themselves beyond the bare necessaries of existence. The advent of the Christian religion was the primary influence toward the destruction of slavery as a system of labor. The Romish Church from the beginning frowned upon the institution, and the Crusaders made the freeing of slaves a part of their creed and their life.

Labor, at the period to which we have now arrived, is to be viewed as comprehending three different systems—that of the barbarian Goths, Huns, Gauls, and Vandals, in which each man provided only for himself and his immediate family, and that simply by hunting and fishing; the agricultural and pastural system of small farmers or yeomen—still practiced in Eastern Asia, and by the colonists from Greece and Rome; and finally the slave system, to which nearly the whole of the civilized world was surrendered. The first two plans were simply methods for the sustenance of life; the latter was the actual mainspring and source of civilization, from one point of view; while corrupting and undermining it, as seen from another.

The multiplicity of vocations made possible by an expert slave-system, and the equally multiplied necessities of man to accord with it, are among the marvels of human life. While man had to provide for himself by actual hand-labor, his wants were simple, and easily supplied; but as it became known to him that he could increase his wants without limit, and have them gratified without increasing his own duties or labor, the pliancy of human nature became surprisingly manifest.

As the best means of informing ourselves as to the character and limits of labor under the Roman Empire, we have recourse to the fully recorded list of the avocations of slaves, fortunately preserved to us with close accuracy by certain Latin writers.

The first division of slaves was into two classes—public and private. Public slaves belonged to the State, or to public bodies, or were used by officials for public service. Some of these were prisoners captured in war, others were obtained by purchase. Those of the lowest grade were employed in the rough work of public building, the erection and repair of national works—roads, canals, aqueducts, etc.—or were used as rowers for the State barges and vessels-of-war. Those next in rank had charge of the public buildings and works, waited upon magistrates and priests, and discharged other inferior public duties. Some were lictors, whose duty it was to bear the *fasces* before kings or emperors, consuls, dictators, etc. Some took charge of the public prisons, others acted as executioners.

Private slaves were divided into two classes—rustic, and urban or domestic. The list of duties of rustic slaves comprises an accurate description of farming and country life, and is curious as displaying the similarity between ancient and modern times in this direction. In the first place, as to farming and the care of estates, we find stewards, overseers or bailiffs, under-stewards, agricultural laborers, diggers, ploughmen, harrowers, clod-breakers, ox-drivers, reapers, millers and drovers. For the care of orchards and crops, there were vintagers, dressers of olive-trees, pruners, hedge or tree-clippers, lawn-keepers, foresters and park-keepers. Then there were mowers, gardeners, leaf-strippers and herb-men, or kitchen-gardeners. For the care of flocks and herds there were shepherds, wether-herds, wolf-killers, goatherds, sheep-shearers, chief herdsmen, neatherds, keepers of working cattle, swineherds and horseherds. The business of hunting was cared for by hunters, game-finders or trackers, game-drivers, bee-finders, fowlers and fishermen. There were workhouse-masters, task-masters, scourgers and superintendents. There was a man to take charge of the oven, furnace, or kiln; a poultry-keeper, a bee-keeper, and a feeder of geese and other birds fattened for the table. Wild and tame animals were in charge of the tamer, or breaker, of wild animals, the bear-ward, the ass-keeper or driver, the muleteer, the dog-keeper and the groom. Finally, there was a wain-driver, a *basternarius* or car-driver, and a *cisiarius* or gig-driver. These slaves comprised the staff of a farm, or

gentleman's estate; and it would be difficult to add to the list for the direction and charge of the largest landed property in England at the present day.

The urban or domestic slaves comprised household slaves, personal attendants, upper servants, nursery slaves and attendants of youth, slaves of luxury, artisans, scientific slaves and artists, and military attendants. Among the household slaves were first, as a matter of course, the cook and chief cook; then came the list of lower servants having to do with the table—viz., the pottage-maker, pickler, pastry-cook, confectioner, dairyman, fruit-dresser, cake-baker, baker, fire-boy, fire-girl, pantry-keeper, store-keeper or butler, pantry-server, caterer, table-steward, orderer of the bill of fare, the banqueting-room slaves and their chiefs. At table were to be found the couch-spreader, table-wiper, ornamental arranger of dishes, inviter, announcer, server, taster, carver, distributor, waiter, cup-bearer, female cup-bearer, attendant at meals, watchman, door-keeper, curtain-keeper, and hall-slave. The general condition of the dwelling was taken in charge by the house-cleaner, the sweeper, the *mediastinus* or general drudge, furniture-keeper, keeper of brazen vases, etc., silver-plate keeper and gold-plate keeper.

The number of personal attendants in a Roman household was, of course, enormous; and these were divided into more than fifty distinct vocations. In the first place there were the bedroom attendants, comprising the valet, the husher or silence-keeper, the sleep-watcher, bath-keeper, bath-furnace heater, ointment-maker and anointer. Then there were the slaves who assisted at the toilet, including the hair-extractor, the barber, hair-dresser, hair-curler, powderer, toilet-slave, dresser, wardrobe-keeper, dress-inspector and chest-keeper. To spare the noble Roman the necessity of thinking or remembering, he had the hour-caller, remembrancer, prompter and namer; and to accompany him abroad, the follower, footboy, harbinger or running footman, announcer, attendant abroad, sword-bearer, lamp or lantern-bearer, torch-bearer, litter-bearer, chair-bearer, sedan-bearer, runner, messenger, letter-carrier, message or compliments-bearer, together with the fly-flapper, fan-bearer, umbrella-bearer, sandal-bearer and picker-up.

The upper servants of a household included the manager, house-steward, accountant, auditor, keeper of household purse and stores, tally-master, purveyor or superintendent, and hospital-attendant. The nursery and school-room had their special staff of attendants, including the male and female nurses, the bearer or carrier, nurserymaid, rocker or cradle-boy, nursery tutor, teacher, attendant on school-children, and satchel-carrier.

What were denominated "Slaves of Luxury"—these others being absolute necessities—were the following: The librarian, reader, man of learning (or ready reference), reciter, special reciter of Homer's works, story-teller, journal-keeper, secretary or amanuensis. In the same class were the slaves whose only duty was to amuse, including fools or idiots (*morio* and *fatuus*), dwarfs, gluttons, buffoons, maskers or mummers. There were also scientific slaves and artists, who were not attached to households, as the physician, surgeon, oculist, healer by ointment and friction, rubber with ointment, shampooer, magician or diviner, grammarian, antiquary, shorthand writer, clerk, transcriber, gluer or paster (of papyrus), polisher with pumice-stone, hammerer or beater, ornamenter, illuminator, painter, engraver or embosser, silversmith, vessel-maker, worker in brass, potter or tile-burner, architect, builder, players, comedians, mimics, pantomimists, singers, harpers, pipers, flute-players, water-organ players, female dulcimer or sack-but-players, female tambourine-players, female cymbal-players, dancers, wrestlers, gladiators and charioteers who appeared in the circus.

The list of artisans (all slaves) included wool-weighers, dressers and spinners (all female); weavers, bleachers, fullers, embroiderers, shoemakers, cobblers, dressmakers, tailors, patchers or menders, smiths, carpenters, cartwrights, coopers, porters, water-carriers, anointers of the dead, bearers of the bier, buriers of the dead. Last of all were the military attendants, comprising the armor-bearers, helmet-bearers, club-bearers and soldiers' boys or drudges.

Slaves were also much engaged in commerce, both as retail dealers and as extensive merchants. Shipping concerns were chiefly managed by them; and the trade in money, under all forms, from the paltry loans of pawnbrokers up to the important transactions of bankers, passed, in great measure, through the hands of slaves.

Meanwhile, slaves were not considered persons by the law, and were scarcely suffered to appear in courts of law in their own behalf. Yet they are supposed to have studied for the legal profession to have enabled them to give counsel to their masters, which they are known to have done.

One reflection which occurs to the mind on considering the vocations of slaves in ancient times, is the influence exerted by them on the formation of society in later times. It is easy to trace the aristocratic distaste for trade, commerce, the arts and mechanical avocations, as this appears among the higher classes in England, for example, to the fact that positions in these lines were once wholly filled by slaves. For slaves abounded, even in England, in early times, and "Domesday Book" gives a list of 25,000 of them, as existing in the country at the time of its preparation.

And as late as the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the Anglo-Saxon slave-dealer sent his human stock to Ireland for sale. The yeomanry of Great Britain were in great measure slaves, and for centuries after the fall of Rome the Continent of Europe was given up to this system in nearly all its branches of industry.

The overturn of Paganism and the fall of the Roman Empire were followed by a transition period, during which only the Byzantine Empire preserved a condition of civilization. Even here the condition was only negative; and while that Empire existed in the midst of luxury, wealth, and apparent power, its people left behind them no work in science or art to perpetuate their fame. From the fifth to the fifteenth century—or during the Middle Ages—this transition state continued, broken by the conquest of the Holy Land by the Saracens, the occurrence of the Crusades, and the discovery of America. In the early part of this period—the "Dark Ages"—Western Europe, including even Italy, "lay prostrate at the feet of barbarian conquerors, and was a howling waste, in which the law of the strongest alone prevailed."

Surrendered to the caprices of incidental leaders and potentates, and occupied by soldiery intent only on depredation, the fair countries to which we refer gave little occasion for agriculture beyond the needs of the sparse and frequently changing population; while as to the arts, only those flourished which were found of advantage in military affairs. The chemist, the armorer, and the engineer, might be certain of employment, but the arts of peace were dead.

In the meantime the "feudal system" had arisen, and France, Germany, Aragon, a large part of Italy, England, Scotland, one after the other, adopted and sustained this method of social order. It is believed by some that the feudal system was borrowed from Asia, because in that country a similar order existed, and has indeed been continued to the present day. But it is much more logical to assume that in Europe it grew out of the same causes

which produced it in Asia; and was, in fact, the necessary result of the gradual destruction of slavery on the one hand, and the fall of the Roman Empire, the seat of government of the world, on the other. Rome fallen, Europe fell to pieces, and was divided up among petty princes and barons, whose power lasted only so long as they could enforce it by the strength of their arms. There being no central authority, but every man "a law unto himself," "feuds" were, of necessity, the ordinary life of these chieftains.

While this condition lasted each domain was fortified, and now arose those castles and fortresses whose ruins are to-day the picturesque attraction of foreign tourists in Europe. Every man who could bear arms was a soldier, and no menial or hand labor was pursued which did not bear either upon the sustenance of life or of military capacity. The menial laborers were, as has been stated, absolutely slaves, having only the liberty to exchange masters. There was no such thing as a "laboring-class," the "hinds" and "villeins" who did the drudgery of the feudal system being held but little above the brutes whose care was their chief labor and duty.

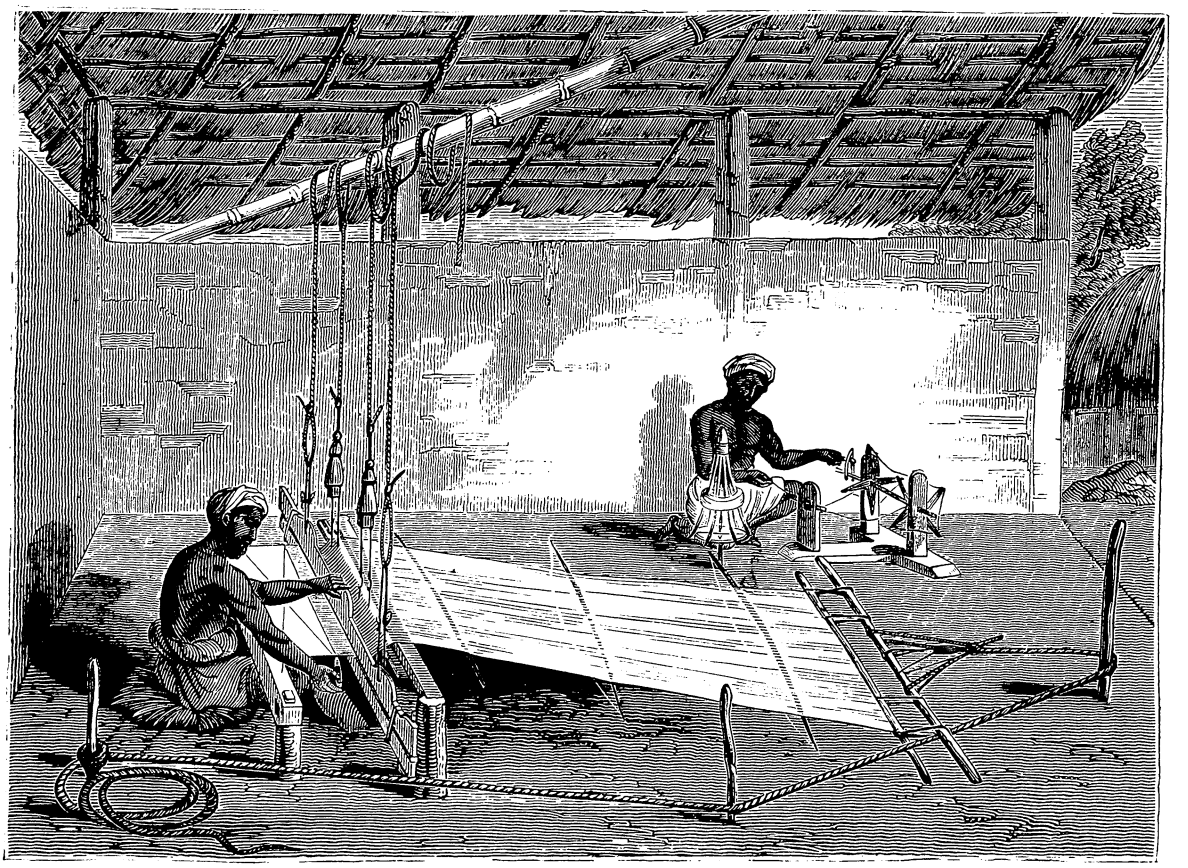
Of this period it has been said, "The peculiar general character of feudalism is the dismemberment of the people and of power into a number of petty nations and petty sovereigns; the absence of any useful nation, of any central government." It was as though some over-ponderous planet had of a sudden split into a number of fragments, each of them controlled by the general laws of gravitation and cohesion, but which must needs circulate through space as individual meteors until a sufficient centre of attraction should have been appointed to draw them together again.

So from the tenth to the fourteenth century feudalism assumed something of order, and—in France, particularly—there was a centre and satellites. It was during and after this time that a new element began to be introduced into this situation, which had possibly more influence upon labor, as regarded its reorganization, than any other force; this element was the introduction of "monasticism" and the monastic Orders throughout Europe.

Monasteries are said to have originated in Egypt, in the third century A.D., when the anchorets were accustomed to build their cells adjoining one another, "for the greater convenience of receiving the instructions of some hermit who enjoyed a reputation for peculiar sanctity." From this simple beginning originated the vast system of Orders of monks and nuns, whose influence in spreading a knowledge of and belief in Christianity cannot be over-estimated, and whose allegiance to the mother-church was a necessity to its influence and usefulness.

The foundation of monasteries in Europe was a necessity to the revival of civilization. Serving as a nucleus around which settlements were formed, these settlements grew into towns, the towns into cities. Sustained by the "thunders of the Vatican," the monasteries soon wielded an authority against which the brutal and ignorant barons might vainly strive. As a rule, the teachings of the monks led toward a respectable, honest and humane mode of life, and on this basis the arts of peace and culture founded themselves as on a rock. Most of the European cities named with the prefix "Saint" were founded on a monastery; such are Saint-Bernard, Saint-Denis, Saint-Etienne, Saint-Gall, Saint-Germain and Saint-Quentin.

Here the shrewd monks gained possession of broad tracts of land, at nominal cost in many instances, by seizure in others, by gift in very many, and having organized an agricultural system suited to their necessities, they devoted



SIMPLE LOOM OF A CINGALESE WEAVER.

MR. ARMSBURY'S ATONEMENT.—"'HOLD!' SHE SAID, STERNLY. 'SURELY YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD THE GRACE TO WAIT UNTIL THE BODY OF YOUR BENEFACTOR WAS BURIED, BEFORE YOU MET TOGETHER TO GLOAT OVER YOUR FANCIED GOOD FORTUNE.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

themselves to strengthening the hold on their territory and to gaining adherents to the Church.

Around such centres the arts and manufactures grouped themselves naturally, as knowledge and skill were encouraged and improved under the teachings of the monks, and with the gradual change from warlike to peaceful habits and desires. Gradually, too, there was awakened in the minds of the rude peasantry a desire for freedom and proprietorship in the land which they reclaimed and tilled—a sentiment which could not but result in eventually destroying all that remained of the ancient system of slavery.

From this point a change grew in the relations of labor—the most important which had yet occurred in the history of the world. Barbarism had wakened into civilization, whose condition could scarcely have advanced but for slavery. Slavery in turn, carried to an excess, had recoiled upon civilization and flung it into the night of the "dark ages," out of which it had emerged, now guided by the light of Christianity, to fight over the old battle with barbarism.

The splendors of the Renaissance were the result of the freedom of thought and the recognition of the nobility of *hand-labor*. The gradual enfranchisement of man, and the consequent development of his powers, occurred during the slow passage of the centuries between the tenth and the fifteenth, and to some features of whose history we have just alluded. But the wonderful progress of the handicrafts, the organization of labor upon a basis of individual skill and industry, and the important influence which these exercised over the State, are incidents in the history of Labor during the Middle Ages, which require to be considered at length, and will, accordingly, be the subject of a second paper, to be entitled "The Handicrafts and Guilds of the Middle Ages."

MR. ARMSBURY'S ATONEMENT.

THE Bloomsbury coach came in late that afternoon. That was remarkable enough, for the Bloomsbury coach set the time of day, not only for Bloomsbury, but for every farm within ten miles of the busy little village. Old Sol Parnell had been impatiently perambulating the piazza of the "Covington House"—Bloomsbury is in Covington County—for full three-quarters of an hour, and there was yet no sign of the coach.

It was a charming afternoon in October. The fine old elms and horse-chestnuts that lined either side of the street were decked out in their richest garb of purple and gold; the apple-orchards were full of ruddy fruit; a few of the Bloomsbury belles were brightening the sidewalks with their brilliant plaids and gaudy ribbons; the roads were in splendid condition; the sky was blue.

What on earth had become of the coach? This was the question that occupied the minds of the villagers, who had collected at the store and post-office, or in front of the tavern. And this was the question that Sol Parnell, landlord of the "Covington House," had asked himself and everybody else at least twenty times since the quarter past five struck, and brought not the expected vehicle.

The coach came thirty good miles from the nearest railroad station, and arrived with the mail twice a week—on Wednesday and Saturday—promptly at five o'clock, by the coach's time; and as that gave the time to every clock, watch and sun-dial in the neighborhood, it must of necessity be always right. This was Wednesday, and three-quarters past five, and no coach. It was little wonder that the good folks of Bloomsbury were exercised under this remarkable aberration. In fact, this unexpected and unexplainable occurrence had, for the moment, put clean out of everybody's head the question of paramount interest with every one just then—old Mr. Armsbury's death.

A death in a country village is always a subject of considerable thought and discussion, without regard to the position of the deceased. But there were circumstances attending both the life and death of Stephen Armsbury that had excited the Bloomsbury mind to a high point. He had been an only child, born and brought up in Bloomsbury—at least, until he was a lad sixteen years of age; and then, being a willful boy, had run away to sea, and never been heard of more until, a dozen years later, he returned, with a magnificent Creole wife and two children—a boy and a girl, three and five years of age respectively. He had married young, had married a rich woman, and his riches, thus acquired, had accumulated to themselves other wealth, until Stephen Armsbury felt that he could afford to return to the home he had deserted, and the aged parents whose hearts he had rendered desolate, and condone for his offenses with the measure of his wealth. He returned to find his mother dead of a broken heart, or what passes for that in the unscientific world; and his father, reduced almost to second childhood, waited upon by a distant relative, anticipatory of future returns for the bread thus cast upon the waters. The old man knew his son only at intervals, and died a few months later. And Stephen Armsbury locked up his heart over those two gravestones, shut himself in with his woe and his wealth, and lived a secluded and apparently objectless life for the many years that remained to him.

Mrs. Armsbury was a French Creole—handsome, luxurious in her tastes, imperious in her manners. When she came to Bloomsbury, it was with the intention of making but the shortest possible stay in that remote village, and then of flying to the haunts of fashion, wherein her previous life had been passed. But five years wearily came and went, and she was still in Bloomsbury, but a vastly different being from the haughty and elegant creature who had entered Armsbury Parsonage so full of bright hopes and plans for the future. Her beauty had faded out like the twilight of a Summer's day; her spirit was broken; and those who ever saw her—and they were few in number, and at periods wide apart—reported that she went about with a dazed and frightened look, as though her life were one unending horror. The servants kept at the parsonage—the old father had been a minister of the Episcopalian Church—were all imported, and very little information as to the conduct of the household affairs was obtainable from them. But it did leak out, as such stories will, that Mr. Armsbury had hardened into a sternness that was appalling; that he ruled his wife as with a rod of iron; and that added years, so far from softening the stringency of his baleful authority, but changed him for the worse, and made that family circle and that home a scene of remorseless tyranny—a purgatory on earth.

Meanwhile, the two children grew gradually into girl and boyhood, and, under the tuition of foreign masters, gained an education. They saw little of the skeleton that paraded through the long saloons, sat in the seat of honor at the family table, or glared, soulless and sightless, into the eyes and souls of its victims.

Other five years passed, and the crushed spirit of the wife had gone to roam through space with all other crushed spirits, from Francesca downward.

Still, the hidden life of the parsonage remained hidden. Occasionally Stephen Armsbury, young yet, but seeming to have aged as in a night, might be seen walking slowly, with his hands folded before him and his chin resting on his breast, in the gardens or court-yard of the parsonage; or a farmer would meet him, riding on a spirited horse at full speed over the hills, but always with eyes looking far away, and a mind evidently unoccupied with the life around him. He never interested himself in any of the local questions of the day, but left all such, and all matters appertaining to the outside management of his own interests, to his steward—a silent Englishman, who attended to his business, and kept his own counsel.

At length, when his children had grown to be sixteen and eighteen years old, the parsonage was one day closed. Wagons loaded with baggage rolled away to the railroad station, and a carriage containing Mr. Armsbury, his two children and their tutor, followed. The remainder of the establishment took wing the day after, and all that was known of the movements of the family by the curious neighborhood was the announcement, tersely made by the steward, who remained until the last, and locked up parsonage and grounds, that Mr. Armsbury had taken his children to Europe to complete their education, and would remain abroad a number of years.

Those years rolled into the past; the parsonage had grown gray and aged; moss and grass peered out from between the clapboards on the roof; the garden and grounds were overrun with weeds; the shrubbery was matted and tangled in impenetrable masses; vines and undergrowth crawled and clustered at their own free-will in all directions; desolation and decay had taken the place of the ancient trimness and care. Whether the skeleton in the house still prowled in the silent halls and meditated over the dismantled habitation, or had accompanied Stephen Armsbury in his foreign sojournings, none knew.

But one day, a few months prior to the date of our story, servants and luggage made their appearance in the village; the old house was opened, busy men and women set themselves to cleaning, dusting, and arranging the furniture; the grounds were trimmed into a civilized appearance, and word passed through the neighborhood that Mr. Armsbury was returning home.

Whether it was because the new servants of Stephen Armsbury were less reticent than those of his middle age, or not, it soon became bruited about that the now old man was returning to his former home, childless and alone. Little by little came to be known of his life during his long absence in Europe, and the story finally resolved itself into this: that the sternness which had killed his wife had finally alienated from him the affections of his children. That his son had gone first, and after many passages-at-arms of a fearful character, had been turned out of his father's house, somewhere in Italy; had been cast upon the world without fortune and without friends, and had at last filled a nameless soldier's grave on the field of Solferino, fighting against the Austrians.

That the daughter had remained with her father, until, driven to desperation by his cruelty and hardness, she had taken up with the first means of succor from such slavery; had deserted her father, and fled with some perfumed and glossed scoundrel, who had sworn to protect her, when he thought an after reconciliation could be brought about, and that failing, had deserted her in the streets of Paris, where she had sunk, as was supposed, to infamy and death.

This was the history, which had culminated only a few months before the period of the present narrative; and now, Stephen Armsbury, alone, to lament or to triumph over the end of his victims, was coming home to die.

So, after the parsonage had been made ready to receive them, and the whole country round knew his life to the dregs, there came, one day, a carriage, driven slowly along, up to the gate of the courtyard. From it alighted a stout-built, foreign-looking gentleman, who was speedily known to be Mr. Armsbury's German physician. He, turning, assisted to descend a bent, withered form, whose deep-black clothes hung loosely about him, and in whose yellow, wrinkled visage and sunken, glittering eyes, none of the loiterers could recognize the once stalwart form and firm tread of Stephen Armsbury. He was assisted to the room which had been prepared for him, and, once there, took to his bed, and never rose from it.

A few days later, his lawyer came from a distant city, and every one knew that Mr. Armsbury was making his will, and many were the queries as to who would inherit the large estates and wealth in bonds, and mortgages, and stocks of the dying old man. There were known to be no near relatives, and much was the doubt and many the surmises as to the probable disposition of the Armsbury property. And the lawyer went his way.

Matters continued on systematically at the parsonage. The daily bulletins that were discussed at the tavern and in the store were spiced with variety—sometimes leaving the old man at the point of death, sometimes raising him into rugged and exultant health—until, at last, it was known that Stephen Armsbury had breathed his last.

The heavy crape was hung on the door-knob, the house was shut up, the undertaker and his men came to measure, with line and plummet, the stature of the body, the lawyer was written for, and so time passed until the Wednesday of the opening of this story, and the expected arrival of the Bloomsbury coach.

Now, though the delay of this arrival was, as we have said, remarkable, it was by no means so utterly astonishing as what followed. The Bloomsbury coach was a three-seated, covered wagon, and, though capable of seating seven comfortably, was seldom occupied by more than two or three passengers, except on market-day in the town to which it ran. What, therefore, was the astonishment of the lookers-on, who now made several groups at the different places of public resort in the village, when, just as the town-clock struck six, and everybody who owned a watch looked at it, and everybody who did not shook his head ominously, amid a long line of dust, the Bloomsbury coach dashed past the tavern, its usual stopping-place, and on in the direction of the parsonage.

In the Bloomsbury coach were seated seven gentlemen, and one lady closely shrouded in black, and as closely vailed, who had with her a little boy about twelve years of age. These two got out of the stage a short distance from the tavern, and walked slowly up the road, not specially noticed by any one, since every one was so engaged in watching the startling spectacle of the crowded coach, and two well-filled carriages following it, that they had no thought for the little lady in black and her boy.

The Bloomsbury mind was a chaos. Sol Parnell closed his watch as if it had been a spy-glass, and turned into the tavern in silence. The bystanders stood, with eyes and mouths open, staring in wonder. Presently, the coach and the carriages stopped in front of the parsonage, and were emptied of their burdens, and these, to the number of fifteen responsible-looking gentlemen, were ushered into the drawing-room, preceded by the lawyer, and there seated themselves.

The lawyer, having left the room for a moment, presently returned, and introduced the gentlemen into a rear room, where, upon trestles, lay extended the magnificent coffin which contained all that was earthly of Stephen Armsbury. The fifteen gentleman drew near, and one and all viewed the set features of the dead. A few whispered comments were made, and then, one and all returned on tip-toe to the drawing-room.

Lamps had been lighted, and the gentlemen seated themselves about a large table in the centre, while the lawyer, drawing a chair for himself, placed a tin-box upon the table, and, adjusting his spectacles, opened it, and took therefrom a folded and sealed paper. This he announced to be the last will and testament of Stephen Armsbury, deceased, made by him two months previous, and signed and witnessed in the presence of himself, the lawyer. This will and testament he proceeded to read, being listened to attentively by the fourteen gentlemen before mentioned.

The instrument was a brief one, and read thus:

"I, Stephen Armsbury, being of sound mind but in feeble health, and in hourly expectation of my death, do declare this instrument to be my last will and testament: *Inasmuch* as I leave behind me no relatives or connections of my own blood, I do give and bequeath the whole of my property and estate, real estate, personal property, bonds, mortgages, cash in bank, and all other appurtenances and belongings of which I die possessed, to (here following the names of the fifteen gentlemen then present), to have and to hold as trustees for and in behalf of the (naming a noted religious Society), of which Society they are directors. The same to be devoted to the interests of said Society in such manner as they, the said directors, shall in their judgment deem best. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 12th day of August, A.D., 18—. (Signed)

"STEPHEN ARMSBURY.

"Witnesses { JOHN CARVILL
{ HENRY J. BOORMAN."

The lawyer having concluded, rose from his chair and proceeded to shake hands with the fourteen other gentlemen, who also shook hands with and congratulated each other in the warmest manner: after some pleasant conversation, the lawyer invited the other gentlemen to step into

an adjoining room and partake of dinner, which proposition being cordially acceded to, he opened the door between, and was crossing the threshold into a room where could be seen a table handsomely and bountifully spread: when his progress was arrested by the sudden apparition of a female figure clad in deep mourning, holding by the hand a little boy, and, as she barred the way, presenting the appearance of their late lady passenger in the Bloomsbury coach. Raising her hand with a warning gesture:

"Hold!" she said, sternly. "Surely you might have had the grace to wait until the body of your benefactor was buried, before you met together to gloat over your fancied good fortune. But since you are here, let me tell you that your triumph will be short-lived: I am Stephen Armsbury's daughter, and this is my son, and, fortunately for us, I know enough of law to know that by reason of one little word, your power over the property bequeathed in that will is not worth the paper it is written on. '*Inasmuch* as I leave behind me no relatives or connections of my own blood'—the property is yours, forsooth; but *inasmuch* as we are his daughter and grandchild, and stand ready to prove the same, your title is worthless. Gentlemen, you are welcome to your dinner if so inclined, but remember that this house is *mine*, and you partake of it as *my* guests. Sir, you are a lawyer. On this card is the name of my legal adviser. Gentlemen, I bid you good-day."

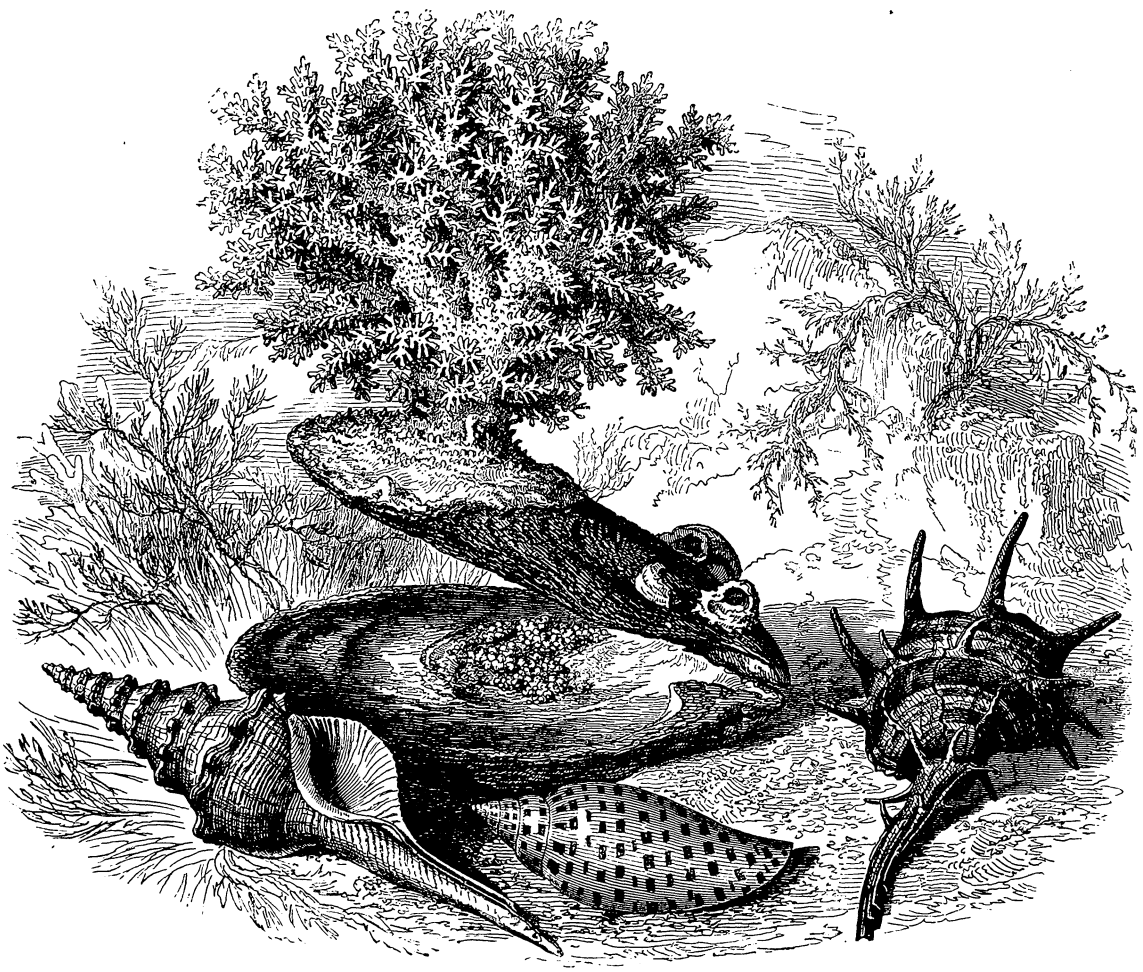
She passed out through another door with her little boy, leaving the fifteen discomfited trustees staring at each other in sore perplexity. Turning to the lawyer, one and all questioned eagerly as to the law of the matter. His reply was terse, and to the point:

"Gentlemen, if she is Stephen Armsbury's daughter, and I see no reason for doubting it, your case is not worth a cent."

The gentlemen replied nothing, but took their hats, and in gloomy procession all passed down to the tavern, where they dined mournfully, slept sadly, and departed thence as they came, on the following morning.

That day Stephen Armsbury was buried in the village churchyard, the lady in black, her little boy, and the German doctor being the only mourners.

The following week it was known to Bloomsbury that Mrs. de Luce, the lady in black, was Stephen Armsbury's daughter; that the will had been pronounced invalidated, and that the lady in black and her little boy were thus become the heirs to all the property, through the little word "*inasmuch*," which was the unwitting instrument of Mr. Armsbury's Atonement.



SHELLS AND MADREPORES.

SHELLS AND MADREPORES.

Few objects of natural history are more attractive than shells, corals and madrepores. Beauty of form, almost imperishable in substance and color, and in variety rivaling the infinite, they possess a charm attractive alike to young and old, to learned and unlearned. The little group we give shows a spotted ivory shell; a pure porcelain white shell, with brown, regularly arranged spots; the spindle

THE GAME OF CHES.—"CHES STOOPED—HIS ARM ENCIRCLED SOMETHING—THEN THE STEED RAN ON WITH A DOUBLE BURDEN TILL REINED IN."

shell, long drawn out, but beautiful; the shell like that commonly known as the Spined frog, but evidently a different variety, while from the muscle shell grows a fine madrepore. In this last genus, the animals which form the coral are rather short, with twelve simple tentacles. The cells are deep, irregularly arranged upon the surface, and are crowded together toward the tips, though scattered at the base. The cells are nearly cylindrical. All true madrepores inhabit the hot seas, and are more plentiful under the tropics.

THE GAME OF CHES.

CHESTER POOR was in the country, riding across the meadows—in veritable truth, a "solitary horseman!"

Ledgers, bills—the long array of figures at the city bank—had been cast aside for the nonce. Before him lay Arcadia! He had strayed from the beaten paths. The charms of hunting, fishing and watering-places and springs had all been foregone in favor of a few weeks at an old-fashioned farmhouse. It was not without serious misgivings of being "bored," that Ches Poor had made his choice. But then farmer Harwood was a life-friend of his father's, and had been so kindly urgent in his invitation.

So now the whirl and smoke of the railway was out of his ears and eyes, and he, under the instruction of a rustic, was galloping across fields, in a bee-line for the farmer's, whose residence would have been in view but for an intervening grove.

The day was one of those exhilarating ones that are often met with in the country in the Spring. He was traversing firm-turfed meadows; his horse was one of mettle, and he had given him the reins.

Ches enjoyed it.

It was yet early morning. The new-risen sun had not quite destroyed the dew. The hedges and the apple-trees looked particularly green, while distant objects were so sweetly hazy, Ches could not but feel happy.

His horse evidently wanted a run, for he pulled hard at the bit. The rider was not much averse to gratifying the beast. Right ahead of them lay a hedge. If he could but clear it!

He rose in his stirrups, and could see that another splendid stretch of meadow lay on the other side. If he even fell, he could scarcely be hurt on such a sward.

So he dismissed scruples and fears to the winds, and put the animal into a round gallop, straight for the barrier. Ches had jumped fences before. He leaned well forward, taking the mane in his left hand, and at the moment of reaching the hedge, raised the horse's head slightly, at the same time giving him the reins and touching him up sharply at the flank.

The animal shot over the obstacle in splendid style, without so much as touching a hoof.

The next instant there was a scream. The horse had bounded forward a couple of lengths, then snorted and reared.

Ches stooped—his arm encircled something—then the steed ran on with a double burden till reined in.

There was a poor little white face lying helplessly on the young man's shoulder. He looked at it with an anxiety almost ludicrous.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "What if I have killed her!"

He looked around. There was no one in sight. Then he turned again to the face so near his own. He could not forbear to observe that it was pretty. No one saw him—perhaps a shock might revive her. Why should he not——?

He did! It was wicked, and perfectly inexcusable.

The young lady began to revive on the instant. A very rosy hue replaced the almost deathly pallor of her countenance. She gazed wonderingly for a moment into the face of Mr. Chester, and then, as a consciousness of her situation came over her, her cheeks burned to scarlet.

"Please let me down," she said.

"I am afraid that you may not be able to stand," he returned, gently.

"Indeed I am; I have quite recovered, sir."

He quietly replaced her upon the grass. Then he dismounted and walked beside her.

"I will not apologize for putting you in such peril," said Chester. "Of course I need not assure you that I did not know any one was near the hedge when I leaped it. Nor can I now say," he added, mischievously, "that I am so *very* sorry!"

She did not reply at all. He too was silent, till silence was becoming embarrassing.

"I am going to the house of Mr. Harwood," he remarked, for the sake of saying something. "Perhaps you can assist me thither?"

She turned to him with a smile.

"Mr. Harwood is my father. Our house is just beyond yon clump of trees."

"Then you are Miss Fannie?"

The girl looked somewhat surprised.

"I beg your pardon. You do not, of course, know me. But your father and mine are such old friends! My name is Poor."

"Now I do know you!" she said, frankly. "I have often seen your father, Mr. Poor, and am very glad, indeed, to become acquainted with his son."

Young ladies and young gentlemen, before they gauge each other's calibre, are not wont to be very profound in their conversation. Our new-made friends spoke to the best of their ability of the weather, and of city and country life, but we do not know that we would very much instruct or amuse the reader by repeating their talk.

Chester Poor was somewhat surprised to find his companion a refined little lady, evidently as well educated as the females of his own set in town. There was a marked absence of the rusticity he had anticipated. And yet, through all the girl's acquirements, there peeped a plainness and truth—amounting almost to bluntness—that was fresh and new and pleasing to him.

About that much had become impressed upon him by the time they had reached the house.

A matronly figure, awaiting their arrival upon the porch, was recognized by Mr. Ches as Mrs. Harwood, whom he had met in the city, and by whom he was very cordially welcomed. The farmer was away in his fields, for they were just in the midst of the harvest, and Mr. Harwood's wheat-fields were very extensive.

In a little while the two females were compelled to excuse themselves, to attend to their household duties, which were quite heavy on account of the number of extra hands hired for harvesting.

So Mr. Poor was left upon the shady porch, furnished with books, and at liberty to read, muse, or watch the golden fields and the busy workers engaged in them.

He did all three by snatches, and was not a little surprised when the arrival of the farm-hands told that noon had come. The morning—the first morning in the country—had flown quickly. He had *not* been bored!

Farmer Harwood came in, in cow-skin top-boots, and with hands brown and rough from field-work, yet withal with considerable of the gentleman breaking through the outward crust. His welcome was hearty and genial.

Chester Poor, a very little to his surprise be it said, was not over-burdened with the sense of his own superiority which he had expected to feel "among rustics." He found himself, both with parents and daughter, with his peers.

Ches was learning; Ches became thoughtful when left to himself after dinner.

He had an hour or more for reflection. Then he was interrupted—not disagreeably.

"I am at leisure now," said a sweet voice, "and at your service. Will you go fishing with me?"

"With pleasure, Miss Harwood," was the somewhat eager reply.

Chester had very sensibly left his city *insouciance* behind him. He was a youth again!

She brought poles and tackle for him to carry, and they went—went something over a mile, till they found a dam in the little creek, built for the benefit of an antique mill, brown and rusty enough looking for a Saxon castle.

With still, clear water, a shaded seat on the mossy bank, and no life near to distract them, and remind them that there was a world of actuality, why shouldn't they be in Elysium?

Ches was—he has since said so.

Mr. Poor had at times prided himself on his piscatorial skill; but he did not show it on that sunny afternoon. She landed the most prisoners. He contented himself with keeping her hook baited, in talking, and in watching her playing features.

It was a delicious afternoon, and the sun was low and the shadows long when they neared the mansion on their return, with a few finny trophies in a little basket as the fruits of their expedition.

There was a young man in the sitting-room when they arrived; a young man of the "long drawn out" order, looking a little lanky in his extreme height, with freckled face and sandy hair, and rather red eyes; yet, for all that, with something of the *man* imprinted upon him.

He was presented as Mr. Jared Budd. He held out his hand somewhat awkwardly to the newly arrived visitor. Chester did not like him much, and gave him a city bow.

He was by no means a dullard, and flushed up quickly.

Miss Fannie stepped between them; greeted Jared with marked cordiality, and managed to bestow a reproachful glance on the other young man.

Mr. Poor felt vexed, bit his lip, walked toward the window, and fixed his eye on the approaching figure of Farmer Harwood, very strongly in doubt whether he had not been very silly.

Mr. Budd seated himself, with a look of anything but friendship toward the figure at the window; got sulky and was silent.

The girl regarded them a moment, half anxious, half amused, and then slipped back to the kitchen with the fish.

Both men knew she had gone, by the rustle of her garments; but neither looked at the other, nor spoke. Ches contented himself with muttering, "The lout!" while Jared Budd, equally complimentary, said to himself, "The puppy!"

Farmer Harwood, when he came in, had need of all his bluff cordiality to make matters go on smoothly.

It was of no use, good farmer. Each had marked the other on the instant as his foe.

Jared staid for supper, and that made supper a constrained and annoying affair. Jared spent the evening. The evening, consequently, was a stupid and disagreeable one to Mr. Poor, especially as Mr. Budd and Miss Fannie carried on an animated conversation, principally about the beaux and belles of the neighborhood. So Ches retired early.

Then when he reached his chamber, instead of going to sleep, as any sensible fellow would have done under the circumstances, he was guilty of the daring absurdity of sitting an hour or two musing over the day's events, in the end even going so far as to wonder what might be Mr. Budd's relation to the family, and to—Miss Fannie!

And when he got this far he became suddenly angry with himself, and flew off to bed in a tantrum, and slept—we hope. And this was day number one in the country.

Day number two was not very dissimilar.

Ches felt cheerful in the morning, for he had the field to himself. There was no Mr. Budd about.

They—which means Miss Fannie and our hero—had a long ride that afternoon, and they also read and chatted together very pleasantly. Miss Harwood seemed the perfection of good-nature, and gave Chester a good deal of her time, notwithstanding that she assisted her mother about the household, too.

But the evening brought Mr. Budd, and restraint. And the evening seemed long, and Mr. Chester could not help thinking that Miss Fannie was more cordial than need be to this fellow with the carrotty locks. Not that he cared! Oh, no! not at all.

More days came and passed. It was a queer, peaceful life to the young banker—this "early to bed and early to rise" existence. Nor was it all sunshine either, though the Summer days were glorious, and the farmers' faces jovial. Jared Budd was the shadow that prevented the sunshine from cloying in Chester Poor's case. He did not know, poor fellow, that the anxieties caused by him of the auburn locks gave a zest and salt to those quiet days.

Mr. Poor had ever been of the opinion that he read women easily; but, somehow, in the case of the little farmer's daughter, he could but feel at a loss.

At times he had imagined that she must have a great affection for this Jared Budd. She was always so easy and so frank with him! Then with himself she was at times quite shy and nervous, and did not show the same open cordiality. Could it be that she was engaged to his rival? For so Ches had begun to consider the young farmer.

It seemed impossible to him that she could fancy such a man; but then, he knew too well the wayward taste of a woman. One thing he must have been blind not to have noticed: and that was, that she was never alone with Mr. Budd. There were no long walks or *tête-à-têtes* with him.

That was Ches's comfort.

But this state of feeling began to tell on the young man. He frequently became a victim to "the blues," and was as changeful as April is reputed to be, in his manner.

Yet the poor fellow was unaware what it was that ailed him. He persuaded himself that it was merely a friendly feeling for the young lady.

One morning Ches, walking for the sake of a walk, and thinking that he must soon return to town, was overtaken by Jared Budd, who was riding down the road.

Chester nodded to him, but did not speak. He did not feel cordial toward him, and would not affect to. Jared rode by, then checked up his horse, seemed to hesitate a moment, and at length turned in his saddle and said to Poor, who was still behind:

"I see you're arter John Harwood's daughter; but you'd better drop that idee, I can tell you. She's promised to me, and the sooner you understand the matter the better."

Jared concluded his words with an energetic cut of his riding-whip across the horse's flanks, and the animal bounded away down the road before the honest pedestrian could fairly comprehend what he had heard.

When he did gather its meaning, a feeling of utter desolation took possession of him. Sick at heart, he walked toward toward the little grove near the house, and threw himself upon the grass beneath a tree.

He knew himself now; and he knew that he loved the girl in a way that left him but despair if he should lose her. And was she not lost already? It would seem so, unless Jared Budd had spoken falsely.

He lay there for a long time, tormented by his doubts and fears. Through all, there peeped a resolve; he must know his fate; and if it should be as he half feared, then he must depart at once and for ever! He did not hear the light step on the grass. He was only aroused by the timid, hesitating voice:

"Mr. Poor, you must pardon me if I intrude. I saw you enter the grove, and came to remind you that dinner waits."

He arose, somewhat confused. She turned to go, her eyes downcast. Then he remembered his resolution.

"Pardon me, Miss Harwood; something I have heard has unsettled me, which, if true, will compel me to leave you for ever."

"For ever!"

How sweet she looked, with the surprised anxiety in her eyes! And she said it so sadly.

"The truth must come," he said, abruptly. "I must be either with you, or away for ever! There can be no compromise in this. You surely have not been blind to my feelings, Miss Fannie?"

She stood, silent and downcast.

"I must know whether Jared Budd told me the truth. Have you promised to marry him?"

She raised her head, and looked him fair in the face, as she replied:

"No!"

"Then you are free?"

The pretty head was again averted. He approached nearer; he took her little hand.

"Must I leave—for ever?"

She was motionless for a time. Then, with her face a-crimson, she shook her head slightly, in the negative.

Lovers are good interpreters of dumb action. Ches Poor was satisfied with his answer, became of a sudden very presuming, and did what any young man in his situation would have done. Of course he kissed her—more than once!

"What could Jared Budd have meant by telling me what he did?" said Chester.

"I don't think he meant to say an untruth," she returned. "He has been talking to father, and has received some sort of promise from him."

"Then, perhaps your father will oppose our union?"

"I do not think he will ever oppose my happiness. I would rather you would speak with him, however."

Chester did speak with farmer Harwood that evening. Luckily, for the length of his narrative, he did not turn out one of the inflexible, arbitrary sort of parents. He had promised his daughter to Jared Budd, if the latter could win her; but since she preferred the son of his old friend,

Henry Poor, why, he was by no means sorry. That evening Jared was absent, to the great relief of all of them. Ches got laughing at a thought which struck him. At last he said :

"I was telling my father before I left, of the great feats in hunting I intended to do in the country, and promised to bring him home a deer. I wonder what he will think of the 'dear' I have in store for him ?"

Miss Fannie pouted :

"So, sir, you are making 'game' of me already !"

"Well," said Farmer Harwood, with one of his characteristical hearty laughs, "I'm sure you needn't be ashamed to be called the 'Game' of Ches !" And he nearly went into convulsions over the witticism.

VIENNA AND ITS STREET LIFE.

"THERE is only one Imperial City—only one Vienna," according to the Viennese proverb ; and, at the last census, its population footed up to 1,020,770, including the troops in garrison. Nowadays, entering Vienna is attended with no bother whatever, whether of passports or policemen ; a quarter of a century ago it was of all capitals the most difficult to penetrate. Then it was forbidden to all unprovided with special recommendations and permits, and even those visitors allowed were constantly kept under the vigilant eye of the police.

SLOWACS AND CROATS IN THE MARKET-PLACE, VIENNA.

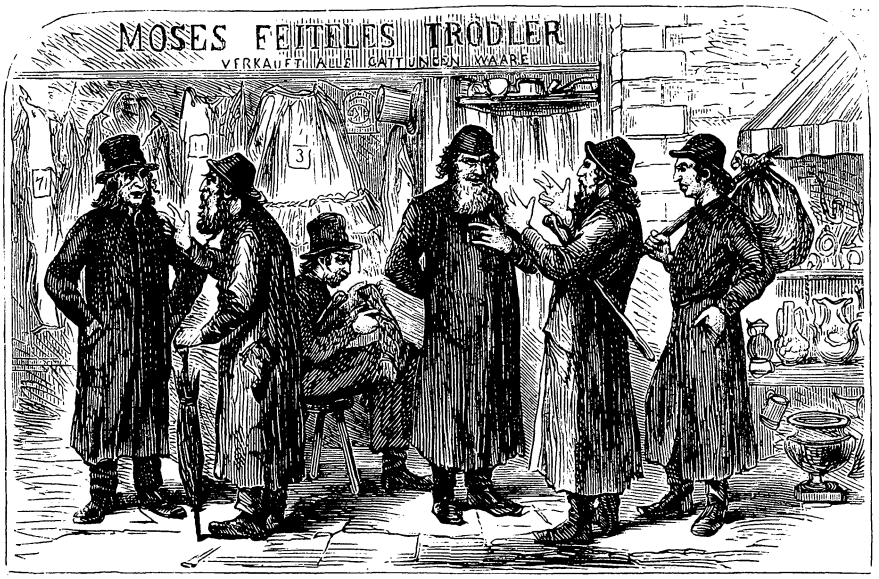
Upon the inauguration of the new *régime*, due to the calamitous experiences of Francis Joseph, Vienna suddenly

A HUNGARIAN FLUTE-PLAYER AND BASKET-VENDER.

A LAUNDRESS.

emerged from its medieval fetters into all the liberties of modern times, the transition being so abrupt that the old monarchy has not yet entirely recovered from the shock. The transformation has been marvelously beneficial to the city, which, in a few years, after demolishing the walls of military fortifications that encompassed and imprisoned it, has become one of the handsomest capitals in Europe. Where only yesterday were deep ditches and frowning bastions, are seen splendid gardens, squares, fountains, superb boulevards, and edifices with marble stairways and frescoed fronts, presenting as majestic an appearance from a modern, as the historical features in juxtaposition are interesting from an antique, standpoint.

The "city" proper, concealed as a dingy mass in the midst of the surrounding sea of bright, new quarters, remains the centre of political, commercial and social life; the pick and shovel have spared its crooked streets and small squares filled with old relics, and still the very heart of the ancient monarchy. The six-story houses, with huge barred doors and massive carya-



THE JEWS' STREET.

tides, are to be seen almost at every step in the labyrinth of sombre and picturesque streets, which bend, cross and meet, and carry one back in imagination several centuries; their uprising petty towers, pierced and carved, serve to soften down the angles of solid stone and give a castle-like appearance to these antique structures, in which feudal power was formerly so strongly barricaded.

The Berlinese have long been jealous of Vienna, but the new and rough capital of the Hohenzollerns will never be likely to stand on the present footing with that of the Hapsburgs; do what they may, the citizens of Berlin will never be able to have in their own midst those two Viennese boasts, St. Stephen's Cathedral and the imperial palace—the "Burg." As one winds through the labyrinths of the old city, monuments and buildings on all sides appear as so many foundations of the Hapsburg dynasty, already over a thousand years old. Moreover, the city is still a centre of races and business, standing as a connecting link between all Germany and the countries of the East, and its character is

pre-eminently international, cosmopolitan. The superb equipages passing in its thoroughfares, the beauty of the stores, the joyful animation on every side—all are suggestive of a really imperial court, of a wealthy and elegant aristocracy; and still more striking to the eye of the visitor, what is even more a characteristic feature, is the charming gayety of life led by the entire population—ever in a good humor and full of cordiality.

Owing to the influx of Slavs, Hungarians, and Italians, which has for centuries been adulterating the original Teutonic stock, Vienna is far from being a German city. The pure German element is quite isolated. Out of the passers in the streets only twenty per cent. are marked with the German cast of type, the disparity being especially striking among the women. The Viennese women possess the combined Hungarian and Italian vivacity. Similarly, except in a few Gothic buildings recalling the Middle Ages, the prevailing architecture resembles in nothing that of the rest of Germany. There are buildings dating from the 13th and 14th centuries; but especially in the 15th century did its architecture take a wonderful start, and it was then that the celebrated Cathedral of St. Stephen reared its steeple far above the domes of Strasburg and Cologne, and hence it is visible from all points of the horizon.

St. Stephen's Square is the heart of the city, and on it are located the banks, fashionable tailors and coffee-houses; the omnibuses that perform the traffic of the thirty-six different municipal quarters, and the licensed *commissionaires*. The latter useful class of workers, bearing metal badges and wearing red caps, are employed as messengers and jobbers; at reasonable rates, they bottle wine, clean pipes, shear dogs, shake carpets, pack trunks, carry letters and bundles, etc. A Viennese lady out shopping is always followed by one, whom she loads as if he were a mule. They are very skillful and reliable, and number sixteen hundred.

Adjoining St. Stephen's Square is the Graben, another fashionable quarter. Its brilliant and well-stocked shops and coffee-houses make it a rendezvous morning and evening for a legion of finely arrayed pedestrians and loungers. One of its chief attractions consists in the many photographic and engraving depots, around which there is always a motley crowd of soldiers, waiters, great ladies, shoemakers, diplomats, bankers, tourists. Not only the pictures of actresses and other celebrities are on display, but also those of the ladies of the court and of high society; hence these photographic dealers are always sure of doing a good business, and many of them have already made fortunes. Even in the Graben, modern uniformity of dress is asserting itself, and the Hungarians, Polish, Wallachian and Servian costumes are rare; the Turks and Jews alone stick strictly to their ancient cut of garments and headgear.

The Jews' Street, or Judengasse, has also preserved the traditional aspect of a Ghetto. It is dirty, dingy, melancholy; the walls stained, the windows slimy. The dilapidated shops look like caves. Wreaths of old boots, worn-out furs, silk dresses in tatters, new liveries, priests' cloaks, military uniforms, greasy fringed gowns, are hung pell-mell over their entrances; and, altogether, the street is shabby and unhealthy. Jews, however, own a large portion of the rest of the city, and it is they who have put up the many edifices embellishing the new quarters; who chiefly own and run the press; who keep the biggest money-coffers; who put up the new Exchange, dubbed by the Viennese the Temple of Sólomon on the Danube; who hold the lead in the schools; who constitute the majority in the medical and legal professions, and have most freely pushed themselves into Government offices. The emancipation of the Jews in the Empire was decreed in 1856; previously they had been under the ban of the police, and their money-bags had often been confiscated. The Viennese contend that their goods and chattels are now confiscated by the Jews, who are not given to spending much in the breweries.

Of course the Judengasse has its picturesque effects. In compact groups its dealers in old articles sell, bargain, traffic, speculate and calculate in their Jewish dialect, amidst a profusion of gestures. As one strolls by, some of them are seen flaunting between their crooked fingers earrings, watch-chains and coral necklaces, and have all the semblance of being freebooters fresh from the pillage of a castle; others, again, have in hand worn-out boots and slippers, clocks or coffee-mills that have had their day; and still others loom into view who have thrown across their shoulders the spotted and tattered clothes of murderers, while from the gaping pockets of their own faded coats hang out the heads of costly images in Saxon porcelain.

On the square of the Hocher-Markt, or Higher Market, stands and great heaps of vegetables and fruits are spread out under awnings, or without. This market was designed as a central purveyor of supplies; but, while it affords whatever one might wish to purchase, it has not been very successful. The great permanent market, whence the dealers and fruitiers draw their main daily provisions, taken home in small wagons pulled by dogs, is near the Elizabeth bridge over the arm of the Danube inclosing a part of the city. It is in vain one seeks the "blue Danube," as only this narrow and shallow branch is presented to the view, and in order to see the majestic river itself an hour's trip is requisite. The Higher Market offers a complete collection of eggs, fish, fowls, game, salt and fresh meats, as well as of vegetables and fruits. The game is excellent, and very cheap, especially the Bohemian pheasants, which are exported to several foreign royal tables. The fishmongers and their wives are, as usual, adepts in wagging sharp, abusive tongues. An inscription on one of the palaces of this square testifies to the fact that it was rather a long time ago the forum of the Roman Vindibona (Vienna).

One of the largest and finest squares is that known as the Hof, on which are situated the Ministry of War and the old Arsenal, now a museum of antique arms and armor, among them the flags with curious inscriptions, cimetars, lances, drums, turbans, etc., taken as trophies from the Turks when they were repulsed in their celebrated siege of the city. At Christmas Eve, on this square, the most magnificent display is made of trees decked out in streamers and gilded nuts, and presenting to the eye the appearance of a forest lighted up and crowded with stands of toys; both toys and trees disappearing as if by magic before the purchases of the festive crowds of mothers and fathers of families.

The central telegraph building very nearly eclipses the Imperial Palace. At its entrance is a porter in gorgeous costume—every notable structure possessing one of these personages. The Viennese porter is quite a specialty. Those who are appointed to stand at grand doors and "represent," like a general, wear in Winter a fur overcoat, and in Summer white pants, the rest of their costume being always profusely gold-laced. The majority of the telegraphic operators are women.

Near this building is the new Exchange, whose doors are closed to the profane, unless they be presented or recommended by one of the magnates who worship the golden calf within. Its interior is decorated with costly marbles, and each member has his private room, wherein

he smokes, transacts business, and receives. It is heated and ventilated by a specially invented system, and illuminated by 1,366 gas-burners.

Upon the site of the old fortifications that encircled the city now stand splendid modern houses, lining what has been appropriately named the Ringstrasse, or Ring Street. Among other public edifices on this circular street is the House of Deputies. The Austrian deputies, like those at Berlin and Rome, sit in temporary structures, parliaments not having been of long standing in these three capitals. Only the deputies of Austria proper assemble in this chamber; those of Hungary and its annexes sit at Pesth. The two bodies, however, elect a committee, whose seat is at Vienna, and to this committee the imperial ministers of foreign affairs, war and finance are responsible. A new Legislative Palace in the Greek, a new City Hall in Gothic, and a new University in Renaissance styles are being reared on the Ringstrasse. Behind the new Museum, also in process of construction on the same street, are the imperial stables, which, prior to 1866, contained six hundred horses; they now only hold three hundred, and these are employed more by the Empress, who is specially fond of horseback exercise and of driving, than by her husband. In the annexed saddlery are the saddle, leather breeches, whip and *sombrero* which Maximilian used in Mexico.

On the same circular promenade is the Hofgarten, or Court-garden, in which children sport and ladies attend the musical performances. Connecting with the Court-garden is the People's, or Volksgarten, with its fine shade-trees, its elegant coffee-house and temple of Theseus. From time immemorial the citizens have been noted for their love of gardens, flowers, trees, birds; in every dwelling, however humble, are to be found geraniums and canaries. Nightly, in Summer, the public gardens are tenanted with bands of musicians, and the Volksgarten and Stadtgarten (People's and City gardens), in particular, are transformed into vast open-air concert-halls, in which Strauss reigns as king of the waltz.

The City Garden presents, in Summer, a very refreshing spectacle, its greensward dotted throughout the day with playful children, and its lake full of ducks. In Winter the lake is patronized by skaters, and at night, when lit up by torches, the scenes are very effective amidst the sparkling sleet covering the surrounding trees and shrubbery. Hungarians, in their national costumes, are the most admired skaters, as they skim on the smooth surface, holding by the hand their lady partners, attired in the Esquimaux dress, which has been rendered fashionable since the Tegethoff expedition to the North Pole; it consists of a fur cap, short coat, pants and gaiters, thus doing away with skirts, and allowing the hair to float freely behind over the shoulders.

At the extremity of the Garden is the Museum of Industry and Fine Arts. In its art department are exhibited the diamonds and pearls of the Teutonic Order, a collection of objects sent from Mexico by Maximilian, antique glass of Bohemia and Venice, Vienna porcelain, tissues and embroideries. Its industrial department is a sort of school and permanent exhibition, in which the Viennese manufacturers display to foreign visitors their most remarkable productions. The glass, diamond and jewelry manufacturers are distinguished for their taste and elegance of workmanship, and the skill of the carvers in ivory rivals that of the Chinese and Indian workers. One of the city's specialties consists in carved meerschaum cigar-holders; some of these are perfect architectural bits, but generally they represent a hunter tracking a chamois, a shepherd with his flock, a battle scene, bears tracked on ice, or women in varying costumes and attitudes. The specimens of leather bindings for books are very artistic; indeed, leather-work of all the finer kinds is done in Vienna as nowhere else, and its workmen in this line are eagerly sought after in foreign countries. As a rule, the native workers follow the Paris school, though not servilely, in knick-knacks, furniture, bronzes and other costly household articles; whereas, in Berlin, such articles are imitated in a very heavy and unskillful way, and sold at extremely low prices into the countries of the East. A school for young workmen, frequented by 240 pupils, is annexed to the museum, in order that they may learn and master the application of the fine arts to industrial purposes.

The signboards in the streets are strikingly curious, those of the smaller hotels and inns being alone sufficient to indicate the remote antiquity of the imperial city. "Golden Geese," "Golden Lambs," "Golden Crowns, "Golden Deer," "Golden Peacocks," "Golden Crosses," "Black Bears," "Blue Goats," "Three Rabbits," are the favorite titles for inns.

The streets are always overflowing with gayety and gleefulness. The most fashionable parts of the Ringstrasse on a fine Spring day are equal to the great promenades and drives at Paris and London. The Court carriages are to be seen passing, with their coachmen in yellow pants and laced three-cornered hats; superb private vehicles of every description dash over the pavement; riders prance about on thoroughbred steeds, every now and then hastily bowing to the ladies promenading in sumptuous toilets; here and there, forming groups, are Hungarian officers, with their peculiar boots, tight-fitting pants, decked out in Orders and cordons and *kalpak*, and Austrian officers neatly uniformed, armed with the fashionable eyeglass and with their hair carefully parted in the middle behind, after the traditional practice of the local barbers; long-haired students, painters in pointed hats, nurses in strange costumes, with scarlet skirts, embroidered corsets and yellow bonnets; turbaned Turks, with the half-moon done to a point on their backs; cadets, little girls selling violets, dog-sellers, porters, looking like cathedral sextons, etc., give to the great Ring boulevard a weird and cosmopolitan, an ever varying and attractive aspect. It has two sidewalks, two roadways for equipages, an alley for pedestrians and one for riders, and a broad middle roadway for cars (which are covered with advertising bills), omnibuses and cabs.

The latter and their drivers form an institution. The interior of the cabs, which are always hitched to two lively steeds capable of keeping pace with the best steppers of the private equipages, is furnished as a miniature room, with curtains, mirrors and knick-knacks; and the drivers generally own the vehicles and horses. In 1873, on the eve of the Universal Exhibition, they struck because the municipal authorities wished to impose a fixed tariff on them. They are really the spoilt pets of the Viennese, who give them liberally "drink-money," and in return the cabbies are always polite and in a good humor with customers, and always gallop their horses in those thoroughfares where it is permitted. Though they are only paid by the hour, they get over six times the distance any other cabbies on the continent will in the same time. Large and fat, dressed in Summer in nankeen, and in Winter wrapped in old, bald fur overcoats hailing from the Jews' street, they look the picture of happiness when seated on the box. At the cab-stations they gather in groups, and discuss politics or listen to the reading of a novel; but they are never so preoccupied as to fail to accost, bowing and smiling, any likely customer coming within hail of their customary query, "Does your Grace desire a carriage?" As drivers, they are very skillful; collisions in the streets from fault of theirs never happen, and a local proverb claims they can

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

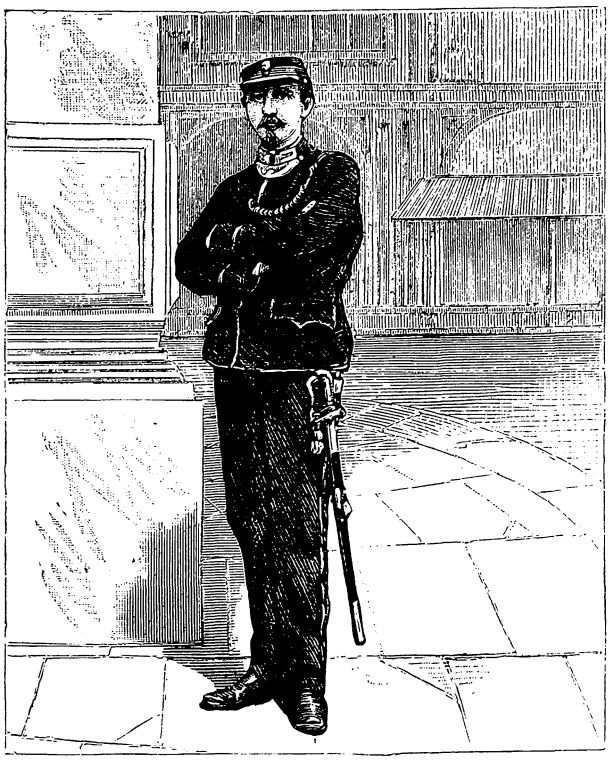
A BANDBOX-PEDDLER.

drive around a silver dollar. Many wealthy persons prefer the cabs to their own equipages.

The cabbies wear no livery or numbers; though occasionally the attempt is made to transform them into liveried drivers, it always fails, as the driver himself invariably ends by throwing off the imposed insignia of grandeur, donning again his dirty hat and red waistcoat, and seating himself once more a free man upon his dearly beloved box. One of the fraternity, who had driven a cab for thirty years, upon being informed that certain legal documents proved him to be a count, replied, "I am a coachman, and will remain such. To be a count is no doubt a fine thing, but I prefer to be a coachman, because I would rather have the blue sky over my head than a gilded ceiling."

A VIENNA MILK-MAID.

AN ITINERANT TOY-SELLER.



A MUNICIPAL OFFICER.

A FLOOR-SCRUBBER.

The omnibuses are wretched, dirty, damp, yellow-painted vehicles, divided into two compartments, or one for ladies and the other wherein smoking is allowed, the conductor standing on a raised step behind.

The Ring being the elegant quarter of the capital, the street is brilliant in lively colors ; to its fine shop-displays, to its jewelry, art and flower establishments are added the splendid toilets of the ladies, parading in their silk and velvet robes, and the variegated uniforms of the army officers. To view this promenade in its greatest splendor, it must be seen from three to five P.M., especially on Sunday, in Spring or Autumn, when the new fashions are inaugurated ; at such times there is nothing like it in the rest of Europe, for in it one beholds a medley of all classes of society, from the world of the emperor and diplomatic corps to that of the bootblack and scavenger. Elegant equipages drive through it, or stop, when the door of the vehicle is opened by two long-coated footmen, one on each side, and out steps some fair young princess or countess to take her accustomed "walk on the Ring." The Crown Prince takes his airing on it daily, spite of the crowd that always follows in his wake, much to his dissatisfaction ; so does Count Andrassy, the Prime Minister, generally with his hands behind him and smoking a cigar.

All freshly arrived foreigners of distinction are forthwith trotted out on the Ring, and everybody who is anybody is sure to be seen there; the scene of a good deal of society-flirting, and a veritable Tower of Babel on the score of confusion of tongues. The number of idlers, *flaneurs*, dandies, first and second secretaries of legation, all armed with sticks and single eyeglasses, is legion ; formerly, as a matter of etiquette, they were all accompanied by a dog, of

THE GARBAGE-GATHERER ON HIS ROUND.

equally high lineage—the "Spitzerl," from Pomerania, but this part of the programme became obsolete. It is not considered good tone for gentlemen to go about the streets wearing decorations, ribbons, crosses, etc.; simple flowers in the buttonhole are alone in order.

The Ring is decidedly an excellent point of observation from which to study the different types of people belonging to the empire. On taking a seat in a coffee-house and looking out of the window at the passing stream, the view is certainly unique; the crowd is as variegated as at a fair. Nowhere else in Europe can be found such fine and striking specimens of both men and women. The Hungarian women are the prettiest and most elegantly dressed; the Bohemian and Polish, with dark hair and fair skin, the most distinguished-looking; in the midst of the cosmopolitan assemblage, fair Italians are twittering in their melodious dialect like swallows in a cold country announcing the return of Spring; the Viennese, the offspring of a crossing of the various races in the empire, are pretty, jaunty and coquettish—among the men, stout, tall specimens are the rule (though no such colossal grenadiers as are to be met under the Linden trees at Berlin), and the faces of these masculine passers are always open, intelligent and saucily good-natured. The Austrian race, as centred in the capital, is exuberant, owing to the fact that its German element is so strongly overwhelmed by those of the enthusiastic Slav, Hungarian and Italian races.

The imperial printing establishment is in the Singerstrasse, and is noted, among other things, for having been the birthplace of chromo-lithography, which is now one of the most flourishing branches of the city's trade. The establishment numbers one hundred employés, prints books in all languages, and is specially charged with the manufacture of paper money, stamps, envelopes and postal cards.

The newspapers have two classes of subscribers; those who call at the office for their paper, and those to whom it is carried—the former presenting their subscription card at the office to be punched every time they desire an issue. Newspapers are not allowed to be sold on the street; they are to be had in the tobacco-stores, apparently as though both articles of merchandise ended only in smoke.

The popular types encountered in the streets and squares are numerous, picturesque, and constitute an exceedingly interesting study. The Slavonian pipe-peddlers and tinners, wearing broad hats and their feet wrapped around in cloth or leather bands, are so many ambulating shops of pans, rat-traps, salad-baskets, spoons, knives and forks. The Bohemian musicians, with guitar or violin, and the Hungarian flute-players, go from courtyard to courtyard, performing their national melodies and selling a variety of trifles. Not behind these are the hucksters of apples and onions, who, with their baskets on the head or arm, go from house to house in search of customers, and are called "Kroatin," though they are no more Croats than the sausages sold in the groceries, under the name of Frankfort, are from the latter town. These sausages, by-the-way, are equally as favorite a local dish as maccaroni is at Naples. Neither the butchers nor fruitiers make any artistic display of their wares, as is the custom in other large cities; the only lines in which the shopkeepers seem to pride themselves in making an artistic show are jewelry, meerschaum pipes and coffins; the latter tastefully carved and ornamented to an unparalleled degree. The chimney-sweeps, both men and boys, form a flourishing brotherhood, ever prepared to do duty at the shortest notice, and they are often called upon in a city where the Winters are long and chimneys much used. Many of them have economized small fortunes in the sooty business, being very frugal, industrious, and rarely addicted to taking a glass of beer. Innumerable toy-sellers, young and old, offering home-made toys and those more highly prized from Nuremberg, the famous toy-centre of Germany; tidy laundresses, as jauntily done up as the immaculate skirts and other underwear which they carry hanging from a basket at the back through the streets; housemaids, with kettles in hand, wending their way confidently to the beer-halls for a fresh supply of the delicious "Wiener bier"; garbage-gatherers, driving their teams in all directions to collect the refuse which is brought out from every house by the women and children and emptied into the wagons; Tyrolean singers, proceeding from hall to hall and from garden to garden, to perform in chorus; scrubbers and cleaners, with their implements for waxing floors and courtyard pavements; the police and municipal functionaries, with their special devices and uniforms; the commissionaires and a host of others plying odd vocations, form an array of typical characters peculiar to the soil.

Vienna has its small-boy; he is called *schusterbub*, or shoemaker's boy. In America, the "bub" has been adopted for short. The *schusterbub* goes into the street without any covering on his head, an old cigar-stump stuck in his mouth, shirt sleeves rolled up high, holding in one hand his worn apron by the string, and in the other a pair of new boots, running about in loose slippers, as if he had on a pair of pumps, and is invariably found in the crowds following the military bands, unmindful of his errand; he is equally capable of a good or bad action, the terror of milk-maids and porters, whose milk-pans and trash-boxes he is as prone to kick over as the sparks are to fly upward. The porters are also to be classed as peculiar types. They dress in a sky-blue swallow-tail, red waistcoat and striped pantaloons, as a rule, and the daily routine of one of these personages is the following: In the morning he handles the broom with dignity, does odd jobs afterward, and at night, from ten o'clock, fulfills, wrapped in his dressing-gown, a key in one hand and a lantern in the other, his nominal function of opening the house-door, after it has been locked for the night, receiving pay every time he opens at the rate of six cents up to midnight, and ten cents, that limit passed. In order to avoid this onerous tax, whole families are usually seen returning home from the breweries, theatres and concerts a little before ten o'clock.

There are over four hundred coffee-houses in the city, and in this respect it is truly an Oriental one; it was the first city in Christendom to start the institution—by no means a bad one anywhere, as other European cities have found out. The local tradition—a matter of record besides—dates the first coffee-house from 1683, when the city was besieged by the Turks for the second time. For managing to pass through the besiegers' lines and hasten the arrival of the succoring army under Sobieski, a Pole received, by way of recompense, the vast number of bags of coffee which the Turks abandoned in their flight; and, as he had previously been in Turkey, he knew well to what use the little green grains might be put. He began by making coffee and carrying it around in person from door to door; gradually, after getting a taste of it, the citizens grew fond of the new beverage, whereupon the lucky Pole rented a small room and started in it the first "coffee-house," which was visited by Prince Eugene of Savoy, and largely patronized by all the military chieftains of the day. Upon his death, a mania for Turkish coffee, pipes and tobacco, arose, and, of course, coffee-houses well supplied with the articles demanded became general. To-day, everybody goes to the coffee-houses—men, women, children, priests, soldiers, etc.—and they have become real centres of social life. In them business is transacted, bar-

gains struck, news heard, politics discussed, books and plays passed upon. At four in the evening it is difficult to find in them a vacant seat, as this is the hour for taking coffee, at home and away. The various articles sold in the establishments are excellent, and the service is a model one, such as is not found in any other city.

The Viennese coffee-house waiter is the king of the school that may be said to have been founded by him ; he is exported to the rest of Germany on account of his activity, politeness, good-humor, and honesty. The moment a foreigner enters a coffee-house, the waiter recognizes his nationality, and, with an amiable promptness, devoid of obsequiousness, hands the *Times* or *Galignani* to the American or Englishman, the Paris papers to the Frenchman, the Hungarian and Italian to customers of those nationalities, and so on. Before a Russian he always places, in addition, a box of cigarettes. Some of the coffee-houses take in as many as a dozen copies of each prominent paper.

Cakes or small breads are eaten with coffee ; the composition of these breads is a specialty and very varied—made with butter, or milk, or raisins, or sugar, etc. Little bread duels take place, the consumer making away with the greater number being paid for by his competitor. Many of the coffee-houses have each their special public, as also their history, and peculiar attractions. The *cafe* and brewery are indeed a second home for the Viennese : tables are set apart for old *habitués*, some of whom, during twenty or thirty years, have sat in the same chair, at the same daily hour, drank the same beer or wine in the same glass, and smoked the same tobacco in the same pipe. As a rule, the old frequenters pass three or four hours daily before their favorite tables, regardless of the loss of time and money—indeed buoyed up by the national saying, "Live and let live!" Amidst the noise of conversation, the clatter of glasses and knives and forks, the Viennese, when seated at table before the usual supply of solids and "delicacies," always appear to be banqueting.

The wine and beer-cellars are also much frequented, not to say haunted, and they are not in the least eclipsed by those of Leipzig, Hamburg and Bremen. Of all the cellars, the Esterhazy-Keller is the most original. It is only open from 11 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., has neither tables nor chairs, and yet there is daily a large gathering to drink of its wine, because the only two qualities sold are worthy of a king's table. Yet there are fourteen different kinds of wine in Austria-Hungary. In the Slav provinces, particularly, wine is the chief drink of rich and poor, and it is contended there that this is the main reason why the Slav race is so much stronger, physically, than the pure German element devoted to beer.

For one florin a very good repast of meat, vegetables, and sweets, can be had at a brewery, where the great culinary triumph of pastry and pudding, *mehlspeisen*, can be enjoyed in perfection. Many people eat exclusively in the breweries, the general time of dining being from 1 to 3 and of supping from 7 to 11, with piece-eating between these regular meals.

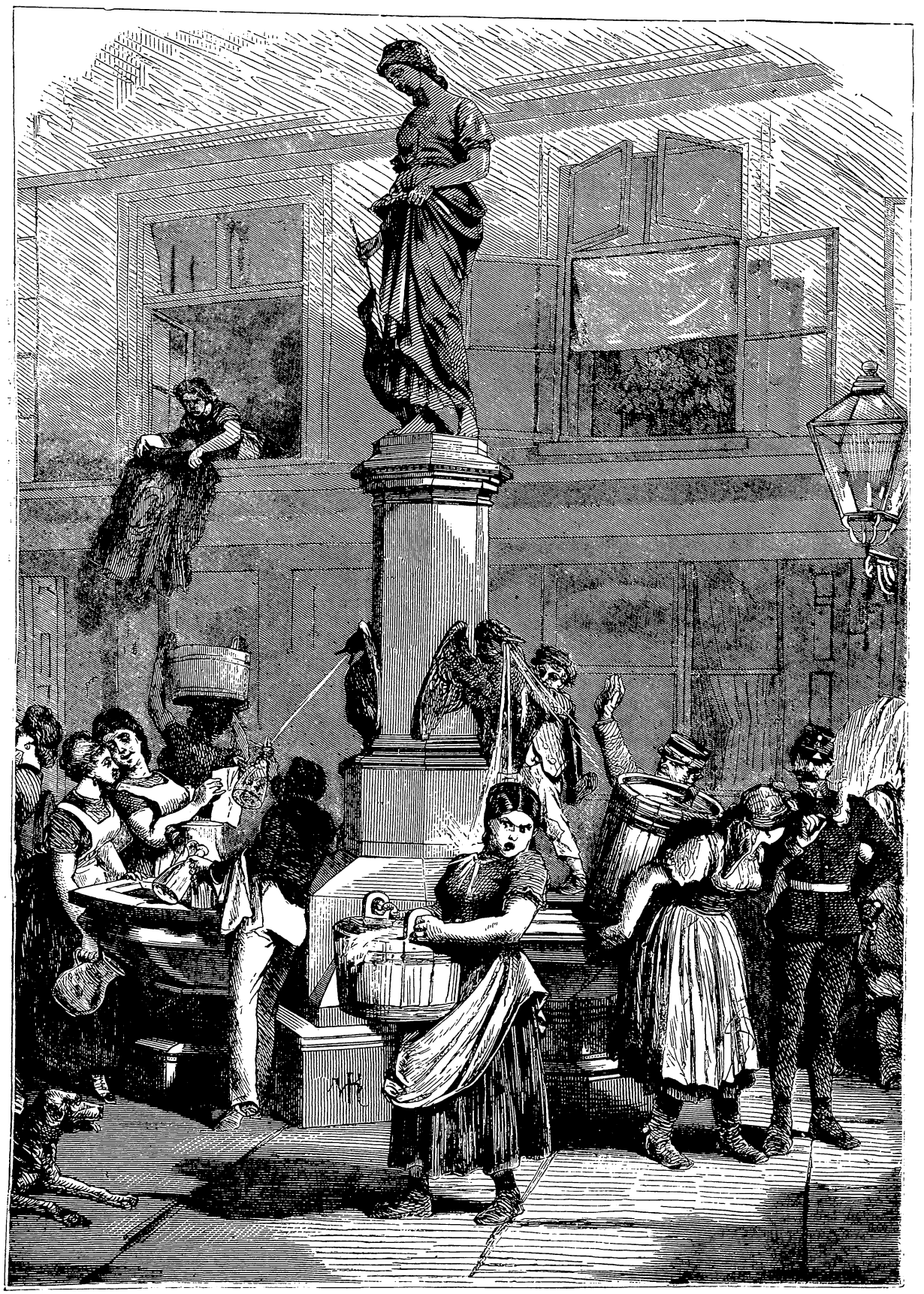
The old palaces of the city have all more or less the uniform appearance of a barracks, or the melancholy aspect of a convent. The architecture is not of an elevated order, the rude and dingy stones of the edifices merely recalling the medieval era of wars and combats. The Burg, or the Emperor's Palace, is a simple mixture of separate structures, without any style, joined together by a series of courtyards ; nevertheless, its massive walls present a far better effect than the more modern imperial abode at Berlin. The Burg was first tenanted as an imperial residence by Rudolphe of Hapsburg, a poor little lord of Switzerland, who, upon the recommendation of the Pope, was elected to succeed the Emperor Frederick on the throne. The castle, in ruins, of the founder of the now world-renowned Hapsburg dynasty is still to be seen along the railway route from Zurich to Basle. Since his day the existence of the Hapsburgs has been wholly confined within the walls of the Burg, which is, in truth, a combination of palace and fortress. In one of its rooms are preserved, as if fresh days of prosperity and glory were still in store for them, all the insignia of the ancient Holy Empire—the crown, the globe surmounted by the cross and the sceptre by the eagle, and all its relics and jewels—so many witnesses to its brilliant existence during centuries.

The imperial apartments in the Burg Palace contain nothing remarkable or sumptuous, and the furniture is of a simple, solid order. None of the gilded finery that prevailed in the Tuileries under the Napoleons is met with ; the long series of emperors have always been conspicuous for plain, homely tastes. At every hour of the day and night people pass through the palace courtyard, and frequently as Francis Joseph returns home from a walk or goes out riding, his path is unceremoniously crossed by the most soiled laborer. Approaching the throne is not very difficult, and the court is popular.

Sunday is the gayest of days at Vienna. All business then ceases ; shops are shut, and the whole city takes on a festive air, and puts on its best Sunday clothes, and the day is given over to eating, drinking, singing, dancing, fiddling, piping, excursions in the Prater and to other environing points. From morning to evening arises from its midst one unceasing medley of matter-of-fact noises and musical harmonies—a ringing of church-bells, and a ringing of glasses ; a concert of organs and dishes, psalms and songs. It is particularly, on such occasions, easy to perceive that the city, devoured with a thirsting after pleasure, stands at the gates of passionate Italy and the languid East. Going to church, in the eyes of such a population, is largely a musical-matinée affair ; and the music and singing in the churches is generally first-class, being executed by well-trained artists. The same church audiences are to be seen, later on in the evening, at the profane concerts of the Musikverein, Kursaal, Flower-hall, and People's Garden, where the military orchestras alternate with that of Edward Strauss. The regimental music is invariably good. The flags of several regiments are covered with decorations and medals won in musical matches at home and abroad.

Throughout Germany the name of Vienna has long been synonymous for music. It is the chief national art in Austria, which never had great warriors, statesmen or orators, but has always had great and good musicians. The musical history of Vienna comprises four grand epochs : that of Haydn and Mozart, that of Beethoven and Schubert, that of Liszt and Thalberg, and the present, dubbed the "Renaissance." The citizens are always enthusiastic over music—their weak, or rather strong, point. Misunderstood geniuses are understood by them, and their city is the only one, except Munich and Bayreuth, where Wagner's music has been performed in all its fullness. Composers and musicians receive at their hands that formal consecration which Rome formerly gave to painters and sculptors.

There is a kind of bright, lively, elegant, facile music which is a special product of the soil, and is exported abroad as champagne is from France. It is personified in Strauss. Their easy comprehension and popular character have spread Strauss waltzes to the uttermost confines of civilization. Strauss is really the hero, the king, of the city ; and when he mounts his throne to lead an orchestra, all ears, eyes and hearts are at his feet.



THE GOOSE FOUNTAIN, VIENNA.

The Strausses form a dynasty among themselves. Johann Strauss, the founder, was born at Vienna in 1804, and was apprenticed to a bookbinder; but, being imbued with an unquenchable love of music, deserted his trade and took to the fiddle, by means of which he eventually gained fame and wealth as an orchestra-leader, giving concerts in all the principal capitals and cities of Europe. His two sons, Johann and Edward, succeeded him, and added to the renown of the family name. Johann composed light operas, and performed as a leader at the balls of the Tuileries and at the balls of the opera in Paris. Edward has always remained faithful to Vienna and the paternal traditions. He is strictly a leader and composer of dancing music, and his charming waltzes have successfully made the tour of the world. In Winter he reigns as an absolute sovereign in the concert-halls, running a half-dozen orchestras on the same evening, going in his carriage from one to the other, in order to preside. In Summer his throne is set up in the open air, amidst the verdure of the People's and City Gardens.

After attending the concerts, the audiences flock to the theatres. The Burg Theatre, which is considered the national stage, is devoted to plays of the higher order, performed by well-trained actors. The masterpieces of Lessing, Goethe and Schiller are often given; but as native dramatic talent has of late years lacked, managers have resorted to the universal practice of adapting French pieces. The audiences frequenting the Burg Theatre are remarkably attentive listeners, never making a gorgeous display of toilets for the love of mere show. After the Burg, the An-der-Wien is the oldest theatre, and on its stage are performed *opera bouffe* and local farces in the dialect and types peculiar to the city.

Every country in Europe has exhibited more or less an original variety of farces, based on local proclivities and surroundings. *Hans Wurst*, corresponding to the *Jack Pudding* of Old England, is the local impersonification who has for the last hundred years been the most popular on the Vienna comedy-stage. Offenbach's operettas are now extremely popular, although when first introduced they were anathematized by one of the dramatic critics thus harshly: "Audiences that go to see such a piece as 'The Belle Helene' cannot be virtuous." The opera is a plant that has long been successfully cultivated at Vienna. The first opera-house was built in 1659, and was for the exclusive use of the Court circles. The Empress MariaTheresa, short of funds in her struggle with Frederick the Great, of Prussia, conceived the idea of securing good singers and musicians, without any heavy outlay on the part of the State, by simply admitting the general public to the performances, and requiring a certain sum for the privilege so accorded. Her scheme worked like a charm, and, ever since the reign of Her Majesty, the opera of Vienna has ranked higher than that of any other capital. The building annexed to the Imperial palace soon became too small for the number of spectators, and an opera-house was put up outside of the palace-grounds, which did service until 1869, when a splendid new edifice, rivaling that of Napoleon III. at Paris, was inaugurated on the Ringstrasse.

WOMEN WHO WOO.—"THE PINK DEEPENED AND GLOWED IN RAY'S CHEEKS, LIKE THE HEART OF A ROSE. SHE GAVE HIM HER HAND FRANKLY. 'I LOVE YOU, PHILIP.'"—SEE PAGE 619.

Never before had there been seen in the city a theatrical building so spacious, handsome, so conveniently adapted both for actors and spectators; with internal practical arrangements unsurpassed, enabling three thousand persons to sit at ease and see the stage; with entrances and exits on all sides; soft, brilliant light, and perfect ventilation—

warm or cool at will, thanks to a simple system of machinery, which has also been applied to several of the city hospitals. The gas-burners are all lit simultaneously by electricity. The interior is on the Italian order, viz., the pit, with a few seats besides standing-room, and five tiers of boxes, completely separate and rising perpendicularly from floor to ceiling. Each box has fine mirrors and is preceded by a cozy little room. The orchestra seats shut automatically when the occupant arises; the scene-shifting, tricks, etc., are all carried out with the assistance of steam and electricity.

There are 700 employees in all; as many as 400 persons perform in an opera or ballet at one time; the costumes are superb, being of genuine material—silk and velvet; the breast-plates and helmets of the fictitious soldiery are real medieval armor, furnished by the imperial arsenal. The orchestra is composed of 150 musicians, under the leadership of Hans Richter, many of them composers, and is without a rival in the world. The choruses are the most powerful and well-instructed on the operatic stage, and the ballet is unique.

The Viennese, being the best of dancers themselves, are connoisseurs of this article of luxury. A good deal of ballet-dancing is done in the peasant costumes prevailing in the many provinces on account of their pleasing, picturesque effects behind the foot-lights; and when thus attired, the choreographic battalions manœuvre with an unequaled precision and grace. Fanny Elssler—whom old Metternich was wont to call the "Divine Fanny"—Porti, Gella, Saken, Friedberg, Anittersberg, have been some of the divinities of the Vienna ballet.

Nobody, except actors and employees, is allowed on the stage or behind the curtain during a performance. The fashionable season of Italian Opera is in the Spring, and then the "stars" shine forth for a brief period. Adelina Patti is still an idol for the public, despite her escapade and appearance in company with the tenor Niccolini; and Christine Nilsson is ever sure in advance of an enthusiastic reception.

The operas are varied during the season, as the *habitués* will not put up with one single opera given for several nights in succession, as is the practice in France and Italy. Wagner's music succeeds at Vienna: his latest opera was rehearsed a hundred times before being put upon the stage in the grandest of styles. At Berlin, on the other hand, the eccentric maestro has not been so fortunate. Emperor William, perhaps the least musical man of his empire, is not one of his admirers, although, with a view to help nationalize the lately annexed duchies, he was present at the Bayreuth Festival.

The exit of an opera-house, on the close of a performance, presents a rare spectacle, in the diversity of elegant types of women and men, attired in all the fashions peculiar to each province. The aristocratic groups are much gazed at as they laughingly and chattingly descend the stairway to enter the equipages in waiting, the curious outsiders crowding the sidewalks to catch a glimpse of such a display of beauty crowned with diamonds and pearls, and decked out in all the colors of the rainbow.

In the singing halls, where, according to a critic, "the cancan is sung," are seen and heard the male and female singers of local songs of all kinds; musicians and singers, with a Bohemian ancestry in both senses of the name, of which they are proud, are abundant. Vienna has ever been a favorite resort for ambulating street troubadours, flutists, fiddlers, harpists from the provinces, plying their professions during the day in the courtyards, and at night h[illegible] the run of the many taverns and inns.

The Austrian nobility has preserved many of its old privileges and landed possessions, and hence is still on a more powerful footing than any other except the English. It is strictly a separate caste, faithful to its traditions of honor, dignity, self-respect, fidelity and loyalty to the sovereign. Its code of polished manners is proverbial. The heads of the Lichtenstein, Schwarzenberg, Lobkowitz and Esterhazy families are upon the topmost round of the high nobility; from these wellnigh royal pinnacles the ranks taper down to baron, the lowest of titles. Formerly, all the nobles indulged in an extraordinary luxury; and it is related that, in the wealthy Esterhazy family, a jeweled court costume, valued at $2,000,000, was handed down from father to son, costing in repairs, every time it was worn at Court, the trifle of $2,500.

The separation of all classes being complete and absolute, "high society" is composed only of those who have the right of going to Court. Whenever there is a ball at the Burg, no tickets or invitations are sent out, because only nobles can be admitted, and so a mere announcement as to the day, hour and style of dress is inserted in the official journal.

Over 400,000 persons in the empire bear noble titles; many of these titles, having been bought, are not considered genuine, although the Emperor has the right of ennobling any individual distinguishing himself, and many high offices are filled by persons specially appointed members of some Order to which a parchment of nobility is annexed. One must at least be a baron, or pass for one, if he wants to be admitted into anything like upper-tendom at Vienna: and the fashion of passing for one is on the increase.

Titles are profusely awarded in the shops, stores, coffee-houses and hotels. Ladies are always called by the title or profession of their husbands, viz., "Madam the Countess," "Madam the Professor," etc.; and, if the husband have none whatever, then the lady must be entitled "gracious" or "very high lady."

Kissing a lady's hand is yet a very common practice on entering a drawing-room; in the hotels the chambermaid accosts the stranger with the formula, "I kiss your hand!" and the marketwomen actually kiss the hand of the housewife who buys of her stock.

It need scarcely be added that Vienna is gayest in the carnival season, during which balls and concerts are the order of the day and night. At this merry period all heads seem to be incessantly turning in the mazes of the waltz. There are family balls, students' balls, doctors', artists', journalists', peasants', engineers', cabmens', butchers', porters', and even policemen's balls, besides those of numerous other callings and professions, which all have their set evenings duly advertised in the papers. The poorest citizen will pawn his only mattress in order to enjoy the pleasures of the everlasting waltz. The Colosseum, Universum, Orpheum—immense public resorts, combining theatricals, exhibitions, restaurants, balls and concerts under a single roof—are nightly thronged. In Summer the carnival is indeed transferred to the open air, especially in the magnificent park of the Prater, on the edge of the city, but replete with all its commodities. At every step in it are theatres, hippodromes, panoramas, menageries, breweries, Hungarian restaurants, music and dancing; in its principal avenue pass princely equipages, drawn by four and six horses, while in its shady walks leading toward the Danube entire families stroll about or picnic on the grass, under shelter of the fine old oaks. Around the breweries gather bands of the thirsty, ever clamorous for beer—more beer. On Sunday evenings fireworks are added, and made to light up the vast forest, to the delight of the thousands of children who are invariably aired by parents on all their rural excursions.

WOMEN WHO WOO.

IF there is one thing I particularly enjoy, it is in having my own way. As you look so astonished, I will modify a little, just to imagine I have. One-half the pleasures of life consists in imaginary happiness. Mother devotes her time to nursing her manifold ailments, so I am left to do as I please."

These candid observations were made by Ray Vallere, a young lady remarkable not only for her daring acts, but also for being a wealthy belle in her set at Gotham. She had come to the Catskill Mountains with her mother, who was, as Ray had brusquely put it, an invalid, and really being a languid, indolent person, left her daughter to her own resources. Ray had a peculiarly bright, cheerful temperament, and bid fair to be spoiled by her many friends, who termed her perfect. She and her last intimate friend, Flo Erskine, and their escorts, Jack Winters and Philip Raleigh, were sitting on the Table Rock in front of the Mountain House, which overlooks the varied beauty of the valley beneath. Jack looked up suddenly.

"I should be sorry indeed if Miss Vallere really was imbued with such a characteristic. You would leave us to believe that you scoffed at government, even one as light as your mother would impose upon you. I must confess my idea of a 'perfect woman, nobly planned,' is one whose ideas of self-will are subdued—say subservient to a higher authority;" and he glanced meaningly at Flo, who blushed shyly under his look.

Ray saw the whole of this little by-play, and wondered how sincere Jack was in his admiration of her friend. It was only two months since he vowed, after the style of impulsive lovers, that the world would be all darkness to him without her smile, and now his affections seemed veering to another quarter.

"If he is flirting with her," thought Ray, "I shall add my mite of information. Madame de Trop, in flirtation rambles, is so extremely pleasant; besides, that is my forte to perfection. Yes," she said, finally, "I believe just a little myself in the supremacy of will. But, Jack, I doubt the superiority of your mental discipline over any of my friends, so would never advise any to serve under inferior rule."

"Winters," said Mr. Raleigh, "it will not do to enter into an argument with Miss Vallere, for she returns your thrusts with interest."

"Miss Ray is disposed to be facetious," testily answered Jack. "I presume, should she ever honor one of the sons of men with her hand, it will be some diminutive specimen with a lutelike voice and childlike dependence—one she could mold to her own erratic opinions—or, I should rather suppose the avowed enunciator of such determined principles would prefer to live in single-blessedness, without the annoyance of any will."

"Not at all, sir. I not only expect to marry, but hope to. Is that sufficiently candid for your comprehension?"

"Why, Ray!" said Flo, deprecatingly, "how can you say so? I would not for the world!"

"Would not what, Flo? Would not express your opinions so concisely, or would not marry? I will not think it is the last, for could you have the cruelty to distract your numerous admirers?" laughingly rejoined Ray. "But come," she added, "I must dress for supper—crimp my hair and pin on a ribbon or two, or you will not have a chance to pay me any compliments on my improved appearance."

After the party separated at the door, Mr. Raleigh strolled off musingly. He had met Ray Vallere only a week previous, and while not always indorsing her straightforward remarks, admired, in spite of himself, the candor and lack of deceit in her.

He wondered if she cared for him. Certainly her tones were softer when she addressed him, and twice he fancied a welcome look flashed from her eyes at his approach. He drew nearer the drawing-room windows.

Ray was a perfect waltzer, swaying gracefully to the pulsing of the music. She was a blonde of the purest type. A slender yet rounded figure, a haughtily poised head, crowned with a wavy aureole of golden hair.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair,"

rapturously thought Philip. His complacency would have been somewhat shocked could he have known the import of Jack Winters's low tones to Ray.

"You do wrong, Mr. Winters, to allow mere prejudice to influence your ideas of Mr. Raleigh's worth. I believe it to be a slander. His appearance indicates a gentleman."

"True enough, Miss Ray; but it takes a gentleman to be a scoundrel. Believe me, I know positively the report is authentic. He has trusted to distance to screen his glaring faults, but is an unscrupulous man, one who is of such evil reputation as should deter any from voluntarily seeking his society. Besides," and his tones were softer, "I have not quite given up hope of winning your regard, and, may I add, affection?"

"Mr. Winters, I believe I stated my refusal some weeks since. You will therefore save me the annoyance of a repetition," coldly responded Ray.

"I will," replied Jack; "but remember, ever consider me your best friend. I would only warn you against this person, whom I'm afraid it will not even do to flirt with." He bowed and left.

Philip Raleigh came up presently, eager to claim a little attention from the admiring group which always surrounded her. To-night he imagined she watched him with a new expression which he could not fathom. He fancied it was inquiry mingled with distrust. Still she was apparently as gay as ever; her wit was never so brilliant, while her rejoinders were met with approving smiles from the gentlemen who listened.

When Ray ascended to her room, her mother called to her from the one adjoining:

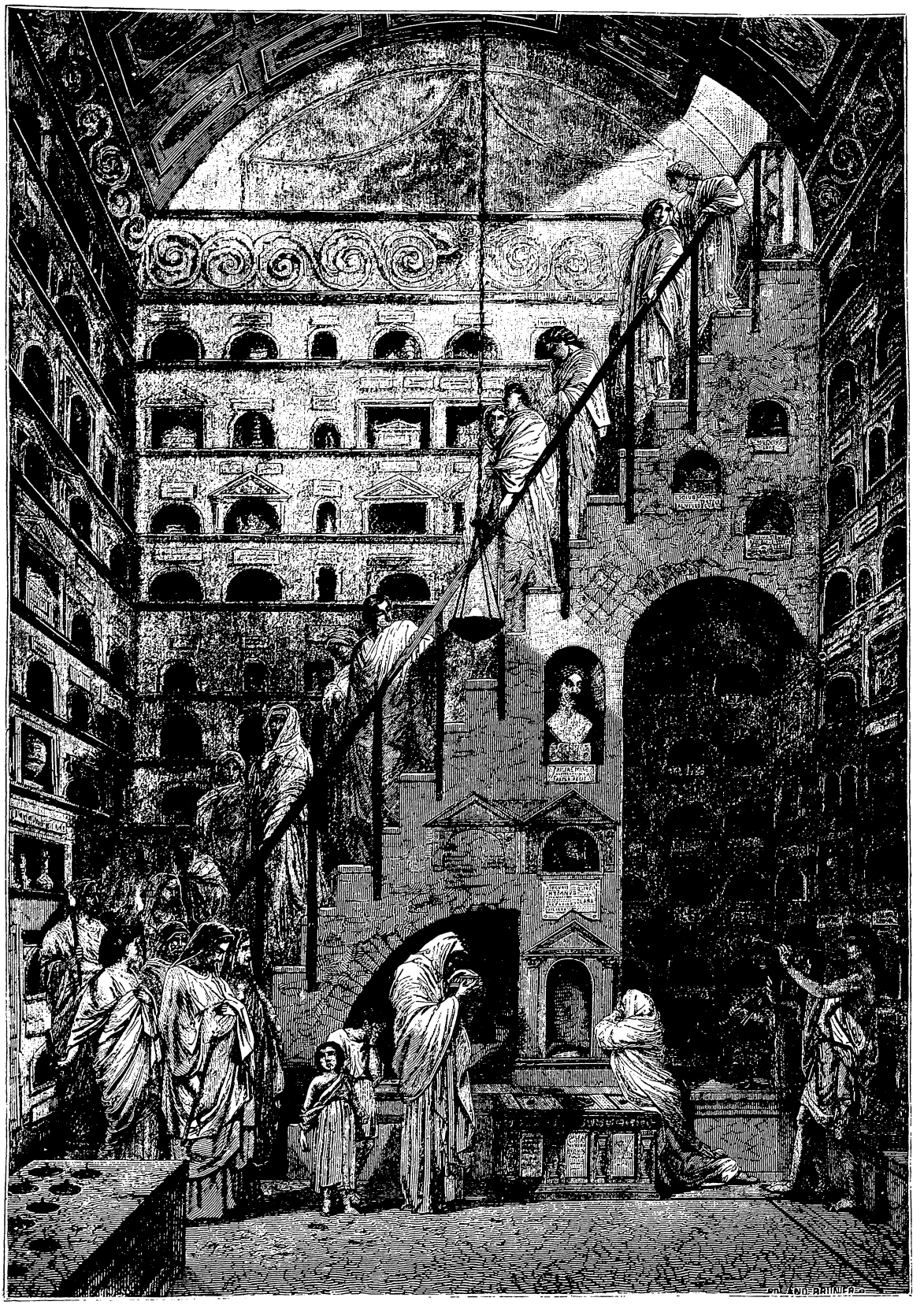
"If you have leisure, I would like to speak with you."

"Very well, mother, what is it?" she asked.

"Ray, you know you are dependent on your uncle for the food you eat, the clothes you wear. Are you not afraid his patience will be exhausted? Besides, should he marry, our hopes of inheriting his wealth are gone. You have now been out two seasons, and I do wish you would stop flirting and marry wealthy. There is Jack Winters, of good family and, what is still better, rich. Why do you scorn him? He told me this evening that Mr. Raleigh was an unprincipled person—one who trusts to his fine address to marry an heiress, such as he doubtless thinks you. I desire that you give up his acquaintance."

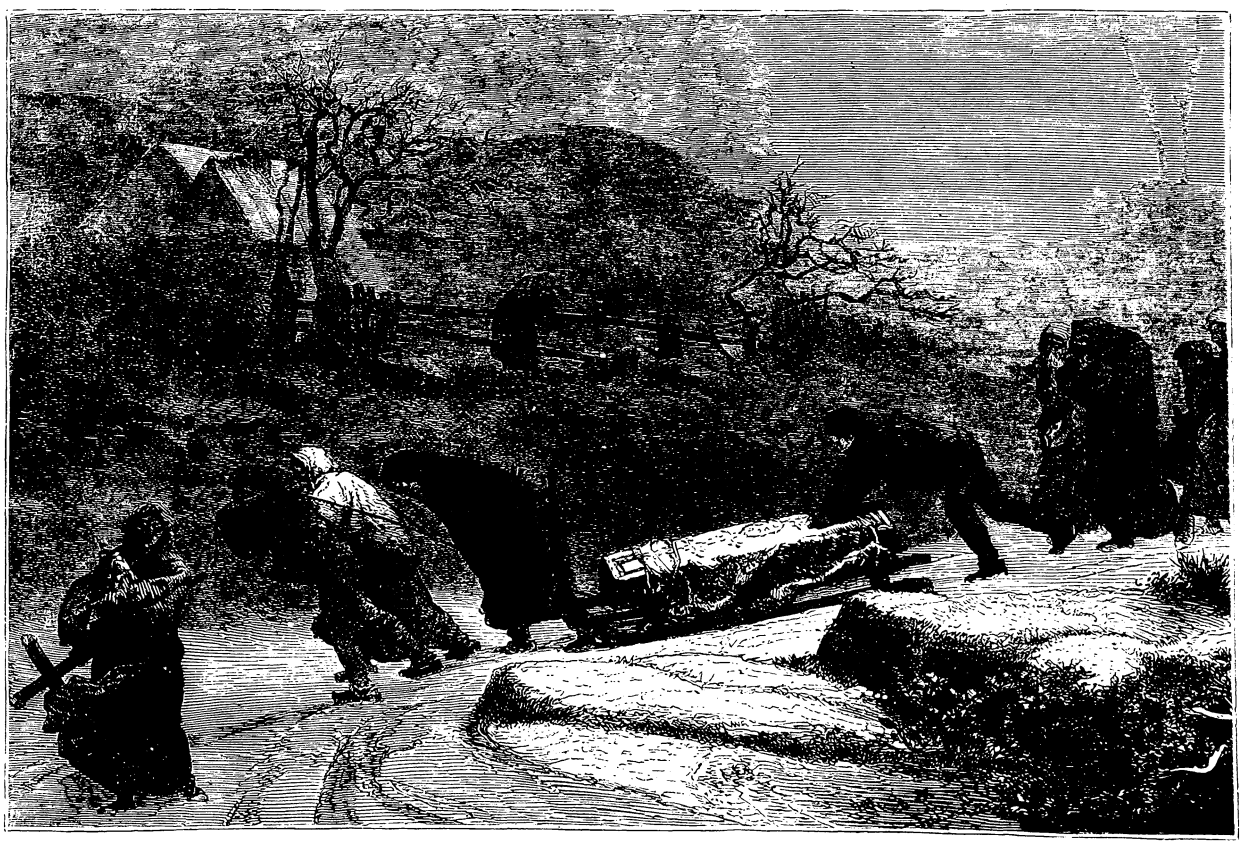
"Mother," coldly replied Ray, "I think Mr. Winters presumes too much on his former friendship. Besides, in regard to my future prospects, we have already discussed that sufficiently. I would not insult any man with my hand when I had no affection to bestow. I wish the remarks about my prospective marriage to cease; and I am positively determined to teach, wash and scrub—anything to relieve your mind in regard to my obligations to my uncle!"

Mrs. Vallere saw she had said enough, so wisely resolved to postpone any further conversation.



FUNERAL RITES AND CEREMONIES.— A ROMAN COLUMBARIUM.— SEE PAGE 623.

A FUNERAL IN ENGLAND THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



A BURIAL SCENE IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS.

Ray was sure her uncle did not share the matrimonial projects of her mother; for she knew he tenderly loved her, and always refused to allow her to teach, as she laughingly offered to do.

"I am alone in the world, and have none to care for besides yourself; so, be kind enough never to mention the subject again," he said, decisively.

Unconsciously to herself, she had become very much interested in Philip Raleigh. Certainly these rumors must be a mistake. He could never be so base; and yet she knew Jack was not in the habit of speaking unjustly of any one. But still she resolved she would not treat him any different than she would her other friends.

As days passed on, however, her resolution weakened. Her mother's importunities, combined with Jack's reproof, seemed constantly thwarting her good resolves.

"Ray, dear," said Flo, "do you know, I rather distrust Mr. Raleigh. I have heard he has no reputation in his own State, and I am afraid he might be a gambler or a robber. Wouldn't that be terrible if it was so?"

"Doubtless very terrible," dryly rejoined Ray. "And now if you can summon courage enough to pass the robber sitting yonder on the porch, you had better get ready for our stroll to the Kanterskill Falls."

Ray was walking idly up and down when Jack Winters joined her.

"Miss Vallere, will you permit me to escort you to the Falls, if I may no more than walk beside you, and catch a smile now and then?"

"You may go with me if you desire," she coolly replied.

There were several couples intending to go to the Falls, wander through the mountains, take supper at the Laurel House, and return after sunset.

Ray saw Mr. Raleigh approaching, but when he saw Jack carrying her parasol with an evident air of proprietorship, he turned away disappointed, she thought.

Jack looked at her.

"You do not seem to heed a friend's advice. I see you make no difference in your actions toward Mr. Raleigh."

"Why should I, Mr. Winters? I have never yet been convinced that he was aught than what he claimed to be—a gentleman."

"I know, Miss Vallere, that nothing I could say would convince you. But he made a remark yesterday which I resented, although I only feared his conceited words were partially true."

"May I ask what they were?" she asked, interested a little, in spite of herself.

"I would rather not repeat them, Miss Ray," cautiously replied Jack—"unless," he added, slowly, "you will never mention it to him."

"I shall not," she replied, briefly.

"Mr. Raleigh yesterday said 'he was sorry he could not return your affection, apparently so lavishly given to him. He believed that men should woo, not women; and he would be certain you inherited your uncle's fortune before he allowed any of your fascinating wiles to enthrall him.'"

Her face flushed with the memory of outraged feeling, while she struggled to regain her accustomed composure. She remembered Philip had often spoken with dislike of "women who wooed," and to think how blind she had been! She had disregarded her mother's advice, and this was the result.

"Flo is waiting for us. We will walk faster, and overtake them," she said, in the quietest possible manner.

Jack wondered how she had taken his communication. He was accustomed to look at all things superficially, and could not discern the impress of an unusual excitement in her placid countenance.

On reaching the Falls, the party separated, and strolled idly around the gorge. Weary with prolonged wanderings, Ray returned to the hotel, and, going through the parlors, sat down on the piazza outside.

"I fear I shall intrude, Miss Vallere; but never having seen you so quiet before, feel some curiosity as to the cause."

She glanced up, and encountered the look of inquiry which beamed from Philip's brown eyes.

"I am rather fatigued," she answered, curtly.

"Miss Ray, I have fancied you are displeased with me. Is there anything I have done wrong that you have noticed?"

"Your actions interest me so little, I really have not observed you attentively for the last few days, so cannot judge. I will excuse you from further conversation, as I wish to return."

Philip stood amazed. It must be true, then—she was a flirt, and had evidently wearied of him. Well, he would try and crush every remembrance of her winning looks and charming ways from his heart.

The next morning, on entering the parlor, Ray discovered among the new arrivals a friend from the South, Annie Burdette, whom she had not seen since they parted at school, two years before.

"Why, Annie! I am so delighted to see you! When did you come?" joyously asked Ray.

"Just a few minutes since. But come to my room. I have a host of questions to ask. By-the-way, I see an old friend here—Mr. Raleigh, a gentleman I have always wanted my 'queen of girls' to admire. Have you met him?"

"What kind of a gentleman is he?" said Ray, ignoring the latter part of her remarks.

"Oh, a splendid-looking man. A lawyer, wealthy, and who ranks first in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen for his upright acts and noble ideas of justice. I will introduce you."

Days passed on; and now, as Ray was conscious of having unjustly censured him, she was anxious to atone by renewed courtesy. As she was polite, Philip was proportionately distant, and seemed devoted to his quondam friend, Annie Burdette.

Ray could not but admire his sturdy independence in keeping himself aloof when so rudely rebuffed. She resolved she would apologize for her unladylike treatment; for she was just enough to candidly confess her error.

Philip came in response to her note, and received her confession with satisfaction expressed in every lineament.

"You are freely excused, Miss Ray. I know how prone human nature is to believe malicious remarks. I thought probably my attentions were distasteful to you, and determined not to trouble you further, although I had hoped a warmer feeling would prompt your acceptance."

He looked at Ray, who stood blushingly near him. Something in her face encouraged him.

"Ray, my darling, I have worshiped you so long! Tell me, do I hope too much? Can you not return my affection?"

The pink deepened and glowed in Ray's cheeks like the heart of a rose. She gave him her hand frankly.

"I love you, Philip."

Annie declared the engagement was just right. She had desired it so ardently, and now her hopes were realized. Jack Winters left very suddenly after the full explanation of his falsehood came out, and did not even say good-by to Flo, who wept her silly little eyes red at his absence. Mrs. Vallere roused herself enough to remark:

"Ray always would have her own way. But it is just as well, for he is rich."

FUNERAL RITES AND CEREMONIES.

By Alfreton Hervey.

THE question of the sepulture of the dead is one which has attracted much recent attention and is bound to attract more, as our country grows more populous. When Sir Henry Thompson, a few years ago, put forth his able and comprehensive argument in favor of incineration, or cremation, as it is popularly termed, he met with but little encouragement; but as the notice of scientists and statesmen became directed to the rapid increase of cemeteries for the burial of the dead, and their undoubted evil influence on public health, the burning of the human body after death became more favorably considered, and it was not long before some public example of this ceremony was made. We all remember the cremation of the late Baron de Palm by the Theosophical Society. That ceremony did not tend to increase popular belief in cremation, but this might be accounted for by two reasons: 1st, That it was the first of the kind, and, therefore, not accomplished with the success that would come of long habit; and 2d, That it was done by a Pagan Society, and therefore became distasteful to Christians. But the cremation of the Baron showed that such a method of sepulture can be accomplished, and it was followed by a similar disposal of the body of Mrs. Pittman, of Cincinnati. This did not attract as wide attention as the previous ceremony, but it was accompanied by religious services.

The ancient Greeks and Romans both burned and buried their dead, but burning was more commonly practiced, and under the Roman Empire it became universal, and inhumation was entirely unpracticed until it was again introduced by the spread of Christianity; and by the end of the fourth century cremation had almost entirely fallen into disuse.

Among the Greeks, when the body was not burned, it was placed in a coffin generally made of baked clay or earthenware, and buried without the town, intramural interment being forbidden, from the belief that the presence of the dead brought pollution to the living—which indeed it does, though not in the way imagined by the ancient Greeks. But when, as was more frequent, the body was burned, it was placed on a pyre built of wood, to which fire was communicated in the presence of those who attended the funeral; and when the flames were extinguished, the bones were collected and placed in urns made of various materials. These urns were preserved in tombs usually built on the roadside, beyond the city gates. After the funeral, the family of the deceased partook of a feast at the house of the nearest kinsman; and during the continuance of the period of mourning, sacrifices and feasts were celebrated.

In the latter days of the Roman Republic, and under the earlier emperors, the remains of the deceased were washed, anointed with oil, and perfumed by the slaves of the undertakers, who, residing near the temple of Venus Libitina, where funereal articles were sold, were called *Libertinarii*. A coin was placed in the mouth of the corpse, to pay his ferriage across the Styx into Hades; and the body, dressed as well as possible, was placed in the vestibule of the house, with the feet toward the door. The funeral took place at night. The procession, headed by musicians, was attended by hired mourners who sang the funereal song; next came the freedmen of the deceased, wearing the cap of liberty. Immediately preceding the corpse, persons with waxen masks represented the ancestry of the deceased. The corpse itself, placed upon a couch, was generally borne by the freedmen or by the nearest of kin; the family followed after, the men with their heads uncovered, the women uncovered and with dishevelled hair, beating their breasts and uttering piercing cries.

If warranted by the rank of the deceased, the procession passed through the Forum, and an oration was there pronounced. Finally the corpse was placed upon the funeral pyre, built commonly in the form of an altar, with four equal sides. The nearest relative, with averted face, kindled the pyre; and perfumes, oils, articles of food, ornaments, and clothing, were frequently thrown on it while it was being consumed. The embers were then extinguished with wine, and the bones and ashes carefully collected by the nearest of kin, sprinkled with perfumes, and placed in an urn.

These urns were of various forms and materials, and when sealed were deposited in pairs in niches made in the perpendicular walls of chambers, or inclosed places constructed for that purpose; or sometimes by the roadside, and called *Columbaria*, from their resemblance to a dovecote. The mourning and sacrifices were continued for nine days, and by the women mourning was sometimes worn for a year on the death of a husband or father.

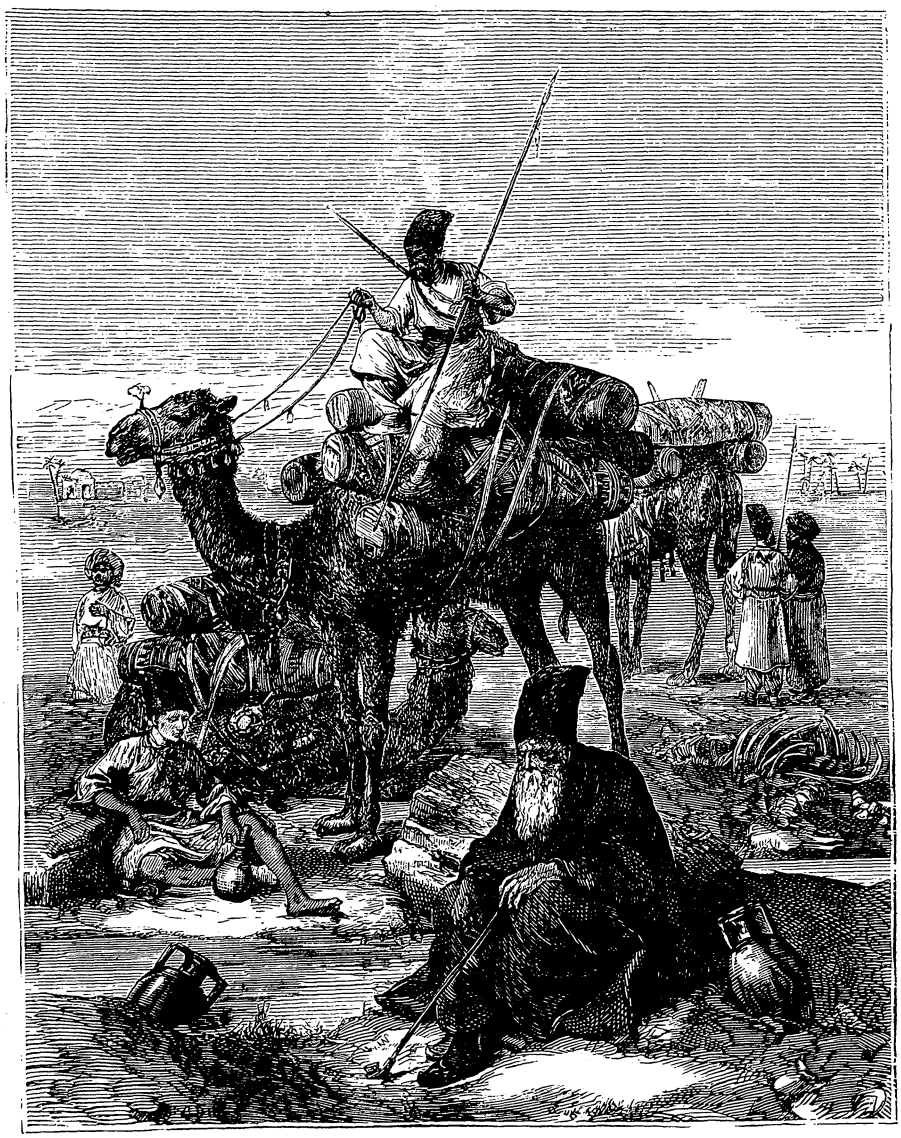
Undoubtedly the most ancient form of sepulture is mummification, which was practiced by the Egyptians, Assyrians and Persians. It was most common among the Egyptians, but was also to a limited extent by the Greeks, Romans and Hebrews, and in America by the Mexicans and Peruvians. By this method, the outward form and semblance of the body were indefinitely preserved, and mummies are in existence to-day that are undoubtedly over 3,000 years old. After the embalming process was finished, the Egyptians swathed the body with narrow linen bandages, steeped in some resinous liquid. These were wound round the body with great nicety, all the irregularities being padded so as to give a symmetrical shape to the body. In the Greek and Roman period the limbs were bound separately, but the Egyptians inclosed the entire body in one envelope, which, when thus prepared, exhibited only the general outline of the human form, even the face being covered. The body was next inclosed in a cartonage or case, made of layers of cloth cemented together, which was properly adjusted to it when damp, so as to take its exact shape. When fitted, it was taken off, dried, and then put on again and sewed up in the back; after which it was richly painted and gilded, the face being colored to represent the features of the deceased, or overlaid with thick goldleaf, and the eyes made of enamel. The cartonage was covered with other cases, sometimes three or four, made of cedar or sycamore, similarly painted, and the whole placed in an outer sarcophagus of wood or stone, ornamented with paintings or sculptures.

The practice of mummifying the dead continued in Egypt until the beginning of the seventh century of the Christian era; and it has been estimated that during the period of its practice, more than 400,000,000 human mummies were made.

Leaving the ancient and coming down to modern times, that is, during the Christian era, we find that, while interment in the earth is almost universally practiced, the attendant ceremonies and customs are of the most wide variation. Let us take a look at some of the most prominent customs of those nations which differ from our own.

A curious scene illustrative of the funeral customs of

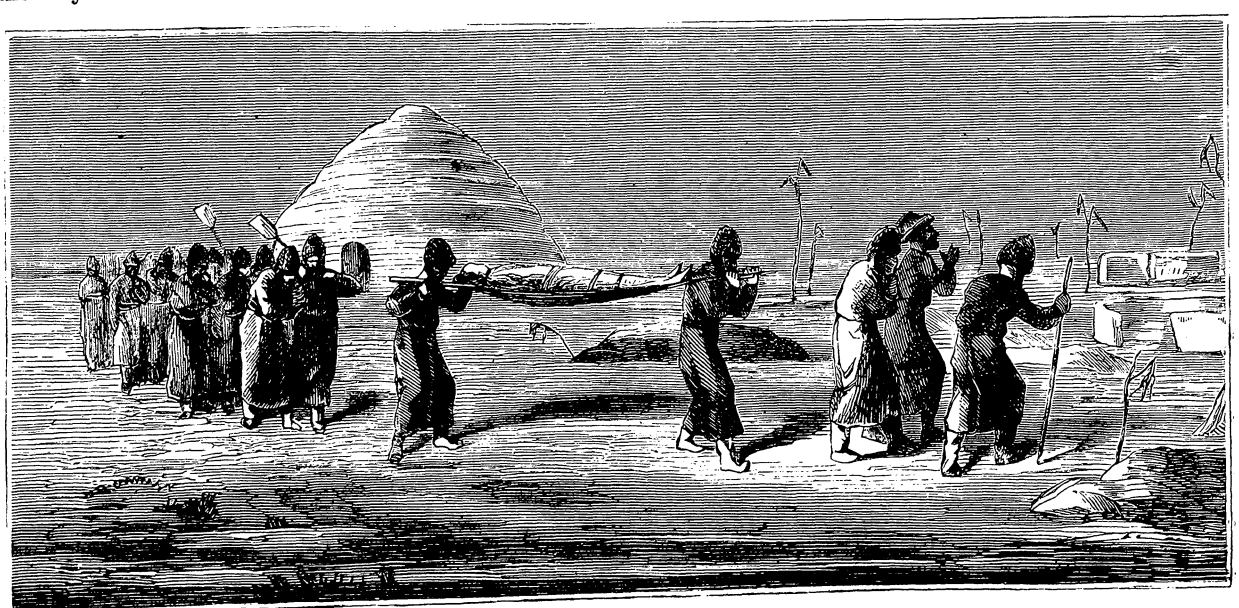
England of three centuries ago, is shown in an old print in the British Museum, which we reproduce. The quaint old cut represents Sir Philip Sydney, the poet-warrior of Queen Elizabeth's reign, being borne in state through the city of London. Killed on the Continent during a battle against the Spanish troops in 1586, he was mourned throughout England, and the Queen ordered that his body should be interred in St. Paul's—the old cathedral, burned down about eighty years after. It was said that while the body was being removed from the Minories to St. Paul's, the streets of the city were so crowded with people that the mourners had scarcely room to pass, while every window was filled with spectators.



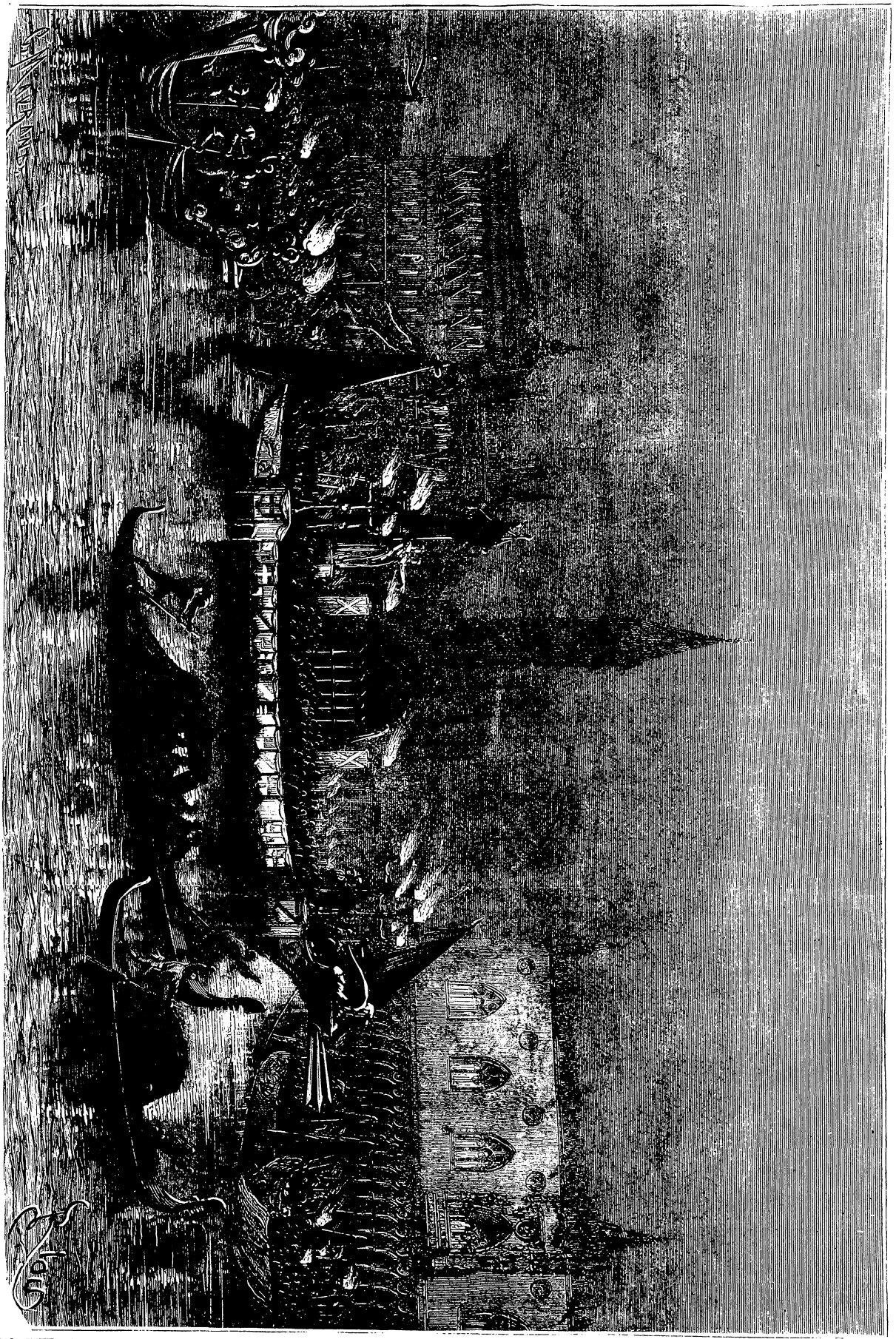
PERSIAN PILGRIMS, WITH THEIR DEAD, JOURNEYING TO THE SHRINES OF KERBELA AND MESCHID ALI.

The dress of the pallbearers is a relic of the old Catholic times, resembling the Franciscan habit, which it was so customary for the dying to assume.

The Irish customs at funerals are not only interesting, but they are absolutely unique; but they vary greatly in the different portions of the Island. A funeral procession in the hills of Connemara generally consists principally of women and girls. The chief mourner sits in a cart beside the coffin, which is simply a rough

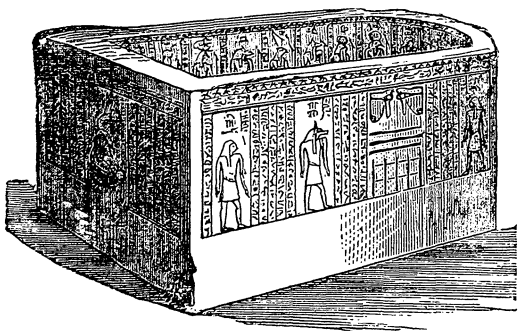


A TURKOMAN FUNERAL.



A FUNERAL CORTÈGE AT VENICE.

deal box, wrapped about with a white sheet, the plain wood being left uncovered at both ends. The dress of the men of the mountain district is like that of the Western Highlanders of Scotland, in their rough gray tweed and Kilmarnock bonnets. The women cover their heads and shoulders



EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

with a square piece of white flannel, and thus they proceed to the place of interment. The peculiar Irish wakes have so often been described, that scarcely more than a passing reference to them is needed here.

The political funerals of Paris are matter of almost general knowledge. The religious element in them is almost entirely subordinated to the civil. Outside of Paris, however, the customs are different, and it is principally among the peasants of France, as, indeed, in the peasantry of all countries, that these interesting peculiarities are noticeable. The French peasantry bury their dead simply, unostentatiously and with loving respect. We show two illustrations of funeral scenes which perfectly exemplify this.

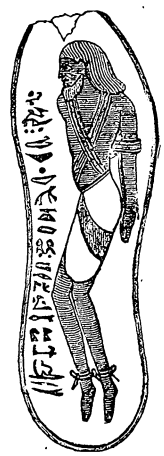
The Vosges Mountains are situated between the Moselle and the Rhine, and stretch from the Jura to Belgium. When death visits one of the cabins of the hardy mountaineers, the corpse is borne, if possible, to a church—not on the shoulders of men or in a hearse, over the long, devious and dangerous route, but on a sled, followed by the mourning friends and kindred. Where the descent is steep, a sort of railroad is formed, the crossties used as braces for the feet by the guide of the sled, sitting in front and checking the too rapid downward impulse. There is nothing conventional here—no funereal plumes, no hired mourners, no affected grief. It is a tribute of real affection and friendship, paid in a simple-hearted community, with all the simple simplicity of genuine sorrow.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE.

In Holland the dead are carried slowly to their last resting-place in a large hearse, heavily draped with velvet, and surmounted with plumes. The number of mourners accompanying each varies from six to ten, according to the means and station of the deceased. Their hair is done up in queues and they dress entirely in black. They are almost enveloped in large cloaks, wear a white choker around the throat, and assume a lugubrious expression of countenance befitting the solemnity of the occasion. In cases where persons are too poor to employ mourners, their Associations follow them gratuitously, and help to inter them. In such instances the coffin is followed to the grave by a long file of men dressed in black, and wearing a badge on the left arm, on which are inscribed the insignia of the Order.

When a death has taken place among the peasants in Sweden, two of the nearest male relatives go to the minister of the parish and state the facts, and receive from him the keys of the church and belfry. When arrived there, they will ring the bells for half an hour, and in this way the people for miles around will know that one of their number has departed. When the ringing has ceased, the same persons take the spades—always kept in the belfry—and dig the grave. This finished, they will order a coffin from the nearest carpenter. The funeral generally takes place on Sunday, when the deceased is carried by his relatives and friends sometimes a distance of four or six miles to his last resting-place. When near the church the bells are again rung, and only cease when the procession has arrived at the grave, when the minister performs the final ceremony. The procession is always headed by the oldest men, and next to the coffin two or four women dressed in black, with large white aprons, and their heads and shoulders covered with handkerchiefs of the same color.

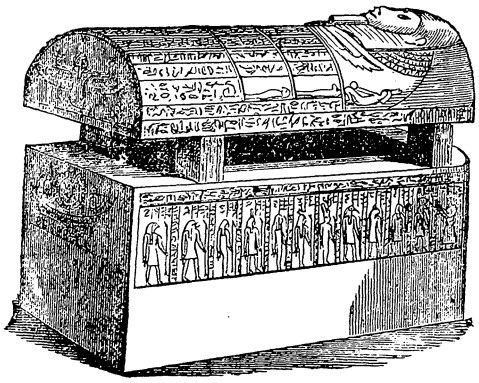
The Austrian peasants have many beautiful customs, and it is not strange that even in their funerals their love of the romantic finds expression. The funeral procession shown in our illustration gives an idea of this. The coffin, capped with flowers and the holy cross, in the leading boat; the chief mourners following; the priests, acolytes, choir-boys and acquaintances filling up the rear boats—show a funeral cortége romantic, beautiful, and characteristic of the people.



EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

In Russia, as soon as a person has expired, the eyes and mouth are closed by the nearest relation, after which, according to a usage prevalent also in other countries, copper coins are sometimes placed over the eyes. Next, the body is washed and dressed. The lowest class bury their dead in their ordinary clothes; those somewhat higher employ a shroud; but the upper classes send for a tailor, who equips the corpse in a good suit of clothes, also putting around the head of the deceased a ribbon, on which are representations of certain angelic figures. If the corpse be that of a girl, a garland of flowers is placed on the head; but a matron is furnished with a rich hood. Children are habited in pink-colored robes, and a bouquet of flowers is placed in one of their hands, and the coffin is at first strewed, and afterward filled, with flowers. In all cases the hands were crossed on the breast. When the body has been placed in the coffin, the latter is covered with a cloth, the color of which is distinctive; pink being used for children, crimson for women and brown for widows. Black is never used for pall coverings, though the corpse of a man is clothed in black. During the home ceremonies, the priest stands by the coffin, and during the customary three days between death and interment a priest is continually with the body. On the day of interment the body is attended to the church by priests, who bear crosses and lighted tapers, and chant hymns all the way. Other persons in the procession also bear lighted tapers, and if the deceased were wealthy or high in rank, the corpse is attended by a group of singing boys, one of whom bears a gilt case containing an image of the Virgin Mary. The persons who attend the funeral always walk, no matter what the distance may be, while the body is either borne on men's shoulders or in a sort of car drawn by horses. The horses are covered with black cloth, the postilions and driver being bareheaded. A short service is then read by the priest, after which the priest, friends and domestics of the deceased walk around the coffin and kiss the corpse. The lid of

the coffin is then fastened down, and the body taken to the grave. At the beginning of the year a feast for the dead is annually held. The surviving relatives then visit the graves of their deceased friends, on which they lay some victuals, and then hear Mass, in payment for which the priest is entitled to the victuals left on the graves.



AN EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

The funeral customs of Italy are many of them unchanged at present from those of the Middle Ages. Especially are these old customs found in the institutions and monuments that have endured for centuries. Among them is the Misericordia, a confraternity at Florence for the care of those injured by accident, or seized with sudden pestilence or indisposition, and for their decent burial in case of death. In case of the latter, the corpse is carried out at night by members of the confraternity, each enveloped in a long, black habit, the head and face covered by a shapeless hood, with merely apertures for the eyes. Others similarly attired follow with lighted torches. They move, not at a slow, funeral pace, but quickly ; chanting, as they go, the funeral service. The members of the Misericordia comprise all ranks, but they are on a perfect equality, greeting each other simply as brethren, and obeying the recognized Superior. The Society, while performing its duties, denies individual identification, and is never seen in public without the masking hood and habit.

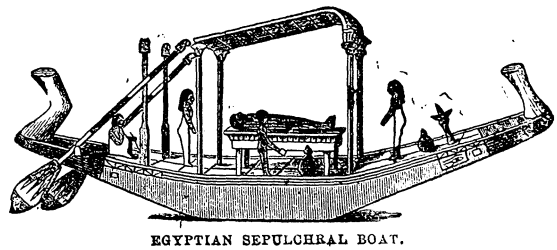
In the southern part of Italy, after the church bells have announced the death of a person of distinction, a Society or confraternity proceed at an appointed hour to the residence of the deceased to take charge of the funeral. The dress of the Society consists of a long, sacklike robe, which descends to the feet, and a large cowl, which is drawn over the head and face, completely covering them, with the exception of two small holes in front for the eyes. They march in silence, with solemn steps, preceded by a cross-bearer, also in the garb of the Society. The members of the Society come first, two by two, with lighted tapers in their hands, singing psalms and requiems at intervals. The coffin follows, carried by four men ; the pall-bearers being generally members of the particular Society to which the deceased belonged. On the top of the coffin are placed the insignia of the family or rank of the deceased. Immediately after the coffin come the servants of the family, dressed in mourning. It is a custom in Italy for the nearest relatives and friends of the deceased not to attend the funeral. As the procession passes through the streets, all uncover their heads and breathe a silent prayer for the soul of the departed. After the church service the body is taken, in the same solemn manner, to the last resting-place.

In Venice, the City of the Sea, the poetry of burial is more fully brought out than in any other part of Italy. Indeed, many of the usages and customs in this city are beautiful in the extreme, and, in the case of the burial of the dead, often picturesque and touching beyond description. In the case of a young maiden who had early closed her eyes on the loves and sorrows of this world, the ceremony of conveying her to the grave was marked by the poetry and grace so inseparable from all the customs of the sunny land of Italy. The dead girl was conveyed in a gondola through the canals to her last resting-place, in some small island-necropolis close to the city. In this funereal vessel, the body, sometimes elegantly attired and covered with flowers, reclined on a raised couch, beside which her nearest relatives knelt, while a priest sat at the foot of the bier, chanting the service for the dead, in which the bearer of a sacred standard with a cross joined. The solemnity and impressiveness of the mournful cortége could scarcely be surpassed.

In the case of a noble, or high dignitary of state, more pomp was displayed. The funeral gondola, highly decorated and blazing with lights and torches, passed through the principal canals of the city, followed and accompanied by others similarly, though less elaborately, ornamented. Priests in their sacred robes, and the friends and official companions of the deceased, occupied the funeral barge. The cortége, after passing through the city, proceeded to the necropolis, where the remains were laid away with fitting pomp, to await the last trump which shall call the dead to life.

In many of the smaller towns and villages of Italy, the dead are buried from the church ; and before the requiem begins, the body and coffin are borne into the church, and the corpse laid beside the coffin which is soon to confine it. Then follows the *ora de pianto*, or hour of wailing, when kindred and friends, in prayer and tears, take their last farewell of the loved. Here lies the young village maiden, cold and still, the crucifix resting on her silent bosom. Her parents kneel at the altar-rail ; her lover, perhaps, near her ; and her former companions sob alone, only murmured prayers breaking the stillness. It is grief tempered by religion—simple, touching. This watch of the dead is marred neither by the hired mourners of the East nor the noisy wakes of the North. After the *ora de pianto* has passed, the requiem begins ; after which, loving hands place the body in its final resting-place.

The funeral rites in the cases of children, vary greatly in different countries. While in America it is customary to have a white-colored coffin, and hang only white crape from the door-knob, in token of the innocence of the dead babe, other countries have not adopted this beautiful symbolism. At a baby's funeral in Madrid, for instance, the American would experience a feeling of repugnance at the gayety of the scene. The ecclesiastical authorities of Spain have been wont, it is said, to countenance the opinion that, in the case of the death of a duly baptized child, too young to have committed willful sin, there is no cause for much grief at



EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL BOAT.

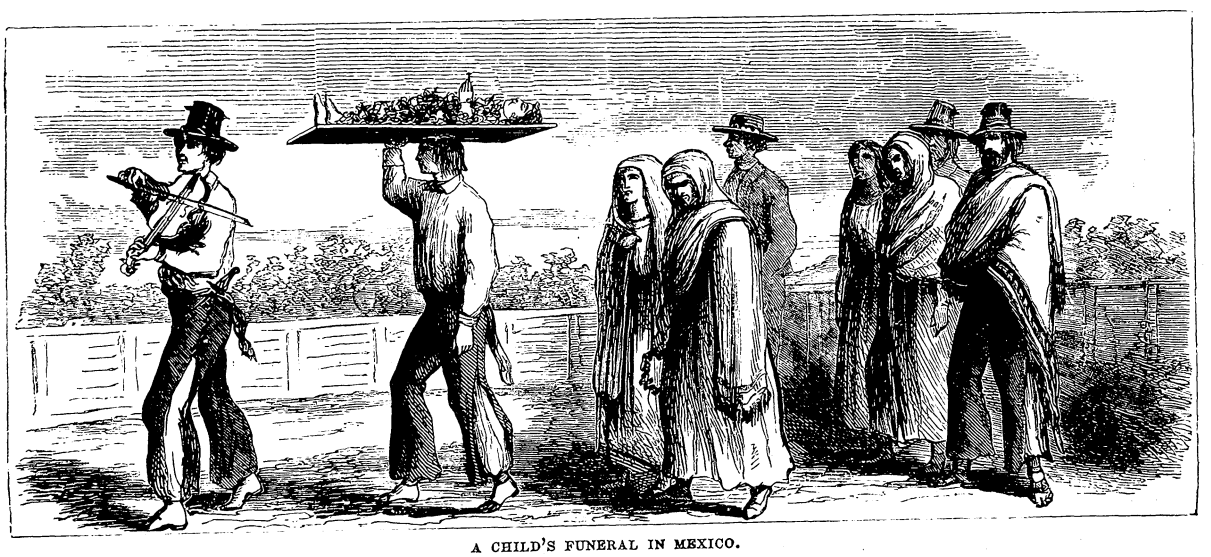
its death. Therefore, whatever natural sorrow the parents may feel, it is not incumbent upon others to exhibit a mournful demeanor. At such a child's funeral, as is shown in the cut, the band plays a lively tune, the four young girls who are carrying the little body are gayly chattering,

and the boy in front, who carries the lid of the coffin, is laughing, dancing and singing on his way to the grave where the little one is to be laid. But the vailed female figure shows that the mother's heart cannot enter into this merriment. She weeps beneath her vail, while the others are merry.

Indeed, merriment and dancing formerly played

A BABY'S FUNERAL IN MADRID.

the national dance, *jota*, was danced. We were passing through a deserted street, when we heard the tinkling of a guitar, accompanied by the shrill chant of the *bandurria* and the sound of the castanets. We entered the half open door of some peasants, expecting to see a wedding. It was a funeral. At the end of the room, laid out on a table, covered



A CHILD'S FUNERAL IN MEXICO.

a conspicuous part in the last honors paid to the dead in Spain, and traces of this custom still exist. A recent traveler in Spain gives the following description of the scene shown in our cut of a child's funeral at Alicant: "We one day witnessed a *jijona*, a funeral ceremony in which

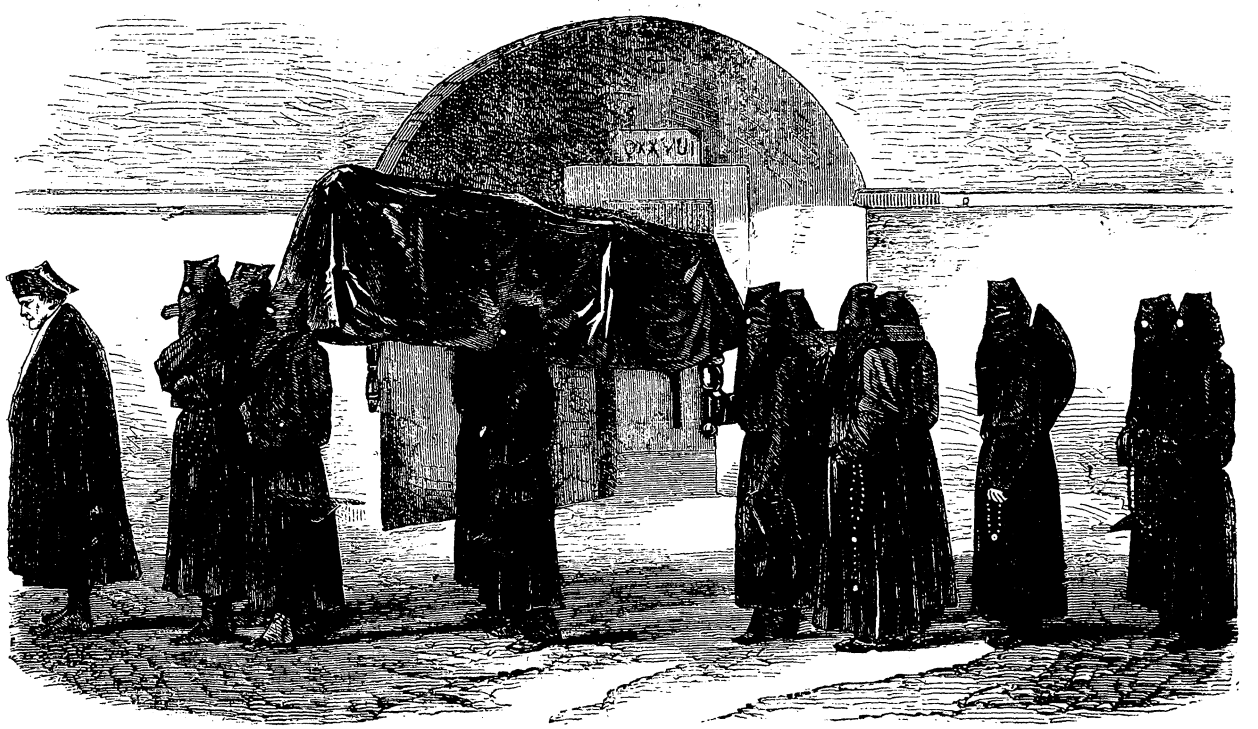
THE BURIAL OF THE POOR IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.

with a shawl, was a little girl of five or six, attired as for a holiday. Her head, encircled with a wreath of orange-blossoms, rested on a cushion, and we at first thought her asleep; but the vessel of holy water beside her, and the large wax tapers burning at the four corners of the

A GREEK FUNERAL AT LEPSINA.

table, told us that the poor little thing was dead. A young woman, evidently the mother, sat beside the child, weeping bitterly. The rest of the tableau contrasted singularly with this mournful scene. A young man and a young woman, in the holiday garb of Valentian peasants, were dancing a lively *jota*, keeping time with their castanets, while the musicians and friends formed a circle around them, exciting them by singing and clapping. We were at a loss to understand this rejoicing in grief, but one of the relatives said, 'She is with the angels.' In fact, in Spain, young children, as going direct to heaven, are considered as rather to be envied than mourned. After the dance, the bells rang a *Gloria* instead of tolling, as for an adult."

Mexico having been originally settled by Spaniards, retains many of the old Spanish customs, and in the funerals of children there is great similarity to the customs of old



THE MISERICORDIA AT FLORENCE.

Spain. A young baby is carried to the grave on a board, covered with flowers, preceded by a man playing a violin, and followed by the family and friends.

The burial of the poor in Spain is not a very careful ceremony. As seen in Seville, it is shown in an engraving. A cheap wooden coffin is placed upon an ordinary cart, drawn by a horse at full trot, and preceded by a procession of the poor, who carry lanterns, and are headed by one of their number bearing a cross. The whole procession moves at the fastest possible pace, as though engaged in a business which they desire to perform with the greatest expedition. The contrast between the funeral ceremonies accorded to the poor, and those of the wealthy and high in station, is a striking one, and vividly portrays, to American minds, the distinctions created by the style of government that has prevailed in Spain.

Leaving Europe and passing over into Asia, we find another set of customs prevailing.

Eleusis was famed of old for its mysteries—one of the great means employed by the paganism of Greece to retain its hold on its votaries. The place is now chiefly inhabited by Albanians, and in spite of the lapse of ages, something, as the manners and customs, remain, to remind us of the classic period.

Among other ways, this is seen in the funeral customs. When the sick man, fortified by the prayers of the Church, has expired, the body is washed with wine and water by the nearest female friends, and then attired in the best garments. If betrothed, or but recently married, a nuptial crown is placed on the head. Then, retaining an old Pagan rite, an *obolus* is placed under the tongue, to pay Charon the ferriage over the Styx—a practice still retained in some parts of France, as at Morvan.

The body is then laid on its ordinary bed, and a *Mysologus* pronounces a sort of funeral oration terminating with a deep-drawn "*Ou, ou!*" or "*Och, och!*" The women then bring an apple or other fruit and lay it at the feet of the deceased. After receiving the last kiss, the body is carried to the grave in procession, preceded by the priests carrying lighted tapers, and the acolytes heading with the cross. The women and friends follow the body, beating their breasts and tearing their faces with their nails. The widow and daughters of the deceased live in great seclusion, not leaving the house for a whole year.

The Eastern nations which profess the faith of Mohammed cherish certain particular localities as especially holy; and in these especial places the dead are buried. The Persian Mohammedans revere the shrines of Meschid Ali and Kerbala, near Bagdad. Our illustration shows a party of pilgrims with the dead bodies of their friends, packed in mummy cases on the backs of camels, journeying to one or the other of these shrines. It is not only religious belief, but affection, that prompts this long journey.

When a Turkoman dies, his body, washed and purified according to the Mussulman usage, is placed on a carpet in a tent. The women of the family take their places around it, and from time to time utter prolonged groans. Another carpet near the door of the tent is reserved for the men of the family. As often as visitors of either sex enter, the women watching the corpse utter a few words with sobs, enumerating all the good qualities of the deceased, saying that he was a good father, good son, good husband, etc. They conclude each eulogy with sobs, diminishing gradually; to which the men seated on the other carpet reply by a groan, holding their heads bowed to the ground and hiding their faces either with their arms or the skirt of their habit. After about a dozen sobs, each resumes his seat and his ordinary expression, and a pipe, with tea and *chouroué*, are offered to the visitors. On the second or third day after death, the corpse is carried out on a bier covered with a carpet. Men only bear and accompany it. The nearest kindred walk in front, uttering groans, which all the rest keep repeating till they reach the cemetery. After the body is buried in the earth, a sort of pole is planted at the head, and to this are attached colored rags. Sometimes the family surround the grave with a little earthen wall.

Mourning the dead is variously expressed in different countries; some nations, in which the people are easily excited, have the most violent customs. It is generally noticed that the nearer we approach toward the extremes of civilization or barbarism, do we observe the quietude or the violence of mourning customs. The ancient Jews tore their garments and put on sackcloth. "Rend your hearts and not your garments," says the prophet Joel. Plutarch, in his life of Cato, relates "that from the time of his leaving the city of Rome with Pompey, he neither shaved his head nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland." A public grief was sometimes testified to by a general fast, and this custom still prevails among modern nations, several instances of national fasts having occurred during the Rebellion. Among the Romans a year of mourning was ordained for women who had lost their husbands. In public mourning the shops of Rome were shut up; the senators laid aside their legislative robes; the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments.

The colors of the dress or habit worn to signify grief are different in different countries. In most European nations, the ordinary mourning color is black; in China it is white—a color which was the mourning of the ancient Spartans and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple. Each of these colors has its proper symbolism: black, the privation of light, is analogous to the privation of life; white is the emblem of purity; yellow is to represent that death is the end of all human hopes, because that is the color of leaves when they fall and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth to which the dead return; blue is the emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple or violet is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mohammed.

THEATRICAL MAKESHIFTS.

By Henry Barton Baker.

It is a generally received opinion that all stage wardrobes are made up of tawdry rags, and that the landscapes and palaces that look so charming by gaslight are but mere daubs by day. But there are wardrobes *and* wardrobes, scenery *and* scenery. The dresses used for some great "get-up" at the opera-houses, or at the principal London and provincial theatres, are costly and magnificent; the scenery, although painted for distant and artificial light, is really the product of artists of talent, and there is an attention to reality in all the adjuncts that would quite startle the believers in the tinsel and tawdry view. A millionaire might take a lesson from the stage drawing-rooms of the Prince of Wales and the Court Theatres, and no cost is spared to procure the *real* article, whatever it may be, that is required for the scene.

These minutiæ of realism, however, are quite a modern idea, dating no further back than the days of Boucicault and Fechter. Splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses for the legitimate dramas were introduced by John Kemble,

and developed to the utmost extent by Macready and Kean; but it was reserved for the present decade to lavish the same attention and expense upon the *petite* drama.

Half a century ago, the property-maker manufactured the stage furniture, the stage books, the candelabra, curtains, cloths, pictures, etc., out of papier-maché and tinsel; and the drawing-room or library of a gentleman's mansion thus presented, as slightly resembled the reality as seaside furnished lodgings do to a ducal palace. Before the Kemble time a green baize, a couple of chairs and a table sufficed for all furnishing purposes, whether for an inn or a palace.

In these days of "theatrical upholstery," we can scarcely realize the shabbiness of the stage of the last century. There were a few handsome suits for the principal actors, but the less important ones were frequently dressed in costumes that had done service for fifty years, until they were worn threadbare and frequently in rags.

Endeavor to realize upon the modern stage such a picture as this, given by Tate Wilkinson, of his appearance at Covent Garden as *The Fine Gentleman*, in "Lethe": "A very short old suit of clothes, with a black velvet ground, and broad, gold flowers, as dingy as the twenty-four letters on a piece of gingerbread; it had not seen the light since the first year Garrick played *Lothario* at the theatre. Bedecked in that sable array for the modern *Fine Gentleman*, and to make the appearance complete, I added an old red surtout, trimmed with a dingy white fur, and a deep skinned cape of the same hue, borrowed by old Giffard, I was informed, at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, to play *King Lear* in."

When West Digges appeared at the Haymarket as *Cardinal Wolsey*, it was in the identical dress that Barton Booth had worn in Queen Anne's time; a close-fitting habit of gilt leather upon a black ground, black stockings and black gauntlets. No wonder Foote, who was in the pit, exclaimed, upon the appearance of this extraordinary figure, "A Roman sweep on May-day!"

When Quin played the youthful, fascinating *Chamont*, in Otway's "Orphan," he wore a long, grizzly, half-powdered periwig, hanging low down each side his breast and down his back, a huge scarlet coat and waistcoat, heavily trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, black silk neckcloth, black stockings, a pair of square-toed shoes, with an old-fashioned pair of stone buckles, stiff, high-topped white gloves, with a broad, old, scalloped lace hat. Such a costume upon a personage not in his first youth, and more than inclined to obesity, must have had an odd effect. But then, as is well known, Garrick played *Macbeth* in a scarlet coat and powdered wig; John Kemble performed *Othello* in a full suit of British scarlet regimentals, and even when he had gone so far as to dress *Macbeth* as a Highlander of 1745, wore in his bonnet a tremendous hearse plume, until Scott plucked it out and placed an eagle's feather there in its stead.

The costumes of the ladies were almost more absurd. Whether they appeared as Romans, Greeks or females of the Middle Ages, they dressed the same—in the huge hoop, and powdered hair raised high upon the head, heavy brocaded robes that required two pages to hold up, without whose assistance they could scarcely have moved; and servants were dressed as magnificently as their mistresses.

In scenery there was no attempt at "sets"; a drop, and a pair of "flats," dusty and dim with age, were all the scenic accessories; and two or three hoops of tallow candles, suspended above the stage, were all that represented the blaze of gas and limelight to which we are accustomed. The candle-snuffer was a theatrical post of some responsibility in those days. Garrick was the first who used concealed lights. The uncouth appearance of the stage was rendered still worse on crowded nights by ranges of seats raised for spectators on each side. The most ridiculous *contretemps* frequently resulted from this incongruity. *Romeo*, sometimes, when he bore out the body of *Juliet* from the solitary tomb of the Capulets, had to almost force his way through a throng of beaux, and *Macbeth* and his lady plotted the murder of *Duncan* amidst a throng of people.

One night *Hamlet*, upon the appearance of the *Ghost*, threw off his hat, as usual, preparatory to the address, when a kind-hearted dame, who had heard him just before complain of its being "very cold," picked it up and good-naturedly clapped it upon his head again.

A similar incident once happened during the performance of "Pizarro." *Elvira* is discovered asleep upon a couch, gracefully covered by a rich velvet cloak. *Valverde* enters, kneels and kisses her hand; *Elvira* awakes, rises and lets fall the covering, and is about to indignantly repulse her unwelcome visitor, when a timid female voice says, "Please, ma'am, you've dropped your mantle," and a timid hand is trying to replace it upon the tragedy queen's shoulders.

Of another kind, but very much worse, was an accident that befell Mrs. Siddons at Edinburgh, at the hands of another person who failed to distinguish between the real person and the counterfeit. Just before going on for the sleep-walking scene, she had sent a boy for some porter, but the cue for her entrance was given before he returned. The house was awed into shuddering silence as, in a terrible whisper, she uttered the words, "Out, out, damned spot!" and with slow, mechanical action rubbed the guilty hands; when suddenly there emerged from the wings a small figure holding out a pewter pot, and a shrill voice broke the awful silence with, "Here's your porter, mum!" Imagine the feelings of the stately Siddons! The story is very funny to read, but depend upon it the incident gave her the most cruel anguish.

It is not, however, to the uninitiated outsiders alone we are indebted for ludicrous stage *contretemps;* the experts themselves have frequently given rise to them. All readers of Elia will remember the name of Bensley, one of "the old actors" upon whom he discourses so eloquently—a grave, precise man, whose composure no accident could ruffle, as the following anecdote will prove. One night, as he was making his first entrance as *Richard III.*, at the Dublin Theatre, his wig caught upon a nail in the side scene, and was dragged off. Catching his hat by the feather, however, he calmly replaced it as he walked to the centre of the stage, but left the *hair* still attached to the nail. Quite unmoved by the occurrence, he commenced his soliloquy; but so rich a subject could not escape the wit of an Irish audience. "Bensley, darlin'," shouted a voice from the gallery, "put on your jaisey!" "Bad luck to your politics, will you suffer a *whig* to be hung?" shouted another. But the tragedian, deaf to all clamor, never faltered, never betrayed the least annoyance, spoke the speech to the end, stalked to the wing, detached the wig from the nail and made his exit with it in his hand.

STAGE BLUNDERS.

SOME extraordinary and agonizing mistakes, for tragedians, have been made in what are called the flying messages in "Richard III." and "Macbeth," by novices, in their nervousness, mixing up their own parts with the context; as when Catesby rushed on and cried, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham's taken." There he should have stopped while Richard replied, "Off with his head! so

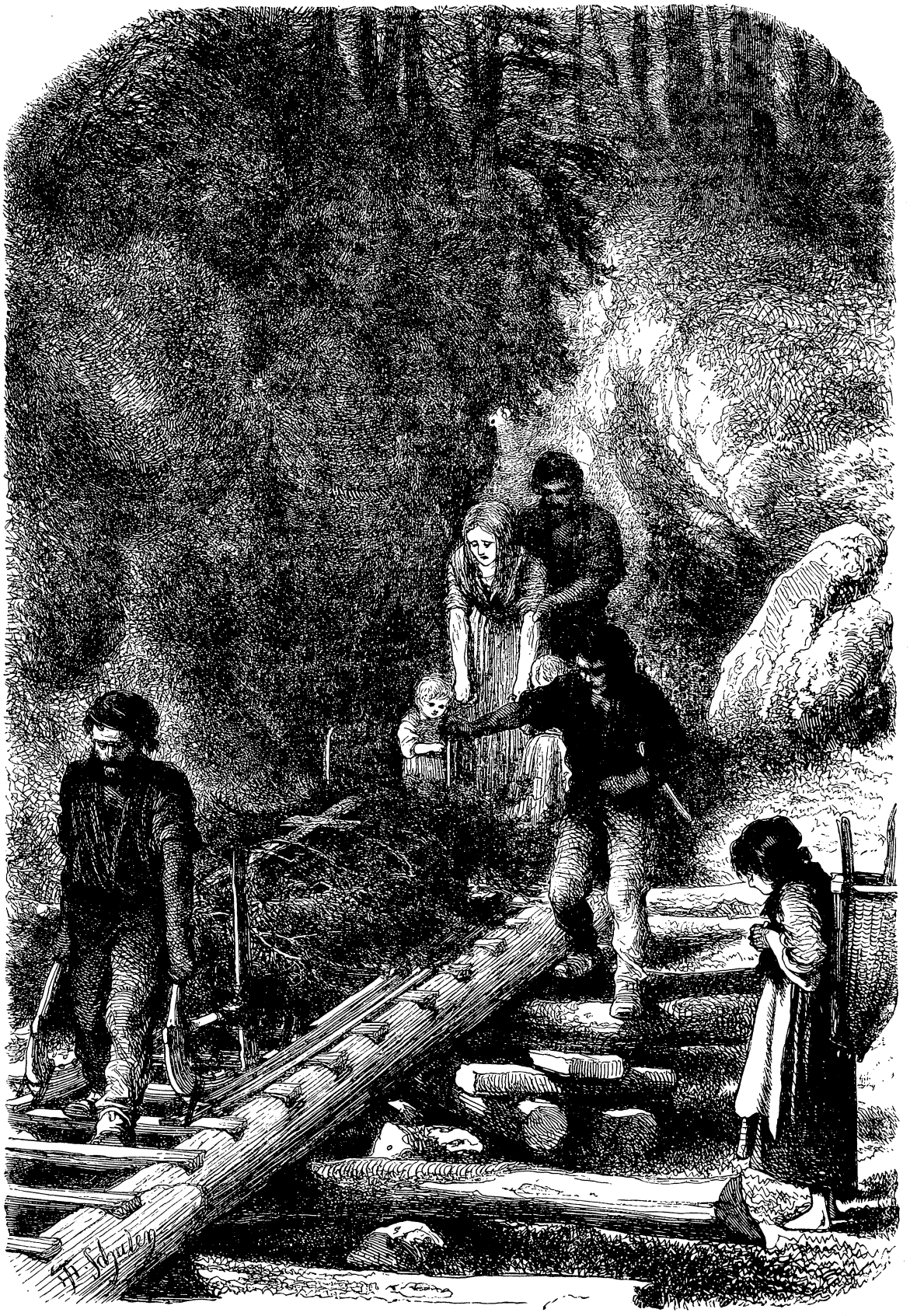
A FUNERAL IN ITALY.—THE HOUR OF WAILING.— SEE PAGE 623.

much for Buckingham!" But in his flurry the shaking messenger added, "and they've cut off his head!" With a furious look at having been robbed of one of his finest "points," the tragedian roared out, "Then, hang you, go and stick it on again!"

Another story is told of an actor playing one of the officers in the fifth act of "Macbeth." "My lord," he has to say, "there are ten thousand——" "Geese, villain!" interrupts Macbeth. "Ye—es, my lord!" answered the messenger, losing his memory in his terror.

But a far more dreadful anecdote is related of the same play. A star was playing the guilty Thane in a very small company, where each member had to sustain three or four different characters. During the performance the man appointed to play the first murderer was taken ill. There was not another to be spared, and the only resource left was to send on a supernumerary, supposed to be intelligent, to stand for the character. "Keep close to the wing," said the prompter; "I'll read you the words, and you can repeat them after me." The scene was the banquet. The super was pushed on, and Macbeth, striding down the stage, seized his arm and said, in a stage whisper, "There's blood upon thy face." "'Tis Banquo's, then," was the prompt. Lost and bewildered—having never spoken in his life before upon the stage—by the tragedian's intense yet natural tones, the fellow, imitating them in the most confidential manner, answered, "Is there? by Jove!" put his hand up to his forehead, and,

A FUNERAL IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF ITALY.



BURIAL OF A WOODMAN IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS.

UNIV. OF MICH.

finding it stained with rose pink, added, "Then the property man's served me a trick!"

Once upon a time I was present at the performance of the celebrated dog piece, "The Forest of Bondy," in a small country theatre. The plot turns upon a well-known story, the discovery of a murder through the sagacity of the victim's dog. The play-bill descanted most eloquently upon the wonderful genius of the "highly-trained" animal, and was sufficient to raise expectation on tip-toe; yet it had evidently failed to impress the public of this town, their experiences probably having rendered them skeptical of such pufferies, for the house was miserably bad. The first entrance of "the celebrated dog Cæsar," however, in attendance upon his master, was greeted with loud applause. He was a fine young black Newfoundland, whose features were more descriptive of good nature than genius. He sat on his haunches and laughed at the audience, and pricked up his ears at the sound of a boy munching a biscuit in the pit. I could perceive he was a novice, and that he would forget all he had been taught when he came to the test. While *Aubrey*, the hero, is passing through a forest at night, he is attacked by two ruffians, and, after a desperate combat, is killed. The dog is supposed to be kept out of the way; but in the very midst of the fight, Cæsar, whose barking had been distinctly heard all the time, rushed on the stage. Far from evincing any ferocity toward his master's foes, he danced about with a joyous bark, evidently considering it famous fun. *Aubrey* was furious, and kicked out savagely at his faithful "dawg," thereby laying himself open to the swords of his adversaries, who, however, in consideration that the combat had not been long enough, generously refused the advantages. "Get off, you beast!" growled *Aubrey*, who evidently desired to fight it out without canine interference.

At length, when the faltering applause from the gallery began to show that the gods had had enough of it, the assassins buried their swords beneath the victim's arms, and he expired in great agony—Cæsar looking on from the respectful distance to which his master's kick had sent him, with the unconcern of a person who had seen it all done at rehearsal and knew it was all sham, but with a decided interest of eye and ear in the direction of the biscuit-muncher.

In the next act he was to leap over a stile and ring the bell at a farmhouse, and, having awakened the inhabitants, seize a lantern which is brought out, and lead them to the spot where the villains have buried his master. After a little prompting Cæsar leaped the style and went up to the bell, round the handle of which was twisted some red cloth to imitate meat—but there never was a more matter-of-fact dog than this. He evidently hated all shams, even artistic ones; and after a sniff at the red rag he walked off disgusted, and could not be induced to go on again; so the people had to rush out without being summoned, carry their own lantern, and find their way by a sort of canine instinct, or scent, to the scene of the murder.

But Cæsar's delinquencies culminated in the last scene, where, after the chief villain, in a kind of lynch law trial, has stoutly asserted his innocence, the sagacious "dawg" suddenly bounds upon the stage, springs at his throat, and puts an end to his infamous career. Being held by the collar, and incited on, in the side scene, Cæsar's deep bark sounded terribly ferocious, and seemed to foreshadow a bloody catastrophe; but his bark proved worse than his bite, for when released he trotted on with a most affable expression of countenance, his thoughts still evidently bent upon biscuits. In vain did the villain show him the red pad upon his throat and invite him to seize it—Cæsar had been deceived once, and scorned to countenance an imposition. Furious with passion, the villain rushed at him, drew him up on his hind legs, clasped him in his arms, then fell upon the stage and writhed in frightful agonies, shrieking, "Mussy, mussy, take off the dawg!" and the curtain fell amidst the howls and hisses of the audience.

BREAD AND ITS ADULTERANTS.

A famous French gastronomer ranked the man who invented a new sauce as more worthy of immortality than he who founded a kingdom. There are no doubt many who do not assent to this epicurean sentiment, but there are none who will dispute that the maker of pure and wholesome bread is a benefactor of his kind, and entitled to higher honors than many a publicist whose life is given to kneading the body politic for his own advantage.

In tropical countries, where Nature supplies infinite varieties of food without any intervention of human skill or effort, bread, as used here and in civilized Europe, is perhaps of only secondary value in the household economy. Where, as in Ceylon, the hungry may appease the clamor of appetite by plucking the fruit of the Palmyra palm, or of the cocoa-nut tree, finding in the latter oil and wine, as well as more substantial nourishment; or where, as in the Pacific Islands, the indolent housekeeper may gather from the bread-fruit tree, or the yack, a repast of bread and pudding already prepared for the table, the matter of food and drink can never occasion any profound anxiety. No matter how unexpectedly company may come in to dinner or tea, the larder is never taken by surprise—the supply of bread is always equal to the emergency, and the dessert need never be lacking. But for us who cannot lounge indolently all day long in the shade of the tamarind, palm and cocoa, and to whom the baker is a necessary evil, and supplies of food an essential factor of daily life, the question of the source and the quality of the things we eat and drink is of supreme importance, not only hygienically, but in its relations also to domestic comfort and social development. For nothing is more certain than that there can be no high attainments in civilization, no illustration of the brightest qualities of human nature, where the food consumed is impure, or deficient in the best nutritive elements.

It is somewhat remarkable that, while the matter of æsthetic cookery and the preparation of food has among all peoples engaged wide attention, and schools and courses of study have been established for the purpose of giving practical instruction in culinary arts, only secondary importance has been attached to the subject of bread and its manufacture. Among the early Greeks cookery attained the dignity of a high art. In the Homeric age, royal personages counted it honorable to prepare their own meats. Professional cooks had come into existence before the age of Pericles, and to invent a popular cake or a piquant sauce was held to be a worthy object of ambition. Cooks in that day were so accomplished that, when rare and choice fish were wanting, they would imitate their flavor, taste and form so closely from inferior varieties, that the most experienced gourmand could not distinguish the deception. Among the Romans, the most luxurious devices of cooking were practiced, and in the mansions of the wealthier patricians the kitchens were magnificently furnished with marble floors, pictures, and a profusion of ornaments; while the culinary utensils were of bronze, plated with silver, and every article of food was served in bronze chafing-dishes. During the latter period of the Empire, there were not only schools of cookery in which accomplished cooks acted as professors, but a profession was also instituted for the pur-

pose of teaching the young patricians "how to masticate." Yet, with all the prominence thus given to cookery among the ancients, the making of bread seems to have formed no part of the course of general instruction. Even in France, where the Gauls acquired proficiency in cookery and the arts of luxury from the victorious legions of Cæsar, the quality of the bread placed upon the tables of epicures and gourmands seems for a long period to have been regarded as of less consequence than other articles of their diet. And the triumphs in gastronomy of Boucher, Leiter, Borel, Very, Soyer, and Careme, great as they were, would have altogether paled in comparison with the skill of many a modern housewife in the preparation of wholesome and nutritious bread, which with them seemed an object of subordinate importance.

But while we have no evidence that bread-making was marked as a chief accomplishment among the epicures of whom we have spoken, we know that as far back as the time of Herodotus bread was made in Egypt, both wheat and barley being used, and the dough being sometimes kneaded with the feet in a wooden bowl on the ground. The Scriptures tell us that when Abram, in the patriarchal days, returned from his slaughter of the hostile kings, Melchizedek, King of Salem, "brought forth bread and wine." Possibly these, as the chief articles of meat and drink, are in this case designed to represent all kinds of food; but there is in the early Scripture narrative frequent specific mention of "loaves of bread," "cakes of oiled bread," "cakes of barley bread," etc. The shew bread, for instance, placed upon the golden table before the Lord, was made into loaves, twelve in number, and each containing about six pints of flour. The antiquity of bread would thus seem to be clearly established, although as to the method of its preparation in the early historic periods, our information is comparatively scanty and indefinite.

There can be no question that the processes by which we assimilate the natural elements of food are every year becoming more cleanly, healthful, and economical. Cookery is now largely converted into a science; taste is made to yield to chemistry, and the kitchen is to some extent rather a laboratory than a workroom. Experienced housekeepers quite generally subject the constituents of our table dishes and the methods of their preparation to scientific inquiry and analysis; schools of cookery, rivaling those of the ancients, are becoming common in our populous communities, and there is reason to hope that mankind will yet, through good cookery, secure emancipation from most of the dietary ills to which it is now exposed.

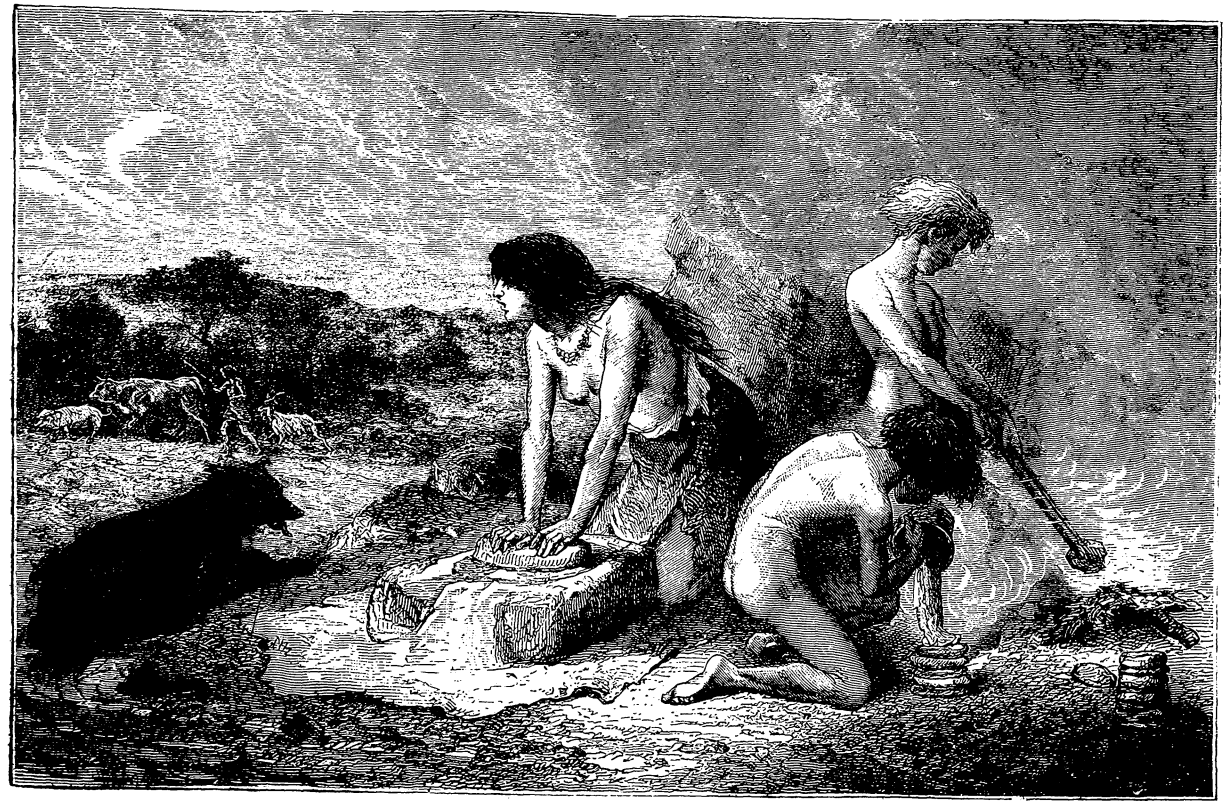
In New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities, classes of ladies are regularly instructed in all forms of baking and cookery; in many places courses of lectures are given on the same general subjects, for the benefit of present and intending housekeepers.

In Great Britain, growing interest is just now manifested in the education of the women of the middle class in culinary matters. The Edinburgh School of Cookery is sending out teachers into all parts of Scotland, some of the large landowners having arranged that instructions in cookery shall be given to the wives and daughters of agricultural laborers on their estates. All these are gratifying indications of a deepening appreciation of the importance of this general subject.

Of all articles of food, bread is the most important. It is literally the staff of life. Entering into almost universal consumption, it is of the highest consequence that it should in its constituents and quality be healthful and nourishing—that it should, in other words, serve in the fullest manner the food-uses for which it is designed. Not only is the introduction of deleterious matter to be avoided, but the materials used should be manipulated according to the best methods and with enlightened regard to the chemical or other laws which are involved.

The best and most nutritious bread is that made from wheat flour. This is due mainly to the peculiar character of the nitrogenous matter of wheat. The main constituent of this nitrogenous matter is a kind of fibrine, forming the chief solid material of muscular flesh, which confers upon a prepared mixture of flour and water, or dough, the property of yielding a sponge which becomes firm, or "sets" at the heat of the baking oven. There are three ways of turning dough into bread. In the first of these, the carbonic acid gas necessary to produce the spongy texture is made within the dough, by means of leaven or yeast. The action of leaven is similar to that of yeast, but it is not much used in this country. It consists of flour and water, sometimes mixed with salt and boiled potatoes; it is kept until it has begun to suffer change. This change commences in the fibrine, which produces a substance, a kind of ferment which turns some of the starch of the flour into glucose—a sort of sugar—and then this into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The action of yeast is the same. Yeast, as it is known, is the froth that rises upon the surface of beer and other liquors during fermentation, consisting principally of microscopic globules of a fungoid plant. This plant was first discovered in beer in 1680, and its history as developed and traced by chemists from that day down to the present is full of interest. Yeast, whether fresh or partly dried, has the power of decomposing a warm solution of glucose or maltose—the sugars of fruits and malt. In its growth the yeast-plant, mixed with the dough, breaks up these sugars, changing them into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. The alcohol escapes during baking, and so does most of the carbonic acid gas; but the latter makes innumerable bubbles in the dough previous to its escape, and thus the bread is vesiculated. Leaven, assisted by a little yeast, is much used abroad, as in Paris, for making bread. Immense and increasing quantities of German or dried yeast, carefully prepared for raising, etc., are now imported into Europe, and from a sack of flour weighing 480 pounds, 95 four-pound loaves may be obtained. These will lose weight, much water being given off from the bread after it has left the oven, and before it becomes cold, and this loss continuing afterward, the four-pound loaf is reduced to little more than three pounds. New bread contains from 38 to 43 per cent. of water, sometimes even 45 per cent. and usually at least 40 per cent. The flesh-formers in white bread amount to seven or eight per cent., the starch, gum and sugar to 48 or 50 per cent., and the mineral matter—which includes the common salt added to the dough—to one and a quarter per cent.

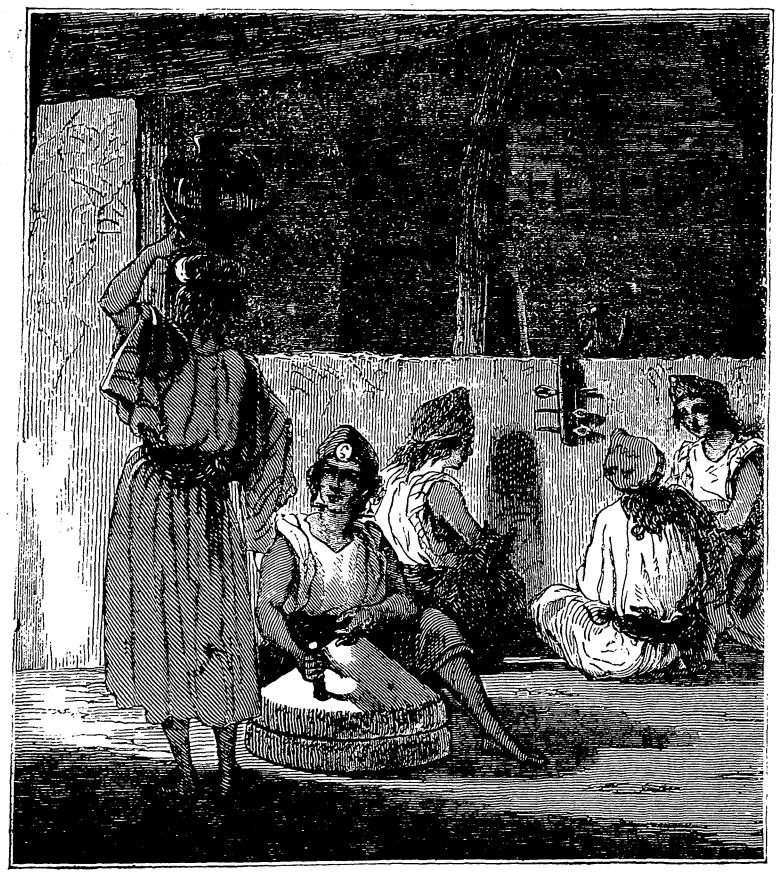
But it is easy to make bread without yeast or leaven, the carbonic acid gas necessary being set free within the dough by means of the chemical reaction between a strong acid and a carbonate. The process yields *unfermented*, or chemical bread, and much of this kind has been used in England. Another process of making bread without leaven, yeast or even any saline matter, which is popular in some quarters, produces what is known as "aerated" bread. Here the requisite carbonic acid gas is prepared beforehand in a condition of perfect purity, and in a separate vessel. The gas is then forced into water, which becomes highly charged with it, like soda-water. The flour is mixed with this aerated or carbonated water in a strong iron vessel, under pressure. The dough thus formed rises when introduced into the oven, for the gas with which it has been charged expands and escapes on being withdrawn from the pressure of the mixing vessel, and still more on being heated.



BREAD-MAKING IN THE DAYS OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

There are several substances found in bread, or perhaps it should be said in the bread of some bakeries, which ought to be excluded. They are chiefly introduced in order to whiten the loaf, to enable damaged or inferior flour to be used, or to cause the bread to retain more water than usual. Alum and sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) are employed for the former purposes; boiled rice and potatoes for the latter. The two chemical substances, alum and sulphate of copper, are especially dangerous adulterants, when added to a material in daily use like bread.

Bread adulterants, however, are not in all cases additions made by the baker. Millers not unfrequently employ several substances for the purpose of whitening, or otherwise "improving," the flour, or for fraudulently increasing its weight. Rice-meal, bean-meal, corn-flour, have often been detected in the products of the flour-mill. But these adulterations are not so serious as those of a mineral character. Chalk, sulphate of zinc, bone ashes, dolometic gypsum, china clay, and even heavy spar, have been employed for this purpose. In times of scarcity all sorts of vegetable matters have been mixed with wheat flour and meal, in order to eke out a limited supply of these nutritious matters. During the siege of Paris, a coarse bread was made which contained but little wheat, the main ingredients being potatoes and beans, with oats, rice, and rye, together with a good deal of fibrous vegetable matter in the shape of chaff and straw. In Norway and Sweden, the sawdust of non-resinous woods, like beech and birch, is boiled in water,



KABYLE WOMEN AT A HAND-MILL.

baked, and then mixed with flour, to form the material for bread.

In our modern household economy, baking-powders are largely used as substitutes for yeast. These powders contain bicarbonate of soda or carbonate of ammonia and cream of tartar, chemically known as the citrate of potassa. These powders are especially used in making biscuit and cakes. Before the days of baking-powders, and even now in many families, the cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda were purchased separately from the grocer, and a baking-powder extemporized in each kitchen; but the lack of skill resulting in lumps of soda in the product led manufacturers this adulterant. Alum, the sulphate of alumina, is a powerful astringent salt. As found in the bread after baking, its active principle remains in such a condition as to be easily dissolvable in the gastric juice after having entered the stomach. When taken internally it produces dyspepsia, constipation, griping, and even, in sufficient quantities, vomiting and inflammation of the gastro-enteric mucous surface. It is easy to calculate the deleterious effect of this form of adulteration. A healthy growing boy or girl will eat an average of one pound of bread a day, or one hundred pounds in fourteen weeks. Now, taking the amount of alum adulteration at the very low rate of two per centum,

CARRYING BREAD TO LONDON IN FORMER TIMES.

to ascertain the proper proportion of these two salts, and to mix them, selling the compound as a baking-powder. These manufacturers claim that the cream of tartar sold in the shops is very variable, and that nothing short of chemical analysis will determine the amount of cream of tartar in each sample; that this the householder cannot do for himself, and therefore is unable to combine with it the proper proportion of soda.

There is a good deal of truth in this statement. Analyses in some cases show seven per cent. of adulterants. But the manufacturers of baking-powders by no means confine themselves to the use of pure cream of tartar. In order to supply a cheap powder, they generally introduce alum as an ingredient, some powders containing twenty per centum of

we find that every child eating adulterated bread has devoured two pounds of alum in three months and a half. Any one who will hold a piece of alum on the tongue for a few minutes, and ascertain the astringent effects on the coats of the mouth, can easily imagine the effect of the same treatment of the delicate coats of the stomach day after day, to say nothing of the alum transmitted to the blood.

There is no difference of opinion among physicians and chemists as to the unwholesomeness of baking-powders wherein alum has been substituted for cream of tartar. Dr. Hammond says, in his work on "Hygiene": "Alum acts by rendering the albumen less soluble. The use of alum in bread is injurious, both because it tends to conceal the bad character of the flour employed, and because it is capable

of exercising an injurious effect upon the bread, by rendering it indigestible. It is also probable that the continued ingestion of alum is calculated to disorder the healthy action of the system." Pereira adds his testimony to the same effect in his Treatise on Food and Diet, and Devergie deduces from his experiments that calcined alum in solution will destroy dogs, whose œsophagus is tied, if given to the extent of six drams and upward. He hence supposes that the same dose will act with greater energy on man, as his stomach is more sensitive.

Other great authorities, such as Carpenter, Thompson, Gibbon and Normandy, all agree that the continued use of bread containing alum will bring about dyspepsia and other troubles. Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Alonzo Clark, and other leading minds of the present day, have declared against the use of alum in bread, baking-powders, etc.

The eminent Dr. Sayre, former President of the New York Board of Health, said to one of the representatives of the New York press, "After the experiments in this line by Liebig and other distinguished chemists and vivisectors with alum on cats, dogs and other animals, with the published results, we may well ask what is the use of such experiments if we do not apply them to practice in the preservation of human life and health? The Board of Health should see to this."

The extent to which this adulterant is used, is shown by the fact that, out of a large number of samples of bread analyzed in Boston, more than seven hundred contained alum. As to the unwholesomeness of most of the baking-powders now in the market, the testimony of experts appears to be conclusive. Dr. Henry A. Mott, who was chemist of the Indian Department of the Government, analyzed many of these powders, and found alum in nearly all of them.

Dr. Mott's report is as follows:

DEAR SIR: In accordance with your request, I herewith embody the results of the analysis of baking-powders procured during the past three months, in all of which alum was found as an ingredient:

"DOOLEY'S" (Dooley & Brother, New York).
"PATAPSCO" (Smith, Hanway & Co., Baltimore, Md.).
"CHARM" (Rohrer, Christian & Co., St. Louis).
ANDREWS'S "REGAL" (C. E. Andrews & Co,, Milwaukee).
"QUEEN" (Bennett & Sloan, New Haven, Conn.).
"VIENNA" (Church & Co., New York City).
"ORIENT" (Crouse, Walworth & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.).
"AMAZON" (Erskine & Erskine, Louisville, Ky.).
"LAKESIDE" (C. O. Perrine, Chicago, Ill.).
"TWIN SISTERS" (Union Chemical Works, Chicago, Ill.).
"GILLET'S" (Gillet, McCulloch & Co., Chicago, Ill.)
"INVINCIBLE" (Snyder Brothers & Co., Cincinnati).
"KING."
"WHITE LILY" (Jewett & Sherman Co., Milwaukee, Wis.).
"MONARCH" (Ricker, Crombie & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.).
"ONE SPOON" (Taylor Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.).
"IMPERIAL" (Sprague, Warner & Griswold, Chicago).
"HONEST" (Schoch & Wechsler, St. Paul, Minn.).
"ECONOMICAL" (Spencer Bros. & Co., Chicago, Ill.).
"EXCELSIOR" (L. E. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.).
"CHARTRES" (Thomson & Taylor, Chicago, Ill.).
"GRANT'S" (J. C. Grant, Philadelphia).
"GIANT" (W. F. McLaughlin, Chicago).
"QUEEN" (Star Chemical Works, Chicago).

Yours, very truly,
HENRY A. MOTT, JR., Ph.D., E. M.

New York, Jan. 5, 1879.

In one of the powders analyzed, the proportion of alum amounted to 26 per cent., in another to 29 per cent., in another to 19 per cent., while others were wholly alum powders. He names only one—the Royal Baking-Powder—which is entirely free from this pernicious adulterant. He closes his report by deprecating the sale of baking-powders by grocers, loose or in bulk, saying that it is much better for the consumer to purchase in original packages, under the label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, even if it does cost a trifle more per pound. The analysis of the various baking-powders, as officially reported by the Brooklyn Board, reveals only two brands containing alum being sold in that city. As to the cream of tartar powders, the same report also mentions the Royal Baking-Powder as free from alum or any other substance injurious to life or health.

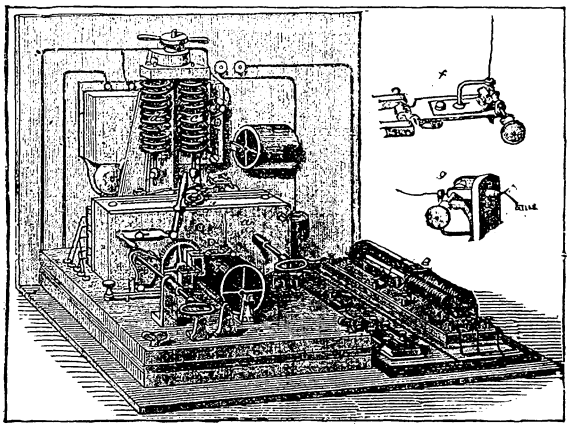
In the presence of such an array of evidence as to the deleterious effects of the alum powders in common use, it would seem to be the imperative duty of the authorities to interpose instant and ample guards for the protection of consumers. The proposed law of Congress for the prevention of food adulteration should embody distinct and comprehensive provisions on this particular subject of bread-adulterants, and it should be made a crime, punishable by heavy penalties, for any dealer to sell or offer for sale any baking-powder containing alum or any other injurious ingredient. In the absence of legislation buyers can do much, if they choose, to drive the adulterants from the market, by purchasing only the powders found by analysis to be absolutely pure and wholesome. Dr. Mott mentions one such, and until others are found or put upon sale, prudent housewives should use that and no other.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT ON VINOUS FERMENTATION.—Dr. Claude Bernard having expressed the belief that alcoholic fermentation was an inherent quality of the juice of the grape, and, in fact, in all over-ripe or decaying substances, M. Pasteur determined to undertake a course of experiments which should finally establish the opposite theory, advocated by himself, that the phenomenon in question is produced by numerous minute cellules of yeast, which are prevalent in wine-growing districts about the time of the ripening of the grape, and are carried about by the air and deposited on the fruit, so as to be ready when that is crushed to set the desired fermentation in motion. M. Pasteur states that these spores are non-existent while the grape is in its green state; and to prove the correctness of his views, he adopted the following plan: He caused to be made several glass cases, which he conveyed to the Canton of Arbois (Jura) in the beginning of August. As the season was late, the grape had not then passed the green stage. Having examined minutely several vines, and satisfied himself that none of the cellules were as yet existing, he carefully covered them and hermetically closed the cases. Not being willing to run the risk of any accident, he carefully enveloped several bunches in each case in cotton wadding which had been previously heated to 150 to 200 deg. C., in order to destroy any germs which might possibly exist. In October, when the grapes ripened, he took some bunches from the unprotected vines, and having pressed out the juice, he obtained, as he expected, the action of fermentation in thirty-six to forty-eight hours. The case was very different with those grown under his glass. Neither those wrapped in cotton, nor those hanging free in the sealed glass case, when crushed, presented any symptoms whatever of alcoholic fermentation. M. Pasteur recently laid before the Academy of Sciences specimens of the grape in each condition, in order that such of his colleagues as felt so disposed might test the experiment for themselves.

THE POISON OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—Hitherto the general belief has been that the poisonous matter secreted by certain species of reptiles was nothing more than a poisonous saliva, acting in the manner of ferments. M. Lacerdo has been making, at Rio de Janeiro, some researches into the action of the venom of the rattlesnake, which throw much new light on the subject. His investigations show that the saliva contains what are called figured ferments, the analogy of which with bacterides is very remarkable. From a young and vigorous *crotalus*, subjected to the action of chloroform, he obtained a drop of the venom on a chemically clean piece of glass, and at once placed it under a microscope. Almost immediately he observed the formation of a filamentous pulp in an arborescent disposition. Gradually the thickened filament, after having pushed out spores, dissolved and disappeared, and the liberated spores swelled and enlarged visibly, each of them sending out a minute tube which lengthened rapidly. After a very short period the latter separated from the first spore, and constituted another nucleus for engendering the deadly contamination. In the examination of the blood of animals killed by the bite of one of these snakes, M. Lacerdo noticed that the red globules of the blood commenced to change by presenting some small, brilliant points on the surface, which spread with great rapidity, and ultimately the globules melted one into the other, forming a sort of amorphous paste which could no longer circulate in the veins. Other animals, in which that blood was injected immediately after the death of the first, expired in a few hours, presenting all the symptoms of having themselves been bitten, and their blood always showed the same alteration. M. Lacerdo concludes his memoir by stating that numerous experiments have shown that the true antidote for serpent-poisoning is the injection under the skin of alcohol, or its administration by the mouth.

AUTOGRAPHIC TELEGRAPHY.—Autographic telegraphy, or the process of transmitting messages in the actual handwriting of the sender, has occasionally during the past thirty years constituted the special study of scientific minds. So long since as 1850, Mr. F. C. Bakewell invented a copying telegraph by means of which autographic telegraphy was effected, and this was probably the first time it was effectually accomplished. In this instance the message was written by the sender with a gummy ink or varnish, on metallic paper or tinfoil, and this writing was, by the aid of mechanism, used to actuate electric currents in such a way as to produce a record at the distant station by the chemical decomposition of a solution with which the receiving paper was damped. Both the written message and the paper were fixed around cylinders of similar form and dimensions, one being placed in the transmitting and the other in the recording instrument, and the cylinders were caused to revolve with corresponding velocities. Each time the gummy and, consequently, raised lines of the writing were crossed by a pointer under which the metallic paper was traversed in the transmitter, a mark corresponding in position was made on the prepared paper at the receiving end. It therefore followed that the sum of all the marks reproduced the writing itself. Mr. Bakewell successfully reproduced the writing in white on a blue ground, but the process failed to become one of public utility, owing to the extreme slowness with which the apparatus worked and the difficulty that was experienced in maintaining uniform and synchronous motion in the instruments. In 1856, the Abbé Caselli, in Italy, endeavored to solve the problem of autographic telegraphy in a similar manner. His apparatus was exhibited in England, and it was used practically between Paris and Marseilles, and Paris and Lyons. Plans, drawings and autograph sketches were faithfully reproduced at distant places, but it was found that the apparatus had not only the defects of Bakewell's, but it was very costly and complicated. Two other subsequent workers in this direction were M. Meyer and M. Lenoir, who tried to accomplish the same results with ordinary ink. They, however, pursued their investigations independently of, and unknown to, each other. Recently an opportunity has been afforded for examining the latest example of this class of apparatus at the London General Post-Office, where it has been submitted to the authorities for trial. This is the invention of M. d'Arlincourt, of Paris, and its general principles are similar to those which govern Bakewell's system. The distinguishing feature in D'Arlincourt's apparatus, however, is the introduction of an extremely ingenious synchronous movement, by means of which the speed of travel of the cylinders is rendered uniform, both in the transmitting and the recording machine. The message to be sent, which may be either in the ordinary hand or shorthand, is written with a thick, gummy ink, upon a strip of metallic-faced paper about twelve inches long and two and a half inches deep, which is wrapped around the cylinder of the transmitting instrument. A strip of white paper, chemically prepared and of similar dimensions, is placed on the cylinder of the recording apparatus, and the instruments are placed in electrical connection and started. The raised writing, actuating the electric current, causes a reproduction of the original message in facsimile on the paper in the recording instrument, which may be hundreds of miles away from the other. The two instruments at the London Post-Office, although in the same room, were practically placed 200 miles apart. The writing can be reproduced in either blue, brown, red or black, according to the chemical preparation of the paper, but always on a white ground, and a number of copies can be taken from one original. In the same way, sketches, plans or drawings may be faithfully transmitted; some sketches were, in fact, accurately reproduced in presence of the writer. Although the apparatus is perfect in its action, it still has one drawback, which was common to its predecessors—that of slowness of reproduction. The time occupied in revolving the cylinder a sufficient number of times to allow the pointer to traverse the whole surface of the paper is seven minutes, and this rate of speed is far below that required and attained in practice for commercial purposes. It is, however, being worked in France in fortresses and for similar military purposes, for which, in some special cases, it is exceedingly well adapted. We present an illustration of the apparatus constructed by M. d'Arlincourt, which may easily be understood by reference to the foot-notes and to the general description. The above engraving represents a drawing which was actually transmitted, through the apparatus, from one instrument to the other, and which could, as we are told, have been transmitted by the same means, a distance of 200 miles. It is a sketch of a girl selling cups of cocoa at the Paris International Exposition.



THE AUTOGRAPHIC TELEGRAPH—M. D'ARLINCOURT'S APPARATUS.

a is a box containing wheelwork, driven by two mainsprings, which give motion to the metallic roller *b*. The train of wheelwork is governed by the vibrating spring *c*, in the same manner as the type-printing instrument of Professor Hughes. In addition to this vibrating spring, a similar one, *d*, is fixed next to it, in the same standard, but is not in direct communication with the wheelwork. It receives its motion from the spring *c* simply by the vibrations communicated by the latter through the standard on which the springs are fixed. These springs are so adjusted, at each end of the wire, that their speeds are tolerably alike. The tinfoil paper for transmitting, or the prepared chemical paper for receiving, is fixed on the roller *b*. The metallic steel style in each case moves longitudinally and slowly along the cylinder by means of a screw, to which the standard holding the style is fixed. The roller *b*, at the sending station, stops automatically at each revolution, and is restarted by the roller at the receiving station at the proper time. By this means absolute synchronism is obtained, and there can be no accumulation of error. *e* consists of permanent and electro magnets; it forms a rapid relay by the line current, and it relays a current of sufficient intensity to discolor the chemically prepared paper. *f* shows the mechanical arrangement for the adjustment of the style in the proper place on the roller. *g*, end of same, showing its under side.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHEN is water most liable to escape? When it is only half-tide.

MOCK TURTLE.—Kissing before company, and quarreling afterward.

A LADY, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold, very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of.

CHESTNUTS are quoted at eight cents a quart in Lehigh County, Pa. In New York they are fifteen cents a pint—but you get a pint of worms thrown in for nothing.

YOUNG ladies at Newark have taken to decorating sardine-boxes. They are probably intended as frames for the photos of some of their gentlemen callers.

IT has leaked out that after Hayes kissed Morton, he made a similar advance toward Butler, but he drew back, exclaiming, "Remember, sir, I am a widow!"

A YOUNG lady, whose name is Mellie Badd, caused something of a sensation the other evening when the servant announced her at the parlor door as Miss Smellie Badd.

WOMEN have been known to remove their jewelry under the excitement of a camp-meeting sermon on charity and humbleness; but no one ever saw them throw away a real hair switch.

DISTANCE has only a relative value. When a man sits down on a carpet-tack only a quarter of an inch long, it is hard for him to realize that the point of it didn't come out at the back of his neck!

AH, but when you come down to statistics, please take notice that over 1,000,000 sheepskins have been used up in binding Webster's Dictionary. Where would that book have been but for sheep?

IT is said that a certain station-master out West is so devoted to his business that he invariably dines off a time-table. We are acquainted with several horse-trainers at Fordham who eat off of horse-stables.

THERE is danger of stopping the pulsations of the heart by getting out of bed too soon. It takes just seventeen minutes to get out of bed gracefully and carefully, and any wife can have the fire started in that time.

ONE of the new stamps for beer kegs is a vignette of George Washington. This is an insult to the memory of a good man. Beer never "put a head" on Washington, and Wa-hington's head should never be put on beer.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent wants to know how to "preserve oilcloths." We don't know, but we should think a jar of oilcloth would require about four times as much sugar as a jar of peaches or pears—and then would scarcely be fit to eat.

HE said that he was a stockholder in the company, and although he was rather seedy, the conductor allowed him to ride free. There was a dead man found in the car at the end of the route. Some one had informed the conductor that all the stock he held was the horses at the ferry.

LEVYING IMPOST AT THE CITY GATE.

See page 665.

A PETITION FOR PARDON.

as the Doge issues from the Senate Hall, Venice.
from the Painting by Carl Becker.

UNIV. OF MICH.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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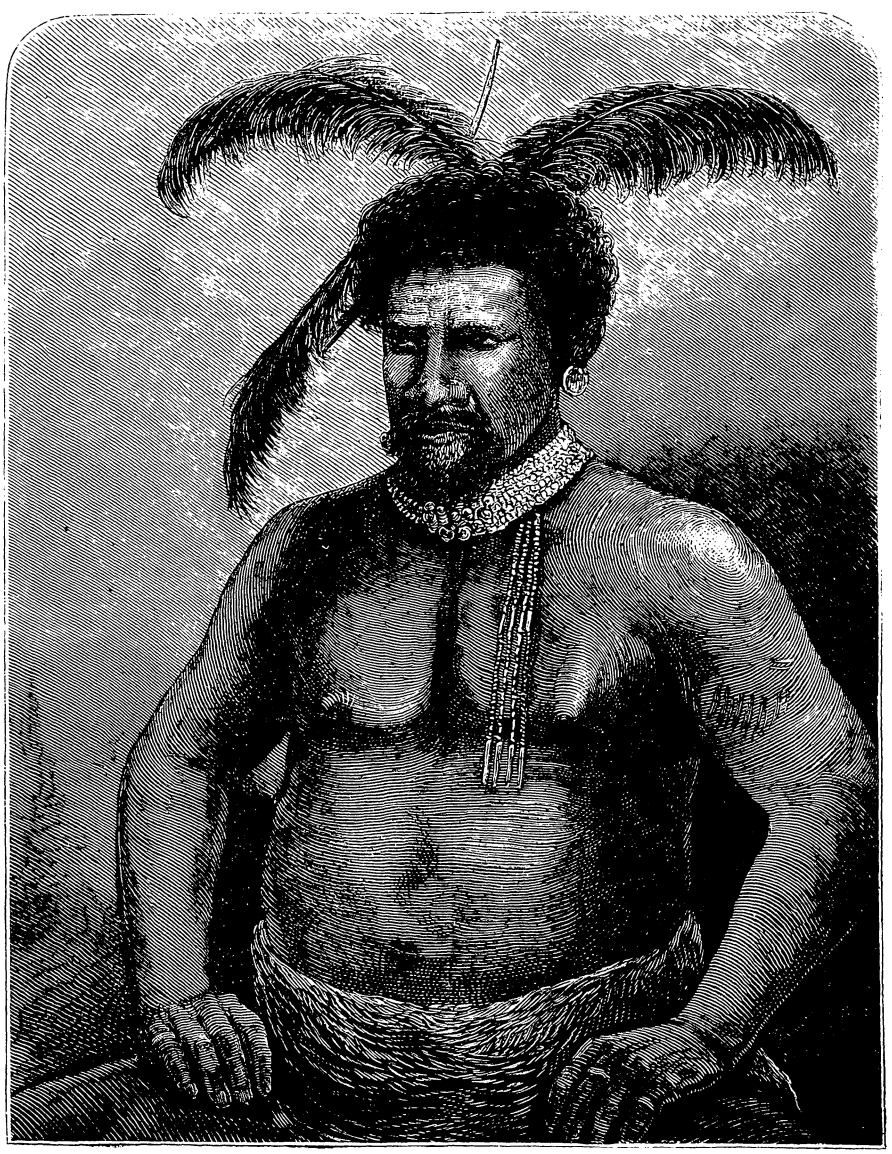
THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY HENRY GALT.

THE Cape and Natal Colonies, which at this present time are attracting universal attention, are likely at no remote period, should the British Government pursue its policy of annexation to a much greater extent, to assume the proportions of a grand Dominion of Southern Africa.

The Cape of Good Hope was known to the English as far back as 1591. They took it in the name of King James I. Previous to this thePortuguese had only used it as a port of refuge; Vasco de Gama, one of their great discoverers, landed there in 1497. Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape in 1486. He gave it the name of the Cape of Torments, or Capo Tormentoso, from the miseries he and his mariners endured. King John of Portugal gave it its present name, from its being the new way discovered by his subjects to the glorious Indies. But Vasco de Gama, after landing near the Cape, proceeded further up the coast, until he arrived at Port Natal, which he sighted on Christmas Day, and was so charmed with the beauty of its scenery that he named it after the day of the Nativity.

In 1652 the first Dutch settlement was made at Cape Town, without any opposition. Previous to this the Cape had been a place of call for vessels of all nations, going and coming to and from the East; but from this date it was to be used by the Dutch exclusively. The Hollanders of that date were supposed to be stanch Protestants and sound Christians, but they scarcely understood their duty to their neighbors. They had two ideas in forming their establishment at the Cape: firstly, that of aiding their own commerce with the East; and secondly, that of debarring the commerce of all other nations from the aid which they sought for themselves. It is on record



CETYWAYO, THE ZULU KING, WHO DEFEATED THE ENGLISH AT ISANDULA.

that when a merchant was once treated with hospitality by the authorities at the Cape, the authorities at home brought their colonial dependents very severely to task for such forgetfulness of their duty. The Governor at the time was dismissed for not allowing the Frenchman to "float on his own fins." It was then decided that water should be given to Europeans in need of it, but as little other refreshment as possible.

The home authority at this time was not the Government, but the Council of Seventeen at Amsterdam, who were the directors of the Dutch East India Company; for, as with the English, the commercial enterprise with the East was a monopoly given over to a great Company, and the Company, for the furtherance of its own business, established a depot at the Cape of Good Hope. When, therefore, we read of Dutch Governors, we are reading of the servants, not of a nation, but of a commercial firm. And yet these Governors, with the aid of their Council, had full power over life and limb.

In 1658 the first cargo of slaves was landed at the Cape from the Guinea coast. This element at once became antagonistic to any system of a real colonization, as out of an entire population of 400, more than half were slaves. The Hottentot race of savages were also in possession of the land surrounding the Cape, and were friendly disposed at first; but, finding nothing to be got by it, and their lands gradually taken away from them, they tried to reason with the settlers, and asked if they would be allowed to enter Holland and do there as the Dutch were doing with them. They argued that if the Dutchmen had many cattle there would be but little grass left for themselves. And so there arose a war.

The Hottentots are said to have possessed fidelity, attachment and intelligence; to have believed in the immortality of the soul, and to have worshiped a God. They were also said to be much attached to their children.

The Bojesman, or Bushman, was of a low order, smaller in stature, more degraded in appearance, filthier in his habits; occasionally a cannibal, eating his own children when driven by hunger; cruel and useless; a trifle superior to the Australian aborigine, but very inferior to his near relative the Hottentot.

But the Hottentot, with all his virtues, was driven into rebellion. There was some fighting, in which the natives, of course, were beaten; and rewards were offered, so much for a live Hottentot, so much for a dead one. This continued till 1672, when it was found expedient to purchase land from the natives; and a contract was made by which one of the native princes ceded the district of the Cape of Good Hope for a certain nominal price. This contract was soon broken, and the land annexed by Europeans as convenience required.

Of late years the name of Kaffir has been so associated with the colony that an idea prevails that the English afterward encroached on their territory. Not so. In 1786 the Eastern frontier was fixed at the Great Fish River, and there it has ever since remained. Beyond that lies the Kaffir country, which was not touched till after the several wars and encroachments.

Van Riebeck, an old Governor, in 1652 issued a proclamation calculated to inspire the aboriginal tribes with anything but a feeling of fear or dislike for the new-comer. The aggressive policy of the Governor was toned down by his consistent and conciliatory attitude. The proclamation enjoined that all kindness should be shown the Hottentots; that on no account should they be annoyed, punished or ill-used, even in cases of theft.

Now the Hottentot race is gradually diminishing. Where civilization penetrates, all colored tribes seem to vanish.

The language of the Hottentots is remarkable for its hideous clicking sounds, very much resembling the chattering of a monkey. Both the men and women of the present day look very unwholesome, have a natural antipathy to clean water, and, like the Kaffir, rarely change their clothes or linen, if they have any; in fact, it is never changed at all until it drops off. One with any regard for his olfactory nerves should never follow in the wake of a Hottentot on a warm day, or enter a room where they have been—at least, not until it has been thoroughly ventilated.

In 1687, about 300 French Protestants took up their abode in the colony, having been driven from France in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These families have become mixed with the Dutch, and nothing now but their names denotes they ever existed.

In 1795 the Cape fell into the hands of the English. The Prince of Orange having taken refuge at London as an exile, and the Republican French troops having taken possession of Holland, the authority was given by the Prince for it to be delivered into the hands of Great Britain, more with the idea of preventing a seizure from the French. The English rule seemed to be attended by anything but profitable results, quarrels between the Boers, Hottentots and Dutch farmers perpetually occurring.

In 1802, at the Peace of Amiens, the Cape was restored to Holland, but in the war following, between France and England, it was again occupied by British troops under Sir David Baird, who, after a slight resistance, expelled the Dutch Governor and his troops from Cape Town. In 1804 came the Emancipation Act.

Cape Town, the handsome capital of the Cape Colony, is beautifully situated at the base of Table Mountain, which rises gloomily, grandly and almost perpendicularly some three miles from the shore, and attains a height of 3,300 feet, the summit being perfectly flat; hence the name. A lofty peak, called the Devil's Head (with a spur running out toward the ocean), rises to the left, while on the right, and separated from it by a kloof or ravine, is a double-topped mountain, called the Lion's Head and Rump, having a supposed resemblance to a lion couchant, so that the town may almost be said to lie in a basin surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains and hills.

To see the magnificent mountain in the perfection of its grandeur, it should be viewed from the gorge between it and the Lion's Head; its bold, perpendicular, massive walls of gray granite supported by so many buttress-like cliffs, gradually sloping in undulating spurs toward the shore, looks like a castle of the Giant Tit'yus.

Cape Town is regularly built, all the streets being laid out at right angles; the principal street, the Heerengracht or Gentleman's Walk, having some very fine stores and public buildings, interspersed with quaint old houses, remnants of the Dutch period. From this street extends a fine old oak avenue, dividing the Botanical Gardens from Government House. The gardens are kept in exquisite order, and contain the flora—plants, trees and shrubs from the interior—besides numerous specimens from various parts of the world.

Facing the gardens stands the Public Library and Museum, the former unsurpassed by any similar institution in any dependency of Great Britain. It is very spacious, and contains nearly 100,000 volumes, including an extraordinary gift of ancient specimens and rare missals, numbering some 5,000 books, presented by that most popular of all Governors, Sir George Grey. An English cathedral and Roman Catholic church form conspicuous objects, architecturally speaking. Besides many other churches, there is the Sailor's Home, an imposing building; the Government Hospital, the Observatory and Government House, the

residence of the Governor. The streets and wharves are filled with loungers of the colored tribe, most of them half-caste. Then the cab-stand is a curiosity, with its black and white drivers in gay and curious head costumes; with callous hearts, precisely as callous as the hearts of their New York brethren, and they pounce on a newcomer with avidity, lauding to the skies the respective hotels they represent, and charge just as exorbitantly. Hansom cabs rattle about amongst others, all painted white, and much nicer than the London ones. Many of these are driven by Malays, who, in their pagoda-shaped hats, look very picturesque. The Malay women are also conspicuous for their fondness for gay colors, and their quaint dresses, with their waists just under the arms, like our venerable grandmothers fifty years ago; but the dress is very becoming, and scrupulously neat. With their olive complexion, bright eyes, and hair carefully brushed back from the forehead, they have a most coquettish appearance.

The Malays are decidedly the largest and most respectable portion of the colored races in Cape Town. Their religion is Mohammedan, and it has the merit of enforcing cleanliness and forbidding the use of ardent spirits. Their religious festivals are especially interesting. We went to one in the Malay portion of the town, the houses of which were brilliantly illuminated in every window. We were admitted, amongst others, into one of the temples. On entering, we noticed several old Malay priests, dressed in gala Malay costume—*i. e.*, with Oriental turbans and long gowns, etc., squatting on mats and beating tambourines. In the centre, incense is kept burning, and three or four young Malays march around, while the old gentlemen keep up a kind of grunting, whining chorus, shouting "Allah" at intervals, and chanting sentences from the Koran, gradually working themselves into a great pitch of excitement, and shouting louder and louder. Then the young men stripped off their shirts and threw themselves into gladiatorial attitudes, as if they were organizing a pugilistic show.

"I back the little one with the flat nose!" shouted an irreverent bystander; but totally disregarding this piece of facetiousness, they danced and jumped and shouted, one boy in particular; then two of the young men seized the boy, and plunged a sharp instrument, like a long meat skewer, through his tongue—at least it appeared so to us. In this state he was led around to the astonished spectators. The facetious bystander pronounced it "too bad," and said "he would like to punch the head of the fellow who did it," and that "he would like to bring his mother-in-law to a similar entertainment." But there was the tongue, and there the skewer; and the deception was certainly the most wonderful I ever saw, defying detection. Then another young man took a large dagger and plunged it into the fleshy part of his side, and walked around to show himself; blood was apparently flowing from the wound. The facetious spectator said, gravely, "he would have a terrible pain in his abdomen," and offered to prescribe a valuable receipt of his grandmother's. After this a Malay seized a quantity of red-hot chains and kept drawing them over a beam with his bare hands, like a manufacturer of old molasses candy.

What with these horrible experiments, and the increased vociferous yelling of the older Malays, the scene was more approaching the diabolical; but the evident jugglery, and the handing round the plate for money, together with the comments of the facetious bystander, were so absurd that the ludicrous largely predominated.

The meaning of this religious festival I could never make out, neither could get it explained. Nevertheless, the Malays make good fishermen, carriers of goods, horse-breeders and fruit-sellers, and are undoubtedly a handsome race.

Cape Town is celebrated for its southeast winds, which blow there with terrific fury, at times carrying everything before them; they are invariably heralded by the appearance of a white, misty cloud on the summit of the mountain. This rolls over and over toward the town, and has the appearance of a mighty cataract, but vanishes by the time it gets half way down the mountain. It is designated by the inhabitants "The Devil Laying his Table-cloth," and it is safe to assert his highness makes a great dust; for the winds blow with a power unknown in any other part of the world, I should say, knocking men, women, chimney-pots, and children over indiscriminately. Ladies and gentlemen alike wear vails to protect their eyes from sand and dust.

The drives around Cape Town, Constantia, the celebrated wine-farms, Wynberg, Camps Bay, and numerous nooks and corners, are certainly charming in color, and form; the scenery is most beautiful, presenting constant changes in its rich and varied verdure; and the grand outline of the old mountain, viewed under the varying influences of the gorgeous sunsets and clouds, give it the most striking and peculiar charms. From the bishop's palace the view is sublime, as is also Wynberg Village on the road to Simon's Bay, which is the naval station for the South African Coast, and the port of residence for the British Admiral.

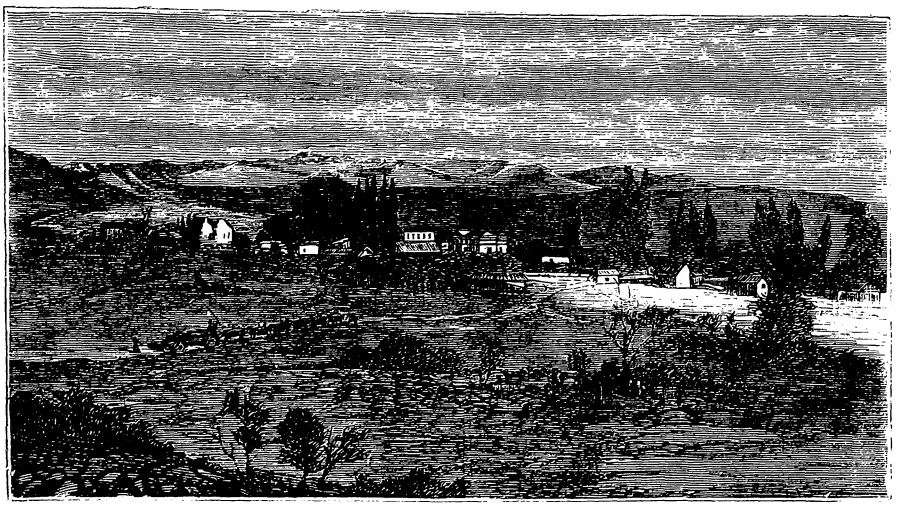
Looking from Simon's Bay, the rugged cliffs stretch away southward and terminate in the bold southernmost promontory—the Cape of Good Hope, on which a light-house is situated. The views here are also very beautiful; in fact, in the whole of the southern area, the scenery is scarcely equaled for grandeur and picturesqueness in any part of the globe.

The road from Cape Town to Simon's Bay lies partly by land and partly skirting the Bay. Quicksands are met with at various inlets, and are a source of great annoyance to travelers on horseback. Remnants of the old, palmy days of whale-fishing are seen constantly, in the shape of roofless sheds, with beams of huge whale ribs; as landmarks these ribs are plentifully in use. At an unpretending road-side inn, called Farmer Peck's, an arch at the entrance is formed of whale-bones, and on the signboard is the following singular inscription, now almost obliterated:

> "In questa casa troverete,
> Tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter:
> Vinum, panem, pisces, carnes,
> Coaches, chaises, horses and harness."

Leaving this half-way house, which somewhat belied the character and accommodations the signboard presumptuously offered, I led my steed along the rocky and tortuous paths which skirted the cliffs and shores of the beautiful Bay, which stretched away for miles before me, with the numerous merchant shipping and men-of-war lying calmly and majestically at anchor. I became absorbed in thought and was somewhat startled from my meditations by seeing a large whale-boat going at lightning speed out to sea, and apparently without any motive power, as the occupants, some half dozen Malays, were quietly resting on their oars; whilst at the bow there stood a man with a long spear, and in an attitude of defiance. I began to think I was laboring under some hallucination.

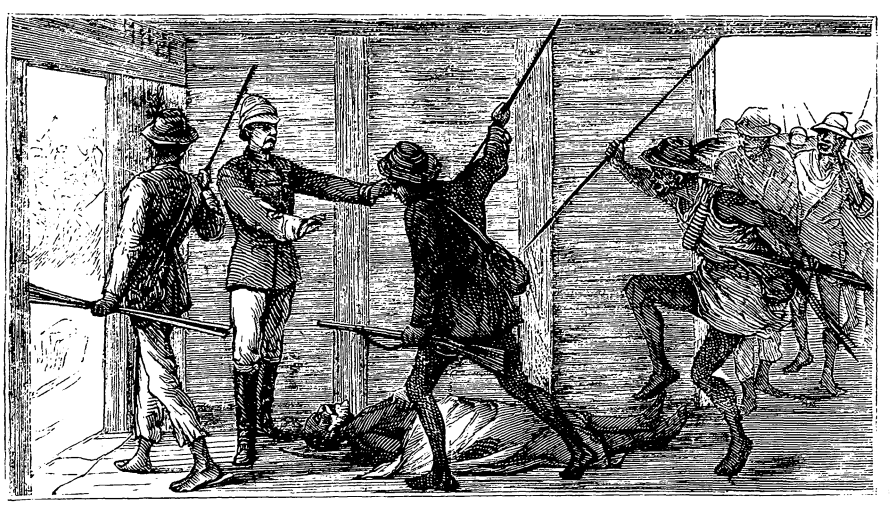
But my doubts were soon dispelled when a huge, black mass, "a whale," rose suddenly up in front of the boat, and spouting forth fountains of red blood; and with writhings and contortions this infuriated monster lashed its tail in all directions, and I fully expected to see the boat crushed to atoms. But the harpooner at the bow had hurled with unerring aim another javelin at the terrific monster;



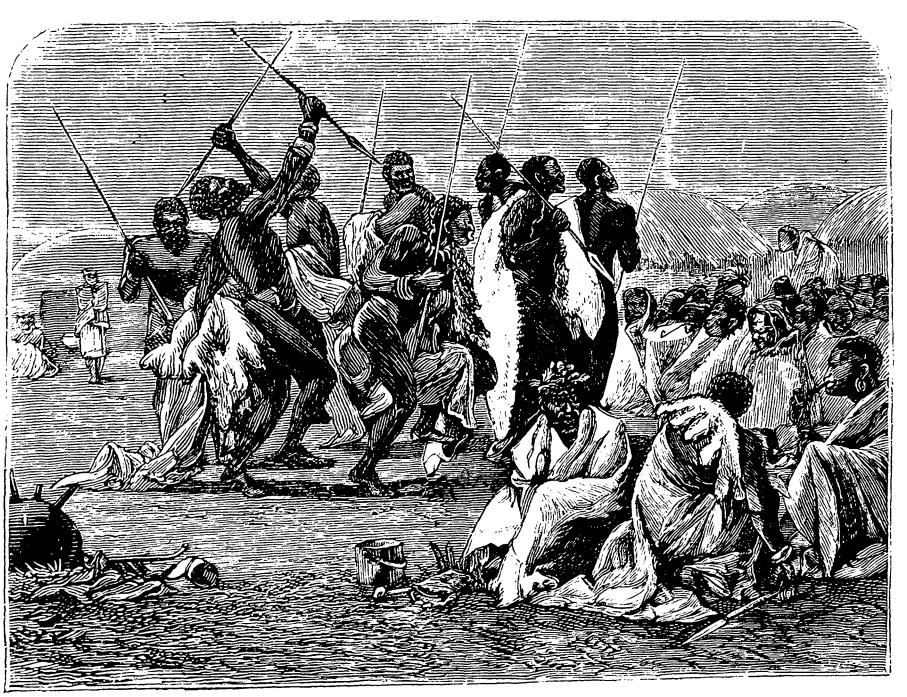
RUSTENBURG, THE FIRST TOWN IN THE TRANSVAAL TO RAISE THE BRITISH FLAG.

which, becoming more infuriated, dives down and with a sudden tack, as if seeking protection in shallow water, it makes rapidly for the shore; a few convulsive struggles, another spout of crimson hue, and they are hauling him to the beach. By the time I had descended the rocky path and reached the long, sandy inlet, the whale, which must have measured seventy feet in length, was close in shore. I was informed by the boat-owner that this was their first catch in two years, and that they had been playing with him for half an hour that morning previous to my seeing them. I was certainly fortunate in witnessing the termination of this exciting struggle, as he had never known a haul to take place so near the shore before. What a change in twenty or thirty years, when the enormous profits of whale-fishing had supported several establishments, which, although still standing there, have considerably fallen into decay.

From Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay, in the Eastern Province, the run is usually made by sea, as the time taken is comparatively short to what it would be partly by rail and partly by horse-cart. About forty hours is the average distance made by mail steamers.

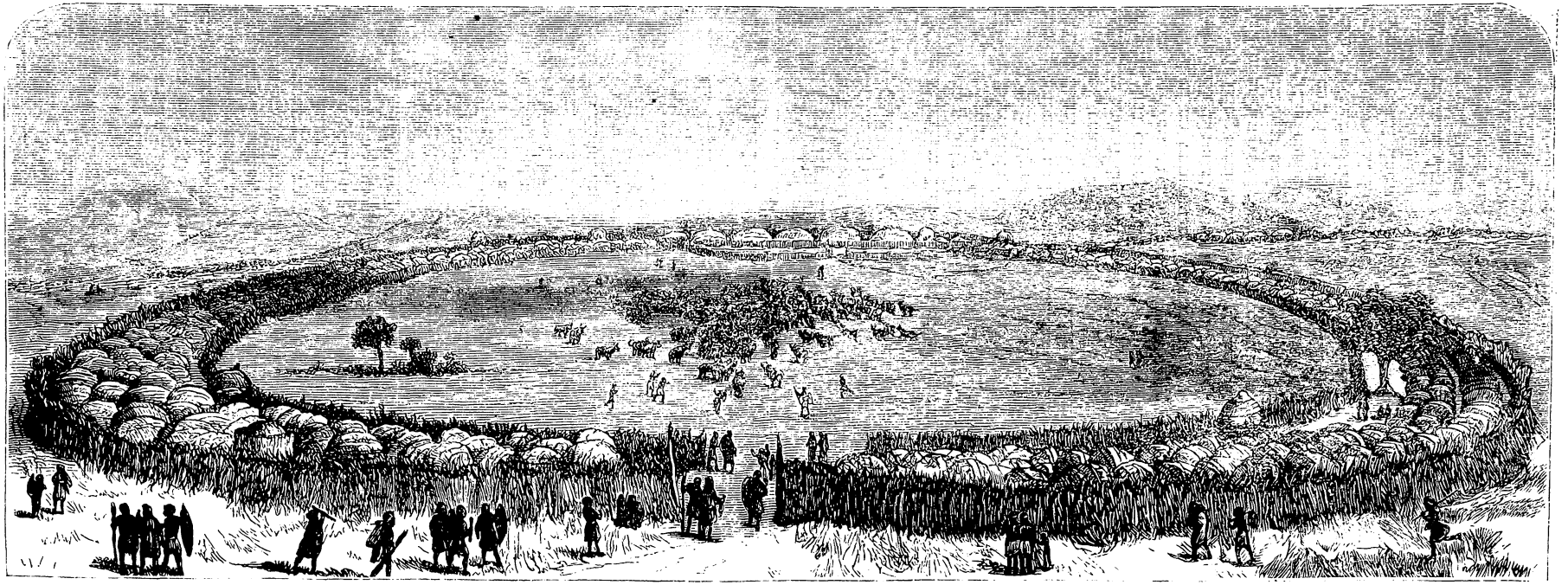


NATIVES VIEWING THE BODY OF SANDILLA, A REVOLTED CHIEF.

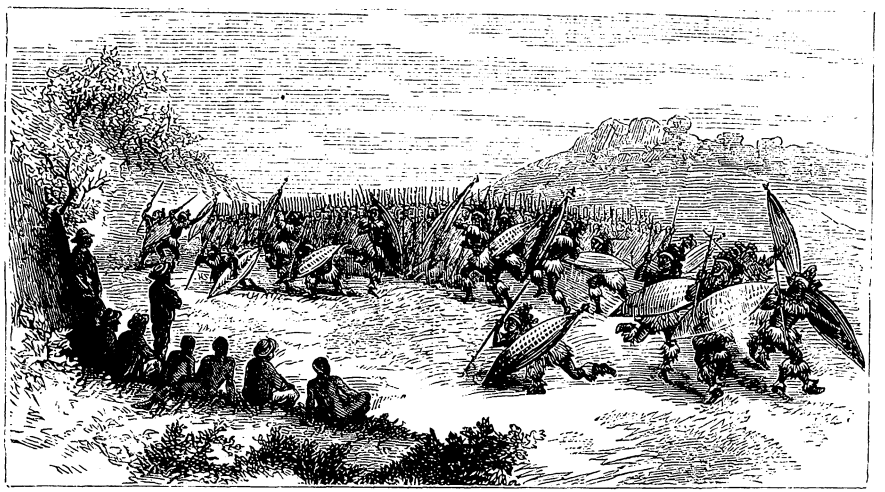


A DANCE AT AN ENCAMPMENT OF KAFFIR LEVIES.

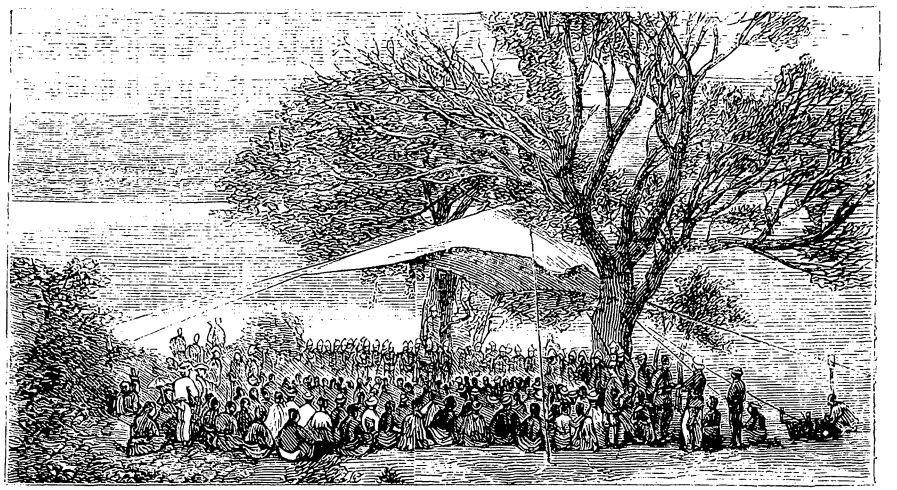
Passing Cape Agulhas, which is the most southern point of South Africa, we skirted the shores of the Kuysna, a mountainous part of the George District, of extreme beauty, with a narrow inlet and precipitous rocks on either side. A great trade used to be done in wool and wood here, but now it seems more picturesque and beautiful than it is commercially useful. The sublime mountain scenery along the coast was lit up by one of the most gorgeous sunsets I ever beheld in my life. The Long Kloof range was irradiated by a kaleidoscopic effect of constantly changing color, as the golden orb gradually sank toward the horizon The whole scene seemed to reflect the changing tints of passing clouds—a silvery leaden hue varying to crimson, then to violet, rose, and lastly to the depths of a



A VIEW OF KING CETYWAYO'S KRAAL.



WAR-DANCE OF THE ZULUS.



READING THE BRITISH ULTIMATUM AT THE TUGELA RIVER.

purple; forming, with a foreground of translucent green sea, a most effective and enchanting panorama.

Algoa Bay, on which the town of Port Elizabeth is situated, has a very barren and desolate appearance; the coast is fringed with huge sandhills, very little signs of verdure, and not a symptom of a tree. The breakwater, or pier, affords very little shelter, and if a ship once drags her anchor, with a strong southeaster blowing, there is no help, she is doomed; the surf rolls in in long, engulfing waves, and performs its destructive work with celerity.

On one occasion, at night, when entering this bay in the steamship *Mauritius*, we had a slight taste of the proverbial southeaster. To save ourselves from running on shore, it was necessary to round the steamer and go direct at the wind; in doing this, a huge wave taking her beam, washed an old sea captain, a passenger, overboard, and then, with the eccentric vagaries for which old Father Neptune is noted, another wave washed him back. We returned to our anchorage when the weather moderated; but as the day dawned, it disclosed to view two fine barks driven on shore by the fury of the gale; long lines of crescent waves curled over their hulls like devouring monsters, and one by one the masts and spars disappeared until, by night again, nothing but a few gaunt ribs and stumps remained to point where they had stood.

Port Elizabeth is built on the slope of a hill; one long, regularly built business thoroughfare runs parallel with the shore; on the eminence in the rear are situated the residences of the well-to-do merchants. The town, with regard to its stores, resembles an American city; anything can be procured here, from a needle to a sheet anchor.

Like the Capeites, the Port Elizabethians are a very hospitable people. My first call there was on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh; they still observe his birthday with a pious loyalty and enthusiasm. I heard of an amusing story of a young swell entering the hotel where the Duke was stopping and ordering dinner; when the waiter (a well-known and eccentric colored man by the name of Charles) accidentally brought him a dirty plate.

"Aw, Chawles," said the swell, "this plate is—aw—not clean."

Charles, ashamed at the idea of being caught giving a gentleman a dirty plate—

"I beg your pardon, sir; didn't see it. Yes, the Duke has just been eating off that plate, sir."

Swell, painfully aware of the popular feeling for the Duke, meekly submits and goes on with his dinner.

Exit Charles, with one eye closed and a protuberance in one cheek, caused by his tongue.

In the infant days of Port Elizabeth, the few simple-minded but energetic merchants met with many rebuffs from the Western Province magnates, and an incident is related of an unpopular Governor who, on a visit, landed there with his staff one morning before breakfast, all of them looking seasick and hungry. An address of welcome had been prepared by the merchants, with allusions to roads, harbors and Kaffir emigration; but, being rather lengthy, the choleric Governor took it, thrust it into his pocket, and informed them he could govern the colony without their advice; while an aide-de-camp standing by audibly expressed his wonder "what tinkers and dealers in soap could know about government, and that sort of thing!"

The colonial days are approaching when this class of shopkeepers, who no doubt presented the address with becoming respect and sincerity, will be independent of these Government flunkies and officials. Even now, with responsible Government and an ability to support a good militia of their own, these soap-dealers and tinkers prove they have the most pluck, and are the most useful and reliable soldiers in defense of their own colony.

The beach at all times here presents a busy appearance. The landing of the goods from the shipping is carried on by means of large, flat-bottomed boats of three or four tons' measurement. Ropes are carried from the shore to the ship, running through a ring at the stem and stern of the boat. No surf can upset these broad, punt-shaped arrangements, and when the boat grounds in the breakers, the Fingoes, a race of natives who are very slightly encumbered with clothing, jump out and carry any passengers on their backs or in their arms, according to their sex, to the dry land.

This being the principal seaport of the Eastern Province, it has considerably advanced of late years, having been, previously to 1820, settled and inhabited by Dutch Boers. In 1819 they drove the Kaffirs back to the region known as Kaffraria; but in 1820, 4,000 emigrants (volunteers) were sent out by the British Government.

The English seem to have prospered, in a commercial point of view, better than their Dutch neighbors at Cape Town. It was from the coming of these people that the English language began to prevail in the colony; until 1825 all public business was done in Dutch.

In 1828 the old Dutch courts of Landdrosts and Nemraden were abolished, and resident magistrates and justices were appointed. The Hottentots were also put precisely on the same footing as the Europeans, much to the disgust of the colonists in general, and of the rulers of the colony, whose idea was that man's social rights should be influenced by color; and they may be pardoned for the ill-will with which they accepted the change, when we remember that slavery was then an institution of the country, and that the slaves were equal—at any rate—in intelligence to the Hottentots.

In allusion to the latter of the present day, in the neighborhood of George, there is a mission station called Pacaltsdorp, for Hottentots, than which I can imagine nothing to be less efficient for any useful purpose. There is a straggling community of about 500, who live in huts, and have about an acre of land for each family. There is a church attached to the place, with a minister, but no school. The stipend of the minister is paid by some Missionary Society in England, and it would seem that it is supported chiefly because, for many years past, it has been supported. The occupants of this station are not industrious, but are not more lazy than men of such a race may be expected to be. They are not stupid, nor habitually dishonest; their morals in other respects do not rank high. Such as they are, they should be encouraged in all ways to work for hire. Nothing can be so antagonistic to working as such a collection of them as that at Pacaltsdorp, where the land of each is just sufficient to enable him to live, with the assistance of a little stealing. As for church services, there are quite enough for their wants in the neighborhood, of various denominations. The only excuse for such an establishment would be the existence of a good school. The institution was commenced fifty years ago, and now seems scarcely to be needed, as there are few civilizing influences around. There is also another large Hottentot Missionary Station at Glenadendahl, Western Province.

To return to the subject of slavery. In 1834 slavery was abolished in all lands subject to the British flag. This created a greater animosity among the Dutch than the enactments in favor of the Hottentots, slavery being in no way repugnant to the Dutchman, who was not, taking him altogether, a cruel slave-owner.

After the previous brushes with the Kaffirs, in 1835 came the third Kaffir war, the most bitter of the three, which

commenced by thefts of cattle from the Europeans, who in return sent into Kaffraria armed levies of mounted men, seizing cattle by way of restitution. During this period cattle were always being driven backward and forward across the border. This terminated in an invasion by the Kaffirs, some ten or twelve thousand strong, who massacred the farmers, overran the country, and returned, carrying with them an immense booty. Ultimate steps were taken to punish the Kaffirs, who were at last driven to sue for peace, and to surrender the sovereignty of their country.

About three years after this, partly in consequence of the abolition of slavery and partly in consequence of the war, the Dutch farmers receded and went away across the Orange River. They wanted to live without interference, and consequently gave up their lands to the English and Scotch, who were afterward successful in the introduction of merino sheep and the growth of wool, which afterward became an important product of the colony. The Dutch, in the meantime, had prospered under the English rule. Their condition was infinitely more free than it had ever been under the Dutch rule. But they were dissatisfied. British ideas as to Hottentots, Kaffirs and slavery were in their eyes absurd, unmanly and disagreeable. The result was, as I shall afterward mention in the account of the first settlers of Natal, that the Boers tracked off into the interior, beyond the Orange and Vaal Rivers, and formed the nucleus of the two States, the Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal Territory, which a year or two since fell under the British rule.

In 1846 a Kaffir thief stole an ax, and on his way to jail was rescued by a band of Kaffirs. This comparatively insignificant act led to more rebellion and another year's war, when they were starved into submission and driven back beyond the Kei River, their territory being allotted as a British home for Kaffirs, hence the name British Kaffraria. Then came the fifth Kaffir war, which of all was undoubtedly the bloodiest. It began in 1850, and seems to have been instigated by a Kaffir prophet.

Through all these struggles an attempt has been made to bind these people by treaties, and to impress upon them that there is plenty of land for both, and that the British Government will care for them; but it has been evident that their mental capacity could never embrace the meaning of the word "pledge." Lord Glenelg's (who was at this period acting Governor, and was subject to what may perhaps not improperly be called the influences of Exeter Hall) theory required that British holders of the land should recognize and respect the weakness of the savage, without using the strength of his own civilization. Colonization in such a country on such terms is impossible. He may have had abstract justice on his side; but if Great Britain is bound to reconcile her conduct to the rules which such justice requires, then she must abandon the peculiar task which seems to have been allotted to her, of peopling the world with a civilized race.

This last war of 1850 was suppressed only after two years and a half hard fighting, and peace was bought with the lives of 400 soldiers and the wholesale slaughter of many villages.

In 1857 occurred one of the most remarkable events ever known in Kaffir history. There came to the Kaffirs a prophecy that the dead would restore to them all their old warriors, with their ancient glory and possessions; but great faith was needed. They would find fat cattle in large caves, and rich fields of corn would spring up as they required; only they must kill and destroy all their own cattle and corn. This they all did with perfect faith, and the result was fearful starvation. The English and Dutch around did all they could to relieve them, and to prevent this self-immolation; but these acts of charity seemed only to strengthen them in their purpose, and nearly 50,000 perished of hunger. Since then the spirit of the Cape Colony race of Kaffirs seems to have been thoroughly broken.

In 1872 Cape Town first had responsible Government, similar to that existing in Canada, and Victoria, Australia. It consists of a Legislature, Council and House of Assembly, who pass laws and rule the country by its majorities. Hitherto the Colonial Secretary of State in England had a veto, and the Ministers were responsible to the Governors; now they are responsible to Parliament.

There is great political rivalry, and desire on the part of the Eastern and Western provinces of the Cape Colony for a division. The Eastern Province wants to be a distinct colony. Its reasons are that Cape Town is too far out of the way; also, with its mongrel population, it is perfectly safe, whereas a large portion of the Eastern Province is always subject to Kaffir "scares," and possibly Kaffir wars; that, as the British Government was induced to sanction the separation of Queensland from New South Wales, why not the East and West of the Cape Colony? Their only hope is in federation, which will probably come sooner or later, and would imply something like separation. The following table of population, with the annexed districts, will show the necessity of bringing the whole of Southern Africa under one nationality:

Names of Districts.	*White Persons.*	*Colored Persons.*	*Total.*
Orange Free State	30,000	15,000	45,000
Transkeian Districts	.....	501,000	501,000
The Cape Colony	235,000	485,000	720,000
Native Districts belonging to Cape Colony	.....	335,000	335,000
The Diamond Fields	15,000	30,000	45,000
Natal	20,000	320,000	340,0 0
Transvaal	40,000	250,000	290,000
Total	340,000	1,936,000	2,276,000

This does not over-estimate the colored population; but as the limits of some of the territories are not settled, any statement must be vague.

Fifty miles from Port Elizabeth is the capital of the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, and it contains some nine thousand inhabitants. There are many who think the site (should the general federation of the South African States ever take place) best adapted for the capital of the Colony. There is no doubt but what its central situation makes it more eligible for governmental and legislative purposes. It is a very pretty town, and seen from the gentle eminence which surrounds it, one can but admire the breadth and beauty of its streets and its public buildings; the new clock-tower, and the multiplicity of its gardens.

Fifteen miles from here is the celebrated ostrich farm of Mr. Douglas—the first to introduce the work on a large scale. Mr. Douglas owns about 1,200 acres. On the farm are 500 ostriches. Each bird fit for plucking gives two crops of feathers per annum—the average value seventy-five dollars per bird. They live on the various bushes and grasses of the land, and are, as a rule, hardy brutes, enabled to stand heat or cold.

The country around was used not long since as sheep-walks, but seems to have so much deteriorated by changes in the grasses, as to be no longer profitable.

Wool, a staple produce, has made but little progress as an article of export during the last ten years—it seems to

A MUSTER OF ZULU WARRIORS PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK.

They say no great knowledge or ability is required to manage a sheep-farm; but every newcomer should and can acquire a knowledge of his neighbor's stock, shearing, and different varieties of sheep.

There is a railroad being constructed with a branch to Graham's Town from Port Elizabeth, which will open up the trade with the interior. This has been carried on considerably with a class of people called "traders," and they abound in every portion of Southern Africa. It is an adventurous life, and has no system about it, which probably recommends it to many who prefer a desultory, Bohemian kind of existence.

have been cast into the shade to a certain extent by the great discovery of diamonds in the Orange River Free State. In 1830, the province exported only 4,500 pounds of wool, at a value of £222. From that time it made a remarkable stride till the year 1872, when the exportations amounted to 48,822,562 pounds, value £3,275,150. In 1876 it had fallen to 35,000,000 pounds. The remunerative trade of ostrich feathers cannot have possibly made up the deficiency, as the total value of ostrich feathers exported in 1875 was £306,867.

The wool of the Cape Colony is inferior to that of Australia, the average price of the latter being 1s. 6d. a pound; whereas the average price of the Cape Colony wool is only about 1s. 1d. a pound. Breeding, climate, and country, have a great deal to do with this.

ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH THE BUSH INTO THE ZULU COUNTRY.

BLOEM FONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA.

You see them at the Cape, Graham's Town, D'Urban, and Maritzburgh; they have one, two, and sometimes three wagons, which are loaded with calicoes, coarse cloths, guns, tobacco, axes, knives, beads, brass curtain rings (a favorite ornament for the arms of the natives), sugar, pins and needles for Boers' wives—a sort of colonial Cheap Jack. They penetrate into all districts where natives are to be found; and visiting the houses of the Dutch Boers *en route*, the business is accomplished principally by exchange. Very little money is to be squeezed from a Boer,

who, if he does give it, gives it with a reluctance long drawn out, as if it were his bottom dollar.

To return to the trader's expedition. After disposing of their stock, they generally bring back ivory, ostrich feathers, wool, hides, *karosses* of wild animal skins, cattle, and various odds and ends. In olden days the venture was a profitable one, and traders made money rapidly ; now the business is very much cut up, and transport riders have formed regular trading routes.

Graham's Town holds a high position in the colony, socially and commercially. Two-thirds of its population are almost exclusively English, the Dutch element having had little holding in this thriving capital. Speaking of its salubrity, a friend told me of a wealthy old Indian officer,

MARKET-SCENE IN GRAHAM'S TOWN.

who went there for his health, consulted every physician in town, but found himself no better. His malady was that of all old Indians—too good living in a tropical climate. At length he fell in with a shrewd apothecary from the "North Countrie," who sees at a glance that the old gentleman wants air and exercise ; but not being an Abernethy, he is not blunt enough to say so. He prescribes of course, the mildest and most innocent of pills and draughts, and sends his patient for a long canter every day. The patient gets well and his gratitude is immense. Besides a handsome gift of $5,000 in recognition of his apothecary's skill, in an ecstasy of delight, he gives a grand ball, and everybody is invited.

The British Colony of Natal is situated on the southeast coast of Africa, 800 miles beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and 7,400 miles from England by the ordinary ocean route. It is 6,000 miles nearer to England than the great eastern ports of Australia. The seacoast of Natal has a stretch of about 150 miles, and looks along the 30th parallel of south latitude. The colony contains about 11,000,000 acres of land, and is about one-third the size of England.

To the northeast of Natal, beyond the great river Tugela, and in continuation of the seaward slopes in that direction, is Zululand, the seat of the Zulu tribes, under the sway of the great Cetywayo. To the north of that is the Transvaal territory, running down to the northeast corner of Natal, divided by the Limbombe Mountains, and on the slopes of which is the New Lydenberg gold district. Independent Kaffraria bounds it on the southwest, and Basutoland northwest, beyond which lie the South African diamond fields ; and then between these and the Transvaal lies the Orange River Free State.

The colony of Natal occupies so important a place as the chief seaward gate or inlet of commerce to all these territories, that the mention of its geographical position demands a brief notice.

The Colony of Natal is not far removed from tropical latitudes ; there is also a very remarkable prevalence of the sea breeze over the land breeze, which has a most important bearing upon the physical condition of the colony. One result is, the Summer is a season of copious rain, the average fall being over thirty inches a year ; of this, twenty-five falls during the Summer months. It will be seen how refreshing this is to a fertile soil, and the splendid crops of sugar, coffee and cotton which can be produced here. Natal is also subject to severe thunder and lightning

storms, which visit them pretty regularly of an afternoon during the Summer season. This often gives them deliciously cool nights, but the thunderstorms and rain combined have the effect of creating the most disastrous floods, and in the mountainous districts these rains burst upon them in concentrated abundance; the result is, the rivers are always full of water—in some instances a stream may be crossed on horseback easily in the morning, but in the evening, after a severe thunderstorm, I have known it rise to ten feet in depth; in the up-country districts the streams will often rise twenty to twenty-five feet. A destructive flood, in 1868, carried away a magnificent bridge on the Umgeni River, near D'Urban. A planter, who was engaged with his men on the banks, saw it coming down like a great wall, and only escaped with their lives by climbing a tree, from which perilous refuge they were rescued, after nine hours' exposure, by a boat.

A bold, rugged bluff, some 200 feet in height, is naturally the most conspicuous promontory that meets the eye on nearing the harbor of Port Natal. We had formed some estimate of the surpassing beauty of the country we were approaching, as the steamer had hugged the shores coming from Algoa Bay so closely that our pleasures partook more of the enjoyments of a yachting trip, or an excursion up the Hudson or Rhine. With our field-glasses we could distinguish the smoke of the Kaffir fires curling up from out their kraals, groups of cattle browsing on the endless verdure broken only by sombre masses of varied foliage and bush. Bursting suddenly on our view, we would see the mouth of some sunny river winding its course through slopes of green pasturage, fields of waving sugar-cane and Indian corn.

Surmounting the bluff, which stands boldly out like an old rampart, the sides of which are covered with tropical foliage, interspersed with patches of red sand, is a new iron lighthouse, also signal station, the flags from which soon denote to the surrounding country the approach of the mail steamer or any expected ship.

Across the open channel which the bluff protects, is another sandy point running from the mainland, and from which emanate various stone piers and breakwaters, which seem to denote that the Colonial Government has been experimenting in that line.

Shortly after coming to anchor in what is termed the outer anchorage, a small steamtug came out to receive as many passengers as could avail themselves of this means of getting ashore. Others remained to look after their baggage and go in a cargo-boat, in happy unconsciousness of the knocking-about in store. When the boat at last came alongside, all of us remaining were bundled bag and baggage, *sans ceremonie*, on to her deck, and we soon set sail and made for the harbor. We had to pass the treacherous breakers of the bar, that intervened between us and the inner bay channel. Soon orders were given to batten down, which meant we were all to be tumbled into the hold, and a huge hatchway shut down on us. This asphyxiating process, on a hot day in a tropical climate, was suggestive of cremation, and decidedly objectionable. The ladies all went, and a few of the gentlemen remained on deck, preferring to take their chances.

"Look out!" suddenly cries the man at the helm; and we can see to windward a small, white-crested wave gradually swelling itself to enormous dimensions, tumbling over and over toward us, seething, foaming and hissing in its course. Diminutive shrieks of terror arise from the fair sex in the hold, who heard the warning of the helmsman. We on deck hang on like grim death to any available piece of rigging. Bang! dash! splash! and a huge body of spray breaks over us, the wave having lost much of its power before it struck. For the few seconds it was rolling toward our boat it was a terrible moment of suspense.

A few more breakers of less tonnage, as it were, and we have passed the dangerous shoal. Going through the narrow entrance to the inner bay, we have a good view of a charming expanse of water, two miles in width and four long, and surrounded by patches of forest, cleared away in many parts, and the villas and cottages of merchants embosomed therein; the town of D'Urban and group of stores at the point being the most conspicuous break of general outline.

Little more than forty years ago, Natal was inhabited by Dutch Boers, who, discontented with the Cape Government and its treatment of the native tribes, had migrated thither, and established an independent State.

Possessing unbounded fertility of soil, a capacious harbor, signs of mineral wealth, and an attractive and healthy climate, the Boers, without much opposition from the Kaffir tribes, established themselves as an independent people. But in a very short time the Zulus crossed the Tugela River and swept everything before them, slaughtering every man, woman and child they came across. This atrocity much incensed the Boers, and led to several years of incessant fighting. It must be borne in mind the Zulus had not in those days the advantage of firearms, the knowledge of which they have but lately acquired. The Boers were, therefore, ultimately victorious, and followed the enemy into the midst of their own country; driving out Dingaan, their chieftain, and giving to Pauda, the father of the present Cetywayo, the Zulu throne.

Very little had been heard of Natal previously to 1823. In the year 1683 an English ship was wrecked in Delagoa Bay, and its crew of eighty men made their way back to the Cape of Good Hope along the coast, giving a glowing description of the region they had traversed. In 1823 Lieutenant Farwell, an English officer who had been surveying the coast, landed at Natal, and was so pleased with the spot that he induced some twenty individuals to join him in an attempt to establish a trading settlement at Natal harbor; but ultimately failed in his endeavor, having met with more or less trouble from Chaka's successor and from invading Zulus. After that came the Dutch, who met with such trouble from the natives that led to the British laying claim. The motives which induced them were to prevent more serious and heartrending struggles, as the Boers had almost been annihilated; and the apprehension that these struggles might be renewed, and that the wave of disturbance might be carried toward the eastern frontier toward the Cape, influenced to some extent the resolution to colonize Natal.

The first Dutch party of about two hundred (a more numerous party following them) quitted Uitenhage, in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, not from any want of loyalty, but simply to get away from the disastrous wars—and, unfortunately for themselves, to be involved in still more disastrous ones. They made their way over the Kathlamba Mountains, trecking with their wagons. In the meantime the Government had sent a body of troops to occupy the new district in the name of the Queen. They were received with the greatest courtesy when they landed, the Boers being glad to have a body of well-armed men to help resist any future invasion. But a proclamation appeared calling upon the Boers to deliver up their arms and ammunition, and forbade their interfering with the Zulus. The Boers altercated, and the British commander, who at once saw the reasonableness of the complaint, desisted. But he was soon recalled, and a Major Smith sent to replace him. He got severely handled by the Boers, losing his regimental colors and a great many

men. At this unexpected reverse he made a truce with the Boers for a fortnight's cessation of hostilities, ostensibly for the purpose of burying the dead; but no sooner had the Dutch returned to their farms than the English commenced to build, and by the expiration of two weeks had constructed a "log fort" of prodigious strength; so that the unsuspecting Boers, on returning from their farms, found the position quite unassailable, and had, moreover, the satisfaction of knowing that any of them who might be taken would be treated as rebels, and hanged forthwith.

This exasperated the Boers, who, taking advantage of the fact of the supplies of ammunition and provisions being stored at the Point, two miles from the stockade, and guarded by only thirty or forty men, rushed down unexpectedly upon the little detachment, ripped up the artillerymen at their guns, stormed a small guardhouse, massacred all within it, and took the entire magazine, with guns, powder, shot, provisions, and a number of prisoners. They then returned to the principal stockade, and opened trenches. From these, with "crack shots," they bored a hole in every hat or head that made its appearance above the parapet. They also brought the captured guns to bear on the English works, and cut off the supply of water; so that the hundred and fifty men composing the garrison were reduced to the greatest extremity, only managing to get a scanty supply by sending out children under cover of the guns to a neighboring spring, knowing that the Boers would not shoot children.

Their food was horse-flesh, and they refused to listen to any terms of surrender until the last horse was eaten.

Now comes the critical moment. A plucky man, named Richard King, undertook to break through the Dutch lines during the night, swim his horse over the bay, and ride for Graham's Town, a distance of six hundred miles, to obtain reinforcements.

In this extraordinary feat he was quite successful; and on the very day that the last horse was eaten, the *Fawn*, a sloop-of-war, appeared in the offing and anchored, ready for crossing the bar at high tide. Soon afterward, the fifty-gun frigate *Southampton* also made its appearance, and poured such a shower of shot and shell into the Bluff forest, that the Boers, who had lined it with riflemen, in anticipation of the sloop running over the bar, were obliged to beat a speedy retreat.

The troops, two hundred in number, were mustered on the deck of the sloop; and, though the depth of water at the bar was very small—less than the draught of the vessel, still they determined on crossing it, if possible. So, clapping on all sail, they made for the inner harbor, grounded on the bar, floundered over it at the cost of breaking the ship's back, and ran ashore high and dry. Portions of the wreck still remain near the present landing-place.

The Boers were waiting to receive them, but the troops charging furiously with the bayonet, they broke and fled before suffering any severe loss, and never ceased their flight till some twelve miles from the Port.

On reaching the stockade, the sight that presented itself was heart-rending, the men being reduced to mere skeletons, and scarcely able to lift a gun, having been living on scanty supplies of horse-flesh and biscuit for nearly six weeks. The following day a body of troops set out in pursuit of the Boers, who, in turn, fell back upon Maritzburgh, the capital of the colony—distant fifty miles in the interior, where they remained for some months unmolested.

At length, however, a formidable division of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, was dispatched to Maritzburgh, where several thousand Boers had formed a "wagon-camp," and were waiting an attack of the royal forces. But instead of marching the soldiers to attack their position, as at the first disastrous engagement near the Port, the English commander opened fire with round shot on the wagons, which had the desired effect; for, in less than ten minutes, the whole body of Boers were in full retreat for the interior,

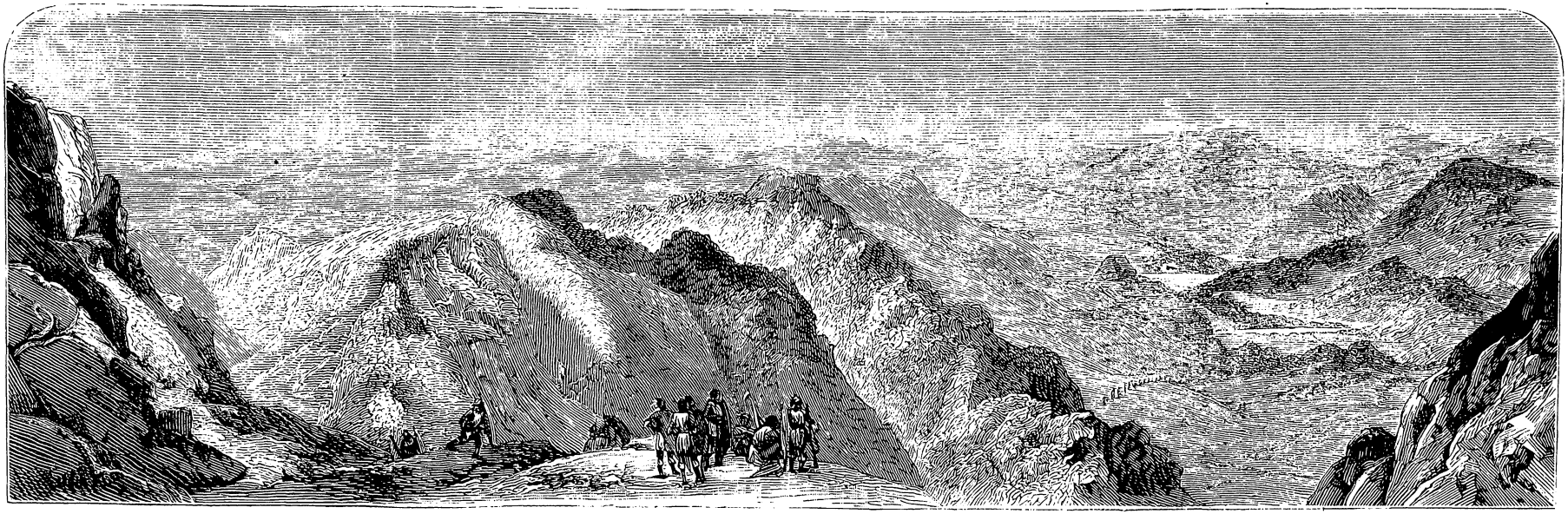
After this they finally abandoned Natal, and crossing over Drackensberg, or Dragon's Mountains, they established themselves in an open district lying on the banks of the Orange River, which has since been named the Orange Free State. At the point of Natal Bay, where we landed, an old block-house still remains, which was built as a safeguard against further attacks from Boers and natives. There is a railway-station, roughly constructed, custom-house, and several stores. The view from the quay is surprisingly beautiful. Before us lay calmly at anchor several large merchant ships; beyond are islands clad with tropical verdure dotting the bay; and numerous little pleasure-yachts, with their snowy sails, seemed to dart through the various channels and glide up the most romantic inlets.

The native Kaffirs are naturally the most conspicuous, and consequently the first objects of interest, that claim one's attention on landing. They are not overdone with clothing, though presenting a more respectable attire than they did a few years back. The law now compels all natives in a town or village to appear at the very least with a pair of pantaloons. This law does not apply to all the natives of Natal—it would be impossible with the 320,000 natives to carry it out—only those having occupations or visiting a town. And during my stay there I not unfrequently noticed two or three Kaffirs just beyond the precincts concealed behind some bush and without the regulation dress. They would assure me with sincerity there was no cause for suspicion on my part; that their brother had gone to town with the "pants" to make purchases; and as time was no object to them, they were awaiting his return to don the same garments, and each in turn transact his little business. So that this group actually comprised a small joint stock company, with capital invested in one pair of pantaloons.

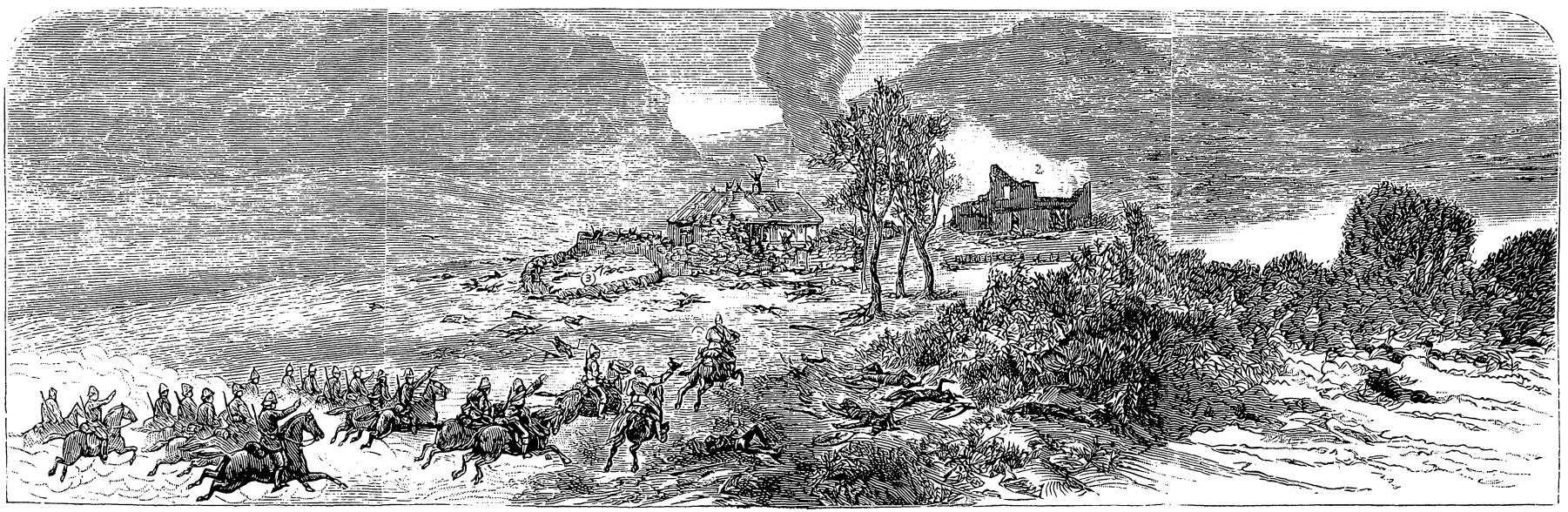
The natives are handsome, intelligent and well-built; their deportment at times majestic and dignified yet active, and at times gallant, as was fully demonstrated at the Point when a small yacht ran aground on the sands and the lady occupants were rather anxious about landing. Several strapping Kaffirs rushed down in their native costume and volunteered to carry them on shore. The ladies, somewhat shocked, declined the proffered help, and accepted the aid of their more acceptable white companions, who, nevertheless, had to take to the water with all their clothes on.

A small railroad runs up to D'Urban town, some two miles; the engineer, when I was there, was very accommodating, and would pull up the miniature train, or wait on the road for any friends or acquaintances. D'Urban is laid out with fine, broad streets at right angles. A very large portion of the erfs, or lots, are not built upon, but two or three of the streets are well lined with fine and handsome stores, which would do credit to many an European or American town. The roads are all very deep sand, and the African ox-wagon and the American buggy are the principal vehicles used for driving; everybody else rides on horseback, as being the best and quickest method of locomotion.

The street sidewalks are lined with the shady seringa-trees, which have a cool and refreshing appearance in the

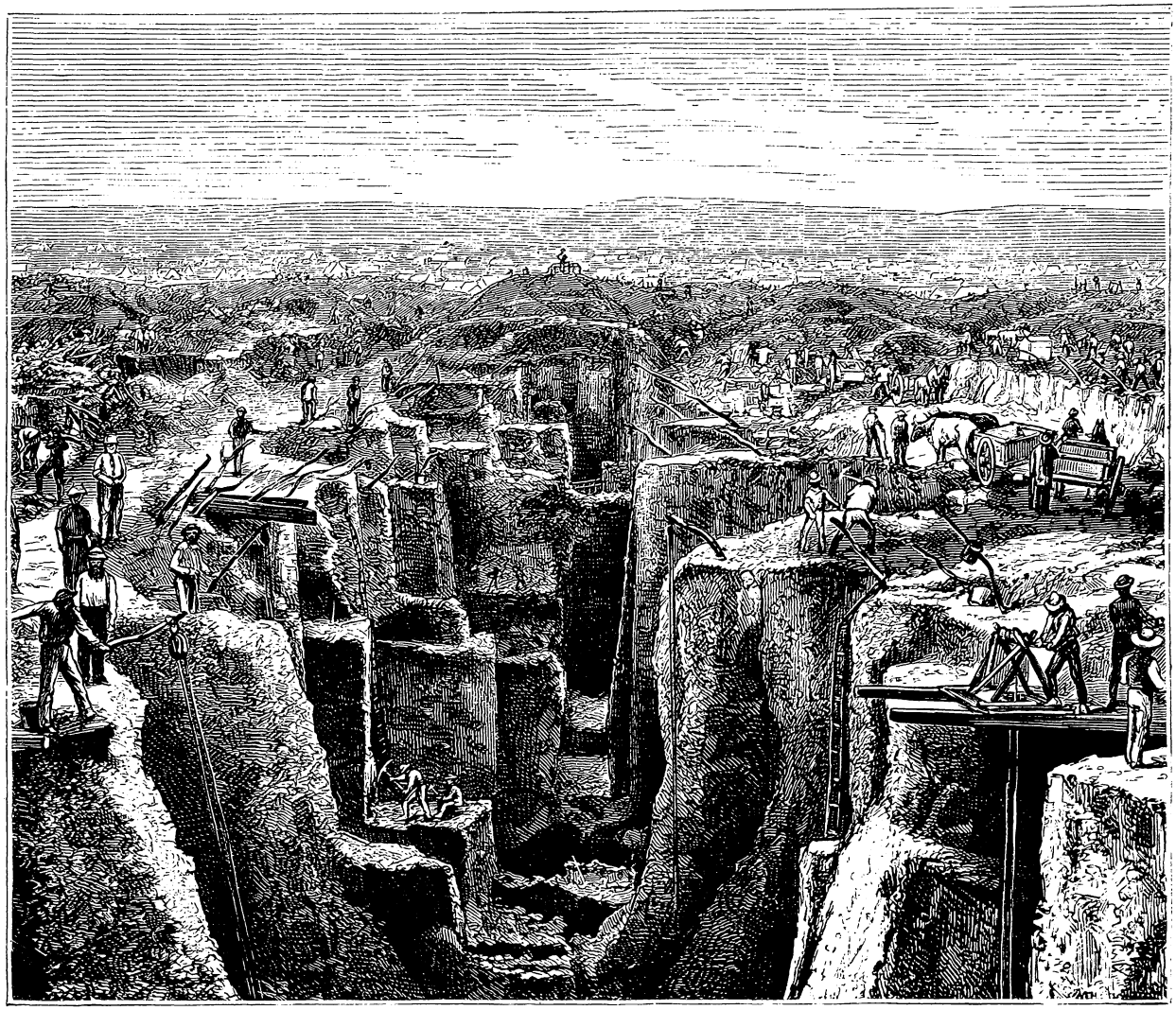


THE TUGELA VALLEY—FRONTIER OF NATAL AND ZULULAND.



1. Rev. Mr. Witt's House. 2. Hospital on fire. 3. Cattle Kraal. 4. Tyana Mountain. 5. Relieving Force.

LIEUTENANT CHARD'S HEROIC DEFENSE OF THE COMMISSARIAT POST AT RORKE'S DRIFT, JANUARY 22D.



THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA—VIEW OF COLESBERG COPJE, LOOKING SOUTH.

heat of the day The principal pedestrians are the Kaffirs and Coolies, the latter looking very picturesque in their Indian costumes, and carrying baskets of fish, fruit and garden produce.

The Royal Hotel is the principal place all newcomers make for. It is a brick, double-story building, standing back from the street. Behind this are one-story brick buildings and offices; behind again, buildings of wattle-and-daub, with thatch roofs (the hotel actually possessing a slate one, which was considered rather grand a few years ago); so that, like the architecture of many a lordly palace, additional wings tell the reign in which they were built, so can one see here the gradual advancement from the

THE CAPTURE OF A NATIVE STRONGHOLD.

primitive wattle-and-daub of the early settlers to the aforementioned double-story, which was prepared for the reception of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh on his last visit to the colony. The landlord was an eccentric individual, very blunt, very obliging—an old colonist. He would argue on the advantages colonists had over the mother-country in the shape of its animal productions. "Just fancy," he would argue; "your old countries eat nothing but beef, mutton and pork, day after day. Why not utilize the flesh of the myriads of buffaloes annually slaughtered and wasted on the American prairies? Why not salt down the myriads of antelope annually shot down for mere sport in Africa? Why not have Professor Liebig's extract of giraffe, potted elephant or smoked hippopotamus?" And, as if to experiment on his theory of philanthropically bringing these unknown luxuries to the poor man's door, and the easy practicability of preparing such, he would often favor his guests with the following remarkable bill of fare:

Buffalo Steaks.
Porcupine Kidneys.
Rashers of Hippopotamus Bacon
Omelette Soufflé of Ostrich Egg.
Sirloin Steaks of the Eland.
Koodoo à la mode.
Spring Buck Cutlets.
Hippopotamus Curry.

And on one occasion I actually saw roast monkey, stuffed with port wine and bread sauce; and very delicious it was, reminding one of hare; the only drawback being, the cook had artistically curled its long tail over the back, so that we were constantly reminded of what it was; and I noticed no one passed up his plate a second time.

Many were the stories of interest and adventure this landlord would relate—how in the days of the early settlers the adjacent slopes of the Berea (where the rich semi-tropical bush and forest are now cleared away, and villas and cottages, with their pretty lawns and gardens, are seen in every direction), those same woods abounded with elephant, leopard, rhinoceros, wild boar and antelope of every variety. It was here the father of that celebrated hunter, John Dunn (who is a friend of the Zulu Chief Cetywayo), when returning from a visit to some friends, through the narrow bush path, was trodden to death by elephants. Very little remains now of wild life but a few chattering monkeys, who, with their glossy coats of long hair, spring nimbly about from tree to tree, and look in their wild state, as a lady would say, real cunning, compared to their brothers, the captive friend of the organ-grinder. It was here also, in one of these very outhouses adjoining the hotel, and that are indiscriminately blended with the incongruous mass of primitive colonial architecture, he had known a young lion coolly enter the dining-room and walk off with a boiled leg of mutton; and when we expressed our doubts, he qualified his assertion by saying, "Well, gentlemen, I forgot to say it was a tame one, and a great pet of my wife's!"

Besides possessing some charming rides in the vicinity, D'Urban boasts of large and well-kept botanical gardens—a cool, refreshing and shady lounge for the visitor, situated on the slopes of the Berea. Here one gets some lovely peeps of the bay and bluff-lands beyond, with the Indian Ocean stretching away into the deep purple line of the horizon. Many of the town merchants select this suburb for their residence, and almost every house commands a beautiful panoramic view from its veranda. And here, of an evening, in a cool and healthy atmosphere, the business man may be seen with his family, enjoying the fragrant weed and an *otium cum dignitate*.

That old monarch, the elephant, is now seen in Natal only on the rarest occasions, and then in the deepest recesses of the Tugela valley—the very neighborhood in which the late Zulu invasion took place.

The reputed monarch of beasts, the African lion, will upon rare occasions make a mistake and follow a herd of antelopes into the lower region, accomplishing a little black-mail business on a farm or Kaffir *kraal* as he passes; but as soon as he discovers his mistake he beats a rapid retreat over the mountains. It is a curious fact that upon these occasions he will creep silently through the preserves he has selected, without giving the reverberating roar which proclaims his presence in the open plains.

There are two varieties of lion in South Africa—the yellow and the brown. The latter, with a black mane, is the most dangerous and the most powerful. This ferocious brute has been known to carry a two-year-old heifer, while pursued by horsemen, for five hours; and also to drag a horse for a full mile from the place where it was first seized. The lion, when disturbed by man, will walk off in a dignified way. If pursued, he turns and crouches with his face toward his pursuer, and charges if the attack is persevered in. Then it is simply a matter of bullets or time which has the best of the encounter.

The great terror of the South African bush or jungle is the *Felis leopardus*, commonly called the tiger by the Dutch settlers. This large and powerful animal is in reality more formidable than the lion, because he dwells habitually in the bush and tangled forests, and can climb trees. He is still found in Natal, and the farmer is often compelled to pay heavy taxes to this unwelcome intruder before he can be caught. The leopard often measures eight to nine feet from the nose to the tip of his tail, and will take anything he can claw or lay his paws on; but a sucking baboon is an especial weakness. There is a similar animal of the same species, the panther; also a tiger-cat destructive to smaller kinds of stock on a farm. It is not really formidable—about the size of a small grayhound, and is probably the cheetah. And so this feline race graduates from the leopard down to the *Felis Caffra*, or Kaffir cat, not much larger than the domestic cat, with the same propensity for small birds.

The rhinoceros has quite disappeared from Natal, but may be found in the Zulu country, within an easy ride from the Tugela. The giraffe is found in the high plains of the Transvaal, beyond the Drackensberg. The buffalo, in the opinion of many hunters the worst animal to encounter, is still in the Zulu country, and, in rare cases, in Natal. When away from its herd, the solitary buffalo is the most dangerous and awkward customer to meet. It is his habit to lie close in the cover of the bush, and then to charge down home, on some sudden impulse, carrying away everything before him. There is an instance on record of a buffalo driving his horns clean through a horse's breast, and out through the leather of the saddle. They usually feed on high pastures, in large herds.

The hippopotamus is still found on the coast of Natal, and may turn up at any time at a river's mouth, where he travels by land, in the early mornings, from river to river; hiding himself in the deep-water pools by day, with only the point of his nose occasionally showing, like a piece of dark wood on the surface. This animal is very harmless and shy, unless roused to efforts at self-defense, when it occasionally practices some rather clever tactics of its own, such as turning a boat topsy-turvy in the water, and securing to itself the undoubted advantage of finishing a struggle for life in an element well adapted to its own motive powers and organization. On account of the slowness of its respiration it is able to remain surprisingly

long periods under water, and only needs to raise just the extreme tip of its snout into the air when it rises to breathe. As his vegetable diet is very largely composed of water-plants that are of use to no one but himself, this has favored his remaining in Natal.

There is a hippopotamus lake five miles out from D'Urban, just beyond the river Umgeni, where they may still be seen. The lake borders a sugar plantation. Shortly after my arrival in the colony I paid an early morning's visit to the manager, and at breakfast was astonished by a number of Kaffirs rushing to inform us they had caught a hippopotamus—that is, had entrapped one. Loading our rifles, we descended to the lake, where we found, as Cuvier would say, this magnificent specimen of the *hippopotamus capensis* vainly endeavoring to free himself. When he caught sight of us he raised himself on his hind legs, and, placing his fore-feet on the edge of the pit, opened his unshapely jaws and sent forth one of those grievous roars that almost paralyze the nerves. He was about twenty yards distant. I raised my rifle, took aim between his eyes, and fired. In a moment the huge mass fell over, and the Kaffirs, after throwing their *assegais*, or spears, into it, to ascertain if it was dead, soon pounced down upon him, and had made minced meat, cooking some portions, but eating most of it raw. I begged the head as a favor, taking it into D'Urban, where our eccentric landlord immediately announced to his guests that the bill of fare that day would include hippopotamus head dished in various forms.

The hyena is still abundant in Natal—in fact, everywhere in Africa—and may be heard on moonlight nights around the farm and cattle-kraals; often near townships and village settlements they hang around pertinaciously. The spotted hyena is somewhat smaller than the striped hyena, but very voracious and cunning. Its mode of attack is to howl and grimace until it scares its prey into flight, and then to run it down.

The jackal is spread over the whole continent of Africa. This animal's proverbial reputation of acting as the lion's provider probably hangs upon the fact that the choral yell of a pack of jackals serves as a notice to the lion that there is prey at hand; and the jackal disposes of the fragments he leaves, and in his liking for carrion is a good scavenger.

To sum up, there is the wild boar, or prairie-pig—excellent eating; the porcupine, squirrel, mole, can-rat, weasel, hare-anteater, and many other animals that furnish sport to the ordinary hunter. There are also twenty-six distinct species of antelope in South Africa, ten of which are known in Natal. The hartebeeste, a magnificent animal weighing as much as 350 pounds; eland, weight 1,000 pounds, excellent meat; bushbok, blesbok, ourebi, rietbok, rheebok, and a beautiful little animal with a body scarcely larger than a hare, and with short, conical horns, called the small bushbuck.

In leaving D'Urban for a journey into the Transvaal, it was necessary to purchase a wagon and fourteen oxen, which we fitted up for a long journey; and it took some three days to reach Maritzburgh, the capital of Natal. There is a peculiar charm and novelty about wagon life, and its Bohemian style of existence. It is like a continuous round of picnics, with a tinge of monotony at times, enlivened by glorious scenery and an equally glorious climate. With our gun on our shoulder, and cantering away across the *veldt*, in search of an antelope or bird, and returning to the wagons intuitively at meal-time, perhaps with an ourebi, rietbok, or plow, slung across the saddle, we gather round the wagon-fire with the proverbial appetite of an ostrich to whom the tempting eightpenny nail is a *bonne bouche*.

Pieter-Maritzburgh was named after a Mr. Pieter Somebody, and another gentleman, Mr. Maritz Somebody, of Dutch descent, who wanted a finger in the pie—also a mountain. The three combined make a tolerably genteel word to pronounce. There are about four hundred white inhabitants, and more colored population to be seen here than in any other South African city. The little granite cathedral belonging to the heterodox Bishop Colenso is especially a feature, from its pretty Gothic architecture.

There is also another cathedral belonging to the orthodox party—Colenso being spiritually deposed by the late Bishop Gray of Cape Town, but legally retaining his position as trustee of the church property. Colenso's Kaffir Mission Station is near here, and it was here that a Kaffir convert was supposed to have reconverted Colenso.

Zulu history was heard not much of before the beginning of the present century. There were several small tribes, extending from Natal as far as Kaffraria, toward the Cape district, living at peace with each other, when Chaka, the great Zulu warrior, pounced down on them and, by conquest, amalgamated these with his own tribe. Chaka was murdered by his brother, Dingaan, who then reigned in his stead, and it was under his rule that the horrible butcheries of the Dutch were committed, and of which mention has been previously made. Dingaan still maintained his authority by an indiscriminate slaughter of his own people. Then Dingaan was murdered, and his brother Panda became chief. Panda seems to have been a fat, good-natured king. He died some few years since, and now his son, Cetywayo (Cetchwayo is the proper Zulu pronunciation), reigns in his stead. Cetywayo was always supposed to be favorable to the English, but opposed to the Transvaal Dutch, as he was probably the direct cause of the annexation of that country. He has been accused of murdering his own people right and left, according to his own caprices, which has given him a bad reputation of late; and when two or three missionaries were murdered there lately, it was not supposed to be done by his order, but it produced a panic, and in 1877 the missionaries left the country, in which they had resided even in Dingaan's reign.

The following selection from a diary written by a Christian or missionary Zulu Kaffir, of Natal, who traveled from Maritzburgh to the Zulu country to see Cetywayo, and who had returned in safety, with glowing accounts of His Majesty and his reception of him, will show something of the feeling of these people toward the English. The man had been told that, being a Christian and an emissary from Natal, he would probably be murdered if he went into the chief's kraal; but he had persevered, and been brought face to face with the King. Then he had made this speech: "I have come, O King, to tell you that your friend Langalibalele is safe." For it was supposed in Zululand that Langalibalele had been made away with by the English.

At this the King expressed his joy, and declared his readiness to receive his friend into his kingdom, if the Queen of England would so permit.

"But, O King," continued the audacious herald, "why have you sent away the missionaries, and why have you murdered the converts? Tell me this, O King, because we in Natal are very unhappy at the evil things which are said of you."

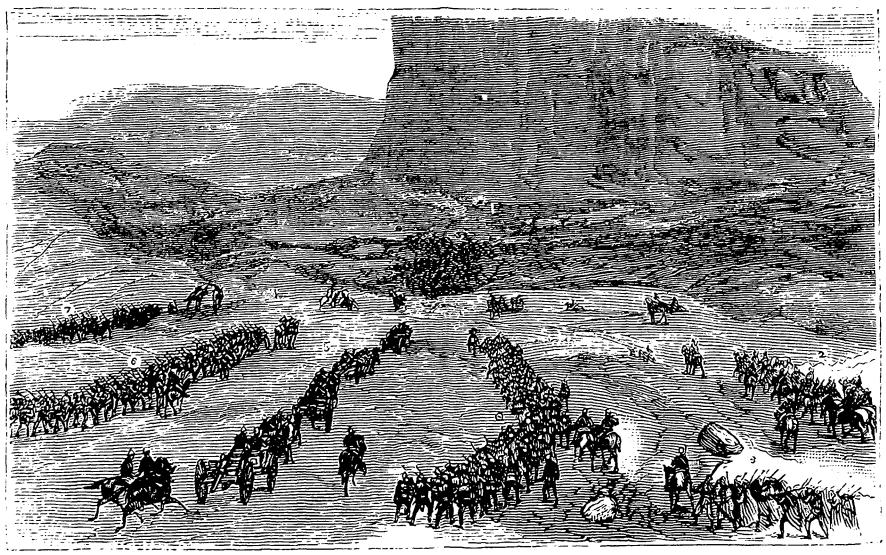
Then the King, with great forbearance and a more than British absence of personal tyranny, explained his whole conduct. He had not sent the missionaries away. They were stupid people, not of much use to any one, as he thought, who had got into a fright and had gone. He had always been good to them; but they had now run away without even the common civility of saying good-by. He seemed to be very bitter because they had "trekked" without even the ceremony of leaving a *P. P. C.* card. He had

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE COLORS OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT AT ISANDULA.

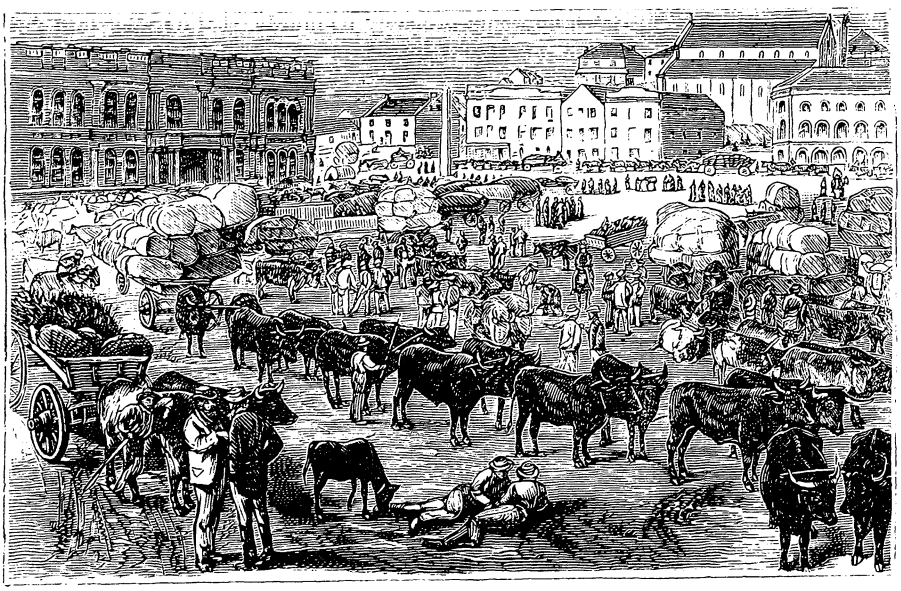
certainly not sent them away; but as they had left his dominions after that fashion, they had better not come back again. As for the murders, he had had nothing to do with them. There was a certain difficulty in ruling his subjects, and there would be bad men and violent men in his kingdom, as in others. Two converts, and two only, had been murdered, and he was very sorry for it. As for making his people Christians, he thought it would be just as well that the missionaries should make the soldiers in Pieter-Maritzburg Christians before they came to try their hand upon the Zulus.

One need not stop to explain that the civilizations of the white and black men may go on together, and that Cetywayo need not remain a savage because a soldier is fond of his beer.

The Zulu Kaffirs that meander around Maritzburgh are very picturesque, besides having a dignified bearing. The costumes they appear in at times amount to the ludicrous or preposterous, and yet are worn with a certain amount of grace. The favorite costume of one will be an ordinary flannel shirt; another fellow will walk erect with an old soldier's red coat on him, and nothing else; another has a huge gray ulster with brass buttons. But the most popular costume is an ordinary sack, inverted, with a big hole for the head and smaller ones for the arms, and which comes down below the wearer's knees. This even has an air of fashion about it as long as it is clean.



SCENE AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISANDULA WITH THE BRITISH ADVANCING COLUMN.



EARLY MORNING MARKET, PORT ELIZABETH, ALGOA BAY, CAPE COLONY.

But in his ordinary costume, or natural state, the ornamentation of his person is perfectionally artistic. Trinkets of the most wonderful shapes are pendent from his ears—bone snuff-boxes, and ivory spoons. He usually wears a necklace of the teeth of wild animals; his wrists and ankles are adorned with brass, ivory, wood, or beadwork; and in his hair, which is plastered and puffed into the most fantastic shapes, as if the handiwork of a masquerade *perruquier*, he will insert porcupine quills, bladders,

"THE OUTER REEF."—"TAKING OFF THE COVERINGS THAT SHROUDED THE TINY FORM, A LITTLE WHITE FACE AND PRETTY CURLY HAIR WERE DISCLOSED, WHICH MADE THEIR WAY TO THE HEART OF THE PRETTY CHAMBERMAID."— SEE PAGE 659.

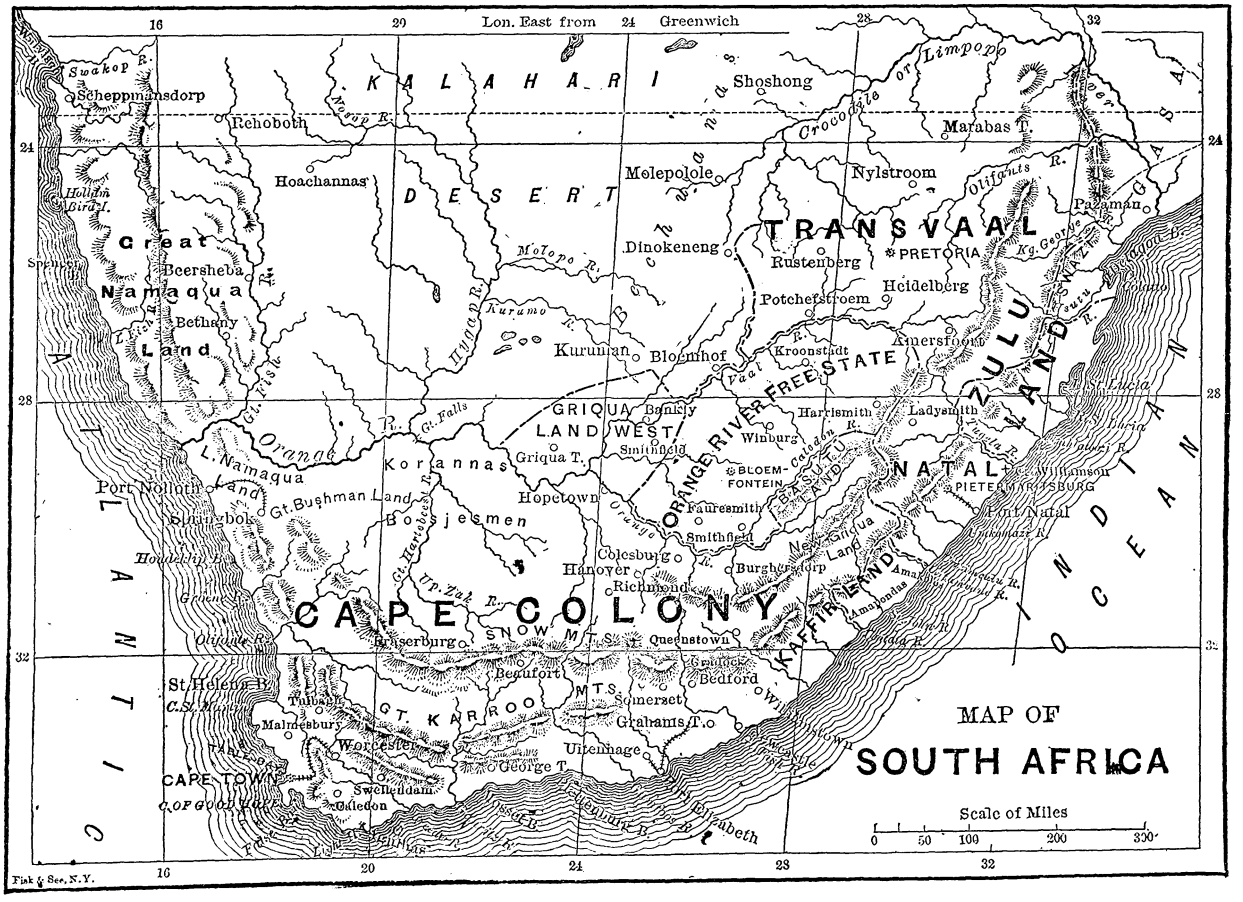
bunches of feathers and ribbon. The dark ring, or circle of earth and gum, is usually the sign of a married man; and the marrried woman is known by a lump of red clay on the crown of her head. Almost all domestic service is done by the Kaffir in Natal, who is considered slow and forgetful, but good-humored and extremely honest.

Newcastle, the only place of importance on the road from Maritzburgh to the Transvaal, is a frontier town, 180 miles from the former and half way to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. The road there winds over a succession of mountains, and is about the most barren route one can traverse in Natal; very little signs of foliage are to be seen. Newcastle is situated on the northeastern corner of Natal, and represents a wedge part, fixed between portions of the Transvaal and Zulu country; and since the annexation of the former has been occupied as a military post by the British, it being adjacent to the disputed territory.

When the English annexed the Transvaal, it was ruled over by a president, Mr. Burgess, and *volksraad*, or council. Many arguments *pro* and *con.* have been given concerning so decided and so audacious a step—one so totally opposed to the principle of English justice and fairness as this piece of colonial aggrandizement. Only one excuse can be given, and that has a tone of reason in its argument. Mr. Shepstone, into whose hands the duty of annexation fell, knew the feeling of the chiefs Secococin and Cetywayo toward the Dutch Republic, and the danger it threatened. The terrible condition of the Transvaal was palpable to all. Slavery had been rampant for years; the natives were all in rebellion; the president was impotent; the *volksraad* was stiff-necked and ignorant; there was no revenue, no order, no obedience; the Dutch seemed to have forgotten the way even to fight. These were the neighbors for whose ignorance, obstinacy, and insufficiency the English were responsible, having recognized by treaty in 1852 the establishment of the Republic.

The disputed territory, the origin of all these wars, was a piece of land sold to the Dutch years ago by a Zulu chief, who received in return a herd of cattle. But the small native tribe already settled upon it were allowed to remain, and continued to increase so rapidly and assumed such dimensions that Secococni, the son of Sequani, who had been conquered by Dingaan, arose as warrior, proclaimed himself chief, and refused to give up the land. Then there arose a long war, which Mr. Burgess, as President, carried on with great barbarity until his armed forces actually ran from the enemy's stronghold. These petty raids have incited Cetywayo to keep a large army, and with what result has been too clearly proved.

The Blood territory being the disputed ground, and Cetywayo being the supreme and most powerful chief of the surrounding tribes, he offered to cede the territory in dispute, not to the Boers, but the English of Natal. His offer was not accepted. Afterward came the annexation of the Transvaal, and the boundary question was referred to a Commission, which quite recently decided in favor of the Zulus. That decision, however, was accompanied by other terms, in the nature of an ultimatum, which led to the present war. One of the demands is, that Cetywayo shall abolish his present military system, and adopt such military regulations as the British and a Zulu Council may decide. The present Zulu army must be disbanded, and the men allowed to return to their homes. Every man must be free to marry without the King's permission; every Zulu to have a fair trial before the magistrate or



Indunas; a British resident must be admitted at the Zulu capital to watch over the fulfillment of these conditions, and missionaries again to be permitted to settle there.

An answer to this ultimatum was expected by January 11th, 1879. In the meantime the Zulus had invaded Natal and seized two refugees, who were afterward killed on Zulu territory.

The British demanded the surrender of the two leaders of the invading forces. Cetywayo offered to pay a fine, and at the same time mustered his forces. His answer arrived too late; the British forces were already in his country, and on January 22d they met with a disastrous defeat. A portion of the Twenty-fourth regiment, a battery of artillery and 600 native auxiliaries, with wagon-trains and supplies of ammunition, was surrounded by 20,000 Zulus and cut to pieces. The British loss was 30 officers, and about 500 non-commissioned officers, rank and file, of the Imperial troops, and 70 men of the Colonial troops. The Zulus captured 102 wagons, 1,000 oxen, two cannon, 400 shot and shell, 1,000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, and 60,000 pounds of provisions.

Upon the arrival of the news of this fearful massacre in England, the British Government immediately chartered fifteen steamers to carry troops to the Cape.

Lord Chelmsford had, in December, about 10,000 European troops, and a large force of native auxiliaries, armed with breech-loaders and light mountain guns. The Zulu chief has about 40,000 men. His military kraals, where his regiments assemble for training purposes, are of various sizes, the largest being about 500 yards in diameter, and fenced round with stakes and wattled fence, about five feet in height; bush thorns, prickly pear and creeping vines grow around it, and an inner circle of similar construction is used for cattle; the men's huts occupy the outer one. A portion of the kraal is partitioned off for the royal household and harem.

There can be but one result to the war now commenced (and which has brought Natal again into prominent notice). The serious and temporary check the British forces have met with will have the effect of stimulating them to an "eagerness for the fray" and a steady prosecution of the campaign until Cetywayo's power shall be destroyed and his tribe divided.

With the position at Delagoa Bay in the hands of the Colonial Government, a new and much shorter route will be opened up to the capital of the Transvaal and Leydenberg goldfields; but the dreaded malarial fever of the coast will prove a serious obstacle, particularly to the construction of the proposed railroad. As gold has not been found in quantities sufficient to yield, as yet, any reasonable returns, and as the Boers as a race are rapidly retrograding —for in average intellect they are below a Zulu Kaffir— railroad communication could be more beneficially placed in any other part of South Africa. For instance, to the diamond-fields, and the new and fertile grazing district leading to it from St. John's River, southwest of Natal, seem to be the most attractive fields for the emigrant: the latter, from its gradual elevation from the fertile valleys of the coast, through the horse-grazing and sheep-feeding regions of Basutoland; and the former, for the prolific and extensive mines which have been so assiduously worked that the ground has been literally honeycombed by excavations. In some instances miners have gone excavating ninety feet down, and are still realizing. This is a complete change from ten years ago, when the flocks of newcomers gathered diamonds almost from the surface ground. It is clear that, from the present system, the mining for diamonds in these fields has entered upon a new phase of its history.

"THE OUTER REEF."

JOHN BROADWELL put on his pea-jacket and sou'wester, and opened his front door with the intention of going down to the beach. John Broadwell's Newfoundland, Jack, scrambled up from before the fire, stretched himself by detail, and prepared to follow John Broadwell.

The front door, opening rather suddenly, admitted a shower of rain and a gust of wind that made Jack utter a low growl of protest, and look up out of the corner of his eye at his master; but, seeing that gentleman only jamming his hat over his eyes more firmly, and evidently without the slightest intention of not going out into the black night, he dropped his tail resignedly, and walked out into the black night himself.

The wind, after a spirited contest with John Broadwell, was finally defeated, and allowed the door to be closed, taking out its spite by yelling viciously at old Margery, the housekeeper, through the keyhole.

Staggering down to the beach, followed closely by Jack, in a very feathery condition, John Broadwell finally made his way under the lee of a boat turned bottom up on the shingle, and, shading his eyes with both hands from the flying sand and spray, looked about him—at least, he attempted to; but, his vision being confined to the contemplation of howling darkness, he didn't see much of anything else; and so, with his legs very wide apart, and both hands on his hat, he listened. Jack, meantime, with his legs very wide apart, had been listening all along, and, suddenly giving vent to a short bark of confirmed suspicion, both master and dog reeled off along the beach.

A blot of human creatures suddenly made itself visible in the white spray—a number of black forms gathered around something; and Jack apparently knew what that something was, for he lifted up his head and gave vent to one of those blood-chilling howls which our nurses confidentially inform us mean death. Hearing the howl, one of the black spots lifted itself up, disclosing the fact that it was a little fisherman in a good deal of peacoat; and, turning around, he saw Mr. John Broadwell.

"Steamer, sir—outer reef," was all that that gentleman could hear in answer to his silent question, as he and Jack paused at the side of a body lying on the sand, around which the crowd was gathered.

Picking the body up in his arms with a rapid, impatient movement, as though he had wasted time, John Broadwell was surprised to find what a very small, light parcel it was that Death had left on the outer reef to be called for. Merely stopping to tell the men to bring up any others they might find, and refusing all offers of assistance, John Broadwell made the best of his way to his home.

Holding his burden with one hand, and opening the door with the other, he at last navigated himself into his library, and placed his weird charge on the rug before the fire. Then bells called to one another from every part of the house, and servants rushed around in a demented manner, and brought things that no one wanted, and did not bring what was wanted, until John Broadwell put them all out, except old Margery, and a pretty young chambermaid who had retained her senses.

Taking off the coverings that shrouded the tiny form, a little white face and pretty curly hair were disclosed, which instantly made their way to the heart of the pretty chambermaid, as, with a gentle "Oh, dear!" she went on, with nimble fingers, to strip the boy of his wet clothes. Then, while old Margery wrapped him up in warm blankets, and chafed his poor little limbs, the pretty chambermaid held him in her lap, with his head on her bosom, in quite a motherly manner; and John Broadwell wondered, in his

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 678.

sleepy way, what had got into the girl, as he saw her sitting there on the rug, with her head bent over the child, and the firelight glistening on something in her eyes.

They poured brandy between his lips, and fussed over him, till at last he could not help opening his eyes with a weary little sigh; shutting them again, though, and slipping off to where he had just come from, in a manner that made the little chambermaid's heart leap. The next time,

however, Jack, who had been sitting up very straight, looking from one face to another, with a terrific display of red tongue and white teeth, and jerking out his breath as though he were a high-pressure engine, throughout the whole proceeding, no sooner saw the white eyelids open than he took the motion for an act of friendly recognition, and returned it promptly by touching the child's face with his cold, black nose; immediately resuming his sitting posture, and starting his engines harder than ever.

And then to see those weary, great blue eyes wander over the room, and finally look up from under their long, curling lashes at Mary's face, so wistfully, too, it was not necessary for the lips to say "Mamma!" to make the little maid's heart overflow with pity and love for the motherless boy on her bosom; and so, with her arms tight around him, and her cheek, wet with tears, pressed close against his, she soothed him off into sleep.

And as for John Broadwell, he looked at them in a puzzled sort of way, much as a gentleman gorilla might be supposed to look on a human baby of which it had unexpectedly become the possessor; shoved his hands deep down in his trowsers-pockets, as though looking for a solution of it all in the extreme corners of those much-abused conveniences. Not finding it, however, he took to stepping on particular patterns in the carpet with extreme care and precision. Now, John Broadwell might have made compasses of his legs, and measured the distances between particular patterns of the carpet, and Mary might have sat on the rug, with her cheek on the sleeping boy's curls, and her bright eyes on the fire, for the remainder of all time to come, had not Margery—being a practical old soul, who invariably made herself out to be utterly heartless, and devoid of all human kindness—suggested that Mary had better put the "young un" to bed, instead of glowering at the fire all night.

No one being able to suggest any practical reason for his not being put to bed, the question of where that operation should take place was now discussed; and finally John Broadwell, being consulted by Margery, and wistfully appealed to by the eyes of the young chambermaid, ruled out the numerous offers which poured in from the door, thereby disclosing the fact that the excluded had remained at the door during the resuscitating process, and decided in favor of the young person with the pretty little figure.

Bless you! to see the way in which that young person handled that child would have done your heart good. Carry it up-stairs? Of course she could carry it up-stairs. My gracious! if she couldn't carry that little weight, would Thomas inform her what she *could* carry? Thomas, the coachman, being utterly withered by this sarcasm, was fain to be content with watching her stagger up one stair at a time, and make a pause every three steps to take breath, under cover of adjusting wrappings which would come off.

WOLF-SHOOTING AT NIGHT IN INDIA.— SEE PAGE 663.

Finally doors closed more seldom; the discussion in regard to the lost steamer, which had been going on with great vigor in the kitchen, was concluded, after Thomas, who, having once owned a boat, and who was consequently looked upon as an authority in such matters, had gained undying glory for himself by stating it as his opinion that "she had seen nasty weather afore she struck."

Muffled voices and creaking stairs suggested the seeking of bedchambers by the housemaids, while clanging of bolts and closing of shutters told of locking up, until all was silent, save for the low sobbing of the sea, and the mournful wailing of the wind as it wandered around the house where the boy lay, as though remorseful for the work done that night.

John Broadwell remained sitting on the music-stool where he had sunk down an hour ago, with his thoughts far, far away; with his head resting on his arms, and his arms crossed on the piano, he watched the glowing coals in the grate, as they brought up old memories to him one by one—memories of his mother, God bless her! the gentle, aristocratic English lady, who had taught her boy to

be like his dead father, and then had lain down herself, well contented; of his green old home, sold at his father's death, and which he had promised his mother, when a boy, to win back for her when he was a man, fully confident of his power to do so—and now it was still in the hands of strangers. He asked himself where was the use of buying back the old place, with himself the last of his race, and alone in the world, and so well known in his adopted country, so comfortably settled; and—yes, there it was, right in the centre of the glowing coals, turn away as he would; it had been there all along—a gentle little face, with the two brown eyes looking up at him, so sad, from under the cloud of golden hair, the whole head as graceful as an angel's thought.

Three years ago, John Broadwell had crushed her image from his soul, false-hearted coquette that she was. Ay, with her truthful eyes and gentle ways, she was false—false as ever woman was. Oh, faith! he knew it. Had he not proof enough? Didn't he even see the notice of her marriage in the papers?

And his face grew stern and white, as he thought of his ruined life; and he kept saying to himself that there *could* be no palliation, and she was a fair-faced fiend, who enjoyed breaking men's hearts, and so on, until the face no longer looked at him so sadly, but melted away, and the fire settled down with a click like the last stroke on the nail of the coffin in which John Broadwell had placed all the tender feeling he ever had for this fair patrician face.

And so, with an impatient gesture, he rose, and, with head bent and folded arms, he walked up and down, up and down, tramping out this passage of his life, until the gray light came creeping in through the shutters, and some lusty crows exorcised this ghost, and sent him to his bedroom.

Now, the personal interest that Jack took in that washed-up mite of humanity ever since he had startled him back to life by an application of cold nose, was something overwhelming. The airs that he put on when he accompanied the pretty chambermaid were, to say the least, perfectly preposterous.

But the crowning achievement of Jack's life was his utterly routing and putting to flight a foreign domestic, who had desired to be familiar with our boy one day, as all three were walking on the beach in front of the village.

Now, the foreign domestic retreated, as I have said, and Mary, looking up to call the dog back, saw a traveling-carriage in front of one of the huts; whereupon she turned first very red, and then very white, and finally picked up the boy, who was clucking his tongue, and vainly endeavoring to snap his chubby little fingers in a laudable endeavor to call the dog back, and actually ran with him without stopping until she was hidden behind some projecting rocks, when she abruptly sat down on a gray old boulder, and commenced to sob and kiss the boy in an insane manner wholly inexplicable to that small person.

In fact, this young chambermaid seemed to have lost her wits entirely that day, for when she got home, she went straight to her room, refusing point-blank to talk with Betty, her ancient colleague, about the marriage of Sally Dags and Charley Smith down in the village, a matter which had previously interested her, and causing that young lady to go away wroth, and give it as her opinion that, "when some people gets took notice of, they gets so stuck-up you can't suggest prunes to them," though why prunes, I can't say.

Be that as it may, when, in the course of an hour, a carriage drove up to the door, and the foreign domestic, with a cautious tread and wary eye, rang the bell, the little chambermaid was anything but stuck-up—in fact, she was very much cast down, for she had an idea that that foreign domestic had come to take her boy away from her, her darling; and this was what she had dreamed of at night, when she woke up with a start to feel the little arms around her neck, and the warm cheek close to hers. But now it was no dream, and she cried over her boy without any waking up to find it so.

Half an hour passed away, and she began to wonder why they didn't send for her, and what was going on down-stairs; but she wouldn't go down to see.

Jack could have explained the matter, had he chosen. He had detected that deluded foreign domestic in the act of descending from the carriage, and had hated him for taking a mean advantage in getting up there in the first place, and so had waited for him behind the door, and, moreover, had come very near upsetting Thomas—his sworn ally—in his ardor, as that person entered the library with a card on a salver.

Presently there followed a light figure dressed in black—a little lady, with her face shrouded in a black gauze vail, through which glimmered great masses of golden hair, as only golden hair can glimmer under black gauze; and such a perfect little hand, molded in the cunningest black kid-glove, threw back the vail as John Broadwell advanced with the card in his hand, and two eyes were lifted to his face, and then—John Broadwell broke out in one breathless name, in which all the love and all the agony of a lifetime found vent—"Grace!"

And she—she gave a start, and turned very pale as she saw him, and might have fallen, only the next instant she lay crushed in his arms, trembling and sobbing, and too frightened to move.

And so he held her there, false as he knew she was, coquette that he knew her to be—held her! yes, and would have held held her so till all things ended, apparently; but she suddenly drew herself up, and looking up at him with those eyes for all the world like the boy's—only his were blue, and these were brown—she said, simply:

"Please let me go," just as a queen might have requested a subject to shut the door. And he had no thought of refusing, but with his face set cold and stern, and his lips tight-pressed together, he let her go as though he were parting with his own soul, and died hard, and stood there with folded arms as she spoke.

"Mr. Broadwell, I came here for a child that I was told had been thrown ashore at this place the night the *Undine* was wrecked."

She spoke calmly, though it was as if she cut the words out of stone. And he, standing there, never moved nor spoke. She looked at him, and her eyes filled as she made a little, quick motion with her hands; but the same proud look came back, and she turned to leave the room; but, turning once more, her lips quivered, she hesitated, and, finally, with tears rolling down her pretty, pale cheeks, she went softly to him, and said, in a low voice, "I forgive you," and so passed from the room.

As the door closed, John Broadwell looked around him, bewildered, as one just woke up, and then his face looked very dark as he crushed the card he had held in his hand, and muttered to himself, "*She forgives me!*" when suddenly he bethought him to look at the card, and there saw "*Grace Howe*," in black and white, as plain as could be.

Of course the papers had lied, and of course gossip had lied, and he was a miserable fool, as he told himself, only he used rather more expressive language. And what did she think, what could she think, but that he was a villain? Yes, she thought him one, although she didn't tell him so a few minutes after. And the way he pleaded for forgive-

ness, and told her all things, so humbly, and without sparing himself one atom, as he stood before her, the great, broad-shouldered fellow, with his suffering showing plainly in his face, who could have helped forgiving him. And "he didn't expect her ever to love him again."

No, she was sure she couldn't do that, and—I am sure you won't believe me, but the impudent fellow, on being told that, actually disposed of her in exactly the same manner as he had done once before that day, only this time she didn't ask him to let her go—probably she was so overcome at his assurance, after what she had just told him, that she couldn't speak. And Jack—Jack was so carried away by it all, that he held his tail in suspense, in his excitement, until the moment when that unaccountable folding-up process took place, when he gave a short bark of relief, and knocked double knocks with it on the floor for the rest of the evening. And then the best part of it all was, to see the pretty chambermaid come down-stairs with red eyes, and her boy all dressed to go away, and so open the library-door, and find the comfortable, not to say friendly, understanding at which John Broadwell, Grace, and Jack had arrived, and that the boy was not to go yet.

Then they all had tea together, and Mary waited on them alone, much to the scandal of old Margery, who was jealous, and pretended she wasn't; and the way that shapely little head with the golden hair looked behind the urn, and the way in which those little white hands rattled cups and saucers, and the way John Broadwell looked, or tried to look, behind the urn, and the way he rattled cups and saucers—ay, and upset them too, was delightful. And then, after tea, when Grace told in her own simple way how she had come over from England on a visit to some friends in New York, and on the steamer had met an old schoolmate whom she dearly loved, the mother of this boy, and how they were wrecked, and she and most of the others had been picked up as they were making their way for land in the boats, after being adrift for three days, and how nothing had been heard of the others. So she had come down to Stony Beach to see if she could gain any news of her friend, and had heard of the boy, and came to—— The rest was never heard, for John Broadwell, in a very rude manner, appropriated it all to himself, and let her whisper it to a particular button on his coat. What's more, Jack didn't appear to care two straws, for he only laughed, and lay down and went to sleep, and he was the only other listener.

WOLF-SHOOTING AT NIGHT IN INDIA.

On the first break of day, having assembled a number of coolies as beaters, and taken a delightful bath in one of the sacred fountains, we proceeded to beat the surrounding country for game of all kinds.

The crowing of the jungle-fowl, invisible indeed themselves, but heard in every direction through the forest, was the first sound that saluted our ears. A fine peacock now and then rose, with a startling whir, before the beaters, or an antelope, lynx, or hare, darted across our path. Emerging from the deep shade, and getting into comparatively open ground, intersected by ravines, full of scrub and low jungle, the solitary florikan and coveys of black partridge afforded us ample sport.

Now and then the ominous print of a tiger's or cheetah's foot on the sandy bed of a *nullah* proclaimed the presence of these marauders at no very great distance; but we only obtained the sight of one tiger during this visit we made to Ellora, and that was when returning, late one evening, through a glade of the forest, we distinctly observed a magnificent royal tiger stalk majestically across the same opening we were pursuing, about two hundred yards in advance, but without taking the slightest notice of us.

The following night, Johnson, having selected a tree to suit his purpose, adopted his usual method of obtaining a shot at the animal; and, having fastened a goat to the trunk of a large tamarind tree, established himself in a fork of the branches, some thirty or forty feet above, with his two rifles conveniently placed to his hand. I mounted a banyan tree, with my double gun, loaded with ball.

Several hours of the early part of the moonlight night were most uncomfortably spent (by me, at least), undisturbed by any sound save the cries of wild animals in the distance, and the bleatings of the kid beneath us. At length, when nearly wearied out, and very much disposed to descend from my elevated position, and return to my couch amongst the gods, I espied a large, gray wolf issue from the forest, and make his way, in a slow, clumsy canter, toward our place of concealment. He had no sooner made a short, ravenous snap at the poor goat, than I heard the sharp crack of Johnson's rifle, and observed the wolf totter and fall on his side, make one or two convulsive contortions, and evidently expire.

No other beast came near us during the night, that we could discern, which Johnson attributed to the dead body of the wolf, and at the first blush of dawn we were very glad to beat a retreat to our tents.

Porcupines, of a large size, were very common in the vicinity of the Caves, and we killed several. We visited some plains, situated beyond the woody districts around us, which elk and *neilghau* (blue cow) were known to frequent. The great difficulty was to be able to stalk these extremely shy animals, or obtain any cover or hiding-place from whence to obtain a shot at them.

Having reached the extremity of the jungle, we observed about half-a-dozen *neilghau* feeding, on an open spot on the plain beyond, and with no apparent cover or mode of concealment of any kind within many hundred yards of them. They were very large animals, full sixteen hands high, of a blue dun color, and a sort of mixed breed, between the deer and the cow.

Johnson, on looking carefully around, espied a *nullah*, or dry water-course, through the bed of which he thought we might arrive within shot of the game; and, accordingly, we began to creep with much caution, along the rugged sides of the ravine, which, although circuitous in its course, evidently took the direction we desired. Many more minutes elapsed of difficult and dangerous progression, when, upon furtively glancing over the edge of our retreat, we discovered that we were within 150 yards of the *neilghau*, and that another turn of the *nullah* would bring us within easy shot of them.

They were seven in number, and we agreed, in a low whisper, which to select for our respective guns. And now arrived the most anxious period of our course. On turning an angle before us, it was our intention to rise with the utmost caution, and, resting our rifles, if possible, on the sides of the ravine, take a steady and deliberate shot at the obnoxious beasts.

This spot was gained and passed, and we were proceeding to put the latter part of our intentions into execution, when suddenly, and within a few yards of us, we were startled by a harsh roar, or rather screech, and a large *cheetah* sprang up before us, that had evidently been watching the *neilghau* with quite as much anxiety as we had, and, probably, with much greater appetite. We saluted him on his retreat with the united contents of our guns, but without much damage to his person or speed, and had the annoyance of observing the deer bound away, and vanish in the distance.

THE FAMILY OF PALMS—THE MERILI PALM.

South America is especially the land of palms. The Tamanaquas have a tradition that after the Mexican *age of water* the race of human beings was renewed from the fruit of the palm. Palm-trees form the shade and chief beauty of many of the forests. The fruit of some of the varieties is a chief article of food to many of its inhabitants; some of them furnish valuable wood; one species furnishes both food and lodging to a whole tribe; and the various valuable products supplied by this order of plants are so many as to remove much of the apparent extravagance of the assertion of Linnæus, that the region of palms was the first country of the human race, and that man is essentially *palmivorous*.

Some palms are dwarf, only a few feet in height; some reach 150, 180 or 200 feet; some grow on the coast, others on sandy plains; some on the sides of mountains, to the height of 5,000 feet above the sea; some grow singly, some in numerous clumps or groves; but almost all are most prolific in flower and fruit. "A single spathe of the date contains about 12,000 male flowers; *Alfonsia amygdalina* has been computed to have 207,000 in a spathe, or 600,000 upon a single individual; while every bunch of the Seje palm of the Orinoco bears 8,000 fruits."

THE MERILI PALM OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The timber of the Carnauba palm is strong and durable, and is commonly used for the rafters of houses; the leaves make a durable covering for roofs, and will last for twenty years. The fruit is used for food, after being boiled, and the kernel is given to cattle. Thread and cordage are prepared from its fibres. The leaves are two feet in length, and when full-grown expand to the same width. If cut from the tree as soon as full-grown, and placed in the shade to dry, small, light-colored scales are formed on their surface, which, when collected and heated, melt like wax, and are formed into candles.

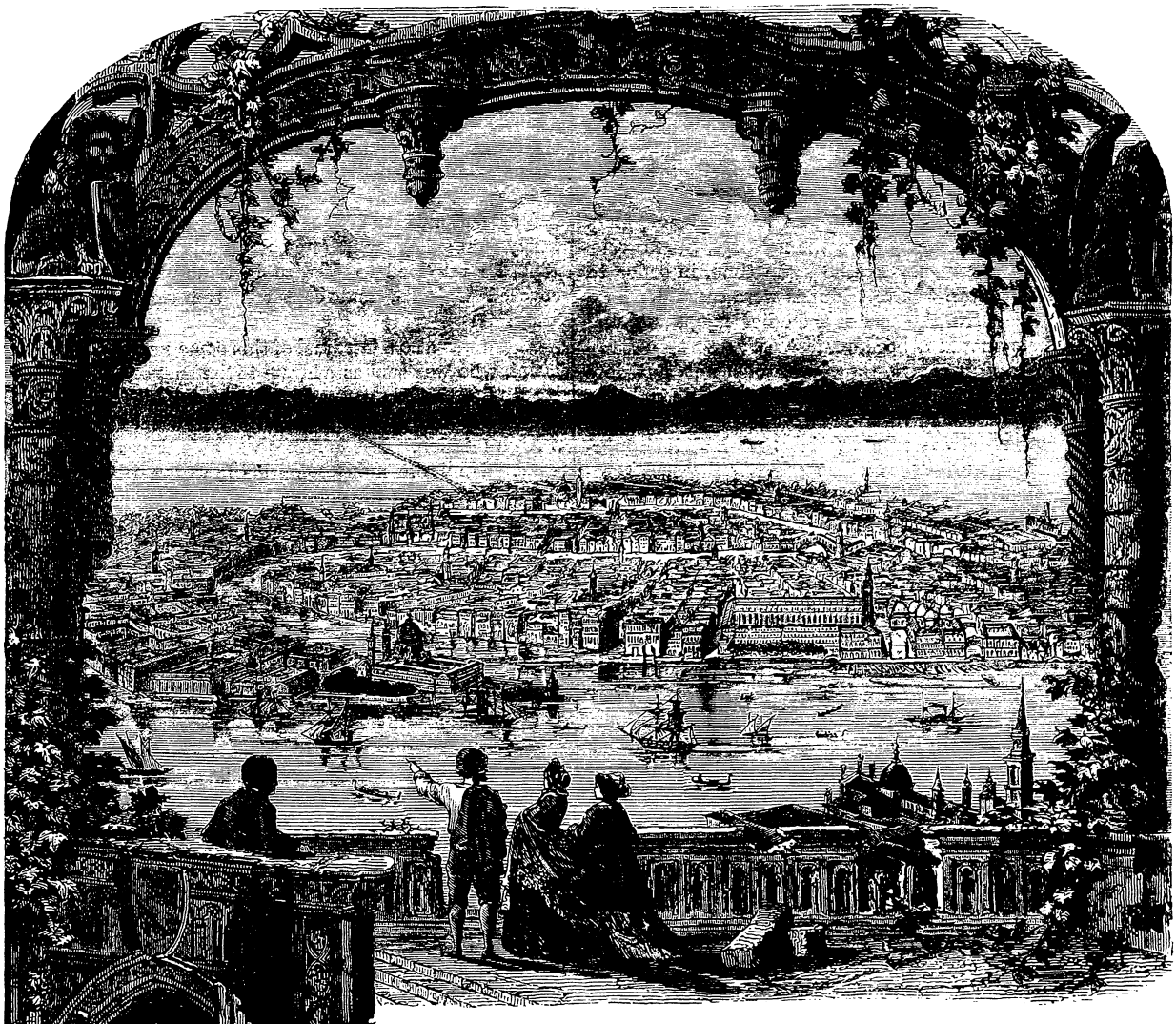
The Mauritia grows abundantly on the delta at the mouth of the Orinoco, and the many tribes of Guaranis construct their habitations on platforms supported by their trunks, or suspend spreading mats from tree to tree, on which they live during the rainy season. These are partly covered with clay, and the women light fires on them for cooking. The tree also supplies them with a sago-like meal, which is dried in thin slices, and constitutes their chief article of food; while the sap, when fermented, forms a sweet wine. From its many useful products this tree was called by Gumilla, "*Arbol de la vida*" (tree of life).

Another palm product is the substance known as "vegetable ivory." This is obtained from a tree which grows on the banks of the river Magdalena, called by the natives Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's Head).

One kind of palm climbs up the trunks of other trees; the stem of another bulges out midway, somewhat in the form of a skittle; while another is supported by roots growing above-ground, so that in old trees a person can stand upright beneath the stem of the tree.

A much larger palm is the Inaja; this is often seen in great abundance around farms and country-houses, in places where the soil is light. In trees of this species, when full-grown, the stem is about twenty or thirty feet high. The fruit is an oblong nut, having a quantity of pleasantly tasting yellowish pulp on the outer side, which forms part of the ordinary food of the poorer classes; hence the cultivation of the tree in the neighborhood of houses. The flower-spathe is of a tough, woody texture, shaped like a boat-shaped bowl, capable of holding about two gallons of liquid; it is often used as a kettle to boil porridge, withstanding fire for a considerable time.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.



GENERAL VIEW OF VENICE.

THE CITY OF THE DOGE.

THE unlimited power wielded by a hereditary aristocracy, as that of the Republic of Venice, whose importance and splendor were due solely to the fortunate results of commerce and industry, is a novel and astonishing fact of the Middle Age. It is difficult, indeed, to explain why, in spite of prejudice, this mercantile and industrial aristocracy was considered by the feudal nobles and warriors of Europe as the most desirable and illustrious of them all.

The origin of this power and of the *éclat* of the Republic of Venice does not extend much further back than the twelfth century. It was at about that period that the nobility gained over the Venetian democracy the first and perhaps the most important of its victories.

Padua, which had founded Venice, had at first put it under the authority of three consuls, who governed there about thirty years. About the year 453, when the fierce Attila, defeated by Meroveus, fell back and filled Italy with terror, numbers of the flying people flocked to the island of Rialto (*il Rive Atto*, the deep stream), which the Paduan Senate had proclaimed a place of asylum, together with the adjacent islands of those lagunes which comprised the possessions now constituting the City of Venice. Tribunes were at first sent to govern them, who, however, erected each separate islet into a petty sovereignty and thus reigned until 697, when the people, disgusted with their little tyrannies, menaced their power, and the tribunes themselves confessed their governmental incapacity. Twelve of the principal ones consulted together, and having obtained the consent of the Pope and the Emperor, decided to change the form of the Executive, and confided it to one chief magistrate, who should be elected for life and bear the title of Doge, in the Venetian dialect meaning duke. Paolo Luca Anafesto was chosen in March, 697, as the first Doge of Venice.

Although Venice was in substantiality at this time an independent city, it still acknowledged the sovereignty of Padua. The Doges were not tardy in elevating themselves into real kings with absolute power. They associated their

relations with them in power, and designated their successors. But about the year 1172, a great change took place, being the victory of the nobility over the citizens, before referred to. The nobility, which formerly had participated in all the measures of the Government in exactly the same degree as the lowest class of citizens, combined to abolish the mode of election of the reigning Doge, which had been that of universal suffrage. A Grand Council was established, and charged with the duty of choosing the Doge.

This Council was composed of two hundred and forty citizens, taken indifferently from the nobility, the middle-class and the tradesmen. At the same time, in order to limit the ducal power, twelve tribunes were created, whose duty it was to control the acts of the chief magistrate and to oppose them should it become necessary.

This half-way measure, however, was not put into operation without creating great disorder. The nobility advanced rapidly toward their object. The people, driven back, reflected upon the rights which they had lost, murmured against the privileges which the nobility had arrogated to themselves, and forced them, in the dread of a future reaction, to the renunciation of that which they had acquired, or the affirmance of it by a last stroke of authority.

The Grand Council resolved to put an end to this crisis. Paolo Gradenigho seemed to be the only one to whom they could confide the interests of Venice, and on him they conferred the Dogeship. Soon after, in 1297, it was proposed to concentrate all the power in the hands of those who at that time exercised the magistracy, or who should have made part of it during the four preceding years, in order that all the members of the Grand Council should be perpetuated in their dignities, and that their descendants should inherit the same rights. This proposition, being presented at the Council and sanctioned by the Prince, was adopted, and the Government of Venice then became, in fact, an aristocratic one. The people found themselves finally excluded from the right to be employed in the public service and from the right to be called upon to give their assent to any measure. All the functions and dignities were allotted to the patricians.

The "Golden Book" which was created about this time, and in which was given the registry of all the nobility, revealed an entirely new phase of character. In it was classified, categorically, this institution; it regulated the measure of consideration which was due to each of its members, implanted within them the spirit of caste in the highest degree, and formed of this phalanx of patricians, who soon came to recruit themselves from the kings and princes of the Continent, the most compact and most ambitious of aristocracies. The "Golden Book" divided the Venetian nobility into four distinct Orders. First, the families of the tribunes; second, the nobles or descendants of the nobles who made part of the Grand Council of 1297; third, those who became ennobled during the wars against the Turks and Genoese; and fourth, those Venetian nobles who had been accepted from among the foreign princes and lords. These four Orders were subdivided into different classes.

The first Order, as has been said, was composed of "*nobili di case tribunicie*," descendants of the tribunes who governed the lagunes before the institution of the Doges, and the twelve who concurred in the nomination of the first Doge, Anafesto, in March, 697. With this was a list of twelve houses, the "*case vecchie elettorali*" (the old electoral houses). These were, the Contarini, the Morosini, the Badoeri, the Michieli, the Sacrndi, the Gradenighi, the Falieri, the Dandoli, the Mencini, the Tiepoli, the Polani, and the Barozzi.

The Contarini family gave eight Doges of their name, Under André Contarini, in 1739, the existence of the republic was menaced by the Genoese, commanded by Pierre Doria; the treasury was empty, and food was scarce. King Louis of Hungary besieged Trevise, the army of Francis of Carrare surrounded the lagunes, the fleet of the Gulf was destroyed, the rest of the galleys were in the Levant, and the city of Chiozza, inclosed in the circuit of the lagunes, was at the mercy of the Genoese. The Doge André supplied the place of all; the merchants armed thirty-four galleys which he commanded, and on June 24th, 1380, he returned to Venice in triumph, after having recovered Chiozza, and captured the Genoese fleet and army.

There was also a Cardinal of this same name, Gaspar Contarini, who was sent as a legate to the Diet of Ratisbon, destined by the Emperor Charles V. for the reconciliation of the Protestants and Catholics. Cardinal Contarini had a high mission. His conduct was able, but a trifle ambiguous. He wrote many remarkable works, which reflected the philosophy of the age.

The Morosini family gave four Doges to Venice, and one King to Hungary. It also included a historian, André Morosini, who was born in 1558, and wrote the History of Venice from 1521 to 1615. One of the greatest commanders of the seventeenth century was also of this name, Francis Morosini. Among his great deeds, the most remarkable was the defense of Candia against the Turks, from 1667 to 1669. The Grand Vizier Kuproli directed the attack. This siege has been compared to that of Troy. Morosini prevented the capture of Candia for twenty-eight months. The highest gentlemen of France and Italy took part in the siege, and at last an honorable capitulation was made. The Turks lost 200,000 men.

The Badoero family were descended from the Particippaccio. Angelo Particippaccio organized the resistance of the Venetians to Pepin, King of the Lombards, son of Charlemagne. The ships of this prince had taken possession of many of the islands. Angelo drove them by means of light shallops, to that part where, when the tide fell, they became stranded. Chosen Doge in 806, Angelo established the centre of government at Rialto and ruled for eighteen years in peace. Under his rule, the body of St. Mark was taken from the church of Alexandria. Angelo might, perhaps, be considered one of the founders of Venice, and his family remained for a long time the most powerful of this city.

The Michieli family gave three Doges. Domenico Michieli, in 1124, took so great a part in the conquest of Tyre that Baldwin II. accorded to the Venetians the third of the sovereignty of that city.

The Sacrndi or Candieni are of a family so ancient that they take their origin from one of the seven consuls sent by Padua to build Venice. It was on this family that Henry, Emperor of Constantinople, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, conferred the Duchy of the Archipelago.

The Gradenighi have had four Doges, among them those who worked the revolution of 1297. They showed great vigor and ability, but they remained an object of hatred to the people.

Among the Falieri we find Marino Faliero, who was beheaded in 1355, for conspiring against the nobility. He was seventy-seven years old. The plebeians, who desired to avenge their defeat of 1297, were united with him and intended to kill all the patricians. This celebrated Doge was born in 1275. He became Doge on January 5th, 1355, and almost immediately a contest broke out in his palace which proved fatal to him.

A young nobleman of Venice, Micheli Steno, enamored of one of the Dogessa's maids of honor, on occasion of one of the balls given during the carnival, took liberties with her which, although excusable under the excitement of the season, gave umbrage to the Doge, who ordered Steno to leave the palace. The young man, exasperated at this treatment, avenged it by writing on the chair of the Doge the following words, "*Marino Faliero dalla bella moglie, altri la gode ed egli la mantienne.*"

The Doge's wrath knew no bounds, and as the senate and council refused to treat the affair as a question of state, and the criminal court sentenced Steno to only a brief imprisonment and a year's exile, Faliero determined to wreak vengeance by exterminating the whole body of the nobility, who were held by the populace as tyrants.

The day fixed for the consummation of his design was April 15th, 1355, but the conspiracy was discovered on the day previous; the Doge was arrested, and, after a full confession of his guilt, he was sentenced to death and beheaded on the 17th, having reigned but three months and twelve days.

In the council-hall of the palace, where the portraits of the Doges of Venice are preserved, a black drapery covers the spot intended for that of Faliero, bearing this inscription, "*Spazio di Marino Faliero de Decapitato.*"

The Dandoli family recount their descent from one of the families of ancient Rome. This family gave four Doges and one Dogessa. Henry Dandolo rendered his name celebrated by a powerful co-operation in the Crusades, during which the Greek Empire at Constantinople was destroyed. This veteran was eighty-five years old, and, independently of his military courage, he was gifted with a boldness of idea still greater than the boldness of action of the princes and lords of the Cross. It is said that he refused the crown given to Baldwin, Count of Flanders; but he extended the dominion of Venice over a large part of the Archipelago, and many ports on the shores of Greece.

In addition to the twelve Electoral Houses, called sometimes the "Twelve Apostles," there were four families who were designated as the four Evangelists: the Giustiniani, the Bragadini, the Bembi, and the Cornari. A Bembo, cardinal, was one of the distinguished Italian authors who shone so brilliantly in the sixteenth century. Catharine, the last Queen of Cyprus, belonged to the family of Cornaro. She had married Lusignan, King of that island, who died in 1475. The Venetians honored her with the title, "The Daughter of St. Mark," and consequently were declared her future heirs. Under the title of "heirs and protectors," they so much annoyed the unfortunate woman that she determined to abdicate the crown in their favor in 1489. She passed her last days at Venice, preserving her title of Queen and a little court.

"OLD PIP."

I HAVE knocked about a good deal in my time, and seen many ups and downs; for a man who has led such a nomadic life as myself would be a singularly lucky person if he never found himself minus a meal or a dollar.

In '54 I was in California, and pretty wealthy, for I had been fortunate in the diggings. In '58 I tramped from Ballarat to Avoca, in Australia, without a cent in my pocket, for luck had deserted me, and I could not hit on a claim in Victoria that half repaid me for my labor in working it.

One chilly evening in June—a Winter month in the southern hemisphere—I halted, after a long day's march, at the door of a little shanty near Avoca, over which was a rudely lettered signboard, indicating it a store.

"You're welcome, chum, even if you haven't a grain o' dust or a sixpence in your pocket; for you don't look like a 'lag,' and the best of us sees hard times now and then. Come inside. Is that your dorg? Well, he's welcome too, poor creetur—though he ain't noways handsome. I like a man better when I see a dorg at his heels; for a feller ain't bad enough to be outlawed if one of them poor, dumb brutes loves him," said a bright-eyed, buxom, garrulous matron, who answered my appeal for supper and a night's lodging.

My dog was not one that would have taken a prize for beauty at any show in the States. He was a brindled bull-terrier, and his pugnacious propensities had cost him an eye; but he was true as steel, and, like most of his breed, was keen and quick-witted as a human being. I loved Pip, for he stuck to me through all my misfortunes, and was almost the only remaining tie that bound me to the world.

Our kind hostess ushered us into a small kitchen that was a model of cleanliness, and presently set before me an abundant supply of succulent viands, which I ate with avidity.

Neither was old Pip forgotten. He came in for a share of the good things, and received more caresses from our hostess and her two sprightly youngsters than had been bestowed upon him during his lifetime.

"Where's Maggie, Mrs. Hyatt?" asked a tall, handsome young man; evidently a privileged person, for he entered without knocking.

"She went to Carter's this afternoon, and hasn't returned yet. I wish she'd come back, for it's a bad road she's got to travel. You'd better go to meet her, Ned, if you are not too tired; for my old man's away at the Ovens still."

"All right; I'll go, for I want to see her," said the young man, gruffly, as he took his departure.

"Maggie is my eldest girl, and Ned Vance is her sweetheart," explained Mrs. Hyatt.

I smoked my pipe and chatted familiarly with my hostess until about ten o'clock, when Vance suddenly entered the room, hot and breathless.

"Hasn't Maggie returned?" he inquired, excitedly. "She left Carter's soon after nightfall, for I went all the way there, thinking to find her. I kept a sharp lookout for her on my way back, but not seeing her, thought we must have passed each other on the old Swan diggings, and she would have arrived here before me. What can have become of her, I wonder?" he added.

"You haven't got time to wonder, Ned Vance! If you love my girl half as much as you profess to, you'll go seek her at once! She's lost her way, and, maybe, has fallen into one of the old sinkings on the diggings. Get a lantern out of the storeroom, and be quick about it! for some of those holes must be half full of water, after all the rain that fell last week."

I volunteered to assist Vance in the search for his sweetheart; so we set out together.

It was a bleak, dreary night. A strong breeze was blowing, and sable clouds vailed the stars from view.

We searched the Swan diggings carefully, and more than once were in danger of precipitating ourselves into the deep shafts which gold-seekers had sunk, and finally abandoned as non-auriferous.

Vance at last became so excited as apparently to lose all control over himself, and he wandered backward and forward, from one hole to another, in a manner useless and absurd.

THE CITY OF THE DOGE.—MICHELE STENO'S INSULT TO MARINO FALIERO.— SEE PAGE 665.

"Let's try further to the right. It's pretty certain the girl isn't in any of the holes hereabout," I said.

But my companion insisted that it was absolutely impossible that Maggie could have strayed so far from a road that she was familiar with, and would not allow me to proceed in the direction I indicated.

A bright idea suddenly dawned upon me, and I proceeded to put it into execution forthwith.

I quitted Vance and ran back to the store, where I found Mrs. Hyatt crying bitterly, and evidently much perturbed at the non-appearance of her eldest child.

"Have you got a pair of old shoes belonging to your daughter?" I asked.

"Of course—lots of 'em; but what do you want with them?" sobbed the anxious mother.

"I will show you, if you will bring them," I replied.

Mrs. Hyatt fetched a pair of well-worn gaiters. I took them in my hand and called my dog.

"Find her, Pip, old fellow," I said, as I placed the boots before him.

He sniffed them, raised his one intelligent eye to my face, wagged his tail, as if to indicate that he fully understood what was desired of him, and walked toward the door.

I followed him out; and, with his nose close to the ground, he led the way to the Swan diggings. There he lost the trail for a while, and seemed somewhat confused; but he suddenly gave vent to a shrill bark of satisfaction, and set off on a quick trot exactly in the direction in which Vance had declared it was useless to search.

"OLD PIP."—"I FASTENED THE ROPE AROUND MY WAIST, AND, WITH MY DISENGAGED ARM, HELD HER FIRMLY. SHE WAS QUITE UNCONSCIOUS, AND I HAILED THE WILLING HANDS ABOVE ME TO HOIST AWAY."— SEE PAGE 667.

I had some difficulty in keeping up with him, for the ground was rugged and uneven; but at length he halted on the brink of a large sinking, and set up a piteous howl.

By means of a cord, I lowered the lantern I carried down into the hole, and by its dim light I was enabled to discern the object of my search lying, half-immersed in water, far down at the bottom of the pit.

Leaving the lantern, to serve as a guide to the shaft, I ran as quickly as possible to the nearest shanty, and told four miners, who were the occupants of it, that I required their services.

Australian diggers are naturally impulsive and energetic, and those fellows proved no exception to the rule. They procured ropes, and started off with me at once.

The light in the lantern I had left to mark the sinking, had, apparently, gone out, for it was not visible; but Pip, at a word from me, conducted us to the hole, and I prepared to descend at once. I hitched a rope under my arms, and my companions lowered me down the shaft.

The water at the bottom was only about a foot deep, and the girl's head had fortunately escaped immersion. I fastened the rope around my waist, and with my disengaged arm held her firmly. She was quite unconscious, and I hailed the willing hands above to "hoist away."

As they lifted us from the muddy pool, my foot struck against something lighter than a stone. Stooping, I picked out of the water a lantern.

"She's not dead, and, I guess, ain't much hurt, after all," said a rough-bearded fellow, feeling the pulse of the inanimate girl.

"Mates, there's been some foul play here. This is the lantern I placed to mark the sinking, and I found it in the hole. It couldn't have blown in, for I placed it to leeward, and chocked it tight with two pieces of rock. Some one must have flung it down, so that we shouldn't find the hole," I said.

"Then I believe that the gal was chucked down, for I know Maggie Hyatt well, and she is a deal too smart to have come all this distance from the right road, which she has passed along a hundred times, without some one forced her," chimed in a burly man, who raised the girl in his stalwart arms and carried her toward her home.

Mrs. Hyatt was too sensible to allow emotion to paralyze her actions. She applied restoratives to her daughter, and in a short time the sufferer regained consciousness. She was a very pretty girl, with well-cut features, dark eyes, and hair that was black and glossy as a raven's wing.

As soon as she could articulate, she astonished us all by declaring that Vance had endeavored to murder her.

"I met him near Swan Creek, and we walked toward home together," she said. "We got talking about young Jim Carter, and, when I said I liked him, Ned became very angry.

"Seeing he was jealous of Jim, I teased him a little, when he suddenly knocked me down with a blow of his fist.

"'I'll kill you before you shall ever marry that fellow!' he cried, clinching his threat with a terrible oath.

"The blow was a cruelly severe one. Smarting with the pain it created, I called him a coward, and declared that I would never be the wife of any man who was mean enough to strike a woman.

"On that, he caught hold of my shawl, and, though I struggled, succeeded in tying it over my head. He carried me along some distance, and then hurled me down the sinking, where you found me.

"The water in the pit saved me from being much injured by the fall, and I was able to uncover my face; but after that I grew dizzy, and don't remember any more."

As Maggie finished her recital, the four miners glanced at each other, and then at me. Without saying a word, we went out together, accompanied by my dog.

Next morning Ned Vance was found hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree. Whether he committed suicide, or met a just retribution at the hands of some members of the community he had outraged, remained a mystery which the authorities did not attempt to unravel.

Pip had good times in Avoca after that night's work. Mrs. Maggie Carter cared for him in his old age; and I, her husband's partner, dug his grave when sheer inanition terminated his career.

MY HEART.

I.

They say a woman's heart is like a harp,
And like a rose that knows a blooming hour.
May be; but mine—not yet hath risen its song;
May be; but mine—not yet hath blown its flower.

II.

'Tis true some little, wordless fantasie
May have been wakened by a toying hand;
Some genial breeze have oped a little bud,
A small, white flower like on lone woodland.

III.

The music, burdened with grand words, awaits
Some master powerful and passionate;
And dreaming of the royal-hearted sun,
The rich red rose sleeps in her vailéd state.

IV.

But, oh! my heart is happy of this hush,
So like the silence of that hour ere dawn—
So glad to dream, as little shrubs may dream
All Winter 'neath the warm snow on the lawn.

COMO, THE CARIB.

CHAPTER I.

ALL IN ONE DAY.

"DA VEGA, my dear fellow," said Manuel Barrios, as the two strolled leisurely down Fifth Avenue, that fine September morning, "I wish you would be so good as to tell me your name."

"With the greatest pleasure," was the quick response; "but which of them shall I tell you? I am a little puzzled, at times, and find myself ready to answer to almost anything. Will not Da Vega do, for the present?"

"It will, and then again it won't," half-doubtfully replied his very much younger and slighter companion. "It is every bit good enough as a cloak under which you may attempt these daring and brilliant operations of yours on behalf of the good cause, but I think I have a right to demand something more, under the circumstances."

"I understand you," said Da Vega, with a deep shadow on his strongly marked and bearded face. "I will not pretend anything else. You mean that Francisca Barrios is of high descent, of vast wealth, of a family whose pride is almost more than Castilian in its exclusiveness; and that a mere nameless adventurer, however daring or devoted, ought not to be seen too often lingering in the sunlight of her beauty. You are her brother—in some sort her protector, and you are perfectly right. Will you wonder if I add that, while scarcely anything on earth would give me greater pleasure, I will not, or, rather, cannot, give you any other name than that I am now wearing in the service of our poor island?"

The young man's face, which was neither a bright nor a strong one, wore a troubled expression for a moment, and his friend continued:

"Suppose, then, that I should add to that the assertion that my lineage is as lofty as your own; that I am your equal in every way; that the name I will not tell you could only be revealed at the cost of the lives of brave men."

"But to me! Could you not trust your secret with me, or, at least, with Francisca?" almost pleaded Manuel.

"With Francisca, yes—that is, if she demanded it," replied Da Vega; but his face lit up with a singular expression as he added: "To you, no, since more than my own life depends upon my prudence. And yet, I will promise you this: when you return from this your present, your first expedition, if you have proved yourself a man to be trusted, I will tell you everything; if, indeed, at that time, Spanish vengeance shall have left me anything to tell."

"So be it, then, since that can scarcely be many days to wait. No man has ever stirred up all the wild romance in me, as well as the feverish curiosity, in the way that you have done. I would give something to know the secret of your life, for my own sake, if not for Francisca's."

"It is agreed, then, my dear boy," said Da Vega, heartily, "and I pledge you my honor that you will be fully satisfied. I must leave you, now, for I have business of the utmost importance on hand."

Manuel gazed admiringly after the tall, athletic form that strode so rapidly away from him, exclaiming:

"He is a hero, anyway! What would I not give for a fraction of his nerve and dash and intelligence! But I must know his name, for all that."

As for Da Vega, the expression his features wore for a few moments, when he once more found himself alone, was one that was anything but easy to fathom. His teeth were set hard, however, behind his firm, thin lips and his concealing mustache, as he muttered:

"They are mine, and they will yet be all mine; but the richest prize of all is Francisca herself."

A block or two further, he strode on with hasty steps, and then he again burst out with:

"What would I not give for an hour in Cuba this morning! Just for a look at the cunning old colonel and the broad estates, and to know what that long-headed steward is up to. Yes, and I'd like to get the latest news from the rebels in the hills, and say good-morning to little Clara Fuentes. Pooh! though, what is she beside Francisca Barrios, with her beauty and her treasures? But there was never a man like the old colonel to give advice, and I need some of it badly, this morning."

If, indeed, Da Vega's wish could have been granted, and he could have been dropped down in front of the huge, low-built, shadowy Cuban plantation-house, with its sweeping verandas, that looked out upon the hillside in Holguin, he might have found use both for his eyes and ears that morning.

The sun was high enough to disincline any one from active exertion, and there were few human beings visible, except the slaves and the Chinamen, at their tasks in the fields and about the sugar and tobacco-houses; but, in one retired corner of a veranda, where the close leaves of a hanging vine offered them additional concealment, there stood a youthful but noble-looking pair, absorbed in earnest conversation.

They deemed themselves alone and unseen, but still their voices were hushed and low, as if what they were saying might have danger in it.

"Oh, Philip, you do not mean it! You will not really leave us?"

The maiden's dark, regular, almost classical features were suffused with deep color as she spoke, and her eyes had a wonderfully appealing expression.

"Could you really desire me to stay, Clara Fuentes?" half passionately replied the young man. "Am I not Cuban born, whatever my parents may have been? Am I not young and strong? What right have I to be anywhere else but with Cespedes and his gallant men?"

"But, Philip, it seems so sure a road to death! Is not my own heart as true to Cuba as yours can be? And still I feel as if I could not encourage you to go," was the fair girl's hesitating answer.

"And yet you have already bidden me go," said Philip, sadly.

"Philip Ledyard! I bid you go? What can you mean?"

"What do I mean? Indeed! Are you not Clara Fuentes, the proud heiress of a haughty family, and am I not Philip Ledyard, the son of your uncle's steward? Are you not beautiful, and am I not human? Indeed, I must go, or I shall shortly be insane!"

His brilliant brown eyes had fallen before the wandering, penetrating gaze of her own darker ones, but there was nothing in the meaning of Clara's face that could have been fairly interpreted "go" just at that moment. On the contrary, her ripe, beautifully curved lips were quivering slightly as she replied:

"Proud I may be, but I am not meanly proud, and I do not deserve to be called so. As for being an heiress, that is all nonsense. Except the little property my mother left me, I am a good deal poorer than yourself. You know very well that not only Manuel and Francisca, but my uncle Fuentes and his son, are between me and the Barrios estates, and I sincerely hope they always may be."

"And why so, Clara? Would you not care to own these broad leagues of wealth?"

"What would wealth be worth if it is to separate me from my friends?"

"Clara Fuentes," he exclaimed, "it is too late! Even if you were now to bid me stay, I could not, either with safety or with honor. I have cast the die, and my life is at stake. Even now the hours are numbered that I may dare to spend within the reach of our oppressors." And then he added as he suddenly raised his head, "But if I go, as go I must, will you bid me come back again?"

The lips of the maiden were parted in a vain endeavor to speak for a moment, and then, as the sound of approaching footsteps came to their ears, she held out her small, white hand, exclaiming, faintly:

"Come back to me, Philip!"

Philip Ledyard's lips were pressed with feverish haste on the hand that seemed to offer him so much, but in another moment Clara was alone on the veranda.

She did not wait for any other arrival, however, and when the approaching feet reached the spot where she and Philip had parted, the newcomer also was alone.

At least so he deemed himself, for he seemed to feel free to indulge in that often dangerous luxury, a conversation with himself. A tall, erect, red-faced, pompous-looking old man, in a species of half-military undress; nor did his present self-absorption interfere with the restless, searching movement of the small and cunning black eyes.

"If what the padre writes me is true," he muttered, "I have indeed achieved a success. The fellow must never know that he is not my son, and I shall have as good a life-interest in the estates as I need ask for. Unless, indeed, I see my way clear to establishing even a more perfect title before these splendidly stormy times calm down. Phil Ledyard and his friends will all be caught and shot before this time to-morrow, and I will keep my little Clara with me. I may need her some day. I never supposed I could trap Phil so easily, but that hot Yankee blood has a wonderful streak of folly in it. The padre is a most useful correspondent, considering that he is my own brother, and if he keeps his word, I will remember him richly."

So saying, the rigid old man, with a smile of devilish duplicity deepening the furrows of his sun-burned face, turned on his heel and stalked away into the house.

Alone? They all had thought themselves alone and unheard, and yet not one syllable of all they had spoken had been lost by a listener of whom they had not so much as dreamed.

There came now a slight, a very slight, rustling among the tangled tropical growth in front and close by the foot of the low, wooden veranda, and a hunter's eye would have imagined some wild animal sneaking away through the covert to a place of safety. The woolly hair, the jet-black skin, were undeniably African, but the features, the form, the bearing, were almost as decidedly those of the free, untamable red man of North America, and verily Como had a good right to all, if an Ashantee mother and a Seminole father could give them.

"Cap'n Phil and he friends get shot, will they? Ah, ha!" growled the athletic savage, with a white gleam of his wolfish teeth. "Como see about dat. Como hab a good lookout for booty Clara while Cap'n Phil away, too. Teach colonel big lesson yet. *Caramba!*"

An hour or so later, there were two men in close conference in one of the darkest jungles of the forest which bordered the plantation.

MY HEART.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 670.

"You have certainly proved the truth of your news, Como," said one of them. "If you heard Clara and myself so well, you certainly could have heard him. It is a terrible piece of treachery, and I'm sorry enough that my poor old father is still within his reach. But what am I to do to escape his trap?"

"Follow Como—dat's all," was the sententious reply.

"But what about the rest? Do you mean to leave the poor fellows to their fate? My life must not be saved at the expense of other men."

"Good for Captain Phil. Me like dat kind ob talk!" exclaimed Como, with an approving nod. "Me tell all de men about dat. Nebber you be afraid. Como send word all round de bush. Nebber a man get hurt. You come wid Como. Mebbe we teach de colonel how to set trap. Come on. You see."

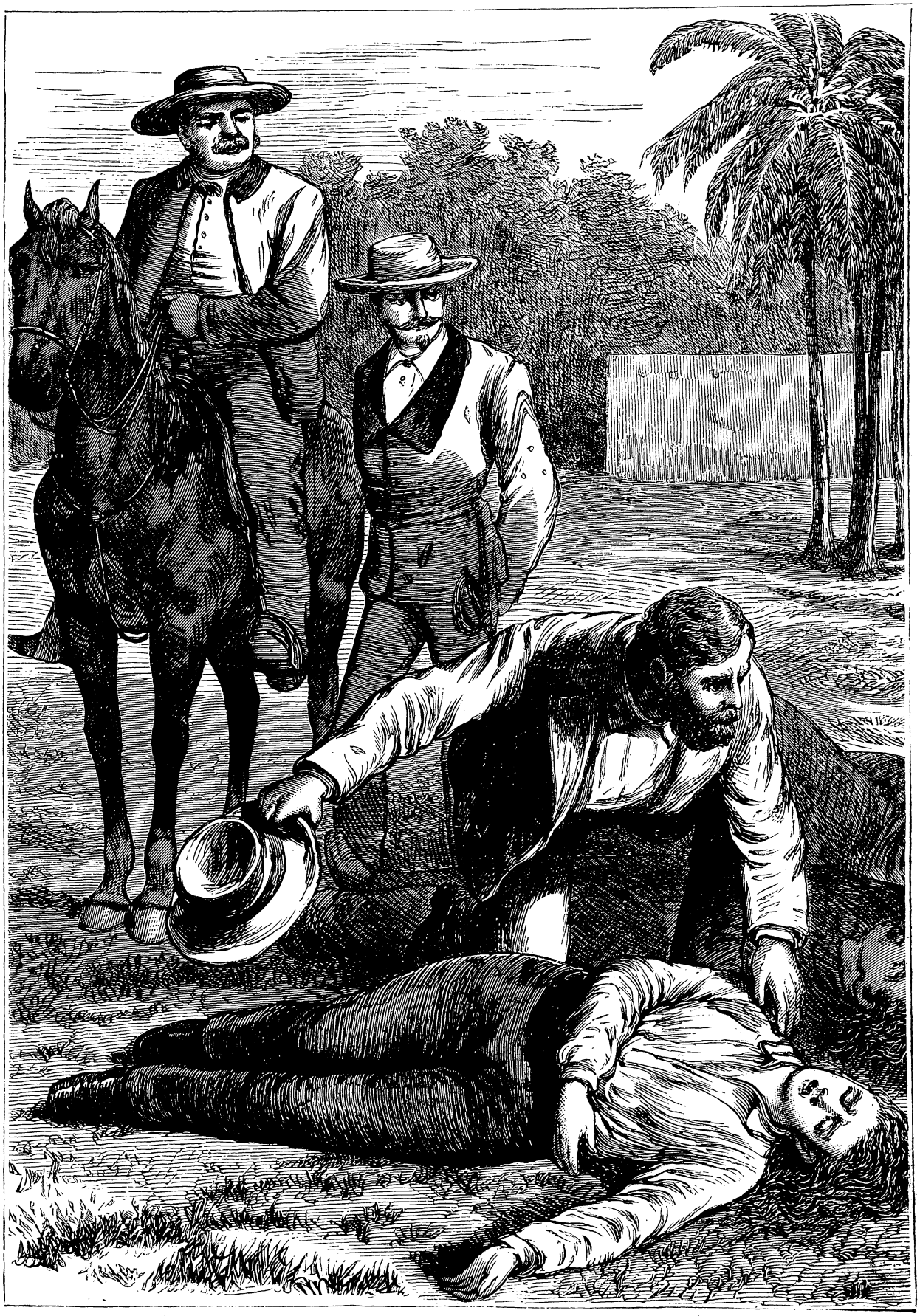
Without any further remonstrance, Phil Ledyard followed his ferocious-looking guide, although the course he took was through tangles of dense undergrowth where progress would have been impossible but for the almost constant use of Como's sharp and cutlass-like *machete*.

Chapter II.

IN A NIGHT.

In one of the almost innumerable private mansions of New York that are elegant without being at all pretentious — for they are each too monotonously similar to hundreds of others — a tall, slender, gracefully formed young lady, pale in spite of the olive hue of her expressive features, was pacing slowly up and down the drawing-room floor as if impatiently awaiting an arrival, or, it might be, a return.

"Love him!" she exclaimed —"love him! Well enough to make even this unheard-of sacrifice of trust, but more I will not do. I and mine are as sacred to Cuba and as ready to risk and lose in her behalf as he himself has ever been. Does he rush into danger without making even me the repository of that danger's deadly secret? Even so will I. It will be easier, so, to endure the prolonged separation of which he warned me. Padre Gonzaga himself told me it must be so. Oh, if I only knew! And yet I would scarcely dare to unfold, even to him, the plans that are tormenting my own heart and brain at this very moment."



COMO, THE CARIB.—"ONE CONVULSIVE SPRING FORWARD, AND THE BEARDED CONSPIRATOR WAS KNEELING BY A SLENDER FORM WHICH LAY NEXT TO THAT OF MANUEL BARRIOS."—SEE PAGE 670.

UNIV. OF MICH.

"Da Vega!" exclaimed a short, broad, thick-set man, singularly muffled and wrapped, considering the season. "Da Vega, is it you? What can have kept you so long?"

"I beg your pardon, Padre Gonzaga," quietly replied the adventurer, "but I have been with Manuel and his friends, completing their preparations for departure. They will be off to-morrow, and their movements will be governed rigidly by the instructions I have given them."

"The point of landing, and all?"

"Everything. And now I, too, must lose no time in getting away, for I have positively promised them that I will sail to-morrow."

"So much the better, all round, and I think I have fully taken care of your other interests."

"Is Francisca satisfied?"

Da Vega's voice, for the first time, half trembled with the unmistakable intonations of eager sincerity, but the padre answered, coldly:

"I think you may trust me for that. If I could convince her it was best to marry you privately this afternoon, it is likely I could manage any minor points to your satisfaction this evening. If I were you, however, I would tempt fortune no further after this trip is over. You can't expect things to run so smoothly for you for ever. Doubtless your father will give you the same counsel when you see him."

"And I have always found his counsel wonderfully good. Thank you heartily, and good-night, padre," said Da Vega, as he turned away; but before he had gone many paces, he added, in a bitter undertone: "My father, indeed! How can he imagine me to be still fooled with that story? And yet, he is a wise old fellow, and I think I can see that he finds it to his interest. If he did not, I may be very sure he would stop the supplies. Of course he would! To think of old Fuentes throwing away gold! I must be crazy!"

In a few moments more Da Vega stood in the dimly lighted drawing-room, face to face with Francisca Barrios, and here, at least, it was evident that he was playing no double part.

It was long, too, before either of them could muster courage to approach the one subject which was uppermost in both their minds; but come it must and it did, at last.

"I have risked enough for even Cuba's sake," he said—"at least in this manner."

"And I," she replied, "would rather a thousand times we were in the mountains with Cespedes. There, at least, we should not be separated—and then you would tell me all, would you not?"

"All, Francisca—all!" exclaimed Da Vega, but with a pallid face in spite of the passionate protestations with which he now accompanied his promise.

"Is Manuel coming here to-night?" he asked, a few minutes later.

"I expect him every moment, indeed, and even for that very reason you must go. He must be kept in ignorance yet a while, poor boy," murmured Francisca, and a deep blush crept down from her cheeks to the very frill of light lace at her throat. She had been but little accustomed to concealments of any kind.

The meeting of the brother and sister was almost mournfully affectionate, albeit the former now half wavered in the determination he had formed of taking his sister with him on the morrow's expedition. He was even saying as much, self-accusingly, when Francisca interrupted him.

"You are mistaken, my darling brother; it is not your doing—it is all my own. You have no responsibility about it. I am older than you, and I am determined to have my way in this matter. What will it be but a somewhat dangerous pleasure-trip, after all, and a brief one at that? Cuba is not on the other side of the world, and the steamer is a swift one. Come up-stairs with me and look at my disguise. I shall be as gay a volunteer as you or any of the rest."

CHAPTER III.

EVENTS IN CUBA.

Francisca Barrios had been right in saying that their voyage would be a short one, since Cuba was so near, and not many days elapsed before one of those calm, moonlit, tropical nights that seem so flooded with starry beauty and perfumed mystery, saw an end of the "pleasure-trip."

In the old plantation house on the hillside, early that evening, two elderly gentlemen were sitting at opposite sides of a light table, gazing steadily into each other's eyes.

The first to speak was evidently not a Spaniard, while his bronzed, noble features dimly recalled the likeness of Clara's absent Philip.

"Colonel Fuentes," he said, "you are well aware that I have attended strictly and faithfully to my duties as steward of the estates, nor is it your place or prerogative to call me to an account in that or any other respect. My trust was given me under the will of Señor Barrios, and you have no power to deprive me of it. You are not even an heir of the estate, unless death should be very busy in these terrible days."

"Keep your temper, Señor Ledyard," half bitterly responded the colonel, with a deepening color in his rubicund face. "A man whose only son is known to be with Cespedes and his outlaws should not be too free with his tongue."

"Neither you nor I have any certain knowledge of what has become of my son," replied Mr. Ledyard, sternly. "If, as I have reason to believe, a trap was laid for his life, we may also be pretty sure he escaped it."

"Do you accuse me of laying traps?" exclaimed the colonel; "or do you dare to exult over the slaughter of Spain's faithful soldiers? There is deadly danger nowadays in that sort of glorying. It was a wretched business. A score of brave fellows ambushed, caught at an advantage and massacred by three times their number of *machete*-bearing rebels. Do you mean to say that your son was with Como the Carib in that affair?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind," began Mr. Ledyard.

But at that moment there was a sound of quick footsteps in the corridor, the door was thrown suddenly open, and a tall, bearded, fine-looking man in citizen's dress strode up to the table.

"My son!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Da Vega, if that's his name this time," almost gasped Mr. Ledyard.

The newcomer's replies were courteous but hasty, and in a moment more he was alone with the colonel, unfolding news of such a character that even he himself was astonished at the cool and matter-of-course manner of its reception.

"He is a wonderful man!" thought Da Vega; for how was he to know how small a part of his budget was really news to the veteran plotter who listened to him?

"You have done wonderfully well," said the old man, at last, "and I think your fortune is as secure as anything can be. We must not wait here, however. It is a fine, cool night to ride in, and we must be at the camp as early as possible to-morrow, that we may be sure of our knowledge."

"You would not see the prisoners!" exclaimed Da Vega, with a start.

"There will be none to see," coldly replied the colonel; "that is, there will be none to see us."

Even Da Vega shuddered from head to foot, but he offered no objection to the colonel's proposal. Nevertheless, it was two or three hours before the two were fairly in the saddle, and meantime, unknown to Da Vega, more than one well-mounted messenger had been sent out at full speed from the plantation.

Just a word had the man of many names exchanged with Clara Fuentes, to tell her that her cousins were well, and that he had seen them, albeit for some reason the fair girl seemed to have no idea that he claimed relationship with either her or them.

If, however, that moonlit night was beautiful among the orange groves and canefields, it was magnificent upon the seashore. Just outside the rippling waters of a little cove, a long, dark-painted, swift-looking steamer had hove-to, without coming to anchor, a little before sunset, and boat after boat had departed from her sides, coming and going to and from the shore with varied cargoes of animate and inanimate freight.

The latter was small in bulk, but seemingly of considerable weight, as lead and steel are apt to be, while the former were few in number, but evidently in high spirits over the apparent success of their undertaking.

The landing had been made with wonderful celerity, and now the steamer once more turned her prow seaward, as if in haste to get away from a berth where her presence was so full of danger to herself and others.

"Oh, Manuel!" whispered one of the forms that walked upon the glittering beach, "I am so glad we have landed safely! Now, if General Garcia's men and their mules were only here, how quickly we could have all this stuff in the camp of our friends!"

"They will be here quickly enough, my dear sister," was whispered in return, "and then you may throw aside your disguise as soon as you choose. They might be within thirty paces of us now, and we not know it, through all that undergrowth on the shore."

"So might our enemies!" said Francisca.

"Well, and even if they were, I think you would be safe," replied Manuel, hesitatingly.

"Safe, my brother!" exclaimed Francisca. "I safe in their hands!—safe to meet the fate of a man as a man! God keep me from the fate of a woman, if we indeed fall into the power of those tigers! Swear to me that you will not betray me, lest I stain my soul with my own blood!"

Boy as he was, or but little better, Manuel had never thought so deeply before concerning his sister's peril; but before he could master either brain or tongue for a reply, a hoarse, deep voice rang out among the neighboring shadows, in tones of military command, and the ears of the scattered groups on the beach were startled by the rattle of musketry, and then by the shrieks of the wounded and the hollow groans of the dying.

"Treachery! Treachery!" exclaimed Manuel. "Oh, my sister, we are betrayed—Da Vega!"

"Oh, Manuel, not by Da Vega!" whispered Francisca, as she bowed her head upon his shoulder.

Nothing could have been more complete than the surprise which the Spaniards had obtained by their stealthy approach. A trifle too late for any harm to the steamer or its crew, they had captured, without the loss of a man, that part of the passengers and cargo already on shore. Their fire had been close and deadly enough, moreover, and their prisoners were few.

Just enough of them, perhaps, to insure their captors the additional pleasure of a trial by court-martial and the execution of the sentence in the morning. Happy were they whose troubles were ended with the first volley of the Spanish muskets.

At least, so thought Francisca Barrios as the long hours wore away in terrible anticipation; for even more terrible than the thought of death to the brave-hearted girl were the conflicting questions which tormented her, both of her own and of Manuel's suggestion, as to the means by which their enemies had been so accurately informed of their intended movements and of the precise locality of their landing.

At last the brilliant sun of Cuba arose in all his accustomed glory, but we must draw the vail which he could not over the fearful scene of atrocity upon which he looked down. Scarcely was he three hours high before, as the commander of the Spanish detachment stood and gazed half-musingly upon the bloody evidences of the completion of his morning's work, his quick ears caught the sound of horses' feet swiftly approaching the camp.

Then came the customary challenges of sentries, and then he saw approaching him two mounted gentlemen, of whom he recognized one, at least, and whom he saluted most ceremoniously.

"Ah, Colonel Fuentes, *amigo mio!*" he exclaimed; "why were you not a little earlier? You have missed the executions."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the old colonel; "I might have known you would obey your orders with your accustomed promptness and decision. Señor Da Vega and I did our best to be in time, but it was a long ride. Are they all shot?"

"All—every man!" sententiously replied the officer. "There they lie, in a row. Will you look at them? You might recognize some of them, and that would be of value."

Not one shade did the colonel's countenance lose of its customary ruddiness, but a close observer might have noted a steadily increasing pallor in that of his companion, as they moved forward toward the ghastly line. They were both too much absorbed in their occupation, however, to note the fact that there were yet other arrivals in the outskirts of the camp. These latter, indeed, seemed to be altogether of a military, and, therefore, of a commonplace character.

"There is no mistaking him," said the colonel to his companion. "There lies that hot-headed young fool, Manuel, and his sister is now sole heiress. You have won a million, at least, by this morning's work. That is, if you are sure of Francisca."

"Francisca!" almost screamed Da Vega, in echoing reply. "Can it be? or am I mad?"

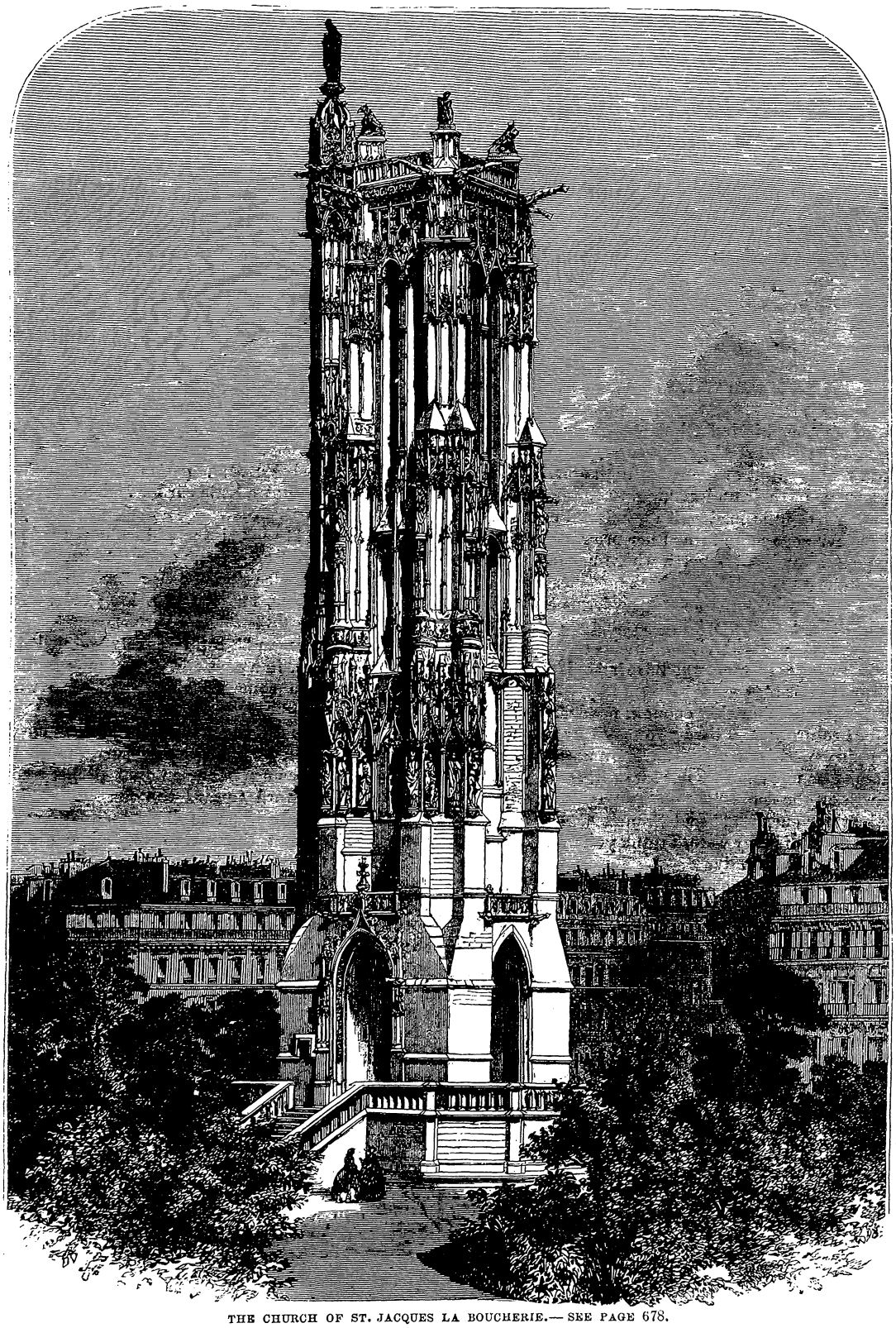
One convulsive spring forward, and the bearded conspirator was kneeling by a slender form which lay next to that of Manuel Barrios, and even the face of Colonel Fuentes blanched now, as he more slowly followed his companion.

"Is it possible?" he muttered.

"Francisca!—my wife!" was the despairing reply of Da Vega, and the kiss he tried to plant upon the marble brow of the dead failed only because he was sinking in momentary insensibility beside her.

The Spanish commander had gazed at first with a puzzled look upon the extraordinary scene before him, but now an orderly approached and handed him a paper, which, on perusing it, he gravely handed over to Colonel Fuentes. The latter read it slowly through, and seemed to consider its contents carefully for a moment.

"I see no reason why I should ask you for any delay in the execution of your orders," he said, at length. "The accusation is at fault in only one particular. I am not aware that he ever claimed to be a son of mine. I have certainly never acknowledged him as such. An unfaithful spy is the most dangerous enemy Spain could possibly have, and we see before us the evidence of his perfidy, when he has sent his wife on an attempt to pass within the rebel lines. You must do your duty, but you will pardon me if I ride at once in the direction of my plantation."



THE CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES LA BOUCHERIE.— SEE PAGE 678.

"Certainly, Señor Colonel; I fully appreciate the delicacy of your motives. Go at once, that there may be nothing unpleasant to mar the felicity of the visit you have done me the honor to pay me. Permit me to assure you, on my word

of honor, that there shall be no delay. I have, too, that much of sentiment that I shall not separate husband and wife. They will be buried together."

If Da Vega had overheard no other part of the conversation, this, at least, had reached his ears, for he looked up, with vague, tearless eyes, and murmured:

"That will be sweet. That will be something. I shall not live to think that I have murdered her!" And then he added, "Now I know there is a retribution, for the bolt has fallen on my own head. Whom will it strike next? Can any escape? I think not."

But old Colonel Fuentes rode away, and there was another detail of riflemen ordered up, and another volley broke the stillness of the seashore and the forest, and no man knew the real name of him whom they buried side by side with Francisca Barrios.

And so it happened that, long before the weary animal that bore Colonel Fuentes had plodded over the winding roads and bridle-paths that led him homeward, the swift feet of Como, that required no path whatever, had carried him to the same destination by a shorter line, and much more speedily.

How he entered the house without being seen, would have puzzled any one but himself to explain; but he had risen like a spectre before the astonished eyes of Mr. Ledyard and Clara Fuentes, as they conversed for a moment in the shadowy drawing-room, after their *siesta*.

Little cared Como for welcome or for greeting; but he had poured forth his tale of horror with calm volubility; and it was with a grin of savage exultation at its close that he pointed to Clara and exclaimed:

"All belong to her now! Wonder if she ashamed of Cap'n Phil, now she so berry rich?"

The old man turned inquiringly toward Clara, but her burning blushes answered him, and he only remarked:

"But Colonel Fuentes is the next heir."

The savage drew himself up to his full height, and pointed menacingly through the open window, as he

AMONG THE BLOSSOMS.

replied: "Booty Clara nebber hurt anyting, not eben de colonel. Nobody sure what he do to her, now he hab all de oders killed. De ole colonel nebber come home to lay trap for Clara. All belong to her *now!*"

Mr. Ledyard and Clara gazed at one another as if scarcely comprehending the dreadful meaning of Como's words, but the latter continued:

"Now, me tell you one ting more. She no safe here. She go right off to New York. Ole man Ledyard stay here and be steward. Como send Cap'n Phil ober de water soon as eber he can."

Again Clara's cheeks were burning red; but before either she or Phil's father could find words to speak, Como was gone, no one knew whither. Not one word that he had uttered fell to the ground, however, for the horse of Colonel Fuentes came home without his master, and the *machete*-hacked body of the latter, when found in the woods, told all that could be known of the manner of his fate.

Nor could old Mr. Ledyard hesitate as to what was his duty by the young heiress, and it may be that he managed the great estates all the more carefully thereafter when, in due time, Philip wrote from New York to tell him that their fair young owner had acquired so strong a claim on the diligence of her father-in-law, for Clara, too, had kept her promise.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

To THE scaffold's foot she came,
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell a panting breast,
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor-death, and shameful doom;
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too;
She will weep, but Ruth will do.
Who would save him, sore distressed,
Who, but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came,
On her lips there rose his name—
Rose, and yet in silence died—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went.
"Wife," he called her—called *her* "wife":
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay,
But she coldly turned away—
He has sealed his traitor's fate;
"I can love and I can hate!"

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate,
I can love and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight—
"I can love and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried; but she
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent.
All the air is quick with cries—
"See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looks, with stifled scream—
Saw the ax upswinging gleam;
All her woman's anger died—
"From the King!" she faintly cried.

"From the King! His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unrolled.
Paused the ax on upward swing—
"He is pardoned! Live the King!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long,
All about the scaffold throng;
There entwining, fold on fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There, against Ruth's breast,
Annie's tearful face is pressed;
While the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate—but I can love!"

THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUES LA BOUCHERIE.

THE traveler visiting Paris will see in the Rue de Rivoli a beautiful Gothic tower, but on approaching finds that the church itself has disappeared. The tower was too beautiful to lose, and the Government, with a love for the past, has preserved and restored this beautiful specimen of medieval work, which has its claims on science.

The Church of St. Jacques la Boucherie was a very curious example of every style, from the 13th to the 16th century; but, with the exception of its bell-tower, which we now see, was pulled down in 1797; some of the tombs and architectural fragments are now in the garden at the Hotel Cluny. The tower was begun in 1508 and finished in 1522, and has been always considered one of the exquisite specimens of its style.

Nevertheless, for many years only the upper part of it could be seen above the roofs of the houses which were built against it, and what could be seen was in a sad state of dilapidation. The lower part had been used for a leather store, and the upper as a shot-tower, etc. In 1836 the municipality of Paris purchased it for £10,000. It still, however, remained surrounded by houses and a market for cast-off clothes, until the municipality under Napoleon III., in extending the Rue de Rivoli, cleared them away, leveled the ground, and planted the present handsome garden where the densest and dirtiest part of Paris used to stand. It now forms one of the most beautiful medieval monuments in Paris. The tower has been completely restored at an expense of some $200,000; a statue of St. James has been placed on the summit, and three statues of animals, copies of those which originally stood there. In the vaulted space at the base is a statue of Pascal, who used this tower for his experiments on atmospheric pressure. The height is 187 feet from the ground to the platform. A winding staircase in good repair leads to the summit, from which one of the best views of Paris is obtained. The effect of the old streets of Paris, twisting about among the houses like cracks in a dried clayey soil, is very remarkable as seen from this elevation.

SOME INDIAN HILL TRIBES.

A SLIGHT sketch of the manners and customs of the "Todas," or, more properly, "Todavas," and other curious tribes inhabiting the Neilgherry Hills in Southern Hindostan, may perhaps not be uninteresting, especially at the present time, when beyond the western frontier hostile tribal powers are showing their weakness before the organized strength of England.

These notes are mostly drawn from personal observation, and from intercourse with residents in the hills of longer standing than the date of my own encampment in the locality. First, however, as there are such erroneous, not to say fabulous, accounts current of the Todas, it may be well to refer to and correct one flagrant instance of romancing.

The following is an American lady's published account: "Scarcely fifty years ago, in penetrating the jungles of the Blue or Neilgherry Hills in Southern Hindostan, a strange race, perfectly distinct in appearance and language from any other Hindoo people, was discovered by two courageous British officers who were tiger-hunting.

"Fifty years have passed since the discovery; but, though since that time towns have been built on these hills, and the country has been invaded by Europeans, no more has been learned of the Todas than at the first. Among the foolish rumors current about this people, the most erroneous are those in relation to their numbers and to their practicing polyandry. The general opinion about them is that on account of the latter custom their number has dwindled to a few hundred families, and the race is fast dying out. We had the best means of learning much about them, and therefore state most positively that the Todas neither practice polyandry, nor are they as few in number as supposed. We are ready to show that no one has ever seen children belonging to them. Those that may have been seen in their company have belonged to the Badagas, a Hindoo tribe totally distinct from the Todas in race, color and language, and which includes the most direct 'worshipers' of this extraordinary people. We say *worshipers*, for the Badagas clothe, feed, serve and positively look upon every Toda as a divinity. They are giants in stature, white as Europeans, with tremendously long and generally brown, wavy hair and beard, which no razor ever touched from birth. Handsome as a statue of Phidias or Praxiteles, the Toda sits the whole day inactive, as some travelers who have had a glance at them affirm.

"Nobody has ever seen more than five or six of them at one time; they will not talk with foreigners, nor was any traveler ever inside their peculiar, long and flat huts, which apparently are without either windows or chimney, and have but one door; nobody ever saw the funeral of a Toda, nor very old men among them; nor are they taken sick with cholera, while thousands die around them during such periodical epidemics. Finally, though the country all round swarms with tigers and other wild beasts, neither tiger, serpent nor any other animal so ferocious in those parts, was ever known to touch either a Toda or one of their cattle, though, as said above, they never use even a stick.

"Furthermore, the Todas do not marry at all. They seem few in number, for no one has or ever will have a chance of numbering them. As soon as their solitude was profaned by the avalanche of civilization—which was, perchance, due to their own carelessness—the Todas began moving away to other parts as unknown and more inaccessible than the Neilgherry Hills had formerly been. They are not born of Toda mothers, nor of Toda parentage; they are the children of a certain very select sect, and are set apart from their infancy for special religious purposes. Recognized by a peculiarity of complexion, and certain other signs, such a child is known as what is vulgarly termed a Toda from birth. Every third year each of them must repair to a certain place for a certain period of time, where each of them must meet. Their 'dirt' is but a mask, such as a sannyâsi puts on in public in obedience to his vow. Their cattle are, for the most part, devoted to sacred uses; and, though their places of worship have never been trodden by a profane foot, they nevertheless exist, and perhaps rival the most splendid pagodas—*goparams*—known to Europeans. The Badagas are their special vassals, and, as has been truly remarked, worship them as half-deities, for their birth and mysterious powers entitle them to such a distinction.

"The reader may rest assured that any statements concerning them that clash with the little that is above given are false. No missionary will ever catch one with his bait, nor any Badaga betray them, though he were cut to pieces. They are a people who fulfill a certain high purpose, and whose secrets are inviolable."

This is a very mysterious and romantic narrative. I am afraid my facts will appear sober by comparison.

There is little known regarding the origin and early history of the Todas, though many more or less plausible or absurd theories have been arrived at and circulated by different travelers, that which has gained the most currency connecting them with one of the lost tribes of Israel. They are, however, generally supposed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the Hills.

The Toda tongue is "now known with absolute certainty to be a dialect of the development of Turanian speech styled Drâvidian, the language of a group of primitive, illiterate and, perhaps, warlike tribes who, between 3,000 and 4,000 years ago, migrated from tracts of Western Asia, and penetrating India, probably through Beluchistan and the natural water-lines of the country, filled all its western and southern districts, pushing before them, in some period of their advance, the various tribes of the Kôl aborigines, some of whom, in slavery or menial conditions in life, survived as subjects of their conquerors."

Drâvidian is "a term which, applied by the Brahmans, apparently in supercilious envy and contempt of the people they could not conquer—the word Drâvida implying the condition of being beyond the pale of the castes—is now used ethnologically, to designate that which has grown to be a distinct race of men."

Certainly the Todas look upon themselves as lords of the soil, and are so looked upon by the surrounding tribes, who all regard themselves as inferior to them, and moreover support them in their idleness by paying them a large and voluntary tribute. The Badagas, the most numerous and powerful tribe, are their chief vassals, and look upon them with a certain degree of reverence. The Todas also assert their superiority in conversation, by always calling themselves emphatically "men," and the Badagas by a word meaning "laborers" or "workers."

In appearance the Todas are tall and striking, having in their bearing a certain amount of dignity and freedom, foreign to the dusky inhabitants of Southern India. They are fair-skinned, and have long, bushy black hair, worn in the early English style, with whiskers, mustache, and beard. They also wear their heads uncovered, in which respect they differ from most other tribes. Their noses are generally slightly hooked, their only Hebrew feature, and they have intelligent-looking brown eyes

INDIAN HILL TRIBES.—TODA MEN.

and rather thin lips. The women, as a rule, are pretty, having a fairer complexion than the men, with long, black hair, of which they generally are very proud and take great care; and their ornaments are different from those of the generality of natives, and are restricted to a few brass bangles and anklets.

They live in *munds*, a small collection of curious-shaped huts, resembling in appearance an elongated beehive, as many as six or eight in each hut, though these cabins are only about six feet high at the apex, five feet in breadth, and some eight feet long. There is only one orifice, about two feet, six inches square, which acts both as the only means of ventilation and as a door; a fact which necessitates that both their entrance and their exit shall take place on all fours. The huts are built of sticks and planks, coated over with mud or cow-dung, and topped with a thatched roof. One hut in each *mund*, called the milk-house, is set aside as their temple, where their few religious ceremonies take place.

In their habits they are extremely dirty, and from their appearance one would imagine that water was unknown to them. This, however, is not the case, as their women are frequently to be seen carrying it in large brass *chatties* or bowls.

The only employment the men have is attending to their buffaloes, of which they have always an immense herd; and should the pasture prove bad on the table-land, they migrate for a time to the slopes, to choice places, where they are certain of good grazing land. The women occupy themselves in collecting firewood and gossiping with any chance comers.

The men manage the outdoor affairs, with but little to disturb the placidity of their lives, unless it be that one should get into debt with one of the Badagas and struggle to avoid payment.

They exchange skins and horns with the Kotas for music and ironmongery, which, with their exchange of surplus milk for grain with the Badagas, constitutes the main sum of their commerce. They have some cleanly customs—they make daily use of wood-ash for the teeth. It is probably from sanitary, if not partly from superstitious, motives, that they vacate for a time a house where death or sickness has occurred.

A woman before delivery resorts to a shed, and after parturition remains there until the next new moon.

The connection of milking with religion is perhaps the most peculiar feature of their system. Every herd of their cattle is in charge of an ascetic milkman, or priest. Milk is sacred, milking a religious rite; the priest is not treated as a human individual whilst he is a priest, but as an impersonal being. He enters upon his position by ordeal; and there are several ranges of sacredness in the dairies themselves.

A temple is said to have been entered by a European, but no vessels of worship or any mysteries were found there, save the ordinary implements of milking.

Contrary to the decided opinion expressed in the quotation made above, the Todas are polyandrous, and the practice is universal amongst them. In a *mund* the proportion will be only three or four women to ten or twelve men, giving the women an average of three to four husbands each.

The scarcity of women amongst them is accounted for by the practice that previously existed amongst them of killing their female children at birth. The ancient mode of infanticide was by suffocation with a cloth, but this is now to a certain extent abandoned, Government having stepped in with a strong hand. The fact that they only allowed their finest and healthiest children to live, perhaps accounts to a certain extent for their being physically so fine and strong a race.

As to subsistence, they never touch flesh, and are supplied chiefly with grain by the Badagas, and supply themselves with milk from their own buffaloes. They are also very fond of honey, which is common on the hills and easily obtained, the native bee having no sting.

To this simple diet they adhere as purely pastoral people, while the forests around abound in game, and their flocks and herds are always available for food.

They have no theft and no violence of any kind among them, not even violent exercise; and as they do not fight, they make no plunder in war. They are affectionate one with another, as the nicely shaped heads and the wistful expression of the women would lead one to expect. They are soft in manner, but excitable. Rules of precedence and position amongst themselves are adhered to with much solemn painstaking.

If at any time they require money, they will sell their bull buffaloes to obtain it; and sometimes a cow can be purchased, but rarely, and before they part with one they must be very sorely pressed.

The Todas are very fearless, and carry no weapon save a stick, and occasionally a pole, known as a "Toda club."

Their dress consists, both for men and women, of a simple long native cloth, wound gracefully round the figure something after the manner of a Roman *toga*, with a rim of blue and red; this cloth, in common with themselves, is invariably very dirty.

It has been remarked that the women, when readjusting their sole garment over their shoulders, fling it open without any sense of shame.

Their children, both in dress and features, are simply miniatures of themselves.

When a Toda dies, his funeral is celebrated with more or less pomp and ceremony, according to the position he holds in the tribe. If he is a priest or head man, many buffaloes are sacrificed, though now not so many as formerly, as they have to obtain a pass from Government for the number they wish to kill; and at a great man's funeral probably not more than a dozen would be allowed.

When a funeral is about to take place, they all repair to a spot dedicated to that purpose, and there commence the funeral rites, subsequently to which the sacrificing of the buffaloes is proceeded with. As they will not kill the animals themselves, they procure the aid of the "Kotas," the lowest caste tribe on the hills, for this purpose, giving them the flesh as recompense for their services. All the able-bodied Todas assist in catching the buffaloes, which, when caught, are dispatched by a well-directed blow from a Kota. After this the body of the man is cremated, and the ceremony completed. But should the funeral be that of an especially illustrious man, there are two funerals, called the "wet" and "dry." At the first, or "wet," the body is burnt with the ceremony as above, with the exception that the hair and nails of the deceased are carefully preserved for three weeks or a month, when the second, or "dry" funeral takes place, the same ceremony being repeated, only with more solemnity and *éclat*.

The residence of the Todas is a huge, abrupt-edged isolated table-land, upward of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. This table-land consists itself of rounded hills and rolling prairie.

There are cairns and cromlechs to be found here and there, which are regarded by the Todas as the remains of a people antecedent to themselves.

The Todas believe in transmigration. Their faith, as regards the immediate future after death, is that "the spirits of deceased Todas, together with the souls of the buffaloes killed by their friends to accompany them to heaven and supply them with milk there, *take a leap from Makurti Peak*, as the nearest way to the celestial regions." This peak is nearest the setting sun, and the next world is regarded as being where the sun goes down.

Their own language, before alluded to, is a curious guttural dialect, very difficult to learn or understand; but their conversation with strangers is carried on in a low Tamil dialect, which they can nearly all speak.

In their intercourse with strangers or Europeans, they are friendly and obliging, and have not the strong

INDIAN HILL TRIBES.—A TODA WOMAN AND CHILD.

prejudices of the surrounding and neighboring tribes, giving free admission to their huts, the sacred hut being the only one that must not be profaned by strange feet.

In the neighborhood of each *mund*, Government has preserved to them a tract of land, which the owners are not allowed to sell. The endeavor has thus been made to preserve this interesting race from being scattered and driven from the country; but, in spite of this, their numbers are rapidly decreasing, and it is probable no distant date will see them exterminated. At the present time they consist of not more than a few hundred families; but it can only be hoped that such an interesting and unique race may be able to survive before the rapid advance of western civilization in this district, and remain as a relic of the many and curious tribes which have flourished, and perhaps had a great past, in the more remote periods of Indian history.

The Badagas are by far the most numerous tribe of the hills, and in most ways superior to any other. They have the most profited by the immigration of Europeans and planters to their locality. They are believed to have been driven to the hills at an early date, to avoid religious persecution, being of a Hindoo sect.

Besides those living on the hills, there are a few located in the hilly part of the Mysore plateau, but they are few and far between. In person they are slightly made, their height varying from 5 feet to 5 feet 10 inches, though the average runs from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 6 inches. They have generally a yellowish brown skin, brown eyes, with black mustache and beard. The hair is allowed to grow, but is tucked in under the turban. Some few, however, are found with skin as black as the ordinary low country coolies, or nearly as fair as a European, with sandy red hair, but these are decidedly rare.

The women are fairer than the men, and as a race are peculiarly plain, there being few who would pass as good-looking, though as children they are generally pretty and striking. Their hair is always tied up in a knot behind, and concealed by an ungraceful covering, somewhat resembling a skull-cap. Their dress consists, in men, of a loin cloth bordered with red and blue, and the large mantle as used by the Todas, which, however, they wear far more gracefully, and the effect is further enhanced by their general tidiness and cleanliness. The women wear a kind of skirt, which is wrapped round the breast and descends below the knee, one end being generally thrown round the shoulders; and their head is enveloped in a small skull-cap, as previously described. As a tribe, they are fond of jewelry and ornamentation, the men always wearing earrings, generally of gold, and set with more or less jewels, varying "as their purse can buy," and it is no uncommon thing, when pressed for money, for them to bring these ornaments, and ask for a loan, giving them as security. The women wear earrings and use rings, and generally their arms are adorned with brass armlets.

In character they are hard-working and enterprising, and, as before mentioned, have much profited by European intercourse, though unfortunately they have imbibed at the same time many Western vices—intoxication, cupidity, and licentiousness. They work on the tea and coffee estates in the neighborhood of their villages; they also cultivate large tracts of land on the hill, besides having an irregular trade in buffaloes, cattle, fowls, milk, eggs, etc., as they possess large herds of their own.

They are very superstitious, reverencing and paying tribute to the Todas, besides having the greatest fear of the Coorumburs, another hill tribe, supposed to possess magical powers. The Coorumburs similarly fear the Todas, believing that they possess supernatural power over them. The fear on the part of the Badagas leads to considerable crime and vice; for, if a Badaga be taken ill with anything he does not understand, it is immediately put down to the magic of a Coorumbur, which puts all attempt to cure out of the question. And it is no uncommon thing for a planter, when calling the roll of his Badaga coolies, on one not answering to his name, to be told "He is dead." "What did he die of?" "Who knows? It was magic; God took him."

This same coolie was, perhaps, alive working the previous day. Of course, such a state of affairs gives scope for any amount of crime and murder. I may here remark upon a custom which further denotes the credulity and superstition of this people. In the remote villages, and those situate in the heart of the jungle, it is not uncommon for the village to adopt a Coorumbur as "medicine man," after the manner of the American Indians.

This man is employed to protect the village from danger (*i.e.*, the magic of the Coorumburs) and to practice on the lives of any who make themselves obnoxious to them. Under the circumstances it is not unnatural for deadly feuds to arise between individuals, one supposing the other to have "doctored" him, when he was only suffering really from a natural disease, and consequently people are not unfrequently put out of the way in a quiet manner. I can imagine the reader exclaining, "How can such things happen with a proper system of police and under the British Government?" The answer is, very easily.

A man is poisoned, say by something put in his food. He is found dead the next morning, and it is put down by his friends to magic; in a day or two the body is burnt, and the affair is forgotten. "Who is to hear of it?" There is no British resident within miles, and no one but themselves and a few Coorumburs hear of the occurrence, and they think little of one death more or less amongst themselves. It is fate. The Coorumburs encourage this state of things, as it enables them to live in idleness, impressing on the Badagas their power and great importance. It must be understood that this kind of thing only occurs in the more remote districts, as in the more populated parts the Coorumburs are absent, preferring the wilder life in the jungle.

Besides superstition, the Badagas are as a rule prone to cowardice, and combine with this the great vice of the Hindoo—falsehood. There are exceptions to both; but they are uncommon. This is the chief difficulty experienced in getting on with them; for otherwise they are civil and obliging, very cheerful and intelligent, and always willing to make the best of affairs. The two degrading vices prevalent among them are drinking and opium-eating.

The Badagas villages are neat, continuous rows of houses—varying from five or six to twenty or thirty in a village, and are particularly well-built, this being a branch the men excel in. In size a single house is about twelve feet square, with a door four or five feet high. Out-houses and cattle kraals are situated close by.

Both men and women work on their fields, the latter having by far the hardest share, the men only doing the ploughing, the women doing all the general work and the weeding, a most important part in tropical cultivation.

Those that can be spared work on the tea and coffee estates, at rates varying from three and a half annas (5d.) to eight annas (1s.) per diem. Children of both sexes are employed at a much lower rate, but only the very young girls, for after a certain age they do not leave their villages, being very modest, shy, and rarely speaking to strangers.

Their language is a corrupt Canarese dialect, with many words and expressions peculiar to themselves; all, however, understand Tamil, so that communication with them is easy.

They have different degrees of caste among themselves,

distinguishable by a mark on their arm or forehead; they, however, are all very particular, no one but a Badaga ever being admitted into their houses. There is one peculiar caste amongst them, called the *Lingaite* the members of which are strictly vegetarian, and are distinguished by a curious silver ornament suspended from their neck.

The Badagas believe in a God and in a future state, between death and which there is a journey for the body to travel. They make frequent feasts to *Davaru, i.e.*, God, and have insignificant temples in different parts of the hills, but which they rarely frequent.

Their domestic habits are peculiar. Each adult has a wife, but, in the case of brothers, the eldest brother has an equal right in his younger brother's wife—a custom of which it would be interesting to know the origin. In person they are clean, compared to other hill tribes, but this statement must be only accepted in a comparative sense.

Their diet consists of rice and grain, also of potatoes, which flourish here; and most of them will eat meat occasionally, when procurable.

A description of their funeral rites may not prove uninteresting. Like the Todas, in fact like ourselves, the funeral is more or less imposing according to the rank of the deceased. The first ceremony is to consecrate cattle to the dead man's use, which is done as follows:

The body being placed on a rude bier in the open field, the Badagas, assisted by Kotas, catch a half-grown buffalo and drag it to the bier, when they present it to the dead body, which operation is repeated to six or eight buffaloes, which they then set loose, the same ceremony being now repeated to the same number of cattle. The animals are supposed to be used by the dead men in Paradise, where he ploughs his fields, etc.; so that, once having been consecrated, they are left in idleness till they die a natural death.

The body is now placed in the lower part of an edifice, built of bamboos so as to be light and portable, which is erected in front of the village, and is ornamented with plantains, colored cloth, etc.; it is about fifteen or twenty feet high. The great ceremony now begins. Some Kotas are hired to furnish the music, which is composed of a kind of drum and fife band, making a most discordant noise. To this the Badagas perform a slow dance round the pile, varied by occasional yells kept strictly in time with one another.

About half a dozen Badagas are habited in long dresses which reach from neck to ankle; these are leaders of the dance, which continues for two hours. The dancing over, the women come forward and weep for a short time, and then the pile is lifted and carried to a little distance, when the platform on which the body reclines is drawn out and xposed to view. All now assemble round it, the deceased's wife by the side of the dead; and, never having ceased her wailing all day, she is now rather hoarse. The face is now uncovered, and an impressive part of the ceremony begins; the priest stands at the head, and solemnly recites all the sins that are known to man, and at the end of each recitation the audience say *Pápá*, meaning, "It is a sin."

When this is over, little children are brought round in arms, holding rice and grain in their hands, which are placed against their foreheads, and they are held in such a position that they can drop the grain in the dead man's mouth. This is the food for his journey to Paradise. His walking-stick is now brought and placed beside him, then an ax; and finally his wife takes his jewelry and deposits it on the corpse. The rites are now performed. The body is then taken up again, placed in the pile, and carried to some distance from the village, where it is burnt, and the funeral is at an end.

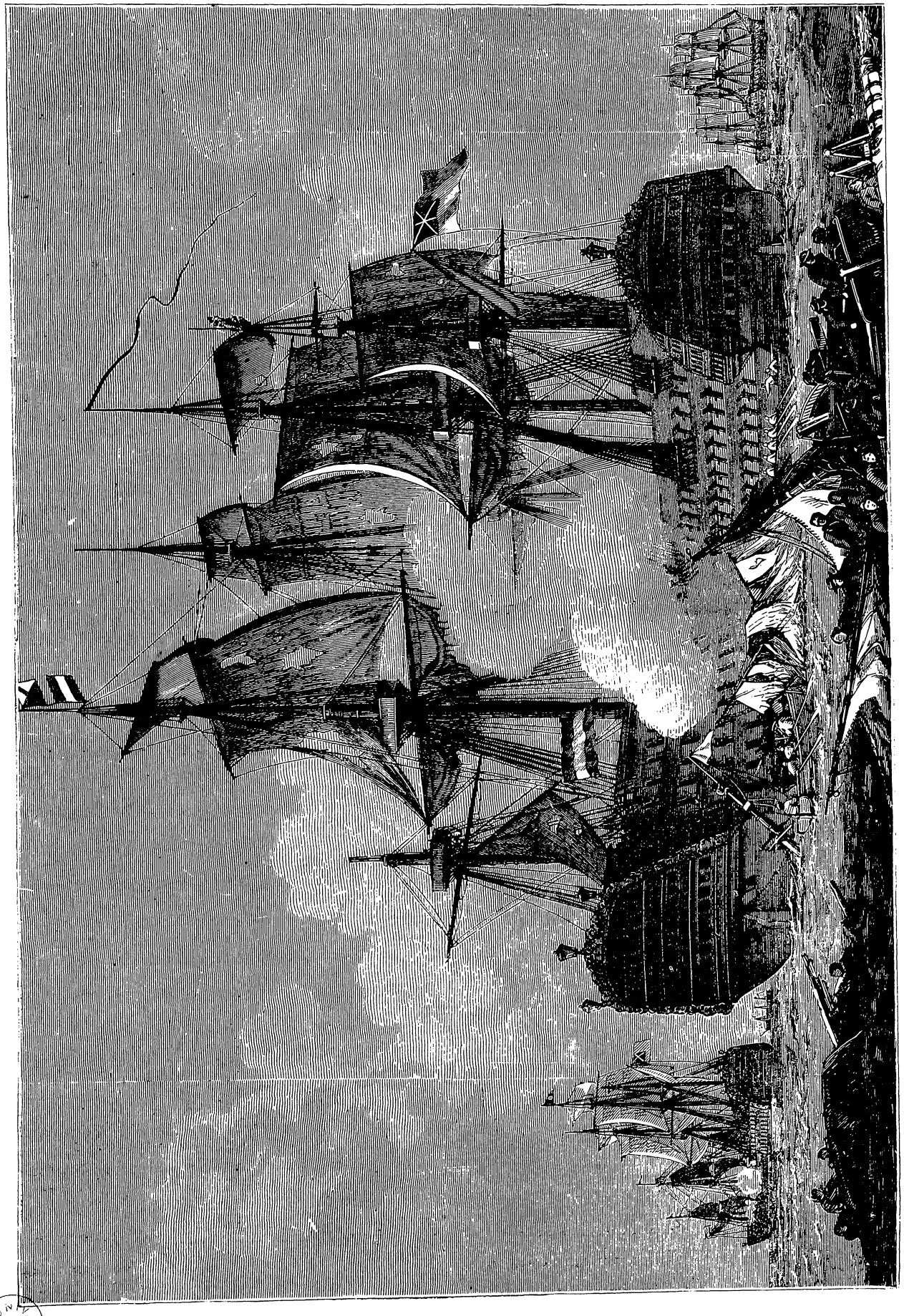
A few Badagas have been converted to Christianity, but the work of the missionary is slow amongst them.

Next in order come the Kotas, as being a more fairly hill tribe than either the Irulas or Coorumburs. In appearance the men are generally strong and well-made; their occupation, which consists in working in metals, especially iron, no doubt contributing to this. They are, however, ugly and disgustingly dirty, both men and women, which renders them far from prepossessing. Their dress consists of the usual loin-cloth, which is the only thing worn when working, and another cloth wrapped round the body, the head being generally bare. In their habits they seem in almost a state of savagery, except in one or two points. They eat all kinds of flesh, and are not particular as to whether the animal has been killed or died from disease or old age, or whether the meat is fresh or putrid. This propensity to carrion is in strong contrast to the simple diet of the Todas. They have a very confused notion of religion; when asked if there is a future state, they say they don't know. They have, however, a god, named Kunbuttah; and a praying-man is connected with most villages.

In two points they are more advanced than would be imagined, viz., in their blacksmith's work and in music. They supply almost all the axes, nails, etc., used by Badagas and the other native tribes, and very well they make them, too. A Kota ax retains its edge when cutting our jungle trees better than an English ax. They are some six inches in length from head to edge, an inch to an inch and a half in depth, and about one and a half inches broad. The handle is fitted into a round hole, as being easier to fit than the oval head of an English ax. Their musical instruments consist of a kind of drum and fife, made by themselves, on which they play with some skill. They also have huge horns, which produce a most discordant bellow when properly worked. At every large Badaga funeral a Kota "band" is engaged, which plays whilst the dancing goes on, and also assists in pulling the buffaloes and cattle up to the corpse for presentation.

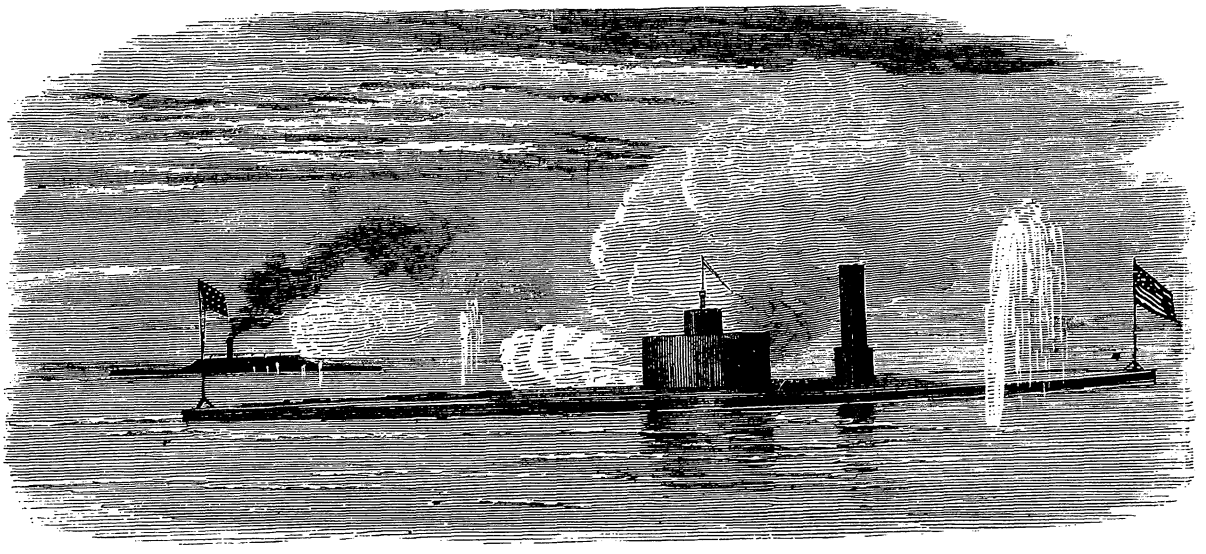
They are also hired by the Todas to catch and kill their buffaloes at the funerals, sometimes a work of great difficulty and some danger, for which they receive the meat and skins as payment. They wear the hair parted in the middle, and tightly banded off the forehead, having it well greased. Both sexes wear earrings, and the women the usual armlets, etc. Their dwellings are sometimes neatly put together, while others are mere huts, but all are dirty and filthy. The number of kites and vultures is always a significant sign about a Kota village. There are seven of these on the hills, but, probably, the best known is at Kotaghuy, the smallest of the three European stations on the hills. The Kota language is very harsh and is only a little less difficult to acquire than Toda. I should doubt if there are more than half a dozen Europeans who can speak it at all fluently. As to their morals, I believe they are not very particular, and certainly the women are not overburdened with modesty. I should mention that they also worship the usual vague Swami, but whether they use it as a particular god, or hold it in the sort of general way that is current in Southern India, I cannot say. I fancy the latter, however, as they do not appear to trouble themselves, or, indeed, to know much about religion, such as it is, of any kind. The Kotas have considerable herds of cattle, and also cultivate grain to a small extent; but their chief employment is in their blacksmith work, and some of them engage in a rather rough kind of carpentering, but are not thought much of in this respect.

English settlements are growing upon these hills, which produce the best tea in the world. Life is fairly enjoyable for the European, with a lovely climate and good sport.



NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—A SEA-FIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

UNIV. OF MICH.



ERICSSON'S ORIGINAL MONITOR.

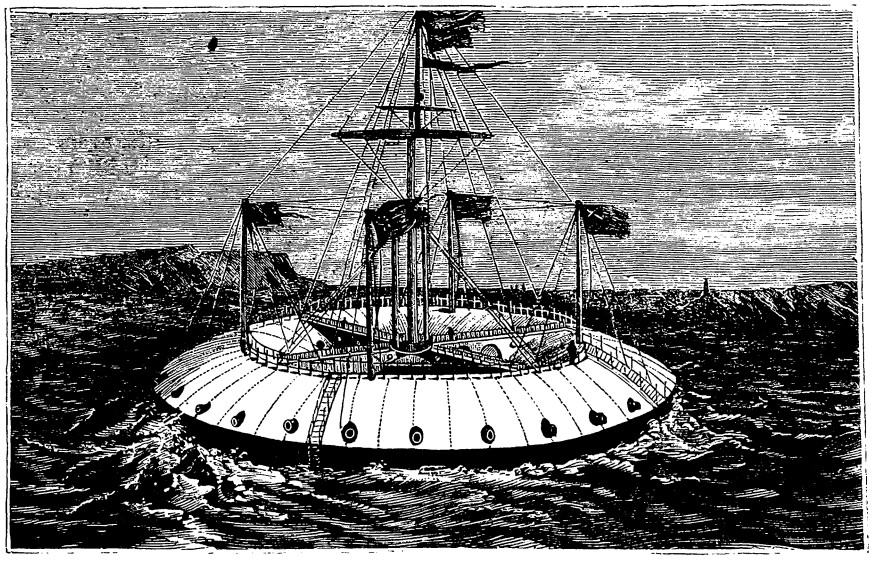
NAVAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE PRESENT.

WERE Admiral Decatur, or Nelson or Perry, or Collingwood, to be recalled to earth and asked to take command of a fleet of modern war vessels, it might well be doubted whether either of them would be competent to the task. Naval warfare has so radically changed in the last half century, that an entirely different training is required to be a great admiral, as compared with those of old.

It is not our purpose in this article to begin far back in the ancient classic times, nor indeed is it intended to stray outside the limits of the present century, except it be for the purposes of comparison and example; but our object especially is, to trace from its small beginning the present vast system of armor-plated ships of war, and the consequent utter reversal of the old theories of naval warfare.

And yet, notwithstanding ironclad ships of war are of such recent growth, we find the germ of the idea as far back as the twelfth century, when attempts were made by the Normans to protect their vessels by putting on a belt of iron just above the water-line, this belt terminating in a spur. The crusaders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries protected their ships in a similar manner. In 1782 the Chevalier d'Arçon constructed ten bomb-proof floating batteries, carrying 214 guns of large calibre, which were used with considerable success at the siege of Gibraltar, standing a storm of shot for several hours, and only being finally destroyed by red-hot shot. Next, in 1814, Robert Fulton proposed to construct for the United States a floating battery capable of steaming six miles per hour, and having shot-proof walls. The battery, which was called the *Demologos*, was launched in October, 1814, but was not ready for service till June, 1815, after peace had been declared. Her name was changed to *Fulton*, after the death of her maker, and in 1838 the *Fulton II.* was constructed, with improved engines, and her sides were covered with a thin plating of iron. A French writer called attention in 1826 to the desirability of iron plating on war vessels, and in 1834 experiments were made at Metz and Havre, for the purpose of ascertaining the power of different materials to resist penetration, the result of which was that General Paixhan recommended to the French Government that vessels of war should have a plating of iron, but this was rejected by the French Board of Naval Construction, in 1841.

The idea of iron-plating, however, had by this time taken firm hold of the majority of scientific men, and in France, England and America, there were several who advocated it. Mr. John Podd Drake, in England, in 1835, proposed to the English Naval Department the protection of the machinery of steam men-of-war by iron plating 4½ inches thick, and in 1841 he promulgated



A FLOATING BATTERY FOR HARBOR DEFENSE.

the idea of ironclad blockading ships. In America, one of the earliest, if not the very first, to seize the idea, was Mr. Robert L. Stevens, of Hoboken, who in 1842 proposed to the United States Government the construction of ironclad steam batteries for the protection of harbors, and a number of experiments to this end were made, by which it was demonstrated that iron four and a half inches thick was strong enough to resist the projectiles then in use. The construction of one battery was decided on, and in 1854 was begun the famous Stevens battery, which is to-day lying at Hoboken, still unfinished.

During the Crimean War, five floating batteries were built by the French Government, which were plated with four and a half inch iron, backed by eight inches of oak. The first was launched March, 1855, and the rest soon after. These vessels were towed to the Baltic and attacked the fortress of Kinburn at close range, and silenced the guns of that place. This showed for the first time the utility of iron-plated ships-of-war, and the French Government immediately followed up the victory, and the keel of the *Gloire*, an iron-plated screw-frigate of the first class, was laid by order of Napoleon III., at Toulon, March 4th, 1858.

This ship was of the class corresponding to the English converted ship *Prince Consort* class, begun three years later. The *Gloire* was an iron-plated screw-frigate of the first class. Her form did not essentially differ from that of the ordinary wooden frigates of the French navy; although, as she was also intended to act as a ram, her bows had a peculiar form, especially designed to crush the sides of her opponents.

Her length, over all, was 250 feet; breadth of beam, 55 feet; and her armament consisted of 36 guns of 6.3 inch calibre. Her armor, which covered only her sides amidships, consisted of solid plates, four and a half inches thick, backed by two feet of timber. The construction of this ship marked the real date of the epoch of iron-armored ships-of-war, and from that day wooden ships gave way to a new class of vessels, practically impenetrable to the projectiles of artillery, and endowed with speed and sea-going qualities equal to those which they displaced.

The *Gloire* was followed by the *Normandie* and the *Invincible*, on the same plan; and it became Napoleon's ambition to make France the principal naval power of the world. The British Government, thus challenged on their own empire—the sea—followed the French example, and soon the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defense*, and *Queen*, were all under construction. These were all plated with four and a half inch iron, backed by eighteen inches of timber. The French followed with the *Magenta* and *Solferino*. The example was now followed by Austria and Italy, both of which nations began to build iron-plated war-ships.

But the greatest of all was to come. The little *Monitor*, which steamed so boldly against the *Merrimac* in our own civil war, gave the model for a class of ships which are now, even, called Monitors, and there is no longer any doubt on the part of any nation on the globe, that wooden war-ships are of the past. Those nations which are ambitious of naval fame are spending large amounts of money in building iron ships and gunboats, and constant experiments are making, both as to projectile force and the power of resistance.

The essential feature of the *Monitor* was a revolving turret, composed of wrought-iron plates an inch thick, rolled together till a thickness of eight inches was obtained. The turret was 20 feet in diameter and 9 feet high; it contained two 11-inch Dahlgren guns, trained side by side, and revolving with the turret, and throwing solid shot weighing 166 pounds, with a charge of 15 pounds of powder. The hull of the vessel was of iron, 127 feet long, 36 feet 2 inches wide, and 12 feet depth of hold. Her extreme length over all was 173 feet, extreme in width, 41½ feet. She had a very low freeboard, and sat so deep in the water that she seemed almost entirely submerged. She was built at Greenpoint (Brooklyn), N. Y., in 100 days, and cost $275,000.

The plan upon which she was built is known as the turreted or Monitor system, and was invented by Theodore R. Timby, of Dutchess County, N. Y. The essential part of the plan was conceived when he was a boy, and the germ of the whole invention was embodied in a model which he completed in 1841. On January 18th, 1843, he filed his first caveat for the invention in the United States Patent Office. His specifications were for a "revolving metallic tower, and for a revolving tower for a floating battery to be propelled by steam." In the same year he completed and exhibited an iron model showing all the essential parts of the system as subsequently adopted, and, still later, another which he presented to the Emperor of China, through Mr. Caleb Cushing, the then American Minister.

In 1848, a Committee of Congress made a favorable report to the Secretary of War on the system. This was several years previous to the time when Captain Coles, of the English Navy, claimed to have invented the turret.

When our civil war broke out, Mr. Timby made a fifth model of his invention, embodying all the improvements that he had made. His patents covered the broad claim "for a revolving tower for offensive and defensive warfare, whether used on land or water." When, therefore, the monitors were to be built, the constructors at once recognized the validity of his claim, and paid him a liberal sum for the use of his invention.

Though it is thus clear that the idea upon which the Monitor system is based was invented and first presented to public notice by Mr. Timby, it remained for Captain John Ericsson to give it a practical application in this country, and Captain Coles in England. The original Monitor was constructed by Captain Ericsson.

Though the French were the first to build ironclad ships, yet the English soon far outstripped their continental rivals, and to-day, the English navy is, as it always was, the largest, best-equipped, and most powerful in the world. The French have, it is true, constructed a number of vessels, but they have all been on the old broadside principle. The French armored navy now consists, including vessels in course of construction, of 69 war-ships, of which 23 are line-of-battle cruisers, 12 station-service ships, 19 coast defenders, and 5 floating batteries. Of all these, the two largest are the *Dévastation* and the *Foudroyant*, both of which are 371 feet long, and will each carry four 46-ton guns, to be worked by hydraulic machinery, for broadside firing. The firing projectile to be used in these guns will weigh about 915 pounds, and the charge of powder about 200. The estimated muzzle velocity will be about 1,475 feet per second.

But these two ships are surpassed by several of the later English constructions, as well as by the Italian *Diulio* and *Dandolo*. Almost immediately after the conflict in Hampton Roads between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, the English Government, with its customary quickness, saw the result, and at once began to display extraordinary activity in the direction of turreted ironclads.

Mr. E. J. Reed, Secretary of the Society of Naval Architects, was called to the post of Chief Constructor, and began at once a radical modification of the English Naval Marine. In 1863 he planned and put on the stocks the *Bellerophon*. She was a broadside ship of the first class, three hundred feet in length between perpendiculars, 56 feet in breadth, and 17 feet depth of hold. She had an

immersed midship-section of 1,218 square feet. Her tonnage was computed at 7,540, and her greatest draught of water was 26 feet. Her armor was 6 inches thick, and the central battery was 7 feet 11 inches above the water. Her armament consisted of ten 12-ton and four 6½-ton guns. One of the peculiarities of the *Bellerophon* was that her weight of hull was less than the weight of armor, armament and equipment. The hull, with thick skin plating and extra girders, was 3,652 tons, while the total weight carried was 3,798 tons. In the earlier ships built by England, the reverse was the case. In the wood-built ironclads the weight of hull was generally about equal to the total weight carried, and in the earlier-built ironclads, the hull was heavier than the cargo. Thus, in the *Black Prince* the weight of hull was 4,969 tons, and the total weight carried was 4,281 tons. The improvement in the case of the *Bellerophon* was due to the adoption of the "bracket-plate system," which is now generally adopted by all naval constructors, and in all the later English ships constructed by Mr. Reed, the carrying capacity is greater than the weight of the hull.

Quite a number of ironclads were built in England belonging to the *Bellerophon* class, including the *Alexandra*, *Témeraire*, *Sultan*, *Hercules*, *Triumph*, *Audacious*, *Invincible*, *Iron Duke*, *Penelope*, and *Superb*. The most powerful of these is the *Alexandra*, with two 25-ton and ten 18-ton guns; the *Témeraire* has four 25-ton and four 18-ton guns; the *Sultan*, eight 18-ton and four 12-ton; the *Hercules*, eight 18-ton, two 12-ton, and four 6½-ton guns. The rest are also powerfully armed. The *Superb* is the largest of all this class, being 333 feet long, with a breadth of 59 feet, and a tonnage of 8,994, though she is armed with only one 25-ton gun and twelve 18-ton guns.

The advance indicated in these vessels over the old iron broadside ships of the old type is most marked. The armor of the *Alexandra* and *Superb* is 12 inches thick; that of the *Témeraire*, 11; the *Sultan*, 9; the rest varying from 6 to 8; while the *Agincourt*, the heaviest and largest of the old type, was only 5½ inches thick; and the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, and others of the same class, only 4½.

But even these broadsiders of the first class did not satisfy the English naval engineers, and a new class was constructed, being the mastless sea-going turret-ships of the first class. These included the *Dreadnaught*, *Thunderer*, *Devastation*, *Agamemnon*, and *Ajax*—all of which were constructed after Mr. Reed's designs. They carried central revolving turrets with 35 and 38-ton guns, and armor-plating varying from 12 to 18 inches in thickness; but even these powerful ships are surpassed by the *Inflexible*. This ship was designed by Mr. Barnaby, the successor of Mr. Reed as Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty. She was laid down at Portsmouth dockyard, February, 1874, and launched April, 1876, her estimated cost being £521,750. She is 320 feet long between perpendiculars, 75 feet in breadth at the water-line, and has a depth of hold of 23 feet 3½ inches: a freeboard of 10 feet; mean draught of water, 24 feet 5 inches; area of midship section, 1,658 square feet; and displacement when all the weights are on board, 11,407 tons—being the largest of any man-of-war hitherto constructed. She is a rectangular armored castle; the whole of the other parts of the vessel, which are unprotected by armor, have been given their great dimensions for the simple purpose of floating and moving the invulnerable central citadel, and the two turrets by which it is surmounted. This central citadel is 110 feet long, 75 feet wide, and rises 10 feet out of the water. Attached to this rectangular armored castle, but completely submerged—every part being 6 to 7 feet under water, there is a hull of ordinary form, with a powerful ram-bow with twin screws, and a submerged rudder and helm. The armor plating is from 24 to 28 inches thick.

The two turrets weigh 750 tons each. They will be revolved by hydraulic power invented by Sir William Armstrong, and developed for gunnery purposes by Mr. George Rendel, his partner. The turrets will each contain two 81-ton guns of the Woolwich pattern, so arranged that all four can be fired together, either ahead or astern, or on either beam, and in pairs, toward any point of the compass. In addition to these important advantages over all other turret ships, the guns can be depressed over the sides of the vessel, not only enough to strike a vessel at close quarters below the line of her armor, but even to fire down on her deck should the enemy be ranged alongside. This is occasioned by the fact that the turrets are arranged *en echelon* within the walls of the central citadel, the forward turret being on the port side, and the after turret on the starboard side. The walls of the turrets, which have an internal diameter of 28 feet, and an external diameter of 33 feet 10 inches, are formed of armor of the single thickness of 28 inches, with backing of the same thickness, and an inner plating of one inch in two equal thicknesses.

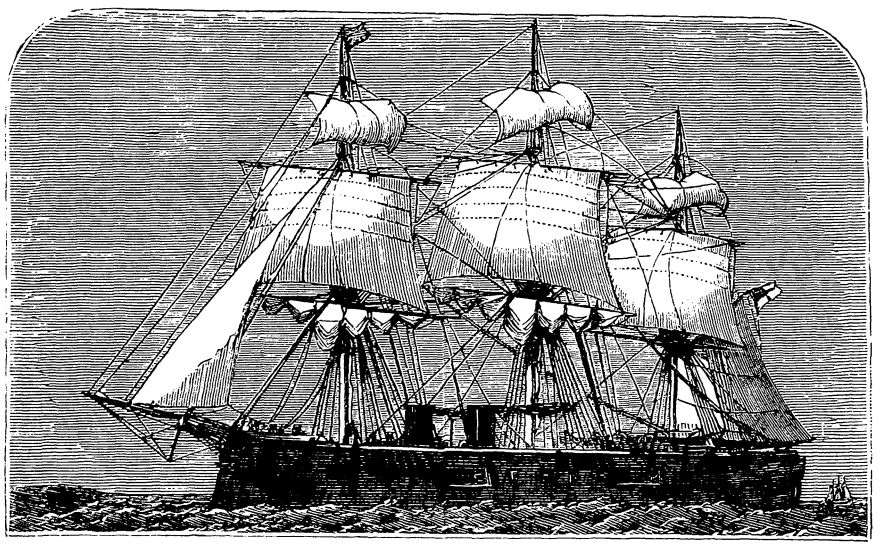
Notwithstanding the immense weight of these turrets, which, including the guns, is 750 tons, they can be rotated at any speed, from a complete revolution in one minute, down to as slow and uniform a rate as desired. When in peace, the *Inflexible* is provided with masts. These are so arranged that they can be dispensed with when the vessel is in fighting trim.

The above-mentioned ships represent the class of sea-going turret ships depending upon steam alone for their motive power. Another class, which was rigged with masts and sails, was represented by the unfortunate *Captain*, which sank off Cape Finisterre, in the Bay of Biscay, on the night between the 6th and 7th of September, 1870. The *Captain* was designed by Captain Cowper Coles, R. N., and was built by Laird Brothers, and intended to compete with the Admiralty-designed turret ship *Monarch*.

The *Captain* was not built at the English official dockyards, but by a private firm, because at that time the great question of "Turret *vs.* Broadside," was hotly discussed. The Admiralty was committed to the Turret side, but the advocates of the Broadside view were so numerous and powerful that the order was given to build the *Captain*. A low freeboard was adopted, in combination with masts and sails. The vessel, costing £355,764, was launched in March, 1869, and had, toward the close of 1870, made several successful cruises. But when completed, it was found that a very important element in connection with the design—the weight of the ship, and consequently the draught of water and the height of the freeboard—had been loosely calculated; but the error arising therefrom, though by no means small, was not regarded as serious, and did not, apparently, affect her seagoing qualities; no especial notice was taken of it. She was praised on all sides; but she showed that this defect in her construction was a radical one, by turning over in an ordinary squall, and becoming the coffin of some 500 officers and men, including Captain Coles, who was in command of her. This disaster turned the tide in favor of the turret system, and since then the new English vessels have been on that system entirely.

Among the turret-ships designed for harbor defense, are the *Glatton*, a very formidable vessel carrying two 25-ton guns, and the *Cyclops* carrying four 18-ton guns. These and the rams *Hotspur* and *Rupert* come under the class known as "breastwork Monitors."

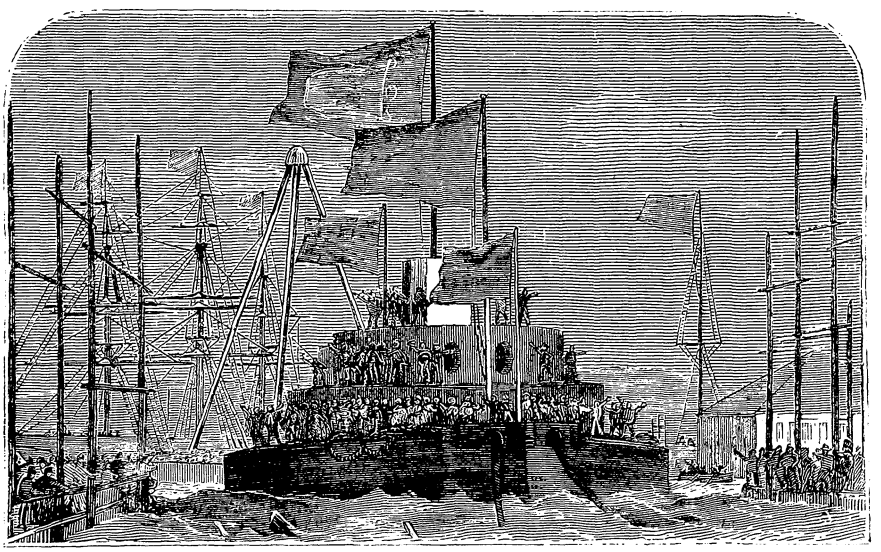
They are all for coast defense, but have also sea-going qualities. The turret system, as originally developed, was



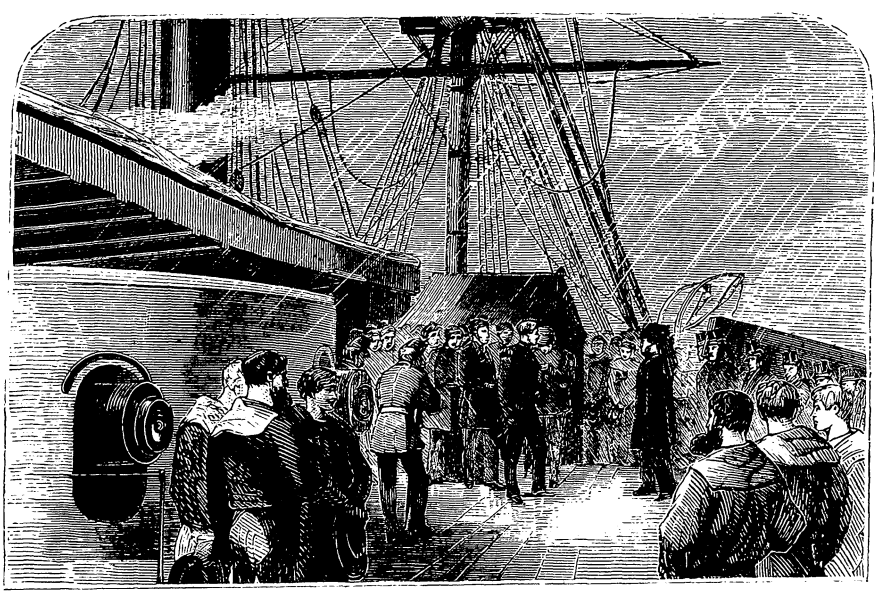
THE BRITISH BROADSIDE BATTERY-SHIP "HERCULES."

found to be defective, in that their low freeboards ill adapted them for sea-going service, and it is now generally admitted that no vessel constructed after the original Monitor model, with turrets standing on a low deck, unprotected by breastworks, with hatchways, air-shafts and low turret-tops opening through her deck, only two or three feet above the water-line, can be considered as a satisfactory sea-going vessel. The English naval engineers have avoided this in a great measure, and especially so since the loss of the *Captain*. The "breastwork Monitors" are of an altogether different pattern. Their turrets stand high, but are protected by breastworks, which in the case of the *Glatton*, rise 6 feet 3 inches above the upper deck. This is armored with 12-inch plates with a teak backing of 18 inches.

The question as to whether the turret, as originally constructed, might become jammed by being struck at or near the junction with the deck, so that it would not revolve, was one of the most important considerations in this class of ships. One remedy proposed was to use a massive ring of iron, surrounding the base of the turret, and another was the development of the breastwork system. In this country Captain James B. Eads constructed stationary turrets and arranged the guns so that they might be traversed in pairs. In England the question assumed such importance, that the



LAUNCH OF THE BRITISH TURRET-SHIP "CYCLOPS" AT BLACKWALL.



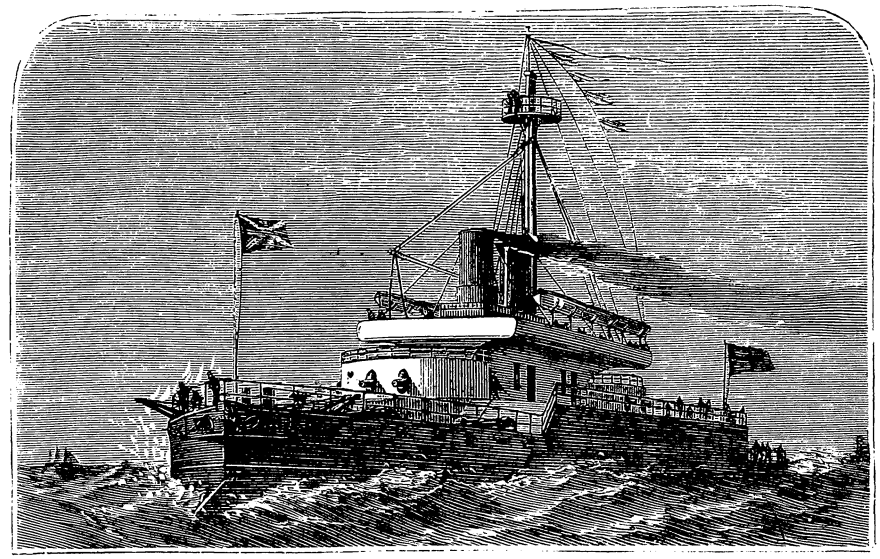
THE DECK OF THE BRITISH SCREW-SHIP "MONARCH."

Glatton was selected for the subject of an experiment, and with a view of arriving at a definite solution of the question, it was determined to cannonade her turret with projectiles from the heavy guns of the coast defense vessel *Hotspur*. The two vessels were moored at a distance of 200 yards apart. The *Glatton's* turret was constructed on the strongest and most improved principle, and against it was fired a 600 pound Palliser shot, chill-headed, with a powder charge of 85 pounds from a 25-ton Woolwich gun, in the *Hotspur's* turret. Several shots were fired, striking the turret at different places, and after this experiment was concluded, it was found, though the armor and plating were injured, the turret

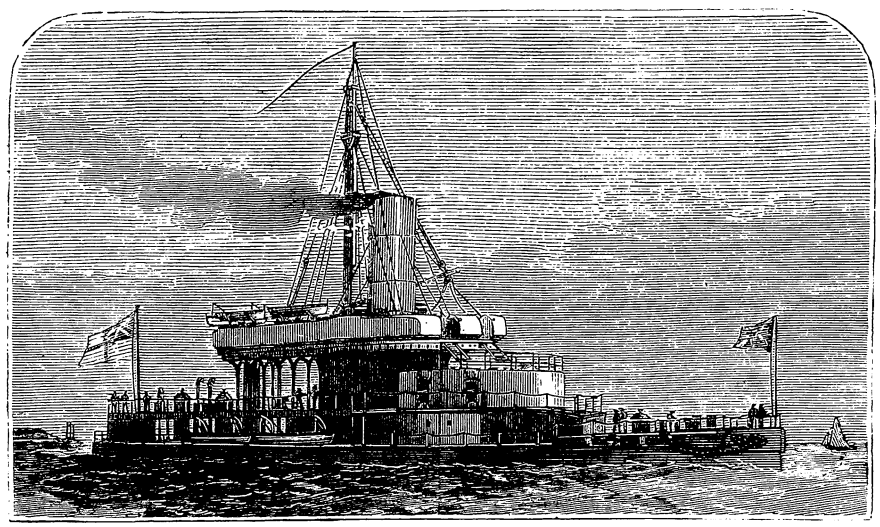
revolved freely, and in good order. At the beginning of the experiment several animals and fowls were placed in the turret, and at the conclusion they were found uninjured.

There are several other classes of English armored vessels, but the above comprise the principal ones, as well as the most powerful.

While all this activity in naval construction has been displayed in England, the French have been close watchers of English progress, and as experiments made by the English have proved successes or failures, they have been utilized by the French. The combination of ram, turret, and broadside battery, in the coast-guard steamer



THE BRITISH IRONCLAD TURRET-STEAMER "DEVASTATION."

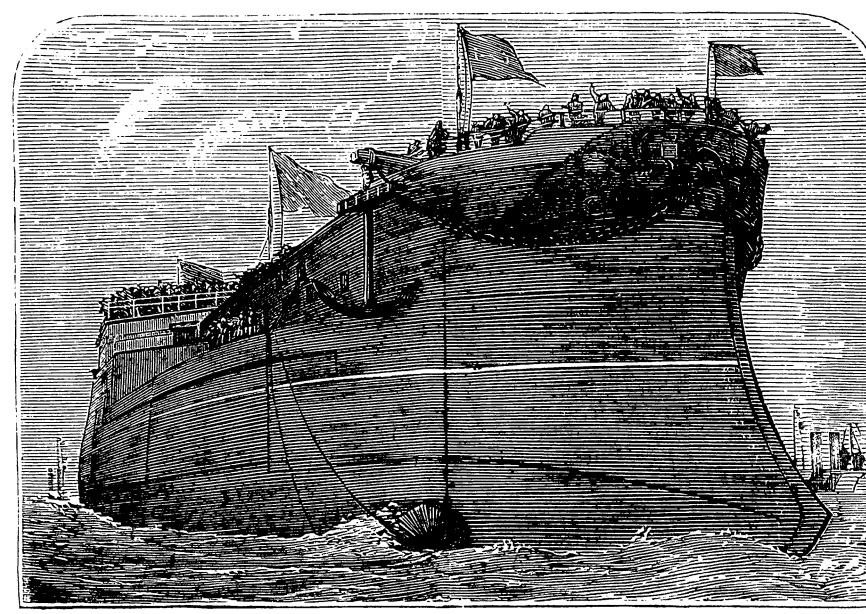


THE BRITISH TURRET-SHIP "GLATTON," FOR HARBOR DEFENSE.

the large French ironclads two of these open-topped turrets on either side of the vessel, and true to their national instinct of systematic classification, the French naval architects have laid down simultaneously many ships of the same or similar design. In this the English were wiser, and each successive ship of English construction is supposed to be an improvement on its predecessor; but in the French navy the classes are few. The three classes represented by the *Flandre*, *Alma*, and *Océan*, contain nearly half of the entire French naval fleet.

The most powerful of the French ironclads are the *Dévastation* and *Foudroyant*. They are *Tiger*, made a formidable vessel; and the coast-guard ram *Cerberus*, although launched some years ago, is yet a good model of the single turret class with a ram-bow. The *La Victorieuse*, launched at Toulon, is a broadside corvette for ordinary station service, carrying four 7½-inch and four 6½-inch guns, and belonging to the same class as the *La Galissonnière*, *Triomphante*, and *Turenne*—all of which have the same armament.

The French have no representatives of the English mastless sea-going turret-ships. The revolving turret never found favor among the French naval authorities; they have preferred the plan of mounting the guns on a revolving platform, and firing it *en barbette* over a fixed armor wall, or turret. There are in



LAUNCH OF THE BRITISH IRONCLAD "ALEXANDRA" AT CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

sister ships, the latter not yet completed. The former is 371 feet 7 inches long, with a beam of 66 feet 5 inches; mean draught of water, 23 feet 10 inches; displacement, 9,630 tons. Her armor on the water-line is 15 inches thick. There is a central square citadel with truncated corners, in each of which is to be placed a 46-ton gun, to be worked by hydraulic machinery. These guns are rifled breech-loaders of the French pattern. The firing projectile will weigh about 915 pounds, and the charge of powder about 200 pounds. The initial velocity of the shot is estimated at 1,475 feet per second.

Next to these two come the *Richelieu*, *Colbert*, *Trident*, and *Friedland*, less heavily armored and carrying guns of less weight than the *Dévastation* class, but still very powerful ships. Then come the coast-guard, broadside-corvette, and the various other styles. The French navy consists of some 60 armored ships-of-war. At least 25 more are proposed and in building, of the first, second and third classes, including gunboats, coast-defenders, and cruising-ships.

The growing power and importance of Germany have occupied the public mind of Europe for some time past. The coast-line of Germany is limited, as compared with those of England and France, yet the German rulers have seriously intended to construct an armored navy commensurate with the position on land held by that country.

Twenty-eight years ago Germany had only one sailing corvette and two gunboats in her navy. Two years later it was increased by two steamers and forty gunboats, consequent on the Danish war and the subsequent blockade of the Baltic ports. In the two succeeding years, four more vessels were added, and in 1860 the German Navy comprised thirty-one small steamers, eight sailing vessels and forty-two gunboats. About that time it was determined by the authorities at Berlin to build several armored ships. It was determined to construct eight armored frigates, six armored corvettes, seven Monitors, ten floating batteries, twenty unarmored corvettes, six dispatch-boats, eighteen gunboats and twenty-eight torpedo-boats, making a formidable navy for the short water-line of the German fatherland.

Of the frigates, the *Kaiser* and the *Deutschland* were both constructed in London, the *Grosser Kurfürst* and the *Friedrich der Grosse* at Wilhelmshafen and Kiel, and the *Preussen* at Bredow, near Stettin. The first two are casemate frigates, of between 7,000 and 8,000 tons displacement, and each carrying eight 9½-inch and one 8-inch Krupp guns. The next two are one-turret ships, each with ten Krupp guns, and the *Preussen* is a two-turret ship with the same armament.

Two other two-turret ships, the *Sachsen* and *Baiern*, have been lately completed. They are both very powerful vessels, embodying all the latest improvements. The *Sachsen* was built by the Vulcan Engineering Works, at Bredow, near Stettin, and was launched July 21st, 1877. Her length is 213½ feet between perpendiculars; breadth, 51½ feet; depth, 26½ feet; draught, loaded, 19 feet 8 inches; and displacement, 7,135 tons. Her turrets are placed on the line of her keel. The turrets are not revolving, as on the English ships, but fixed, as on the French, and the guns are fired *en barbette*.

The *Baiern* is exactly similar to the *Sachsen* in size and armament. Both are plated with 8 inches of iron at the water-line, and each will carry four 10½-inch, and one 12-inch, Krupp guns. These two vessels were built to satisfy a want for light-draught coast-defenders, that could enter the eastern harbors, and still be extremely powerful both for offensive and defensive purposes. In addition, each one has a lance-shaped ram, about 9 feet 10 inches long, fastened to the bow, and a contrivance for launching torpedoes.

The *Preussen* is a sea-going ship, of the class of the British *Monarch*. It is larger than the *Sachsen* and *Baiern*, although of not so much tonnage. The two turrets project 6 feet 2 inches above the upper deck. They are surrounded by an armored casemate 90½ feet long, the turret rising through it upon the battery-deck. The armor-plates at the water-line are 9½ inches thick—7½ below, and 8½ above, backed by 10½ inches of teak. The turrets are each 26¾ feet in diameter, and are made on the revolving principle. The turrets contain each two rifled Krupp guns, of 10½ inch bore, and about 22 tons in weight. In addition to these four turret-guns, the *Preussen* has also lighter ones, fore and aft.

All three of these ships, the *Preussen*, *Sachsen*, and *Baiern*, were constructed by Germans, in Germany, and exclusively of German materials.

The *Kœnig Wilhelm*, a broadside frigate, armament eighteen 9½-inch and five 8½-inch Krupp guns, was designed and built by Mr. E. J. Reed, C. B., M. P., at the Thames Iron Works, London, for the Turkish Government. Her name was originally the *Fatikh*. She was purchased during her construction by Germany. On May 30th, 1878, this vessel came into collision in the British Channel, off Folkestone, with the *Grosser Kurfürst*, and the latter sank almost immediately, many lives being lost.

No originality has yet been exhibited in naval architecture by the German constructors. The models and experience of the French and English have been followed. The German Government has thus been saved many costly experiments, and has been able to profit by the misfortunes of others.

Though there are, in the German Navy, no seagoing Monitors at all equal to the English mastless vessels of the *Inflexible*, *Thunderer* and *Dreadnaught* class, yet the armored turret and broadside frigates present a formidable class to view. All the German war-vessels are armed with the Krupp guns, which certainly are equal to, and in some respects superior to, the English ordnance.

Up to the beginning of 1876, the Italian Navy was weak and small, but in that year great improvements were determined upon, and the Government has given orders for the construction of two vessels, which, when completed, will doubtless be the most powerful offensive vessels afloat. These are the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*, each of which is to have two turrets, each turret containing two 100-ton Armstrong guns. These turrets are to be arranged on the same plan as that of the English *Inflexible*, so that the guns may be fired at any elevation or depression, and at every point of the compass, in fours or in pairs.

The *Duilio* was commenced at Castellamare, near Naples, in 1872, and launched in May, 1876. She steamed around the Bay of Naples, November 9th, 1877, for a preliminary trial of her machinery. The *Dandolo* was laid down a year later than the *Duilio*, but on exactly the same model. They will each be 340 feet 11 inches in length, 64¾ feet in breadth, 21 feet 11 inches draught and 10,401 tons displacement. The immersed midship-section is 1,466½ square feet. The turrets, which are on the revolving principle, are each 25¾ feet interior diameter; the armor being 17½ inches, with a wood backing of 11½ inches. The total weight of the guns, their ammunition and the machinery for working them, is estimated at 984 tons, and the estimated cost of each ship, exclusive of armament and outfit, is $2,818,800.

It was originally intended to put 60-ton guns in the turrets; but when it became known to the Italian naval

authorities that the *Inflexible* was to have 80-ton guns, it was decided that the *Duilio* and *Dandolo* should have the largest guns afloat, and the Armstrong 100-ton gun was selected. Sir William Armstrong was directed to cast four of these monsters for each vessel. One was cast and sent to Spezia for trial. The result of this trial induced the builders of the *Duilio* to use steel for its plating instead of iron. The 100-ton gun will throw a projectile 2,500 pounds in weight through a target faced with 22 inches of iron, with a charge of 470 pounds of powder.

The *Duilio* is to be armed also with a heavy projecting ram, 9 feet in length, immersed 14 feet under the deep-load line. She is also to be provided with an apparatus for discharging the Whitehead fish-torpedoes.

Besides these powerful means of offense, there is to be a novel and original arrangement of carrying a rapid torpedo-boat; this boat is to be inclosed at the stern in a tunnel secured by a grated door, and when necessary can be launched and started on its course against an enemy's vessel. The *Dandolo* will be the same in all respects as the *Duilio*, except her motive machinery. The estimated cost of these two ships, completed, is $3,049,600 each.

In addition to these two formidable vessels, the Italian Government has under construction two floating batteries, which it is expected will be the largest and most powerful ships-of-war ever floated in the world. These are the *Italia*, the construction of which has already been commenced, and the *Lepanto*, of which the designs are yet only drawn. The *Italia* will be 400 feet long by 73 wide, with an extreme draught of water of 30 feet; tonnage, 13,480. The guns will be the Armstrong 100-ton manufacture, which will be placed in turrets, inclosed within an armored redoubt of oval form. The *Italia* will be driven by twin screws, and a speed of 16 knots an hour is estimated.

The Italian navy also includes six line-of-battle cruisers of about the same size, armed with 10-, 12- and 18-inch Armstrong guns; the largest being the *Principe Amadeo*, of 5,780 tons displacement, and costing $1,238,900. There are several others of the coast-defender and station-service classes, of smaller size, making in all 18 armored vessels built or building, having a total tonnage of about 94,000.

The Russians have not been behind in the race for armored war-ships, and they have followed the English models in several instances; but an originality was developed in the construction of the circular ironclads, which were called Popoffkas, after their inventor, Admiral Popoff. There are two of these, the *Novgorod* and the *Admiral Popoff*, the former being 101 feet in diameter, and the latter 121; drawing respectively 13 and 12 feet of water. They were built for service in shallow water, and near the land. Each has six screws, three each side of the rudder, and the armament consists of two 28-ton guns in the *Novgorod*, and two 40-ton guns and four smaller guns in the *Popoff*—all breech-loading. The large guns are in a central fixed turret, and fired *en barbette*.

Although in the late Russo-Turkish war the Turks were very unfortunate in their naval combats, not having won a single victory on the water, the fact nevertheless remains that Turkey possesses a powerful armored navy, consisting of no less than twenty ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 40,000. These ships are, for the great part, of English build, of modern type, furnished with Armstrong guns, engineered by Englishmen, and their principal officer, Hobart Pasha, was formerly an officer in the British Navy.

The last vessels built for Turkey by England, were the *Memdoohiyeh*, *Mesoodiyeh* (built at the Thames Iron Works), *Burdj Sheref* and *Peyk Sheref* (built by Messrs. Samuda Brothers). The *Mesoodiyeh* was completed and delivered to the Sultan in 1876, but the other three were detained in England at the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war, and have since been purchased by the British Government, and renamed *Superb*, *Orion* and *Belleisle*.

The *Mesoodiyeh* is a full-rigged frigate of the broadside central battery type, with hull of the cellular construction, containing, in all, 82 water-tight compartments. She is 333 feet long, 59 feet in breadth, and 8,994 tons displacement. The battery is 153 feet in length, and the armor-plating on the sides is 12 inches thick, backed by the same thickness of East India teak. The armament was furnished by Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co., and consists of twelve 18-ton guns on the gun-deck, two 6½-ton guns on the upper deck forward, and one of the same calibre aft; being, as is readily seen, a very formidable battery.

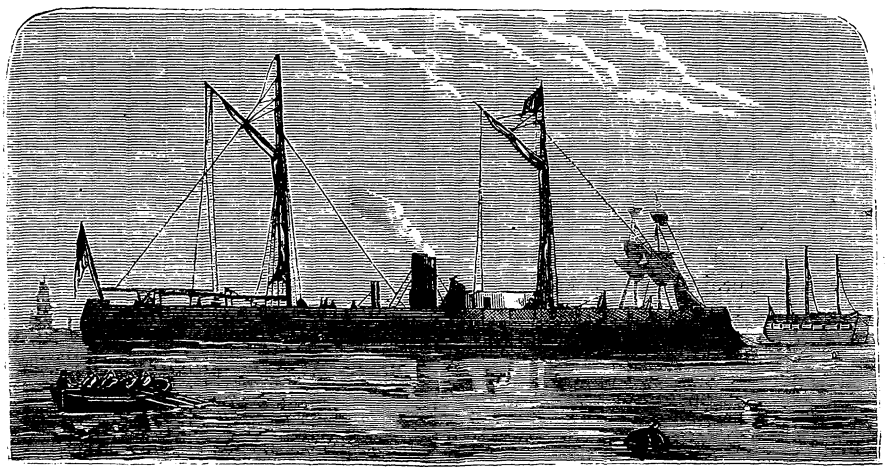
The *Burdj Sheref* and *Peyk Sheref* are twin-screw, central battery, armored corvettes, 245 feet in length, 52 feet beam, 19 feet 3 inches draught of water, and 4,700 tons displacement each. The armament of each consists of four 25-ton Armstrong guns, so arranged as to command an all-around fire, and when firing in broadside to concentrate their fire within sixty yards of the vessel's side. At a trial of the *Peyk Sheref*, it was found that she was satisfactory in every particular, and she answered her helm so readily that, with engines going at full speed, she made an entire circle in three minutes and thirty seconds, and with a diameter of 420 yards. The English Navy received two very powerful offensive and defensive additions when these two ships were purchased for it.

During the recent war, the Turkish fleet on the Danube consisted of a flotilla of five armored gunboats, the *Feth-el-Islam* (Moslem Victory), *Burdj-i-delan* (Heart-piercer), *Semendriyeh*, *Iscodra* and *Podgoritza*, the last three being named after places in the Turkish Empire. Each of these carried two 80-pounder Armstrong guns. In addition to these, there were two of more recent construction, and more formidable qualities, the *Hizber* (Lion and *Saiffee* (Sword). These two carried each two 80-pounder Krupp guns, in a revolving turret on the upper deck. There were also two large seagoing Monitors, the *Latif-i-djelit* and *Hafiz-i-Rahman*, which were sent up the river on the declaration of war. During the conflict, the *Latif-i-djelit* was the first destroyed—by accident, the Turks aver; by artillery fire, the Russians assert—the *Saiffee* was destroyed by torpedoes, and the *Iscodra* and *Podgoritza* fell into Russian hands on the taking of Nicopolis.

The trouble with the Turkish Navy was, that the sailors and officers, with the single exception of Hobart Pasha, were notoriously inefficient.

Little Holland, apt to be overlooked when the great Powers of Europe are under consideration, possesses an iron-clad navy of considerable strength, comprising, in all, twenty-three armored vessels. Of these the *Prins Hendrik der Nederlanden* is the most powerful, being a double-turret and ram-bow, seagoing Monitor, with an armament of four 9-inch Armstrong guns; followed closely by the *Koning der Nederlanden*, a single-turret, ram-bow, seagoing Monitor, with four 11-inch and four 4¾-inch Krupp guns. The first was built by Laird Brothers, in England, and is of the type of the British *Monarch*; the latter was built at Amsterdam.

For coast defense Holland is provided with nineteen Monitors, the most powerful of which are the *Buffel* and *Guinea*, of 2,190 tons displacement each, 205 feet long between perpendiculars, 15½ feet draught of water, and an armament of two 12-ton Armstrong guns in a single turret and four 30-pounders on deck. One of these was built at Glasgow, the other at Amsterdam. Next in importance come the *Schorpioen* and *Stier*, both built in France. These



THE BRITISH ARMORED TURRET-RAM "HOTSPUR."

burg is exactly the same. The river-Monitors, *Maros* and *Leitha*, are single-turreted, carrying two 6-inch Krupp guns each in the turret. The great fault of the Austrian naval ships is that most of them have wooden hulls, over which the armor-plating is laid. All the newly built ones, however, have iron or steel hulls.

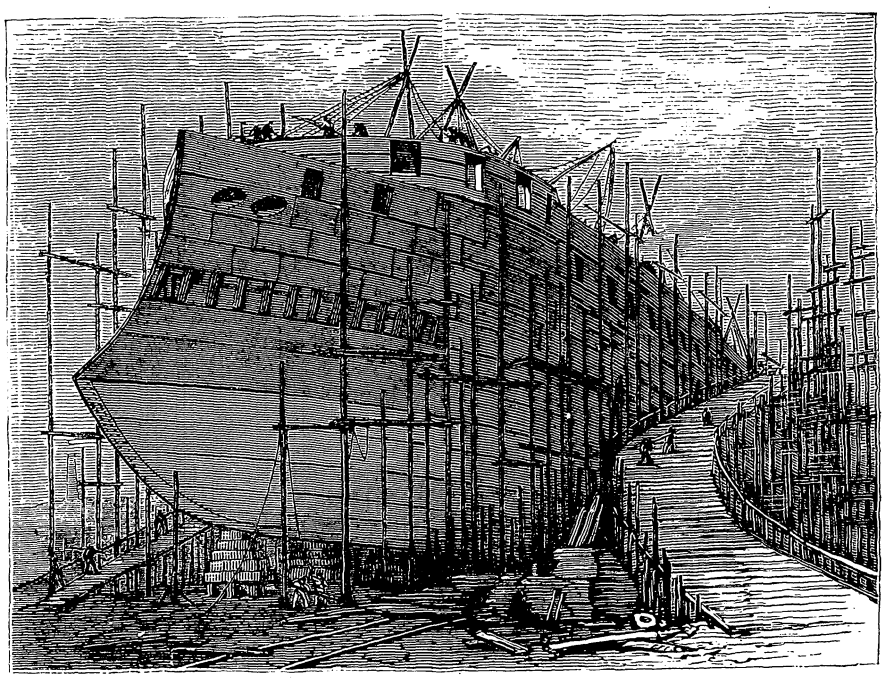
Spain has two powerful ironclad frigates, the *Numancia* and *Vittoria*, both being of the broadside battery with ram-bow type. The *Numancia* is armed with six 18-ton, three 9-ton and sixteen 7-ton guns, all Armstrong rifles. The *Vittoria* carries four 12-ton, three 9-ton and twelve 7-ton Armstrong rifles. There is only one turret-ship in the Spanish navy—the *Puigcerda*. This is a small Monitor, carrying only three guns.

In addition to these nations, Denmark, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway and Portugal have all constructed armored vessels, but none of these countries have developed any new types, but only followed already existing models.

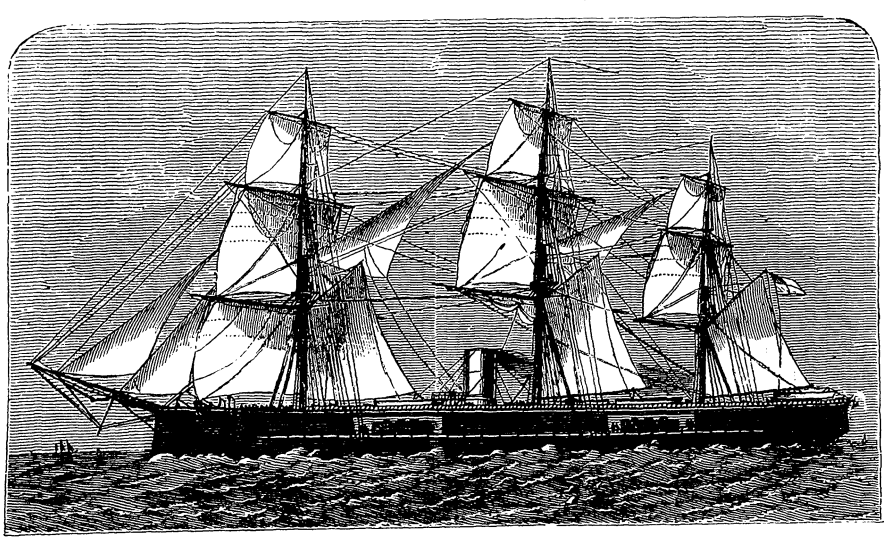
Brazil built one powerful ship, the *Independencia*, which was subsequently purchased by England, her name being changed to the *Neptune*. The

have single turrets, ram-bows, and are armed with two 9-inch Armstrong guns each.

The ironclad navy of Austria, though small, is powerful. It includes ten line-of-battle cruisers, partly broadside and partly central batteries, and seven Monitors and coast-defenders. The coast-line of Austria is so small that a comparatively small navy is required. The strongest Austrian ironclad is the *Tegethoff*, which is a broadside central battery of 7,390 tons displacement, having an immersed midship-section of 1,301 square feet. Her armament consists of six 11-inch Krupp guns. The *Custozza* is about the same, carrying eight 10-inch Krupp guns in a central battery. The *Erzhog Ferdinand Max* is a broadside battery with fourteen 8½-inch Krupp guns, and the *Haps-*



THE GERMAN IRONCLAD "KING WILLIAM."



THE BRITISH TWIN-SCREW TURRET-SHIP "CAPTAIN."

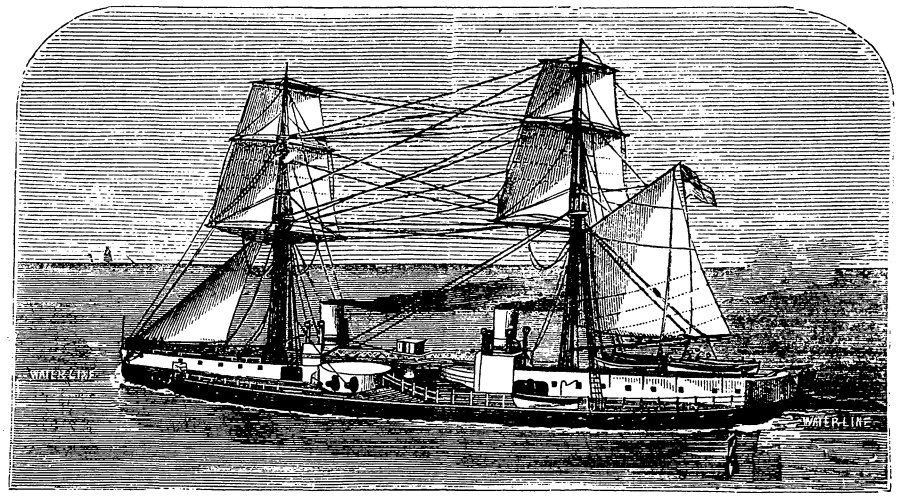
construction of an armored navy for Japan has been going on under the supervision of Mr. E. J. Reed, the designer of the *Thunderer* and the *Devastation*.

To sum up the facts relating to armored ships, it may be stated that the grand total of all the European armored vessels built from the commencement amounts in the aggregate to more than 1,060,500 tons, those of England alone aggregating 340,000 tons and the cost up to January, 1878, considerably over $87,400,000.

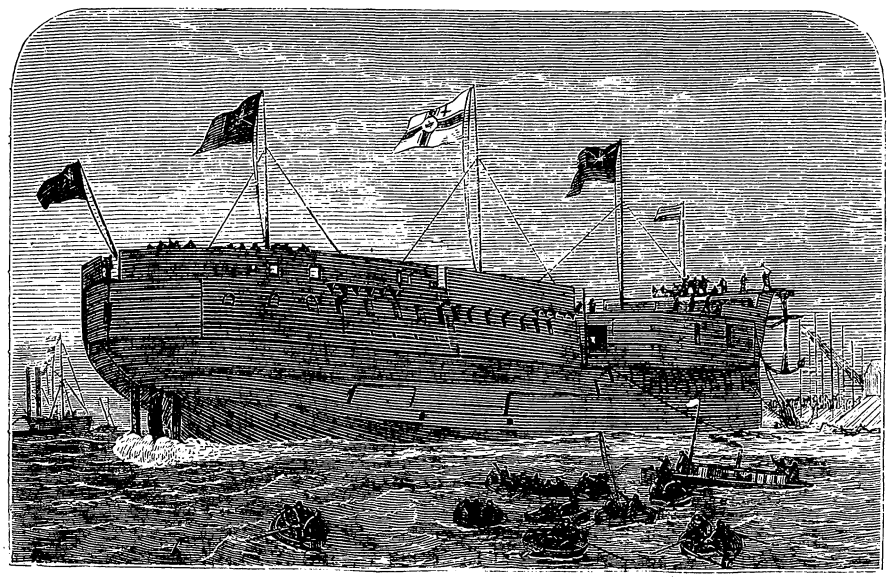
Excluding the floating batteries designed for harbar defense, and not for service on the ocean, and omitting smaller craft for other purposes, the number of armored vessels now in the European navies is:

		Tonnage.
England	64	340,000
France	53	184,000
Russia	29	83,500
Italy	18	94,000
Turkey	20	40,000
Germany	17	73,000
Holland	23	....
Austria	14	....
Spain	11	....
Denmark	7	....
Sweden	14	....
Norway	4	....
Portugal	1	....
Greece	2	....

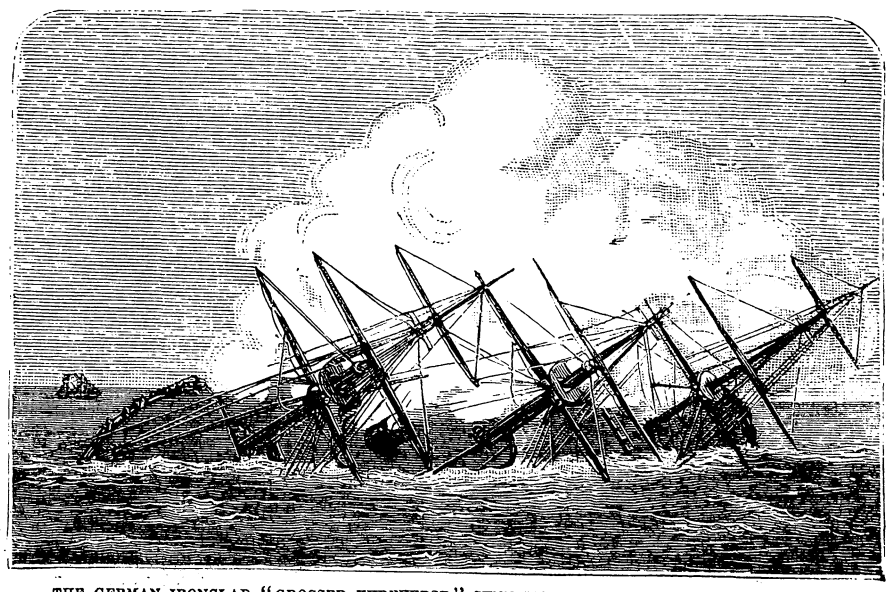
The navy of the United States is behind that of all the other nations of the world; even the "unspeakable Turk" could drive us off the seas if he chose to do so. It is not the province of this article to point out the cause of this, but only to call attention to the fact. We have on the lists very many vessels, and make a great show on paper, but the real strength is very small. According to a comparison made in 1873, our navy was, though nearly equal to the English in the number of ships, about six times behind it in the number of guns carried, and about one-half behind France, though exceeding her in the number of ships. Turkey, with less than half the number of ships, has more and larger guns, and so it goes. Recent reports have shown that sufficient money has been wasted in patching up and repairing old and useless vessels to add one new and effective cruiser to our navy every year for the past ten years.



THE BRITISH TURRET-SHIP "INFLEXIBLE."



LAUNCH OF THE GERMAN IRONCLAD FRIGATE "DEUTSCHLAND."



THE GERMAN IRONCLAD "GROSSER KURFUERST" SUNK BY THE COLLISION BETWEEN GERMAN IRONCLADS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

THE VAILED CANVAS.

"NO, I can find no fault with it; no fault but one—it is too like her—too like, too near to life."

As Ernest Brandon said these words he drew a thick artist's vail closely over a painting—his last and greatest triumph in art, on which, for some few minutes, he had been earnestly gazing. Gradually there stole over the painter's features an expression which few—no one, perhaps, save one—had ever seen there; gradually there gathered over those features a look of wondrous tenderness, an expression of intense, sad interest; his eye seemed at one time to be fixed on the canvas, as though it were not a mere presentment, but the living reality, which he beheld; and then, in another moment, the gaze grew absent and dreamy, as though striving to reach through some dim haze, to recall from the precincts of another world the breathing image of her whose beauty he had limned. And then, at length, in a voice in the tones of which seemed to mingle the memories of love and the torture of despair, he hoarsely whispered these words, and shrouded suddenly his painting:

"No fault with it—no, none."

One more touch of the brush—one additional atom of color, however skillfully applied, however insignificant in its result—must have marred its perfection. No, the task had been carried out triumphantly, perfectly—so perfectly that no living eyes could have beamed with more tenderness, with a deeper light within them, than those whose violet was but the subtle creation of Brandon's memory-guided hand. So perfectly that, in truth, the white pensiveness of the brow was real enough to have haunted one's dreams. So perfectly that one wondered whether the faint pink flush of the girlish cheeks, the blood in the beautiful lips, were *indeed* but a few touches of color fixed upon that canvas by a master's cunning hand. So perfectly that one could only find its crowning merit in that in which its creator found its one sad fault—"it was too like," you said to yourself—"too like, too near to life!"

But Ernest Brandon drew the vail over the canvas, and, overpowered by some emotion whose gathering strength he strove in vain to resist, sank down in a chair at the easel's side. He was so near the banks of the magic Arno that he could have heard the voices from the gay occupants of the gondolas gliding along its surface, and the sweet, weird music of its beautiful waters, and the carols of a thousand birds, whose songs floated far and away over the haunted city; so near the Cathedral of the Santa Croce that he could almost have beheld the gray vaults where Galileo and Angelo lay in their long sleep, and have drawn inspiration from the fragrance of the gentle flowers that bloomed ever over them; for Brandon, though English by birth and instincts, had not lived in that land of matchless skies and waters without having acquired somewhat of its poetic taste.

And now the day had come when alike the artist-hand and the memory that had never failed it had found, at last, their reward in the completion of one of the most exquisite portraits Florence has ever given to the world. Sketch after sketch had been drawn, and then thrown angrily aside; color after color had been in turn essayed; tint after tint been given to the canvas, only to be despairingly cast into the flames at last. Days of toil had died into sleepless nights, and these nights had been again awakened to anxious days; until at length the painter, laying down his brush and looking on the result of all this, could find no fault with it—no fault but one—it was too like, too near to life!

Let us for a moment, in imagination, remove the vail from the newly finished picture, and glance at the face whose resemblance to life was to the artist so fearfully close. It is very fair to look upon, for it is the face of a young girl, and the cheeks are faintly pink in their roundness; the head, a marvel of shapely beauty; the young lips warm, without being sensuous; the white forehead not too high for beauty; the girlish brow instinct with truth; while long, streaming clouds of sunny hair fall carelessly over and about the throat and neck, shedding a reflected softness around the crowning glory of all—the tender violet eyes. "Violet eyes"—yes; for no violets in their blue, soft loveliness were ever more tender than those wondrous eyes of hers. We may speak of them without fear of flattery, *now*, for they are still and closed; or, if they yet beam with all their old soul-like brightness, it is in another land than ours, and on other faces than those we see.

It was now four years since Ernest Brandon, after studying in the best rooms of London and the gay capital of France, took up his abode in Florence; imagining that city to be, above all others, the one where he might best perfect himself in the profession which, as much from fancy as from natural aptitude, he had chosen.

Fond, from boyhood, of society, while pursuing in Italy his loved art he did not neglect to avail himself of the many invitations which his introductory letters and his newly formed acquaintances with his brother-students were the means of affording to him. Only twenty-three years of age, prepossessing—almost handsome—in his appearance, refined, cultivated in his tastes, and of a nature as amiable as brave, no wonder that the young artist was a favorite in society. For his brother-students, his impassioned devotion to his art and his genial, companionable nature had an irresistible attraction, and amongst them his position was soon secure.

Almost at the same time that Brandon settled down in his villa near the Arno, student friends of his began to grow loud in the praise of a young lady, who, with her father, a widower, had recently arrived in Florence, with the idea of making that city their future home. Charles Mordaunt's repeated misfortunes as an English merchant had wearied him alike of business life and of the scenes of their occurrence; his only son, a soldier, was in far India with his regiment; and so, widowed, and weary of the turmoil of business, he, in company with his Evelyn, his other child, had taken up his abode in the "magic land." His only means of support was an annuity; but this income, though comparatively small, was, with economy, sufficient to maintain his household in comfort, and in some degree of elegance and taste.

The Mordaunts, from very necessity, mingled but sparingly in Italian society. It was at the house of a Parisian gentleman, celebrated as an art connoisseur, a mutual friend of Ernest's and the Mordaunts', that the artist-student met Evelyn. She was then eighteen, and—unconsciously, as it seemed, to herself—the possessor of a beauty which was only rivaled by the gentleness of her disposition.

Within a few months, when gay Florence spoke of the grace and beauty of Miss Mordaunt, it was not without mention of young Brandon's name, for the artist's feeling for his fair countrywoman—from the first, one of the warm-

est interest—speedily became that of true, manly love. Evelyn, artless, and with all a woman's instinct, felt the truth and earnestness of the artist's little-disguised homage, and when he spoke to her of passion, the violet eyes looked up to him all love and tenderness. But for the thousandth time it was to be proved that love's course glides not smoothly.

At one of the many dances given by the students, a Parisian lady, Mademoiselle Annette Tournaire, met Ernest. A lady by birth and education, Mademoiselle Tournaire was by birth a coquette, and, admiring the young painter —never staying or daring to think how greatly—she determined that, at least, he too should wear her chains. Brandon was no coxcomb; and, independently of his present fealty, of too straightforward a nature to perceive how soft and silken were the meshes the French girl would have woven—oh, so fondly—for him. Fondly—for coquette though she was, Mademoiselle Tournaire's whole soul was for a time absorbed in her love for the student. But whispers went abroad, unaided, God knew, by any act of Brandon's. They hissed along the air, until, serpent-like, they coiled themselves around the quiet hearth where Evelyn Mordaunt sat dreaming her fond dream. To the fair Frenchwoman, Brandon was all courteousness; there was more freedom, perhaps, in his chat with her than with other women. He could not but perceive her purpose—he was amused, not flattered. Not one thought that should have been his betrothed's ever rose in his breast for her. Never was knighte more loyal to ladye than was Ernest to the beautiful Evelyn.

Weeks went on, and one day a louder whisper came to his *fiancée's* ears—came cruelly, and fell on her like a blow struck in the dark! Had Evelyn been a high-spirited woman she would have done battle right bravely for her lord; she was only a gentle, motherless girl, and the whisper came, and she felt a cold, death-like chill come over her, as though that minute her life had been taken away from her.

When she and Brandon met, a few hours later, she did not speak of it; but when he would have pressed her to his heart and left his kiss on her lips, she started back from him, as though the embrace would have killed her.

"No, no, my l—— Mr. Brandon!" she said; "I have borne it too long; you were all earth to me—you knew it, and you might have spared me!"

She broke down here, for the tears would come on, though she would have given worlds to have kept them back; and Brandon—loyal as he was—would have kissed them away, but she shrank shiveringly away from him.

"Evelyn," he said, "what is this?—one of us must be mad! Who has dared to—— Hear me, Evelyn! No man ever loved woman more faithfully than I love you—have loved you!"

"*You loved me!*" she broke in, passionately, and in a voice so stern that Brandon would not have known it for hers—"you loved me! When did you love me? When you first saw me, perhaps; but how long since? Tell *her* —tell Mademoiselle Tournaire how long. It is too late—too late for me to learn!"

She stepped back. He tried to take her hand, to speak to her—to fold her to his heart; beseeched her that he might be heard—nay, he *would* be. But, before he could speak two words, she turned upon him with fierce, angry eyes. Once more those eyes for an instant looked in his face with the old, full tenderness; she caught his hand, and pressed it passionately to her lips; then, before he could detain her, she was gone from him, and the artist was alone!

Before one month was over, Charles Mordaunt and his daughter had left the city, and the priest had pronounced Annette Tournaire and Ernest Brandon man and wife. But strange stories went abroad among the artists and in the society of Florence. It was whispered that the English student drank hard and persistently. It was hinted that his wife had wearied of her lord, or he of her; that her love, chilled by his coldness and wounded by his habits, had transferred itself to other and more appreciative objects.

All Florence knew the story of the artist's betrothal to Evelyn. A few of his more intimate associates guessed at the causes of his present conduct. Never but once was any bold enough to speak to him of *her*, and he who did so, close friend of Ernest's though he was, a moment afterward cursed himself for having spoken the words. For, sitting with his fellow-students, years after, Ralf Dovington used to tell of the hard look that came over Brandon's proud face, as he turned and strode angrily away.

The Frenchwoman and the artist were soon separated. A few weeks afterward, Annette, in company with her latest lover, found a home on one of the Sicilian Isles. Brandon did not follow them. He heard naught of them for a year, when, indirectly, news came of the death of Annette.

Despite intervals of dissipation and excess, there was one thing in Ernest's strange, sad life, to which he clung, at which he toiled hard—his faithful mistress, his faithful, beloved Art. "*She*, at least (he would say), is true to me; she cares not to lure me on, nor heeds every breath that whispers against me. There is no power strong or charmed enough to draw me away from her, nor her from me!"

And so, in his sober moments, early and late, the pale, proud face might be seen leaning over the easel; at one moment the gaze was fixed on the canvas; the next, the brush was in the hand, working out the subtleties of his fancy.

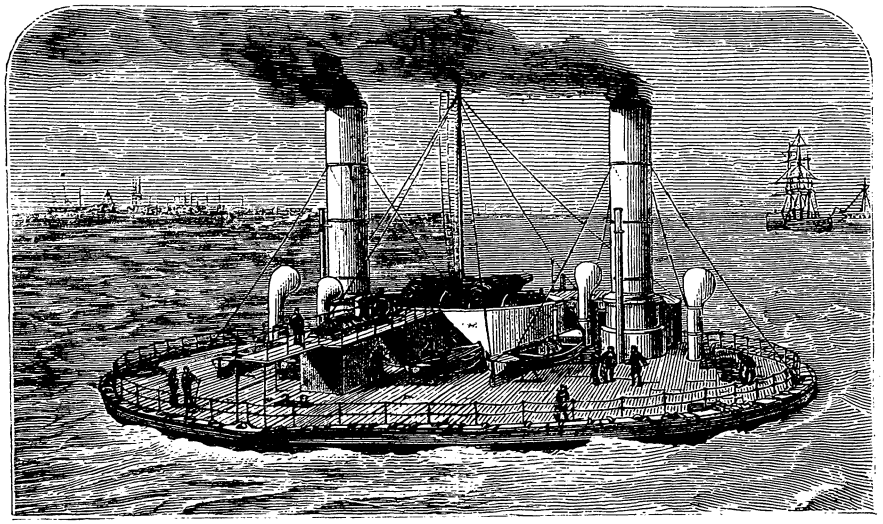
One night—a year before the period at which our story commences—a wild night, when the wine had been spilled over the rich carpets; when the siren voices were stilled from very weariness; when student had vied with student in the miserable glory of a midnight orgie—a note was placed in Brandon's hand. It was from Evelyn Mordaunt, and it told him she was dying. It besought him, by many memories of earlier years, by tears of long remorse, to visit her before she left this life for ever. It was dated "Paris."

In the confusion of a brain which might well have been on fire, Ernest reached Dovington's side, called for some brandy, which he drank greedily, and the two men, without explanation, left the *salon* together.

If there were any one who could remember Brandon's face as he left that room, I know that it must have haunted their dreams; for the wild sadness of it was unutterable.

Brandon started for Paris that night. He never saw Evelyn alive. All he could remember for weeks was, that he drew near the little, darkened chamber, and entered it with a desperate coolness which excitement when it is nigh to madness sometimes gives to men; he saw tears on strange cheeks, and heard the sobs and whispers of voices that he did not recognize; he took a dead woman's wan, cold hand in his, and showered kisses on lips and cheek and brow, that never felt his pressure—mad kisses, that might almost have waked death itself; and then, rushing out of the room, and leaving the house, found himself in one of the streets of Paris.

But we must return to the time when we left Brandon in his chair in the little studio on the Arno's banks. Worn out, both from actual work and excitement, he was soon sleeping.

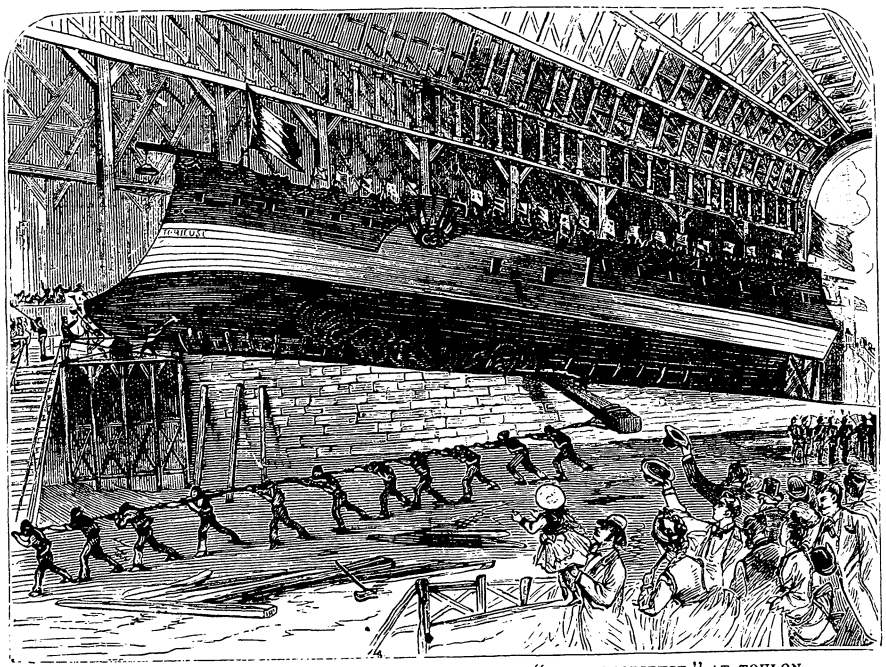


THE RUSSIAN CIRCULAR IRONCLAD "NOVGOROD."

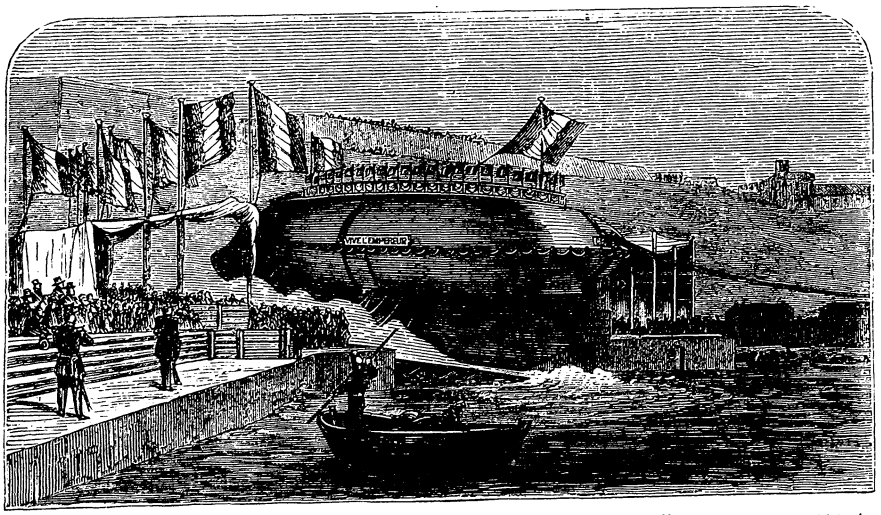
What does the painter see, as his face, changing from its habitual worn expression, lights up in some fancy of his sleep? He sees a little house not far from where he is reposing, and flowers that are bright and blooming around it. He sees a face that is known well—too well to him, for it is never absent from his thoughts—a face with pure white brows and cheeks of gentle color, and violet eyes that are almost lost in the wealth of golden hair that is streaming over them. It is a Summer's day, he thinks, and the girl goes out among the roses and the heartsease, and gathers some of the fairest of them, and places them in his hand.

He sees a face he can scarcely know as his—it is so fresh and proud and hopeful—looking into the beautiful eyes whose light is more to him than the glorious sun above him! He takes the young girl's hand, and whispers to her words so sweet that the violet eyes grow more lovely still as she hears them. And those eyes answer him in a language more welcome than words; and he draws her to him—to his heart, he thinks, for ever!

He sees a quiet home near the water's side, where he sits working at his art; his toil broken at times by a step which steals so lightly to his side; and white, fond arms wind themselves so lovingly around him! He hears a child's voice which has all its mother's music, and whose eyes are hers!



THE LAUNCH OF THE FRENCH IRONCLAD CORVETTE "LA VICTORIEUSE" AT TOULON.



THE LAUNCH OF THE FRENCH IRONCLAD COASTGUARD RAM "CERBERUS" AT BREST, FRANCE.

And then, as he dreams on, his face grows troubled; and now it loses its sunshine. He sees a face, beautiful, perchance, as the other one. He sees a little church, and two pass out from it, and he is one; but as they pass on, there are no flowers strewn around their path, and the love in *those* eyes is not the love that spoke in the violet ones in that Summer-garden, days ago!

He sees that new face tire and cloud, and he wonders where was its beauty and charm. And now his face changes, and lights up again; but with no joy—with a wild mockery of mirth on it that is

sadder than any tears. And then he grows still as death; and in another moment he starts up, wildly. He sees a darkened chamber, and unknown faces there, and strangers weeping over her who is dearer to him, dead as she lies there, than all the beauty of the world! He sees all this. Madly he stretches out his arms as though to embrace her; and this time his sleep has end.

And all the while the birds fill the air with music; all the while the sunlight, deeper and redder now, plays about the room, and lights the canvas-faces on its walls; all the while the perfume of the many flowers steals with the Summer air into his studio, and the voices from the gondolas are as gay as ever.

When the artist awoke, the afternoon was growing late, and a grand Italian sunset was dying its slow death over the river. There was bird-music still, but it was subdued; there were sun-shadows still slanting into his room, but they were soft and fitful, and cast only a dim light on his companions—the painted creations of his fancy.

The artist threw the window wide open, and, lighting the ever-companionable meerschaum, he looked out on the scene before him. He leaned out of the window, seemingly lost in a reverie. For some moments he continued smoking, watching moodily the sinking sun, and wondering how long it would be before he could paint its mellow glory worthily.

Wondering thus, and watching the faint, scented clouds from his meerschaum form their rings and curls of gray, and vanish in the distance; seeing, perhaps, through all, the face of his lost love looking out to him from a land so far that he dared not think where it might be! This reverie was broken, at length, by a tap at the door.

"Come in, come in," the artist said; and a boy, his sole attendant, presented himself.

"A gentleman, who would see the studio, is waiting without," the boy said, in answer to Ernest's inquiring look.

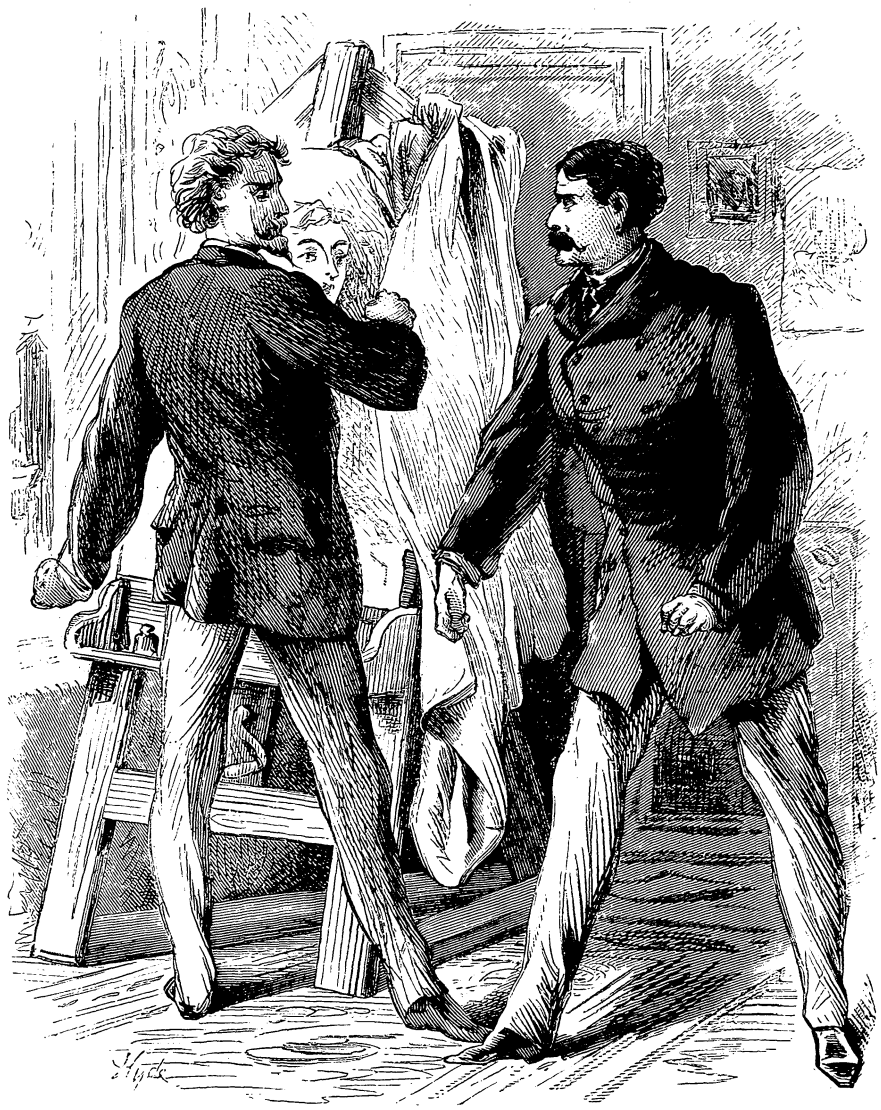
"The signor is a stranger?"

"Yes."

"Ask the signor to be good enough to step within at once. Rather late in the day to examine paintings," added the artist, to himself, as the boy left the room.

The door was closed, and in another moment the stranger was ushered in.

Brandon bowed courteously as his visitor entered, and the salute was somewhat stiffly returned.



THE VAILED CANVAS.—"'YOU LIE!' CRIED THE ARTIST, FIERCELY, AND HE SPRANG UP BETWEEN WENTWOOD AND HIS CHERISHED WORK."—SEE PAGE 694.

The visitor was a man of middle stature, of probably some thirty years of age, lithe, well-built, with a face whose sunburnt cast and long, crisp brown beard seemed to give to the light, clear eyes and lower features a sternness which it was evident they had not originally possessed.

"Be seated, signor," said the artist. "You have chosen, I fear, a somewhat unfavorable hour for your visit."

"I fear so," was the reply. "You are Mr. Ernest Brandon, I believe, or I have been misdirected?"

"My name is Ernest Brandon, sir," answered the artist. "I perceive that I have the pleasure of addressing a countryman; may I inquire his name?"

"You are correct, sir," replied the visitor; "my name is Wentwood—Captain Wentwood, at your service. I must apologize for the lateness of my visit; but perhaps, after all, it is scarcely my fault. I am anxious, Mr. Brandon, to secure two or three of your productions. There is, I imagine, still light enough for me to look over them."

The captain rose as he said this, and came toward the open window, against which Brandon was now leaning; and the artist gave a more critical glance at the features of his visitor.

"Something in that face I have seen," thought he. Like most of his craft, Ernest was somewhat of a physiognomist. "Something there I have seen—not this, but a face like it; fancy, perhaps."

Wentwood looked a moment from the window, on the beautiful river, the sunlight, almost lost now, slanting through the trees and leaving traces of its image on the still surface.

"A charming spot you have chosen for your studio, Mr. Brandon," he said—"a spot where a man might paint and dream, dream and paint, hour after hour—perhaps dream more than he could paint."

"Perhaps," answered the artist, slowly and thoughtfully; then he continued, with a half-smile: "Occasional visitors to our city, Captain Wentwood, are apt to clothe it with a romance which, perhaps, it scarcely possesses for those who are its constant residents. We know its beauty, and, most unfortunately for us and our art, we who should cling to and hold it most let this romance slip from us. You may not think it, but perhaps, after all, there is more prose than poetry in our existence."

Brandon spoke lightly, but how surely at that moment did his inner thoughts belie his words! For, as Wentwood made his remark, the dead, cold face was more clearly before him than it had ever been in his feverish dreams. "'Dream more than he could paint,'" he thought to himself. "Oh, if he had known *her*, he would have known that the brush can paint more than the heart can dream! My colors and my canvas can bring her back again to life; my heart, my hopes—never! never!"

"Mr. Brandon," said the stranger—as he spoke, drawing aside from the far window a curtain, which had hindered the entrance of what light still remained, "We lose time; the day grows late. I had better look around me at once. You will wonder at my visiting you so late in the day, but I only arrived from Paris an hour or so ago, and as I purpose leaving here again for that city at daybreak to-morrow, I could not well choose my time. I have always been somewhat hasty in my movements."

He strolled to the end of the room, the artist with him. He paused before a little picture in the corner. It was a singular subject, ably but curiously treated: an Alpine scene, with the figures of two herdsmen's dogs fighting near a body partially visible, partially covered by the snow. A great, noble St. Bernard animal, evidently disgusted with this warfare, is commencing impatiently to dig away the snow from the body. Wentworth made some remark to the artist, and passed on to the next. A *café*, a group of half-inebriated students, a few fair Mænades, one with her disheveled hair falling on the table on which she is resting her head; one student, prominent amongst his fellows, with one hand passed over his brow, holds in the other some message or letter, which he appears endeavoring to decipher. A curious scene, bold even to roughness in its treatment; but then the early daylight—breaking, struggling fitfully into the room, and throwing its fresh beams over the pallid faces—is marvelously done.

"You are no dreamer, it appears," remarked Wentworth to the artist; "there is life in all this."

"Yes, yes, life enough," answered Brandon, carelessly; and he added, in a tone only heard by himself, "and death, too—rigid, wan death!"

The captain fancied this painting, and selected it as one he would purchase. They passed around the room. A portrait of Rossini—a copy from the one in Venice; another of Galileo, and a third of Raphael's Dream, from the grand, old picture. They had no interest for the soldier. He continued toward the centre of the room. There stood the easel, with the vailed picture resting on it.

"This one?" inquired he of the artist.

"Is an unfinished work, or, rather, its colors are scarcely dry," replied Brandon.

Wentwood bowed, and looked around him again; a dance of Venetian women; Florence at sunset, with the gold of the dying light cast over the river and tinting the flowers on its banks; Napoleon at Elba; an unfinished portrait of a Gitana.

"Your genius seems comprehensive, Mr. Brandon," observed the visitor.

"Genius!" was the reply; "some slight taste, perhaps, and a great deal of toil."

"Have you no more portraits?" queried Wentwood.

"I think, sir, you have made the acquaintance of all my faces. My studio," Brandon added, with a dry smile, "is scarcely very comprehensive, even if, as you say, my genius be."

The visitor, without remark, passed to the other end of the room, examining once more, as well as the dusk would allow, picture after picture.

Brandon, re-filling and lighting his pipe, took up his old position at the window. The captain, apparently dissatisfied with the result of his second survey, returned to the captain's side.

"If not too great a favor," said he, "might I ask to be allowed a glimpse of the work lying on your easel?"

"Scarcely a favor," Captain Wentwood," returned the artist, glancing once more somewhat intently at the speaker; "and yet," he added, "a request I seldom accede to; but you are leaving, I know, to-morrow, and I would not wish to be lacking in even more than the ordinary courtesies of my profession."

Approaching his easel, he drew from his latest picture the vail which had closely shrouded it. The soldier stood back a pace or so. Something came from his lips; the artist never heard the words, but he saw the workings of the stern mouth, and then for the first time a suspicion crossed his mind.

"A creation—a mere fancy, I suppose?" said the captain, interrogatively.

"Yes," answered Ernest, carelessly, at the same time looking his visitor full in the eyes. "Yes—a fancy. You *say* how we artists 'paint and dream, dream and paint."

For a moment or two Wentwood seemed to be struggling with himself, as he gazed on the uncovered face in all its beauty; then he said:

"You will dispose of that portrait, will you not? I fancy it more than all the others."

"Pardon me—that work I cannot sell," was Brandon's answer.

"You prize it so highly? Ah! then you dream for yourself, as well as for others, at times?"

"Yes, at times; and that is a dream with which I cannot part."

"I will give you any price for that fancy—anything you name," urged Wentwood.

"Do not press me," was the artist's answer. "Fancy as it is, dream as it is, I would not part with it. No, no!"

"And shall I tell you *why*, Ernest Brandon?" cried the other, a sudden fierceness of manner reflecting itself in the anger of his eyes—"shall I tell you why? Because all the colors of the world—all the tints whose richness ever gave fruition to your dreams—could never bring back one ray of light to those eyes, or pulsation to the soul that looks out of them! Because, sorcerer though you were, you could not conjure back one drop of blood to her lips that would not be a lie, nor limn upon that canvas mouth of hers one smile that would not be a cruel mockery! *Basta!* I lose myself to you, talking thus. I am brother

to that dead girl, whose image *you* of all men pretend to hold so sacred. Do you know why I came here? I came, not to do you harm willingly—no, not willingly, for I am calmer than I was—I came to take that picture away with me, or *to kill you!*"

The artist, his sad lips set sternly together, met coldly the fierce eyes that were fixed upon him.

"You are mad," he said. "Do you think that this fruit of so many weary days and sleepless nights was wrought to go into *your* hands? This beautiful face, whose every feature, assuming living shape again in my memory, seemed to haunt and thrill me as I conjured it, till it nearly turned me mad—you think this may be yours? I am no coward. This dream, this picture, goes not away from me; or, if it does, my life goes with it—my life, my sad life, goes with it!"

"*Your* sad life!" cried the other, mockingly. "But why should I waste more words on you! You *killed* her—you could do no more!"

"You lie!" cried the artist, fiercely; and he sprang up between Wentwood and his cherished work. "I stand here before God and the bright image of my dead love, and I tell you *you lie!*"

Wentwood sprang upon him like a tiger; a struggle, terrible and deathlike, followed. The two men were on the ground together, and Wentwood, contriving by a sudden wrench to disengage one of his hands, grasped a pistol which he carried about his person.

Quick as thought the artist wrenched it from the soldier's grasp, and threw it from him. The struggle now continued with renewed fierceness. The artist was fast gaining ground, when suddenly his face grew ashen pale; his hold on Wentwood loosened, when the latter, in his madness, snatched up the pistol and discharged it.

The mad, coward shot went home. In another instant the warm red blood was flowing fast.

A moment later a noise of a hurried step might have been heard, and Wentwood, throwing aside a lad who met him in his passage to the door, was free of the house, and in the darkening streets of Florence.

An alarm was quickly given. A moment later the artist's poor attendant, bruised from his fall and pale with terror, entered his master's room in company with some officers. They found the artist lying dead against the easel. A picture stained with blood was at his side; it was the painting of the beautiful face—the dream he would not part with but with life.

Four hours later, Walter Mordaunt, captain in the Thirteenth Regiment of Cavalry, but then on furlough from India, was arrested for the murder of Ernest Brandon, artist, of Florence.

And there in that room the body of the dead man lay—in the little studio near the Arno's banks. And under that room, and under the Summer flowers and trees, under the soft white moonlight just waking on the city, the waters of that magic river rippled and laughed along. But the artist never heard them; for there the weary brain and hand lay in their long, changeless sleep—there the murdered man lay, with his dead love's face beside him.

HUNTING THE MUSK OX.

The cattle and buffaloes of the Eastern Continent are represented in America by the bison, now rapidly vanishing, and by the musk ox of the north.

The latter animal ranges through the country of the Esquimaux, who call it Oomingnoak. It is rarely seen south of the sixty-first degree of north latitude, and, formed by nature to live amid ice and snow, it has been found even as high up as the seventy-fifth. It seems to be a large beast, but is comparatively small; the long, yellow-brown, woolly hair falling to the ground in all directions, giving it a deceptive appearance of size and bulk.

Hunting the musk ox is exciting sport, as it is fleet and active, and moves with great rapidity over the rocky and precipitous ground where nature has placed it. Living amid storms and lightning, it does not regard the sound or flash of firearms, unless it sees the hunter, and on him at times it will turn with the utmost fierceness. Then its large horns, which make a kind of helmet on the top of the head, sweeping down to form a hook, are used with vigor and effect.

In a recent German expedition, Dr. Copeland, with Messrs. Sengstake and Wagner, one morning seeing two bulls and a cow near the camp, endeavored to approach them, but the animals scented them and were lost in the rocks before they could get a shot. They pushed on, hoping to overtake them in some ravine, and came upon them scaling a precipitous hillside covered with rolling stones. It was a sight to behold the ease with which they dashed on where a man would have found it difficult to walk. Their flight was, too, a protection, as it sent down such a shower of stones that the hunters could not venture up after them.

A more stealthy approach next day enabled them to kill all, and lay in the coveted supply of fresh meat. Nor was this all. On their way back to the ship, one of the hunting party came suddenly on a large bear, which they also dispatched.

These four large animals could not be carried off at once. A squad of men and a sled from the ship soon arrived, and bore the game in triumph to the vessel, where they were received with hearty cheers. The flesh, though at certain periods of the year very strongly impregnated with musk, is generally fit for food, fat and well flavored.

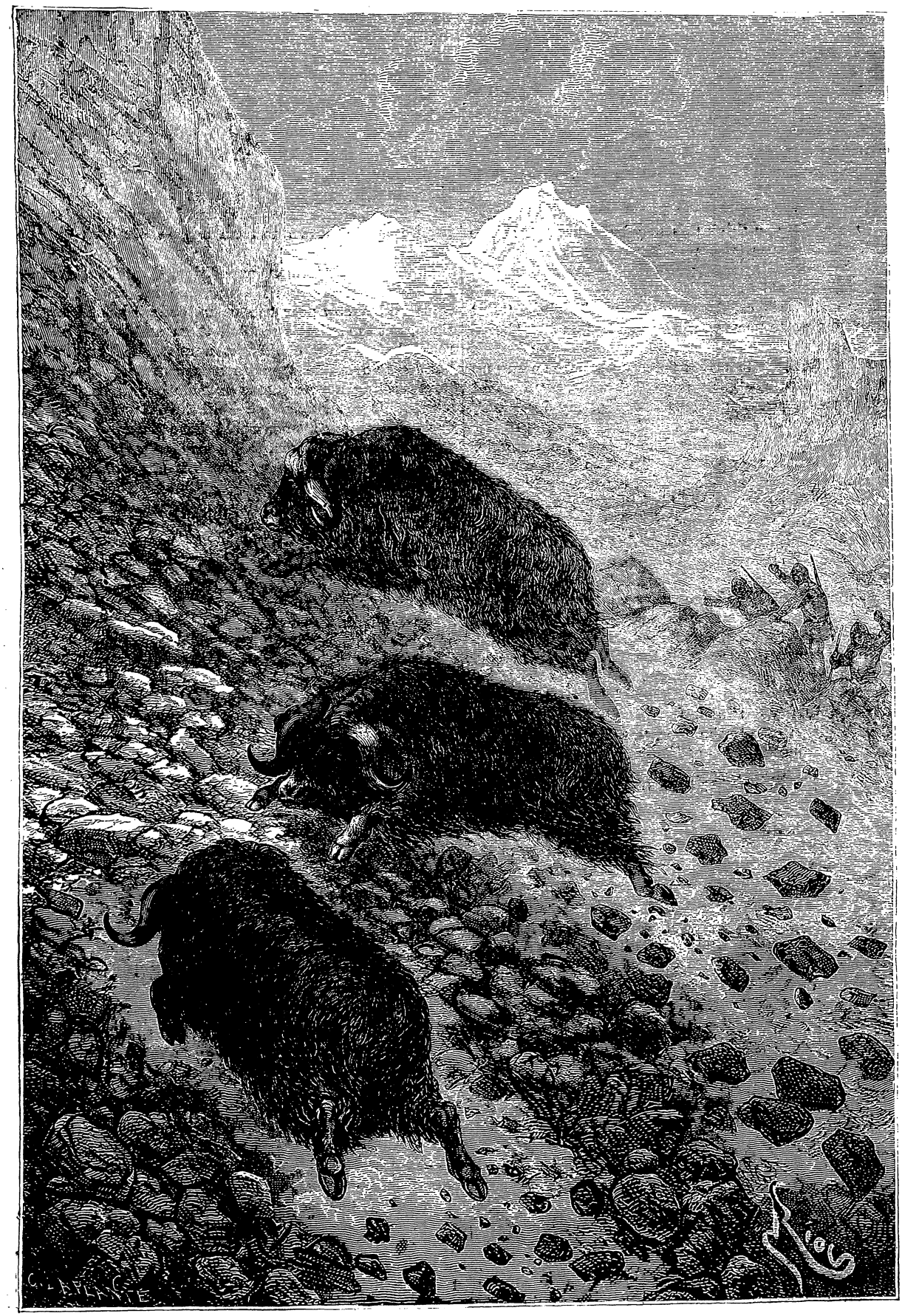
A CURIOUS COFFEE-HOUSE.

Of all the queer ways by which men have immortalized their names, there are not many queerer than that by which a certain Mr. Lloyd appears to have done it, and to have done it most effectually.

Little or nothing is known of this worthy, except that some time during the last century he kept a coffee-house in or near Abchurch Lane; and as he had the good-fortune to be largely patronized by shipowners and captains, "Lloyd's Coffee-house," or the abbreviated "Lloyd's," came in course of time to be the recognized rendezvous for all who were in any way interested in shipping matters.

Mr. Lloyd died, nobody knows exactly when, and his coffee-house has long since disappeared; but his name still shines out in letters of brass at the eastern end of the Royal Exchange, and is familiarly known in the uttermost ends of the earth. The association which originated beneath his roof has developed into an organization having its agents and representatives in every seaport of any pretensions throughout the world, and has acquired such importance that the advantages to be derived from an official connection with it are found to be a sufficient inducement to undertake its agency, without any other remuneration whatever.

So curiously has the name of the lucky coffee-house keeper come to be identified with shipping interests, that it has in many instances been adopted by various Continental associations; while it is said that there are still people who believe that he is the great potentate in

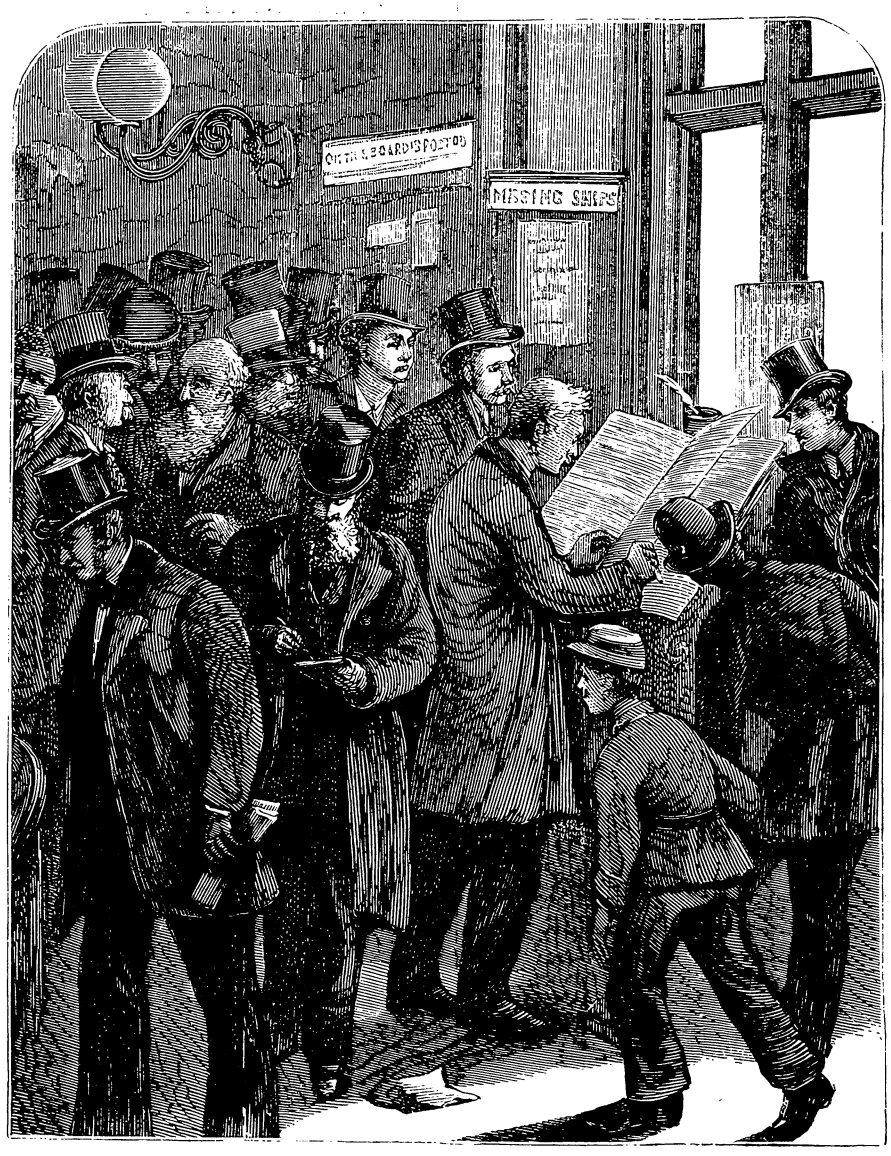


HUNTING THE MUSK OX.— SEE PAGE 699

shipping matters, and who occasionally write to "M. Lloyd, Londres."

There are at the present time two distinct associations known as Lloyd's, both of them having their headquarters in London, and within a few yards of each other.

The one with which the general public are, perhaps, most familiar, is that to which reference is made when a vessel is said to be A1 at Lloyd's. This association, named Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and the offices of which are in White Lion Court, Cornhill, was founded in 1834, simply and solely "for the purpose of obtaining a faithful and accurate classification of the mercantile shipping of the United Kingdom, and of the foreign vessels trading thereto." The original constitution of it has remained without material alteration till the present time. There is a committee for the general management of affairs; there is a sub-committee, appointed by them, for the actual work of classifying ships; and there is a large staff of surveyors, whose duty it is to inspect vessels, and to furnish the committee with such reports as will enable them to assign each a character.



A CURIOUS COFFEE-HOUSE.— SEE PAGE 699.

The details of this classification would probably have but little interest for the general reader. It will be sufficient to state that the letters A, Æ, E, etc., which are appended to the names of ships, indicate the soundness and seaworthiness of the ships themselves, while the figures which follow the letters indicate the completeness and sufficiency of their equipment—their rigging, boats, anchors, etc. Thus, a vessel which is classed A1 on Lloyd's Register is not only a good, sound craft, but is thoroughly well-equipped. She stands in this class for a term of years, depending on the materials of which she is built, and the quality of the workmanship bestowed on her; and from it she falls, in the usual course of things, into Class "A red," for a period of half or two-thirds of the time she stood in the highest rank. From this she goes into Æ; thence into E, and finally into Class I. When she is too old and cranky to be retained in this grade, Lloyd's will have nothing further to do with her; she is an "unclassed" ship, and good for nothing but to be broken up.

These registers are printed annually, and a copy sent to every person who shall have become a member of the society by paying in an annual subscription of three guineas.

The original idea, in the institution of the system of classification, was to supply those who insured vessels with reliable information respecting their seaworthiness. It very soon appeared, however, that to be classed high at Lloyd's added materially to the value of a ship; and not only were owners found glad to avail themselves of these testimonials to character for vessels already built, but they soon began to seek the supervision of their surveyors during the progress of building. A ship whose soundness has been thus guaranteed, has a cross attached to its name on the register, and will fetch more money, and can likewise be insured at a lower rate, than a similar vessel without this distinction.

The society was set on foot not with the view of making profit; indeed, there is no proprietary body to appropriate it. But it was established merely for the sake of the information which it would be the means of affording; and fees for surveying and members' subscriptions were fixed at rates which it was expected would but safely cover all expenses.

The importance of the work undertaken, however, proved to be far greater than had been anticipated. Some idea of the magnitude of the business done by the association.

may be gained from the fact that in 1872 they had upon the books upward of 10,000 vessels. The fee for a survey originally was ten guineas, but this was found to be far higher than necessary, and after a liberal increase in the salaries of their officers, this charge was reduced to five guineas. Subsequently, rates were still further modified.

The other "Lloyd's" may be found on the first floor of the Royal Exchange. Going in by the eastern entrance of this building, the visitor will at once see the illustrious name shining down upon him over a doorway on the right.

All day long busy throngs are hurrying in and out; and a stranger is quite at liberty to pass in with the multitude, and mount the broad stone staircase that leads up into the central hall of the institution, which is shut in from the outer world only by a low wooden barrier with swinging doors.

Near the head of the stairs are a couple of fine statues; and a tablet in the wall records the bold and disinterested action of the *Times* newspaper in exposing a gigantic conspiracy of rogues in 1841. The most conspicuous object, however, is a very imposing-looking individual in a gorgeous scarlet robe, who guards the entrance, and with the lungs of a Stentor shouts out, above the din and confusion within, the name of any one of the throng who may happen to be wanted.

Only the initiated may pass this barrier; but one may stand without and see pretty nearly all that is to be seen of this, the older of the two institutions known the wide world over as "Lloyd's"—an institution which has been described as "a spider stationed in the middle of a web covering the seas, and of which the shipwrecked vessels are the dead flies."

Standing without the barrier, one may see into a handsome saloon, with a richly decorated ceiling, supported on a double row of pillars, and with walls adorned by the arms of the association—a golden anchor on a blue ground. The room contains two enormous ledgers, a self-registering barometer and an anemometer, which marks with a pencil, upon a sheet of paper, the force and direction of the wind at all hours of the day and night. There are still unmistakable traces of the coffee-house period in the history of this institution. The floor, for instance, is occupied by four rows of tables, shut in from each other by little mahogany partitions, in the usual coffee-house fashion; while, until a few years ago, the attendants in the room still answered to the name of "waiter."

It is a scene of great bustle and confusion, the room being usually filled with a throng of people who buzz about apparently with the smallest possible reference to anything like business. It has been said, indeed, that those who come here appear to catch something of the turmoil and restlessness of the element with which their speculations have to do. Whatever this fancy may be worth, it certainly is not the place in which one might expect to find men engaged in transactions that, more than almost any others, would seem to demand careful and deliberate consideration. Yet it is in this room that by far the greater part of British shipping insurances are effected, and the men sitting at these little inclosed tables are amongst the comparatively small number of those who, so far as property is concerned, have any reason to lie awake at night and quake when winds are rough and seas stormy. On the whole, however, they do not look like men much given to quaking, and, although many of them are individually responsible for valuables at sea which, in amount, would probably far eclipse the treasures, the loss of which placed Antonio at the mercy of Shylock, the roughest of equinoctial gales does not seriously disturb the outward composure of the hard-headed "underwriters" of Lloyd's.

The insurance of a ship, unlike that of a house or a life, is usually undertaken by a considerable number of men or firms individually. There are companies engaged in this line of business, but by far the greater part of it is effected with individual assurers or "underwriters," as they are termed. There appears to be no reason for this beyond the force of custom, which originated at a time when companies for this purpose were by law limited to two, the Royal Assurance and the London Assurance. The monopoly was abolished in 1824, but the practice which had sprung up in consequence of it survived; and at the present time, the greater part of marine insurances in London are effected with the men who are to be found seated at the tables in this large room at Lloyd's.

A transaction in shipping assurance is usually carried on through a broker, by whom the premium to be offered is arranged with the owner or freighter of the vessel. This being determined on, he sets forth on a slip of paper the particulars of the risk—the name, class, and tonnage of the ship; the port which she sails from, and that to which she is going; the probable length of the voyage, the sum to be assured, the premium offered, etc. The slip is then sent into this large room at Lloyd's, and submitted to various "underwriters." Probably no one of them will assume the whole risk. To do so with any approach to safety, it would be necessary to engage in business on a most gigantic scale. It is sometimes done. The late Richard Thornton, it is said, would often have large numbers of vessels at sea at his sole risk; but then he was not only a very wealthy man, but a notoriously daring speculator. It is said he has been known by a single scrawl of his name to insure a vessel for two hundred thousand pounds. That, however, was a venture which very few men would care to make, even if they had his wealth. Usually the responsibility of every ship insured is divided among a considerable number of men. If the premium the broker offers is considered sufficient, one will append his initials to the sum of one hundred pounds on his slip of paper, another, fifty pounds, and another, perhaps, five hundred pounds, and so on, until the sum required is made up. The broker now draws up a formal policy of insurance, under which those who have engaged to do so write their names. Hence the assurers are called "underwriters."

Thus, although, as a single day's business, these rather stolid-looking Britons will often take upon their broad shoulders the responsibility of many thousand pounds' worth of property tossing about on the sea in all parts of the world, the risks they incur are spread over so large a number of ships, that even after the stormiest of weather they are able to go and turn over the leaves of the great ledger in which casualties are recorded, at least, with outward composure, whatever shocks the bald, abrupt announcements of the fatal book may secretly afford.

The second great ledger in the room records the safe arrival of ships; and the contents of the two, together with all other intelligence respecting shipping matters, are published daily in a little sheet entitled Lloyd's List.

Underwriting, and the collection and dissemination of shipping news, may be considered to constitute the whole business of the establishment, though there are subsidiary matters to which the managing committee devote some attention. Under certain circumstances, for instance, they afford charitable relief to those whom disasters at sea have placed in need of it.

In rooms attached to the large saloon are maps and charts, and publications of every kind containing anything

of interest to the members of the society; and there is also a large reading-room devoted to the use of captains and merchants, in which engagements are usually entered into, and ships sold by auction.

Taking the two societies, "Lloyd's" and "Lloyd's Register," as they are popularly supposed to be, as one great concern interested in all that pertains to maritime affairs, they constitute an agency such as the world has never before seen, and without which British commerce never could have attained its present proportions. At home there is no vessel of importance that escapes their vigilance, and abroad there is no spot to which the telegraph extends with which they are not in frequent communication. There is no port which ships are accustomed to visit where they have not a pair of experienced eyes on the watch, and a representative ready to transmit intelligence, and to act on their instructions; and there are comparatively few British ships wrecked in any part of the world, where the members of this association do not step in between the owners and ruinous loss.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

WOMAN THE PRIMITIVE POTTERY-MAKER AND DECORATOR.

IN an interesting article by the Late Professor Hartt, reprinted in the *American Naturalist*, the author, after copious extracts from the writings of those who have traveled among the various savage tribes of the globe, shows that among such peoples generally the art of pottery-making is, at first, exclusively practiced by women, the reason being that the fabrication of earthenware is primarily and essentially a branch of culinary work—the latter everywhere falling to the lot of the gentler sex. Among savages, man is the hunter, fisher and warrior; while the woman takes care of the house and the culture of the field. When, however, in the progress of the tribe in culture, the practice of the art of pottery comes to be a trade or profession, and to interfere with the household work, it passes naturally into the hands of man, and it will be found that in every case where men make earthenware the tribe has advanced considerably beyond the savage state.

But savage woman not only makes the vessels of clay, she also ornaments them, and if the fictile art has originated with her, and has grown up under her hands, it seems no less probable that the ornaments she uses should have originated with her; and the probability is increased by the fact that to her falls the work of spinning and weaving, and of making and decorating personal ornaments and clothes, and of making baskets, mats, etc. She is everywhere the primitive decorative artist, and to-day it is the exception that man occupies himself with ornamental art, even in civilized countries.

Woman covers with ornament everything her hand touches, and the lady in her boudoir industriously embroiders, on some article of mere luxury, the same series of frets and scroll borders that, on the Amazons, the savage, unclothed squaw as diligently and with as firm a hand traces with a spine on the damp surface of the clay vessel she is fashioning. It is as if they both sang the same simple song. The ornaments are in both cases identical, and not only of wholly independent origin, but it may be of very different age.

Those of the savage are the mere embryonic beginnings of art life, while those of the boudoir are archaic forms, persisting through the ages, still flourishing unchanged among the varied wealth of derivatives by evolution from the ancient primary forms.

IRIDESCENT GLASS.

MUCH of the old glass brought to light from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, from Roman tombs, and more recently from the treasuries of the Cypriote cities or temples, possesses the curious property of iridescence, by means of which it reflects light with all the colors of the rainbow. This ancient glass is seldom transparent, being generally colored and translucent.

It is related that the Emperor Nero paid an enormous price for two glasses, whose chief merit appears to have been they were "transparent and like crystal." The words of the Apostle Paul, "For now we see through a glass darkly," were not written in these days of plate glass, so clear as to be almost visible, but when even moderately transparent glass was rare.

There has been some dispute as to whether this glass was iridescent when made, or whether it acquired this quality subsequently by some natural agency. The more reasonable conclusion, and the one adopted by M. Peligot, the celebrated French chemist, is that the glass, originally plain, became iridescent from long exposure to the action of air and moisture at a high temperature—these conditions being admirably fulfilled in the old Roman tombs, where most of this glass is found.

All glass has a tendency to become iridescent, under certain conditions, but in some kinds this tendency is more strongly marked than in others. In glass for optical instruments a tendency to become iridescent is a serious fault, and different kinds of glass are combined to form a perfectly colorless lens. Bottle glass also easily becomes iridescent; but this property is most easily noted in common window-glass, which in old houses sometimes becomes quite iridescent, and especially in windows of stables, where the constant heat, moisture and ammoniacal vapor are especially favorable to the irisation of glass.

Modern chemists and glass-makers have long been trying to discover the art of making glass iridescent by some more speedy means than that of burying in a damp soil for the benefit of a thankless posterity. With all the progress made in kindred branches of the art, nothing of note was done in this direction until two French chemists quite recently succeeded in artificially producing this iridescence. The process they make use of is said to consist essentially in submitting the glass, under a considerable pressure and at an elevated temperature, to the action of water containing fifteen per cent. of hydrochloric acid. Only certain kinds of glass are suitable for this operation. The action of this acid is supposed to be analogous to that of the elements upon the older glass, in dissolving the alkaline silicates, and leaving the surface of the glass finely ridged or corrugated, and thus capable of refracting the light with prismatic or rainbow colors, like those of mother-of-pearl. That the iridescent appearance of mother-of-pearl is caused by a corrugated refracting surface is proved by the simple experiment of taking a cast in glue of a piece of mother-of pearl. The cast will be found to have become iridescent. No matter how much the shell may be cut down and polished, the iridescence remains, clearly showing that it is a part of the make of the shell, and not an addition or finish. With the iridescent glass the case is different. Peligot, speaking of the ancient glass, says: "The iridescence is caused by fine scales or laminæ which may be removed by gentle rubbing."

The modern glass stands any amount of rubbing or cleaning without losing this curious property; but if the exposed surface be cut or ground off, the iridescent effect is instantly lost; showing that its cause is merely superficial and not structural, as is the case with mother-of-pearl.

The Bohemian glass, so far, seems to be the favorite for embellishing with the new iridescence. Bohemian glass will resist a much greater heat than any other kind.

One of the greatest charms of this new glass is its infinite variety and freshness. No two pieces are alike in color, and no piece remains the same when placed in a new position or regarded from a different point of view. All show a greater or smaller range of the spectrum, curved or bent according to the shape of the glass; but while some pieces flash with red and yellow, others are tender with a silvery blue or a rich gold-gray, and still others exhibit all the colors of the rainbow.

As to the articles of glassware to which this enrichment may be applied, there seems to be almost no limit; but to certain pieces it is especially appropriate. Large crystal balls, highly iridescent, and resembling soap-bubbles in everything but frailty, are very beautiful; and glasses intended to hold white and light-colored wines give a piquant color to the contents by the sparkle of the rainbow hues upon the cup.

AN IMPORTANT SECRET.

A GILDED PILL.—"'JUST AS IF YOUR POOR, STOOPID OLD GOOSE OF A FATHER COULD BE CROSS WITH YOU!' HE SAID, FONDLING HER, AND DRAWING HER CLOSE TO HIS HEART. 'I COULD BE CROSS, BUT NOT WITH ANYTHING YOU'D GO AND DO.'"

A GILDED PILL.

A Tale of a Little Mystery.

By Geo. Manville Fenn.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLY ON THE WALL.

"Well, mother, it might have been worse," said Richard, sitting down to the humble dinner about a week later. "Here, Jessie, pull my ears."

Jessie, who looked very pale and red-eyed, as if with weeping, went behind her father's chair, took hold of his ears playfully and pulled them, while he drew one hand before his face.

"Will that do, dear?" she said, drawing his head back so that she could kiss his puzzled forehead.

"Beautiful, my darling! Nothing like it. Tightens the skin, and takes out all the wrinkles. Keeps you young-looking, and makes your wife fond of you. Don't it, mother?"

Mrs. Shingle sighed, but looked affectionately, as she placed a spoon in the potatoes.

"That's right," said Dick. "Smiles is human sunshine, and don't cost anything. You both look as bright again to-day. Hallo! old fellow," he continued, thrusting a spoon into some hash. "Now, it won't do, you know. You can't deceive me, in spite of your brown gravy. You're that half shoulder of mutton we had on Sunday."

"Yes, it is, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle.

"I knew it. Didn't he gape wide open as soon as I cut into him, and pretend that three people had been helped? Oh, I knew him again! Come, look bright, both of you; things might be worse. See how I'm trying to shine! Come on—the best side of the looking-glass, both of you. The glue and wood will do for old Max."

In spite of his endeavors, the dinner was a sorry repast, the only one who enjoyed it being the boy; and as soon as it was cleared away, Dick and the others resumed work.

"Do you really mean to go, Dick?" said his wife, at last, after making three or four efforts to speak.

"Yes, certain!" he said. And he glanced at Jessie, who was just then looking at him, when both lowered their eyes directly.

"But how can we leave without paying?" Mrs. Shingle ventured to say, at last.

"Sell the furniture," said Dick, bitterly. "There, it's no use, mother; I won't humble myself to him no more. I've as good as took a couple of rooms off St. John Street, and go we will—for many reasons," he added.

"But, Dick, dear——"

"Hold your tongue, mother!" he cried, sternly. "I'm going to turn over a new leaf. Other folks make money; I'm going to make some now—somehow. But I don't know how," he added, to himself. "Now, you sir, get on—we've got to make a fortune yet," he continued, hammering away, while Jessie's sewing-machine clicked musically, and her little, white-stockinged feet seemed to twinkle as they played up and down.

Mrs. Shingle looked very much in trouble, for every now and then she wiped a furtive tear from her eye.

"How much money did you bring from the warehouse this morning, my gal?" said Dick, suddenly, as he looked up from playing cat's-cradle over a boot.

Jessie gazed at him in a frightened manner, and then dropped her head lower over her machine, while her hands trembled so that she could scarcely direct her work.

"I say, Jessie, my gal, how much did you draw this morning?"

"None, father," said Jessie, with a sob.

And then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of weeping.

"Why, Jess, my gal—Jess!" said Dick, dropping stirrup-leather and boot. "Here, you sir; here's a penny. Go down to Wilson's and get a pen'orth o' wax."

"But here is plenty, master," said the boy.

"Go down to Wilson's and get a pen'orth o' wax!" said Dick, sternly.

"Hadn't I better go to Singley's, sir; it ain't half so far?"

"Go and get a pen'orth o' wax at Wilson's!" said Dick, angrily. And he saw the boy off the premises before he crossed to Jessie.

"Why, what's the matter, my pretty one?" he said, tenderly.

"Oh, father, dear, don't be cross with me," she sobbed. "I couldn't tell you before."

"Just as if your poor, stoopid old goose of a father could be cross with you!" he said, fondling her, and drawing her close to his heart. "At least," he added, "I could be cross, but not with anything you'd go and do. Now then, what's the matter?"

"Oh, father, I can never go to the warehouse again."

"What!" said Dick; "not go——"

"No, father," she sobbed; "that man——"

She stopped short, and Dick, with his face working, patted her tenderly on the shoulder, and then rolled up his sleeves.

"It's only father, my precious; tell him all about it," he whispered. As he spoke, he made a sign to Mrs. Shingle to be silent.

"That man, father," she sobbed, hysterically—"several times lately—insulted me—dare not say anything—the money—you so poor, dear——"

"Jessie!" cried Dick, in a choking voice, "my poor darling, if I'd known——"

"Yes, father dear, I know!" she cried, placing her arm round his neck and kissing him tenderly; "but you wanted the money so badly, I would not speak."

"But it was wrong, my darling," he said, angrily; "but tell me—all."

"This morning—I went," she faltered, "and there was no one in the room, and he caught me in his arms—and kissed me," she sobbed, with her face like crimson. Then, indignantly, "I screamed out, and Tom——"

"Was Tom there?" cried Dick, reproachfully.

"Yes, father; I could not help his being there. We had never spoken since that dreadful day, when Uncle Max——"

"Yes," said Dick, hastily; "go on."

"But he has come and watched me every day, father, at a distance, and seen me go to and from the warehouse."

"Bless him!" muttered Dick.

"And when I shrieked out," continued Jessie, with a look of pride lighting up her face, "Tom rushed in; and, oh, father, it was very dreadful!"

"What was?" said Dick, hoarsely; for he was evidently suffering from suppressed passion.

"Tom!"

"Mr. Thomas Shingle, my gal?"

"Mr. Thomas beat him dreadfully," continued Jessie, "till he cried for mercy; and dear Tom——"

"Mr. Thomas, my gal," said Dick, correcting.

"Made him go down upon his knees and beg my pardon, and then he brought me away."

"God bless him!" said Dick, fervently. "But it's Mr. Thomas Shingle, my dear, and he's nothing to you but a brave, true young fellow who acted like a man. But, that it should come to this," he groaned, striding up and down the room. "This is being a poor man, and having to eat other people's bread. Oh, it's dreadful, dreadful! If she'd been rich Max's daughter, mother, no one would have dared to insult her; and as for this blackguard, I'll——"

He caught up the hammer and had reached the door, when Jessie and her mother ran and clung to him, Mrs. Shingle locking the door till he promised to be content with the castigation the fellow had received.

"Mr. Tom would be sure to beat him well, father," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Well, that is one comfort," said Dick, cooling a little. "I should have nearly killed any blackguard who had touched you. Well, mother," he continued, striding up and down the room, "when things comes to the worst they mends; but it don't seem to be so with us any more than with shoes, unless some one mends 'em. I mean to mend ours somehow. 'Why don't you try?' every one says. Well, I do try."

Just then the boy came back, and making a sign to Jessie and his wife not to let him see their trouble, all tried to resume their work, but in a despairing, half-hearted manner, in the midst of which, in a doleful, choking voice, Dick began to sing over his sewing, while the boy seemed to keep time with the hammer with which he was driving in nails—

> "For we always are so jolly oh—
> So jolly, oh—so jolly, oh—so jolly——"

sang Dick; but he was soon done, and his voice trailed off into a dismal wail, as, unable to contain themselves, Jessie's face went down over her sewing machine, and Mrs. Shingle hid hers in her apron.

"My God! what can I do?" the poor fellow moaned, as, with a catching in his breath, he glanced at those most dear to him. "I haven't a shilling in the world, and the more I try—the more I try——"

He caught up a hammer savagely and began to beat vigorously at the leather, forcing himself to sing again, as if he had not seen the trouble of his wife and child—

> "To get his fill, the poor boy d'd stoop,
> And, awful to state, he was biled in the soup."

"Oh, master, please, master; don't sing that dreadful

song !" cried Union Jack, with a dismal howl. "I can't bear it; please, master, I can't bear it, indeed !"

"Hold your tongue, you young ruffian !" cried Dick, with a pitiful attempt at being comic. "It's a good job we've got you in stock; for if things do come to the worst, you'll make a meal for many a day to come."

"Oh, please, don't talk like that, master !" cried the boy.

"Dick, dear," whispered his wife, "don't tease the poor boy—he half believes you."

"I'm not teasing of him, mother," said Dick, aloud; "only it's a pity to have to have to boil him all at once, instead of by degrees. Here, get out the cold tea, mother, and let's take to drinking—have a miserable day, and enjoy ourselves. Jessie, my gal, you'll rust that machine, raining on it like that. Come, mother, cheer up, it'll all come right in the end."

"I was not crying, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle—"not much."

"Yes, you were," he cried, with a rollicking air of gayety. "I saw two drips go on your apron and one in that child's shoe. Come, cheer up."

There was a pause then, during which all tried hard to work; but the knowledge that they were about to turn out of their little home, and that their prospects were so bitter, combined with sorrow for their child, made a sob or two burst from Mrs. Shingle's breast, while even the boy kept on sniffing, and to show his sympathy for Jessie, thrust into her hand a very sticky square of hard-bake.

"Here, I can't stand this !" groaned Dick, at last, getting up and walking about the room. "I don't spend no money, mother—only a half-ounce or two of tobacco for myself, and one now and then for poor old Hopper, who seems to be cutting us now that we are so down. You don't spend much, mother; and it's as true as Gospel about shoemakers' wives being the worst shod; while as for me, I haven't had a real new pair this ten years."

"Don't take on about it, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle, making a brave effort to smile. And she took and patted her husband's hand affectionately.

"I wouldn't care, mother, if things were better for you two, and I can't see as it's my extravagance as does it."

"Oh, no, no, no, Dick, dear."

"One half-pint of beer this month, and it is the beer as is the ruin of such as me," he said, with a comical look—"and one screw of tobacco this week, and the paper as was round it, for thickness, why, it was like leather."

"Don't, don't mind, Dick," whispered Mrs. Shingle. "We'll sell the things, and clear ourselves, and start again."

"Please, master," cried the boy, after a prolonged sniff, "I'll try and not eat so much. And can't I do night work, please, to help you? for you—you—you—Oh, dear, dear !" he sobbed,—"you never beat me, master. And missus and Miss Jessie's so kind; and I am so happy here; and if you, please—please—please——"

He could say no more, but stood up sobbing, and wiping his eyes with a very dirty corner of his leather apron, while Dick gave a great gulp, turned away his head for a moment to hide the working of his countenance, before going over with a fierce look to where the boy stood; and ended by patting him on the shoulder, and turning sharply away.

"It's all right, mother," he cried, with a kind of gulp. "It's got to the worst pitch now—see if it ain't. Don't make it rain in-doors, mother," he added, in a remonstrating tone; "'specially when we've only one umbrella in the house, and it's broke. Here, Jessie, my gal, what's that song you sing about the rain ?"

"'There's sunshine after rain,' father," said Jessie, looking up in so piteous a way that Dick had hard work to keep back a sob; but with another struggle to beat back his cares, he cried:

"To be sure. 'There's sunshine after rain, my boys; there's sunshine after rain,'" he sang, making up words, and a peculiar doleful tune of his own, as he set to again and hammered vigorously at a piece of leather. "Work away, Union Jack, and sing, you dog—'There's sunshine af—aft—after——"

The hammer fell at his feet, and he rose once more.

"Go away, Jack, my boy," he said, in a different tone of voice.

"No, no, master—don't send me back !" cried the boy, passionately. "I'm very sorry. Please, master," he cried, throwing himself on his knees, and clinging to Dick, "I'll never eat so much again; and I'll try so—so very hard not to be hungry."

"Hush, my boy, hush !" said Dick, softly.

"And when I am, master, I'll never—never say I am. Don't send me away."

"Tell him—tell him, mother !" whispered Dick, who had been so near breaking down before that the boy's passionate appeal completely unmanned him.

"There's nobody to care for there, master, and it's all whitewash. Miss Jessie, please ask him not to send me away."

"Come here, Jack," said Mrs. Shingle.

"No, no, missus; I'll stop here on bread and water—I will, missus. You've been so good to me; and I never had no father and no mother. Please—please let me stay !"

"I—I only want you to go outside for a bit, Jack," said Dick, with his lips quivering. "Go out and play, my boy."

"But," said the boy, suspiciously, "you won't cut off, master, and leave me? Fain larks, you know."

"No, no, my lad. Go and stop out in the court."

The boy looked keenly in his face, and then, with a suspicious look in his eyes, went outside.

"It seems to me as the poorer people is the fonder they get of you, mother," said Dick, pitifully. "Oh, my gal, what have we done that we should be so poor? Here have I worked early and late for the few pence we get together, and can't get on. It's because I'm a wretched bungler, and it would have been better if I'd never been born !"

"Dick, dear Dick !" whispered his wife, as he sat down despairingly, and leaned his head upon his hand, while she bent over him. "Don't give way. I can stand anything but that !"

"I do try, my gal, harder than you think !" he groaned; "and when I'm making most of a fool of myself, and laughing and singing, it's because I've got such a gnawing here."

He raised his hand to strike his chest, but it was caught by Jessie, who drew it round her neck as she knelt at his feet.

"And I've been so much trouble instead of a comfort, father, and it's all my fault !" she sobbed.

"Your fault, my precious !" he cried, as he took her piteous face in his hand, and kissed it a dozen times over—your fault! Why, you've been like sunshine in the place ever since you used to sit on your little stool there, and play with the bits of leather, and build houses with mother's cotton reels. Your fault, darling! There—there—there! It's all over, mother, and the sun's coming out again. It won't rain any more to-day."

There was a pause here, and the little place was very silent as the cries of the children at play floated in.

"There, we'll have Jack in again; and, look here, it's cowardly and mean of me to give up like that; but it's the last time. So there, mother," he said, smiling, as she rose and stood between them, "as a respectable tradesman, I object to swearing, as is only allowable when you want to take an oath. I'm going to take an oath now, when I says I'll be cussed if I give away again, and——"

"Here's a letter, master!" cried the boy, rushing in.

"A letter!" said Dick, taking it with his apron. "Who's been a-writing to me? Perhaps it's about that money, mother, and we shall—— Here, my eyes are all of a swim. Did the postman give it to you, Jack?"

"Yes, master, at the door," said the boy, eagerly.

Mrs. Shingle took the letter and opened it, to find a clean, new ten-pound note inside, which she spread out and held to her husband.

Dick took it, turned it upside down, over, round and round, and held it up to the light.

"It's—it's a duffer, mother," he said, at last, with his voice trembling. "It's a flash note, look, like they are at the races—Bank of Elegance."

"'For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England,'" read Jessie, slowly.

"No! Does it say so?" cried Dick, excitedly. "Then it's a good one, and it's a mistake. It isn't for me. Give me the envelope."

He took it hastily, and read aloud:

"Mr. Richard Shingle, Shoemaker, Crowder's-buildings, Lower-street, Islington."

"That's me, mother," he said, looking from wife to daughter, "ain't it?"

"Yes, Dick, it is for you," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Let's look inside. What does it say in the letter?"

"Nothing! There, we've only the blank sheet of paper in which the note was wrapped. Yes, on one corner, the words: "'For you, Richard Shingle.'"

"Then it's from that Tom Shingle," cried Dick, plucking up; "and I won't take it."

"No, father," cried Jessie, eagerly; and she trembled, too, as she took the paper. "It is not his writing; and he would have said *Mr.* Richard Shingle."

"So he would, my gal," said Dick, nodding. "Then it's from Max; and he's sorry he's been so hard on me—dear old Max! And he wants to be friends again. Blood is thicker than water, after all, mother; and I always said it was. There, I'm as pleased as if it was a hundred from any other man."

The happy tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes, as he looked from one to the other, but to read no sympathy in the countenances of wife and child.

"That's five times, you know, that money's come like that," said Dick, "and always when we've been in great trouble. It is from Max, mother; and his roughness is only the way he's got."

A faint flush of hope illumined Jessie's face as she tried to believe her father's words; but it died out directly.

"Why, mother," cried Dick, joyously, "we can clear all off, and have some money to go on with; and—— But, I say, if Max sent this, he wouldn't like us to go."

"Max did not send it," said Mrs. Shingle, decidedly.

"Eh?" said Dick.

"I am sure of it," she said.

"Then you know who did?"

"If I knew who sent it, Dick," said the poor woman, laying her hand upon his arm, "you'd have known too."

"So I should, mother—so I should," he said, quietly, as he nodded his head. "Who could it be, then?"

"Some good, true friend, who don't want to be known," said Mrs. Shingle.

"It would be a bitter pill to swallow," said Dick, thoughtfully, "if it was done in charity—a gilded pill, mother, wrapped up in that bit of paper. Oh, mother, mother!" he cried, stamping up and down the room, "I'm only a poor, miserable fellow, but I've got my pride like better men. I don't like this beggarly dependence on other people—this taking money in charity. If I could only hit a bright—invent some new thing that all the world would buy!"

"Watts was an inventor, and made the steam engine," said the boy.

"Hang Watts!" cried Dick, impatiently. "Here, you be quiet. I don't want your union-school copy-books here."

"All right, master," said the boy, with a sniff.

Dick walked up and down the room in an excited way, with the bank-note in his left hand; while a bluebottle fly came in at the window, and buzzed round the room, now up, now down, its loud hum rising and falling, as, apparently taken off from his previous thoughts, Richard Shingle followed it, and as it settled he twice made ineffectual efforts to catch it.

"Buzz—uzz—buzz! Um—um—um!" went the fly, while Jack stood with open mouth and an old slipper, ready to hit at the insect if it came his way; Mrs. Shingle and Jessie glancing at one another, and then following Dick in a troubled fashion with their eyes, as he still pursued the great bluebottle.

"You've a fine time of it, you have," he said, "you great, lazy wind-flitter!"

"Buzz—buzz! Um—um—um!" went the fly, round and round.

"Ah," said Dick, "some men hit bright ideas, and make fortunes, but I don't; and it seems—ah, I nearly had you that time—seems, mother, as if we go on as we are that we may toil on—well, he is a sharp one, but I'll have him yet—toil on till we get to the workhouse!"

"Oh, don't, please, master—don't go there!" cried the boy. "Now, master—quick, quick! He's settled on the edge of the last shelf."

"I see him," said Dick, going cautiously up, with hand ready to catch the fly.

But before he reached it, away it went, round and round the room again.

"Buzz—uzz! Um—um—um!"

"There's nothing done without trying, mother," continued Dick, who was quite excited now over his chase. "Try again, try again, till you succeed, 's the way. Now, you know, if I was to—was to—ah, gone again! but I'll have you yet—you see, I might——"

"Now, master, there he is," whispered Jack. "You'll have it now."

"Yes," said Dick, "I shall get it now. You see, mother, shoemaking and cobbling's all very well, but it means starvation to us, though it's a thing in common demand. If I could invent—ah! I shall have you directly."

He went cautiously across the room.

"Invent a pair o' boots as won't never wear out, master," whispered the boy. "Now look, master—there on the wall!"

The buzzing had ceased, and all was very still in the low, shabby room, as the bluebottle settled on the centre of a figure in the common wall-paper; and Dick went forward on tiptoe, while, somehow drawn into a keen interest in the pursuit, they knew not why, Mrs. Shingle and Jessie still looked on.

Slowly and cautiously, as if determined to make up this time for his many failures, Richard Shingle advanced closer and closer, just as a ray of sunshine fell on the wall,

making the fly, which was cleaning and brushing itself, stand out plainly before them all.

It was as if the capture of that fly had something to do with their future in life, and the activity that Dick threw into the pursuit was shared by all present.

"Would he catch it? Would he fail?"

That was the mental question asked as he was watched, while he made a scoop of his hand, drew just within the required distance, paused for a moment, and then——

There was a rapid dash of a hand across the sunlit patch, and Dick stood up, with outstretched arm and closed fist.

"Bizz—izz—izz," went the captured fly, within his closed hand, as Jack gave his knee a delighted slap.

"At last! at last!" shouted Dick. "I've got it, mother, now. Do you hear, Jessie? I've got it."

"Got what?" they cried.

He paused for a moment or two, turned to them with a curious look upon his face, and then said:

"The fly on the wall."

"Jessie, my darling, he's mad!" whispered Mrs. Shingle, running to him. "Oh, Dick, Dick!"

"No, mother," he cried, "I'm not mad; but I've made my fortune."

As he spoke he held his hand to the window, unclosed it, and the fly darted into the sunshine—free.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO WAS THAT.

OT your Australian money yet, Dick?" said Hopper the next day, when he dropped in as usual.

"No," said Dick; "but I've got this!" and he flourished the ten-pound note before his old friend.

"Hey? Got that?" said Hopper, putting on a pair of great tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and taking the note in his fingers. "Why, it's—it's a ten-pound note. It's a bad one."

"No," said Dick, triumphantly. "It's a good one—I asked the grocer."

"Hey? A good one! Come by it honestly, Dick?"

"Of course he did!" cried Mrs. Shingle, indignantly.

"Ah! I don't know—I don't know," said the old fellow. "There's a deal of trickery in this world. If it's a good one, then, Dick, and you did come by it honestly, you'll lend me a few shillings, Dick, eh? Say ten."

"Hopper, old man," said Dick, "you shall have a pound if you like; and, look here, I've hit a bright idea at last."

"No—have you?" said Hopper, whose hearing seemed wonderfully good.

"Yes, old chap; and a fortune will come of it. And, look here—we've been best friends when it was hard times there's an easy-chair in the corner for you when it's soft times. None of your turning proud, you know."

"Hey? Turn proud? No—I sha'n't turn proud. You will. Won't he, Jessie?"

"No," said Jessie, speaking up aloud. "Father will never alter—never."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Dick, with a peculiar smile, which he seemed to wipe off directly by passing his hand across his mouth. "Perhaps I may alter, you know, and a good deal too. But, look here, old Hopper, you stop to-day and we'll have a holiday—the first I've had for years."

"Hey? Holiday? What, go out?"

"No," said Dick, "stay at home. We'll have a bit of supper together, and drink the health of him as sent me the money—bless him. I can't work to-day. I'm ripening up something, and I can do it best over the old fiddle. We haven't had a scrape for weeks."

"Scrape? No," said the old fellow, "we haven't;" and getting up, he toddled to the corner cupboard, from which he drew out a violoncello in its faded green baize bag, and, patting it affectionately, brought it out into the middle of the room. "Ha, ha, ha! Dick, I was going to take it away to-day," he said. "It's too valuable to be lost."

"Thought we were going to be sold up, eh, Hopper, old man?" said Dick, taking down a violin that hung by the eight-day clock.

"Hey?"

"Thought we were going to be sold up, eh? I should have taken care of your old bass," said Dick, with a nod and a smile. "It should not have come to harm, Hopper, anyhow. Now, missus, and you, Jessie, give us a nice cup of tea, with shrimps and creases, and a nice bit of supper about eight. We'll have a happy day in the old house for the last one."

"Last one, Dick!" exclaimed Mrs. Shingle.

"Yes, mother, the last one. I shall move into better premises to-morrow."

"Dick, dear," cried Mrs. Shingle, imploringly—while Hopper seemed to be busying himself over the strings of his 'cello—"what does all this mean? What are you going to do?"

"Do?" said Dick, making his violin chirrup. "Throw away wax-end and leather. They say, 'Let the shoemaker stick to his last'—but I've stuck to it too long. Mother, I'm going to make a fortune."

"But how, Dick—how?"

"Wait and see, mother."

"You'll tell me what you are going to do?" said Mrs. Shingle, half angrily.

"I sha'n't tell a soul!" replied Dick, firmly; and then, seeing the effect his words had upon his wife, he kissed her, tuned up his violin, and then began to turn over the leaves of some very old music with the bow. "Here's the note, mother; and don't spare expense as far as five shillings go. Get a drop of whisky, too."

"Hey! whisky? Who said whisky?" exclaimed Hopper. "Going to have a drop of whisky to-night, Dick?"

Dick nodded.

"That's good!" said the old fellow, laughing, and nodding his head. "We'll drink success to the new venture, Dick."

"We will!" said Dick. Now, then, what's it to be, eh? Here we go—'Life's a bumper!' That'll do, for it is; and many a bump and bruise it has given me."

Hopper's head went down over his 'cello, Dick's cheek on his violin; and the oddly assorted couple began to solemnly scrape away, sometimes melodiously, sometimes getting into terrible tangles over the score, consequent on its being set for three voices or instruments, and Dick having to dodge up and down, from the treble to the tenor and back; while Hopper, with half-closed eyes, and his head moving to and fro like a snag on an American river, kept on sawing away, regardless of everything but the deep tones he evolved from the strings; while the boy Jack sat on a stool in the corner, with his mouth wide open, and his hands upon his knees, drinking in the harmony as if it were one of the finest concerted pieces under the sun.

From "Life's a Bumper" they went to "Vital Spark," and from "Vital Spark" to the "Hallelujah Chorus," and from the "Hallelujah Chorus" to "Forgive, Blest Shade,"

and then Dick tried a solo known as "The Cuckoo." But it was a failure; for though Dick managed the first note of the bird, the second would not come—all owing to want of practice, Dick said—so he gave way to Hopper, who, with knitted brows, played the solo, "Adeste Fidelis," with variations; the effect upon the boy being absolutely painful, causing him to thrust his legs up under the stool, and head down, with his arms crossed over his person. His face, too, was drawn; and had it not been for the variations, it seemed probable that Union Jack would have had a choleraic attack, consequent upon nervous fear and susceptibility, produced in early life by too much white-wash and Normal Union treatment as a substitute for parental.

The variations, however, saved him; though he had a painful relapse during the third variation, which was *largo*, and in A minor; his face during the performance being a study. However, he became convalescent during the *allegro finale*, and all ended happily.

Tea being declared ready, the musicians ceased their joyous toils for the time being, and feasted on watercress and shrimps; and though the "creases," as Dick called them, were a little yellow, and the shrimps dull in hue, and too crumby and soft for crustaceans, the meal was a great success, and Hopper actually made a joke.

It is not worth chronicling, but it showed the height of joviality to which he had climbed, though it was nothing to that which he afterward reached.

Like giants refreshed, Dick and he returned to their instruments, and worked away until supper, which was luxurious, consisting, as it did, of a highly flavored rump-steak pudding, with so much pepper in it, in fact, that both Dick and Hopper took off their coats, and perspired in peace.

"Ha!" said Hopper, suddenly—"I like this; it's better than eating curry in company at your brother's, where you can't scratch your head."

"Yes, nice pudding," said Dick, with his mouth full. "You've put a good lot of salt in it, Jessie."

"Lot!" chuckled Hopper. "I had one bit that tasted as if Jessie had put in Lot's wife as well—the whole pillar. But, never mind, Jessie; that's the best pudding I ever ate in my life. I could taste your fingers in the crust."

"There's a wicked old cannibal," said Dick, laughing.

"Hey?"

"I say you're a wicked old cannibal!" said Dick.

"Don't shout so—I can hear you!" cried Hopper, huffily. "But, as I was saying—gravy."

"You didn't say anything about gravy," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Hey? Not say anything? Well, I was going to, only you and Dick are so rich and proud, you won't let me speak," he chuckled. "Now, as to gravy. There's a baker round the corner has a notice up in his window, 'Gravy sold here,' and 'Dripping' on another card. Now, where does he get 'em from?"

"Out of the Sunday bakings," said Dick, laughing. "That man's a genius, and his wife wears silk dresses, I know. I respect him."

"Then more shame for you, Dick," said Mrs. Shingle, sharply. "It isn't honest. You wouldn't catch me wearing silk dresses splashed with other people's dripping."

"And shot with gravy," said Hopper, chuckling. "No, 'tain't honest, Mrs. Shingle; and don't you let Dick get trying any of those sort of games, or he'll come to a bad end, like the naughty boy in the story-book."

Dick vouchsafed no reply, only looked up at the ceiling and winked; while, the table being cleared, half a bottle of whisky and the pipes were placed, with hot water, on the table by Jessie, whose eyes were always wandering nervously toward the door, as if expecting to see some one come in.

Hopper was the first to help himself to whisky, which he did liberally, apparently not being able to judge the quantity on account of the foreshortening effect of the tumbler.

"That boy Fred been here lately?" said Hopper, taking his pipe from his mouth, and poking at the lump of sugar in his glass with a spoon, as if he were offended with it, or looked upon it as Fred's head.

"Not for some days," said Dick, puffing out a cloud of smoke, while he glanced at Jessie, whose forehead contracted, and she turned slightly away.

"Don't have him here; he's a bad one," said Hopper. "I don't like him. Look at his mustaches."

"Ain't here," said Dick, jocosely.

"Hey? Ain't here? Who said he was? Just look at his mustaches, stretching straight out on both sides, and worked into a point with wax."

"Well, they ain't pretty," said Dick, "certainly."

"Pretty? Did you say pretty?"

Dick nodded.

"Look as if they were fixed there as handles to open his mouth with, or to steer him. I don't like that boy. You, Jessie, if you let that chap make love to you—— Heyday! what's the matter now?"

The matter was that Jessie had darted an indignant look at him, and gone up-stairs to her bedroom.

"Look at that, now," said Hopper.

"Well, you shouldn't speak to her like that," said Mrs. Shingle, indignantly.

"Oh, if it's coming to that, I'm off," said Hopper. "This is getting on in the world."

And, laying down his pipe, he prepared to go.

"No, no, no—what nonsense!" cried Dick and his wife; and together they forced the old fellow back into his chair, where, becoming somewhat mollified after another glass of whisky-and-water, he began to talk.

"She oughtn't to have huffed off like that," he said. "But I like Jessie. She's a sensible girl, and wears her own hair, and doesn't turn her boot-heels into stilts and walk like a hen going to peck the ground with her beak—though how she expects to get on in the world without being more fashionable, I don't know. Ah, it's a strange world, and it's a great nuisance that we shall all have to die some day. Max won't mind it a bit," he chuckled, "he's such a good man."

"You leave Max alone," said Dick, gruffly.

"Hey? what say?"

"I say you leave Max alone. He's my brother; and blood is thicker than water, after all—ain't it, mother?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle, with a sigh.

"Simple girl, Jessie," said Hopper, musing; "you haven't dosed her with brimstone."

"And treacle?" said Mrs. Shingle, innocently—"no, never."

"Ho, ho, ho!" chuckled Hopper. "No, no; I meant mental brimstone, old lady. But there, never mind."

"How strange you do talk!" said Mrs. Shingle.

"Yes, I do sometimes," chuckled the old fellow. "But Max is a fine fellow."

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle, with a sigh, "he has his good points."

"Sharp ones, too," said Hopper. "Nice woman, too, Mrs. Max—not at all vulgar," he continued, with his eyes twinkling.

"Such a capital dresser, too," said Mrs. Shingle, with a woman's admiration of finery.

"Capital," said Hopper—"fine dresser. First-rate piece of furniture for a kitchen."

"Dear, dear! how that wicker chair crackles to-night," said Mrs. Shingle, who did not take the allusion. "There's something going to happen, I'm sure."

"Change of weather," said Dick, emitting a cloud—"and home, and position," he added, to himself.

"Hush!" said Hopper, suddenly removing his pipe, and making signs with the stem.

"What's the matter?" said Dick.

"There's some one outside, under the window," he said, in a whisper.

"Why, you can't hear," said Dick, in the same low voice.

"Can't hear? No; but I can feel some one there."

"It's the boy," said Dick.

"No; he's gone to bed this hour," said Mrs. Shingle, nervously.

"Let's go and see," whispered Hopper.

"Stop a moment," said Dick, frowning; and, getting up, he opened the door that led up-stairs, when a low whispering was plainly heard from above.

Dick shut the door quickly, and turned to his wife.

"Mother," he said, huskily, "I wouldn't have believed this if I'd been told. Did you know of it?"

"No, Dick—no," she cried, agitatedly. "But pray, Dick, stop! What are you going to do?"

"Put an end to it!" he cried, fiercely. "My gal's going to be a lady; and do you think I'm going to let her be the talk of the town?"

"Don't do anything rash, Dick, old friend," said Hopper, laying his hand upon the other's arm.

"Rash!" cried Dick, bitterly. "I've been waiting for prosperity to come all my life; but, curse it, give me poverty again, if riches are to come with this."

A complete change seemed to have come over the man, as he darted to the door and swung it open, just as there was the rush of rapid footsteps along the paved court, and he ran off in pursuit, while Mrs. Shingle and Hopper followed.

They met Dick at the entrance, coming back panting; and he motioned them back into the house, and closed the door.

"Mother," he panted, in a voice that trembled with grief and passion, "I've left it to you to train our girl while I earned—no, tried to earn—the bread, and it's been my pride through it all to hold up my head and point to our Jessie, and say to folks, 'Look at her—she's not like the rest as go to the warehouse for work.'"

"But, Dick, dear Dick, don't—pray don't judge hastily!" cried Mrs. Shingle.

"I don't," said Dick, hoarsely. "All I say is, there were a man out there, and she was talking to him outer window. Is that right, Hopper? I say, is that right?"

The old man looked at him vacantly, and seemed not to hear.

"Curse him, whoever he was!" said Dick, hoarsely. "He was ashamed to meet me. It was Tom Shingle, I'll swear; and he's not the man I thought him. Here!" he cried, swinging open the door that led up-stairs, "Jessie! Jessie! come down! Hopper, old man, you're like one of us—you needn't go."

The old man, with a sorrowful look upon his face, had already reached the door, where he stood leaning upon his stick, as Jessie slowly descended, looking very pale, and glancing anxiously from one to the other.

Mrs. Shingle was crossing, mother-like, to her child's side; but Dick motioned her back.

"Stop there!" he said, hoarsely; and then, taking a step forward, "Jessie, you were talking to some one outer window just now?"

She did not answer for a moment, but gazed at him in a frightened way.

"I say you were talking to some one outer window?"

"Yes, father," she faltered.

"It was to Tom Shingle," he said, in a low, angry voice.

There was no answer.

"I say it was—to Tom Shingle."

"No, father, it was not," said Jessie, in a low, clear voice.

"Who was it, then?" cried Dick.

There was no answer.

"I say, who was it, then?" he cried again, in a voice that Jessie seemed never to have heard before.

"It was to his brother Fred, father," said Jessie, almost in a whisper.

Tom Shingle had stood at the entrance to the court, and been a witness of the interview.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER A LAPSE.

MAX SHINGLE lived in the unfashionable district of Pentonville, but he had a goodly house there, and well furnished, at the head of a square of little residences that some ingenious builder had erected to look like a plantation of young Wesleyan chapels, which were growing up ready for transplanting at such and such times as they were needed to supply a want.

Mrs. Max—a tall, bony, washed-out woman, with a false look about her hair, teeth and figure; large ears, in each of which, fitting close to the lobe, was a large pearl, looking like a button, to hold it back against her head—was seated by the fire. For many months had passed, and it was a chill December day, with the wind roaring down the streets and beating at door and window.

She was not alone, for on a stool, in a studied, graceful attitude, sat Max's ward, Violante—a rather good-looking girl in profile, but terribly disfigured, on looking her full in the face, by a weakness in one eye, the effect of which was that it never worked with its twin sister, but was always left behind. Thus, whereas her right eye turned sharply upon you, and looked you through and through, the left did not come up to its work until the right had about finished and gone off to do duty on something else. The consequence was that when talking to her you found you had her attention for a few moments, and then, just as you seemed to have lost it, eye number two came up to the charge, and generally puzzled and confused a stranger to a terrible extent.

"Dear me! Hark at the wind!" said Mrs. Max; "and look at it. Give me my smelling-bottle, Violante. I'm always giddy when the wind gets under the carpet like that."

The smelling-bottle was duly sniffed, and then, changing her position so that her fair hair and white eyebrows and lashes were full in the light, Mrs. Max looked more than ever as if there had been too much soda used in the water ever since she was born; and she sighed and took up her work, which was a large, illuminated text on perforated cardboard.

In fact, Max Shingle's house shone in brightly colored

cards and many-tinted silken pieces of tapestry, formed to improve the sinful mind. Moral aphorisms about honesty and contentment looked at you from over the hat-pegs in the hall; pious precepts peeped at you between the banisters as you went up-stairs, and furnished the drawing-room to the displacement of pictures. Many of them lost their point, from being illuminated to such an extent that the brilliancy and wondrous windings of the letters dazzled the eye, and carried the mind into a mental maze as you tried to decipher what they meant; but there they were, and Mrs. Max and the ward spent their days in constantly adding to the number.

The hall mat, instead of "*Cave canem*," bore the legend, "Friend, do not swear; it is a sinful habit," and always exasperated visitors; while, if you put your feet upon an ottoman, you withdrew them directly, feeling that you had been guilty of an irreverent act; for there would be a line worked in white beads, with a reference to "Rom. xii., 9," or "2 Cor. ii., 11." If you opened a book, there was a marker within bidding you "flee," or "cease," or "turn," or "stand fast." If you dined there, and sat near the fire, a screen was hung on your chair, which was so covered with quotations that it made you feel as if you were turning your back on the Christian religion; while, look which way you would, you felt as if you were in the house of a good man.

Pictures there were, of course. There was a large engraving of Ruth and Boaz, to which Mrs. Max always drew your attention with—

"Would not you suppose that Mr. Shingle had sat for Boaz?"

And when you agreed that he might, Violante always joined in, directing one eye at you, and saying:

"People always think, too, that the Ruth is so like Mrs. Maximilian." When the other eye came slowly up to finish the first one's task, and seemed to say, "Now then, what do you think of that?"

The place was well-furnished, but, from the pictures to the carpets, everything was of a very ecclesiastical pattern; and when Max came in, with a white cravat, you felt that you were in the presence of a substantial rector, if he were not a canon or a dean.

In a wicked fit, Dick had once dubbed his brother and sister-in-law "Sage and Onions"—the one from his solid, learned look; the other from her being always strangely scented, and her weakness for bursting into tears.

Upon the present occasion, she sat for a few minutes, and then, taking out her handkerchief, began to weep silently.

"Your guardian is always late for dinner, my dear; and everything will be spoilt. Where is Tom?"

"Gone hanging about after Miss Jessie, I suppose," said Violante, with one eye. "And Fred, as well," she added, with the other.

"It is a strange infatuation on the part of my two sons, your dear guardian's Esau and Jacob," said Mrs. Max, wiping her eyes. "I wonder how it is that poor creature, Richard Shingle, makes his money?"

"I don't know," said Violante. "They've set up a very handsome carriage," she said with one eye, "and a pair of gray horses," she said with the other.

"Dear me! It is a mystery," said Mrs. Max, still weeping. "Fifteen months ago Richard was our poor tenant; now he must be worth thousands. I hope he is honest."

"Perhaps we had better work him some texts," said Violante, maliciously. Then raising her other eye, "They might do him good."

"I don't know," sighed Mrs. Max; "we never see them, now they have grown so rich. It is very shocking."

Violante did not seem to see that it was shocking, for she only tossed her head.

"Has Tom been any more attentive to you lately, my dear?"

"No, not a bit," said the girl, spitefully, and one eye flashed at Mrs. Max; "nor Fred neither," she continued, bestowing a milder ray with the other.

"The infatuation will wear off," said Mrs. Max, wringing her hands, but seeming as if wringing her pocket-handkerchief, "and then one of them will come to his senses."

"I shall never marry Tom," said the girl, decidedly.

"Don't speak so, my child," said Mrs. Max. "You know your guardian has so arranged it; and he can withhold your money if you are disobedient."

"Yes!" cried Violante, "money, money, money—always money! That's why I am kept for the pleasure of those two scapegraces, and mocked at by that saucy hussy of a Jessie. I wish I hadn't a penny!"

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Max; "here is your guardian!"

As she spoke she hastily wiped her eyes—pretty dry this time—and put away her handkerchief, for voices were heard below.

In fact, ten minutes before, Max Shingle had been rolling grandly along from the city, looking the full-blown perfection of a thick-lipped, self-inflated, sensual man, when a very feeble-looking old wretch, with vice and misery branded into his face, but evidently in suffering and misery enough to have brought repentance for the past, stretched forth a lean and yellow claw with a box of vesuvians therein.

"Buy a box, master," he said, huskily. "I'm nearly starving."

Max turned upon him, half closed his eyes, and gazed down with a splendidly parochial expression of countenance.

"Only another form of begging, my good man," he said, benignantly. "I don't smoke."

"I do," said the old fellow, bitterly—"when I get a chance. Begging? Well, what am I do?"

"There is the workhouse, my good friend. I contribute largely to the poor rates."

"What should I do in the workhouse?" said the man, angrily—"die in a fortnight. Do you hear? Must have my drop of drink now, and my tobacco. Will they let me have them in the workhouse?"

"No," said Max—"no, my friend, they would not."

"Then why do you talk to me of your workhouse?" said the man. "Give me a copper, or say you won't—don't cant."

"No, my man, I shall give you no money," said Max. "If I did my duty I should give you in charge as a violent beggar. Go and work—as your betters do."

"Work—what!" said the man, with a scornful laugh, "give me into custody. Well, do. Not the first kind action you've done in your life. How can I work now? Who'd give me work?"

"You should have thought of that before," said Max, who rather enjoyed the opportunity of giving a lesson.

"Ay, like you did; and grown rich, and smash, perhaps," said the man; "but I was a fool, and a rogue, and come to the dogs. Perhaps you are like me, and may come to the dogs as well. Yes, go on—curse you!" he muttered; "and keep the copper you would have never missed!"

Max was rolling on, when he started and turned round angrily, for he was caught by the arm with a sudden check.

"You scoun——"

"Hey? What say?" cried a well-known voice; and he found that it was not the beggar's hand that had seized him, but that old Hopper had hooked him with his great oak walking-stick. "How are you?" he continued. "Ah, what a good man you are, Max; while I'm such a sinner. Been talking to this poor fellow for his good, eh? Ah, I couldn't hear a word you said; but it was all pearls and diamonds, eh? You feel better, don't you, my man, eh?"

THE STORY OF SAMUEL.

"Yah!" growled the beggar; but he stopped to gaze curiously at the pair before him.

"Stop a moment, Max; you forgot to give him a trifle as well. So good of you to take an interest in his condition! Such a great philanthropist, my friend."

The man grinned.

"Give me the five shillings for him, Max."

"What?" roared Max.

"The five shillings you meant to give to him; and I should like to say a few words to him for his good as well."

"Five shillings!" gasped Max.

"Hey? What? Not got five shillings? Well, two half-crowns will do," said Hopper, with a chuckle that showed his intense enjoyment of the other's discomfiture; while, evidently under the belief that something was to come of the encounter, the beggar stopped and looked on.

Max turned angrily upon his heel, but Hopper was too quick, and, hooking him by the arm, once more he checked his progress.

"Don't be ashamed to do good," he said, laughing in Max's face, while he held out his hand, into which, muttering savagely the while, Max dropped five shillings. "That's right—that's right. "Now, you sir," he continued, to the beggar, "what do you mean by growing old and ugly, and weak and miserable? Ain't you ashamed

of being such a wretch?—always loafing about crustily, too, instead of crummily, like we do. Ain't you ashamed?"

The man looked at him curiously, as if scarcely knowing whether he was in jest or in earnest.

"Why, you're seventy, if you're a day," said Hopper, sharply.

The man nodded.

"What do you mean by living to seventy and being poor? There, here are this good, pious man's five shillings. Be off with you, and don't do so any more. Come along, Max, I'll go home to dinner with you," he continued, taking his arm.

Max swore a very ugly oath to himself; but he was obliged to put up with the annoyance—a feeling modified, however, directly afterward, by his curiosity being excited.

"I've just come from your brother Dick's," said Hopper, winking to himself.

Max was mollified directly, for reasons of his own; for, though over a year had passed, Dick had kept his own counsel so well that not a soul, even in his own family, knew of the secret of his success. Hopper was as ignorant as the rest; but he assumed a knowledge in Max's presence that he did not possess.

"Is—is he doing well?" said Max, in an indifferent tone.

"Hey?"

"I say is he doing well?" shouted Max.

"Wonderfully! Keeps his brougham, and a carriage besides, for his wife and daughter."

"Ah!" said Max. "Is he civil to you? No music now, I suppose?"

"Only three nights a week," said Hopper, winking to himself every time he spoke. "Fine, princely fellow, Dick. Ah, here we are! Very glad—I'm hungry. He wanted me to stay, but I would not."

Max opened the front door with his latch-key, and drew back for Hopper to enter, which that worthy did, and began to wipe his feet upon the mat, which said, in scarlet letters, "Friend, do not swear," etc.

"Damn that mat!" exclaimed Hopper, loudly, as he caught one toe in the long pile, and nearly fell headlong, while Max gazed at him in perfect horror.

"Couldn't help it," said Hopper, apologetically. "Didn't swear—did I?"

"Indeed, sir, you did!" exclaimed Max.

"Hey? What say?"

"You did, sir!" shouted Max.

"Did what?"

"Swore—at the mat!" cried Max, again.

"Hey?" said Hopper, who had grown wonderfully deaf since he had been in the hall.

"I say you swore at the mat!" cried Max, again.

"I swore at the mat? Did I? Tut, tut, tut! How hard it is to break one's self of bad habits! Now, I'll be bound to say you never did such a thing as that, Max?"

Max shook his head.

"No, of course you would not. Ah, Max, I wish I was as good a man as you. Five shillings to a beggar in the street! Ha, ha, ha! It's wonderful how some men's minds are constituted!"

Hopper took off an unpleasant-looking respirator that he had been wearing more or less—more when he was not speaking, less when he was; and when it was in its place, it seemed to have the effect of sticking his gray mustache up into his nostrils, like a fierce *chevaux de frise* round his mouth, to keep people from kissing him. Then he put his hat on his crooked stick, and his great coat on a chair, so as not to catch the moral aphorisms that were waiting to catch his eye, and followed Max up into the drawing-room, where the ladies looked horror-stricken at the sight of their guest.

But there was no help for it; and Mrs. Shingle, at a sign from her lord, put on her most agreeable air; though Violante gave him, uncompromisingly, an ugly look with one eye, which seemed to pierce him, while she clinched the shaft with the other, Hopper replying with his lowest bow.

The brothers Tom and Fred came in directly after—Tom to offer his hand in a straightforward, manly way; while Fred gave a supercilious nod, and went up to his mother.

Hopper nodded, and as soon as the dinner was announced, offered his arm to Mrs. Max, and they went down to the dining-room.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER DINNER.

A WELL-ORDERED house had Max Shingle, and his dinners were well served; and since he was obliged to receive the visits of Hopper, he made a virtue of necessity, trying all the dinner-time to lay little traps for him to fall into about his brother Richard; but as Hopper saw Tom lean eagerly forward, and Fred turn sharply to listen to his answers, while a frown passed between the two brothers, he misunderstood every word said to him as the dinner went on.

"So Richard is doing uncommonly well, is he?" said Max.

"Hey? You're not doing uncommonly well? So I heard in the city. Some one told me your house was quite shaky."

"Who told you that?" exclaimed Fred, fiercely.

"Hey?"

"I say who told you that?" cried Fred, more loudly.

"I can't hear a word you say, young man," replied Hopper; "you must come round. This a bad room of yours for sound, Maximilian—I'd have it altered."

There were several little encounters of this kind during the repast; for Hopper, as soon as he saw the object of his host, strove religiously to frustrate his efforts, and with such success that Max gave up in disgust and tried another tack, after making up his mind to call on his brother and try to become reconciled. This he was the more eager for, now that it was a fact that he had lost very heavily of late, and his house was tottering to its fall.

"Ah!" said Max, at last, as the dinner progressed slowly, "it's a pity, Hopper, that you have no money to invest."

"Hey? Money to invest? No, thank you. But don't talk shop, man. I wonder so good a creature thinks so much of money. But you keep a carriage?"

"Oh, yes," said Max, smiling good-humoredly at his wife, as if to say, "You see, he will have his joke!"

"And horses?"

"Of course," said Max, smiling.

"There, don't put on that imbecile smile!" cried Hopper. "There's only been one decent dish on the table yet, and I've got some of it now. You don't send your horses out to work with their nosebags on, so don't make me work when I've got mine on. I'm hard of hearing, but I'm fond of my digestion; so don't treat your guest worse than your horses."

"You always did have a joke, Hopper," said Max.

"Joke!—it's no joke!" cried Hopper, pointing at a pie before him. "Look at that—that's a thing to eat! Look at the crust; just like the top of a brown skull, with all the sutures marked, ready to thrust a knife in and open it—only it's apple-pie inside instead of brains."

Mrs. Max gave a horrified look at Violante.

At last the dessert was placed on the table, and in due time the ladies rose, Tom following them shortly, and Fred, with a sneering look at his brother, rising and saying he should go and have a cigar.

"You don't smoke, I suppose, old Hopper?"

"Hey? Not smoke? Yes, I do; but I shall have a pipe."

Left alone, Hopper condescended to talk about Richard, and gave Max a full account of his handsomely furnished house, growing so confidential that, when he took his cup of coffee, he drew nearer and nearer, gesticulating as he described the rich Turkey carpets; and, of course by accident, upsetting the cup of coffee over Max's knee, apologizing, however, so warmly that Max vowed it was nothing, and sat patiently and heard a highly colored account of his brother's prosperity.

"He must be very rich," said Max, at last, as he tapped the mahogany table with his fingers.

"Not saved much, I should say," replied Hopper; "but he's making money fast. But so are you."

"Um—no. I'm very heavily insured, though."

"Not in the Oldwives' Friendly?" said Hopper, with a curious look, though he knew the fact well.

"Well—er—er—yes, I am," said Max.

"They'll go to smash," said Hopper, eagerly. "Haven't you heard the rumors?"

"Ye—es," faltered Max.

"The scoundrels! And you such a good man, too; who has saved up and toiled for his two sons. I tell you what I'd do," he said, earnestly.

"What?" cried Max, turning to him with the eagerness of one in peril.

"They must last another twelvemonth, and pay up liabilities till then."

"Yes, they must do that, I should say," said Max.

"Then die at once, and let your people draw the money!" cried Hopper, striking him in the breast, and gazing at him with the most serious of aspects. "So good and self-denying! You all over."

Max started back, with horror in his countenance, and glared at Hopper, whose countenance, however, never for a moment changed; and he hastily poured himself out a glass of port and tossed it off.

"Very hard upon you, Max. I wish I was rich, and could help you; for you have been hit hard, of course. Never mind, you've that violent girl's money in hand—six thousand. Make one of your boys marry her, and that'll be all right."

"Shall we go up to the drawing-room?" said Max, rising.

"Hey? Go up-stairs? No, not to-night, thanky. Say good-by to the ladies. I'll be off now," said Hopper. "Thanky for a bad dinner. More wine? No, I'm going to my lodging for a quiet pipe and a glass of toddy before bed. Wretched weather, ain't it, for so near Christmas? All right; I can get my coat on. Thanky, Max, thanky. I shan't die yet, you know; your secret's all right. Stop till I put on my respirator, so as to keep my lungs all right, for your sake. Now, my hat and stick. Thanky."

He buttoned his coat tightly, and looped the elastic of his respirator over his ears, and then stumbled to the door, gave the mat an ugly stab with his stick, nodded, did not shake hands, and went stumping down the street, talking to himself the while.

"I wonder whether that Tom is a trump at bottom?" he said. "I don't know yet, but there's a bit of mystery over it all; and about Fred and that girl, Jessie. She's a puzzle too. I wouldn't have thought it of her; but I never did understand women. And so old Max is hit hard. Ha, ha, ha! Well, it's the old saying, 'Money got over old what's-his-name's back's spent under his chest'; and I'm sure of it. I'd swear it. He's spent every penny of that violent girl's fortune, as sure as my name's Hopper, which it really is."

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD AT HOME.

Richard Shingle was seated in his study—his own special room, tabooed, as he said, to every one but the specials—the specials being those whom he admitted. The place had a gay bachelor look about it, with a smoking-cap putting out a fiery Amazon, and the green shade of a gas globe perched on one side, giving it a rakish air, as if it had been out all night. Cigars were in a box on the table, a handsome sodawater and spirit-stand was on a sideboard, and newspapers were lying about.

The furniture of the room was handsome, and in excellent taste; but it seemed as if finishing touches had been put by the owner himself, the said touches not being in keeping with the rest of the arrangements. There was an absence of books, too, in the place, which certainly had not a studious air. There were, however, plenty of newspapers and reviews; and it was observable that while the *Saturday* and *Spectator* were in an uncut state, *Reynolds's* and *Lloyd's* were thumbed and crumpled with much reading.

Richard himself was in the room, lolling back in a comfortable easy-chair, in a rather loud-patterned shawl dressing-gown; one leg was thrown negligently over the chair-arm, a good cigar was in his lips, and as he smoked he diligently read the *Times*.

There was an appearance about Richard Shingle of having been dressed and had his hair brushed by somebody else, with the result that he was not quite comfortable; and every now and then he looked at the stubby fingers of his right hand, and had a bite at the hard skin at the sides, as if to help them to grow soft and genteel; for, though as clean as if he had boiled them every day to get them rid of old wax and leather-stains, they looked as thorough a pair of workman's hands as it was possible to encounter in friendly grasp, or clinched in warfare unpleasantly near your nose.

"Phew! this is hard work," said Dick, pulling out a crimson silk handkerchief and wiping his forehead.

Then, laying down the paper, he rose, crossed the room, and poured himself out a little brandy from a decanter, before taking up a bottle of soda water and unwiring the cork.

Squish! fizz! pop!

There was a sharp explosion; the cork struck a gas-globe with a loud ring, and before Dick could pour out the contents of the bottle, half of it was on the Turkey carpet, drenching his hands and the front of his dressing-gown.

"If it was only genteel to swear," he cried, "I'd have such a good one! Yah! it's as gassy as brother Max. Here's a pretty mess! Ah, that's better, though," he continued, as he poured out and drank the refreshing draught before returning to his seat, wiping his hands upon his crimson silk handkerchief. "It's very good sort of stuff, brandy-and-soda—specially the brandy; but I don't know that I like it so well as half-a-pint of beer just drawn up cool out of a cellar, with plenty of head. Ah, those were

days, after all," he said, sorrowfully. "One can't go and have half-pints now. Hold hard, my lad! Taboo! taboo! That's all taboo, you know.

"Well, I was always grumbling then, and wanting to be well off; but, somehow, we was very happy," he continued, reseating himself in his chair. "Now I am well off, I'm always feeling as if I wanted something else. But I don't know—if Jessie would only look all right again, and matters be square, I don't think I should grumble much. Well, here goes once more."

He gave the paper a fierce shake, got his leg well over the arm of the chair, and went on reading aloud:

"'The Chancellor of the Ex-exchequer ap-peal-ed to the 'Ouse to give doo con-sid-e-ra-tion to the wote—vote—and said—plead——' Blow the paper! it's awfully dry work going through all this 'Ouse of Commons business every morning—not half so interesting as the little bits about the accidents and murders and 'saults down at the bottom of the weekly papers. One never knows where one is, and the way I gets the two sides of the 'Ouse mixed up together makes me thankful I ain't in Parlymint, or I should be doing some mischief. I wish Jessie would come. The members don't seem to talk quite so much stuff when she reads. Poor lass! I'd give a thousand pounds down—and I could give it, too," he added, with a fierce slap on his knees—"to see her looking as well and happy as she used."

He stopped, thinking for a few minutes.

"No," he said, aloud, "I haven't done wrong. I've said it a dozen times, and I says it again. 'No, my lass, I ask no questions about it,' I says; 'but that was an unpleasant piece of business about Fred Shingle, as is a reg'lar scamp, and if you loved Tom you didn't do right. You says he came and threw up something at the window, and you opened it, thinking it was Tom. Well, my gal, you didn't do right, then, after what had happened. But there! it's all over now. They belong to another set, unless they find out as we're well off now, and Max wants to be friends.' Ha, ha, ha! I shouldn't wonder if he did some day. Ah, well, let's have some more paper."

He went on reading for five minutes, and then threw the sheet down impatiently.

"If it wasn't for seeming so ignorant, I wouldn't read a blessed line of it," he cried. "Talk, talk, talk! Why, they might say it all in half an hour; only one seems so out of everything if one can't talk about politics. No one ever says a word about the interesting paragraphs. I'm getting very tired of it all, and if ever I go into Parlymint I shall try for a comfortable seat below the gangway, or a hammock in the cabin."

He pulled out a handsome self-winding gold watch, looked at it with a sigh, and turned it over in his hand.

"Yes, you're very pretty, and very valuable; but now I've had you six months I don't care tuppence about you, 'specially as I don't want to serve you as we used the old thirty-shilling silver vertical. 'Make it ten shillings this time, Mr. Dobree—do, please,' I says, one night, 'and I've got tuppence in my pocket for the ticket.' 'No,' he says; 'seven shillings—the old price. Take it or leave it,' he says. 'Take it,' I says. And so it went on till we lost it. Taboo! taboo!" he exclaimed, giving himself a slap on the mouth, and putting away his timekeeper. "But I often wonder what's become of the old watch. Ha, ha, ha! it was a rum one. You never knowed what it meant to do. One week it was all gain, and another all lose; and the way in which it would shake hands with itself, as if it enjoyed having such a lark, was fine, only it forgot to leave go, and the two hands went round together. Ah, well, the cases was worth the seven shillings; so Uncle D. didn't lose by the last transaction. But—taboo! taboo! Here's some one coming."

The door opened, and Mrs. Shingle entered, looking plump and well; and, having been very tastefully dressed by a good *modiste*, she was a fair example of what money will do.

It must be certainly owned that if she were to be calculated by the standard of refinement, it would have been necessary for her to hold her peace, as at the first words a considerable amount would have had to be taken from her value; but, all the same, there was very little trace left of the homely shoemaker's wife of Crowder's-buildings.

"Well, mother," said Dick, smiling, as she entered, "what's the best news?"

"Bad," said Mrs. Shingle, wearily.

"Isn't Jessie any better, mother?" he exclaimed, anxiously.

Mrs. Shingle shook her head.

"What does she say, mother?"

"Nothing," cried Mrs. Shingle, sharply; "she's like her father—has her secrets, and keeps them."

"Don't, don't, mother—don't go on like that!" cried Dick, imploringly. "I've only got one secret from you."

"One, indeed!" said Mrs. Shingle, growing red in the face, and certainly less ladylike in appearance; "but it's such a big one that it's greater than all the things you've told me all your life."

"Well, it is a big one, certainly," said Dick, caressing his chin, and smiling blandly. "It's been the making of us."

"And you keep it from your own wife, who's been married to you over twenty years."

"Over twenty years!" said Dick, smiling at her—"is it, now? Well, I suppose it is. But, lor, who'd have thought it! Why, mother, you grow younger and handsomer every day."

"Do I?" said Mrs. Shingle, evidently feeling flattered, but angry all the same. "If I do, father, it's not from ease of mind."

"Come, come, mother," he said, getting up and putting his arm around her, "don't turn cross about it. I made a sort of promise like, to myself, when I thought of the idea that I've worked out into this house and this style of grounds for you, and your watch and chain and jookery, that I'd keep it all a secret."

"Then it isn't honest, father," cried Mrs. Shingle.

"That's what you've often said, mother, when you've been a bit waxy with me, and that's what I felt you might say when I first thought it out and promised to keep it a secret."

"Who did you promise?" said Mrs. Shingle.

"Him," said Dick, taking up an envelope and pointing to it with pride. "See—'Richard Shingle, Esq., The Ivy House, Haverstock Hill,'" he went on, reading the address. "That's the man I promised."

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle, trying to escape from his arm, but very feebly; "and kept it from your own wife."

"Well, yes," said Dick, with a puzzled look very strong in his face. "I have kept it from you; but it's a sort of religious oath—like Freemasonry."

"Like free stuffery!" cried Mrs. Shingle. "When we were poor you never had any secrets from me."

"No, my dear," said Dick, kissing her, "never had one worth keeping; and see how badly it worked—how poor we were! Now I have got a secret for you—see how it works, and how well-off we are!"

"I'd rather be poor again, then!" cried Mrs. Shingle.

"Well, they was happy times," said Dick; "but there was a very rough wrong side. It was like wearing a good

pair of boots with the nails sticking up inside"—slap! "taboo: taboo!" continued Dick, giving himself a blow on the lips.

"If I've asked you to tell me that secret night and day—I say, if I've asked you once," cried Mrs. Shingle, excitedly, "I've asked you——"

"Two thousand times, at least," said Dick, interrupting her; "'specially at night."

"Then I'll make a vow too!" cried Mrs. Shingle, throwing herself into a chair. "Never more—no, not even when I'm lying on my dying bed, will I ask you again!"

She leaned back and looked at him angrily, as if she expected that this fearful vow would bring him on his knees at her feet. And certainly Dick did come over to her; but it was with a look of relief on his countenance as he bent down and kissed her.

"Thanky, mother," he said—"thanky. You see, it's a very strange secret, and mightn't agree with you."

"It's agreed with you," she said, tartly.

"Well, yes, pretty well," he said, smiling complacently; "but there, I've never told a soul, not even old Hopper; and fine and wild he's been sometimes about it."

"I should think not, indeed!" cried Mrs. Shingle.

"There, there, don't look like that, mother," cried Dick; "you have got such a sweet, comfortable sort of face when it's not cross; and—there—it's all right, isn't it?"

It seemed to be, for Mrs. Shingle smiled once more, and Dick drew a chair close to her.

"Now, look here, mother," he said, "I want to talk to you about Jessie."

Mrs. Shingle sighed, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Poor Jessie!" she said.

"Now, what's to be done about——"

"I'm sure I don't know," sighed Mrs. Shingle.

"Do you think she cares about Tom now? Because, if she does, I'll swallow all the old pride and hold out the 'and of good-fellowship to him—that is, if he's a honest, true sorter fellow; if he ain't, things had better stop as they are."

"But that's what I don't know," said Mrs. Shingle, with a tear in her voice; "she won't talk about it. You know as well as I do that it's all come on since that night at Crowder's buildings."

"Taboo, taboo!" muttered Dick.

"That letter was the worst part of it."

"What, the one that come from Tom next day?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle; "it must have been very bitter and angry, for she turned red, and then white, and ended by crumpling it up and throwing it into the fire."

"And Tom's never tried to come nigh her since?" said Dick, musing.

"No," said Mrs. Shingle.

"Well, p'raps that's pride," said Dick. "He's waiting to be asked. I don't think the less of him for that."

"No," said Mrs. Shingle, "Jessie won't talk about it; but it's my belief that Tom must have seen Fred come to see her that night, and he told her so and threw her off, and she's been fretting and wearing away ever since."

"Fred's often hanging about, though. Does she see him, do you think?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Shingle, "I don't think she does. Heigho! I don't know how it's to end. She's getting as thin as thin, and scarcely eats a bit; and she's always watching and listening in a weary, wretched way that makes me wish she was married."

"Well, that's it," cried Dick; "let's get her married."

"Are you in such a hurry to part with her, then, father?" said Mrs. Shingle, bitterly.

"Part with her? Not I!" cried Dick. "I'm not going to part with her. Oh, no. Whoever it is as has her will have to come and live here."

"Don't talk nonsense!" said practical Mrs. Shingle. "Nice thing, for a young couple to be always having their father and mother in the house! Suppose whoever it is should want to bring his too?"

"Well, that would be awkward," said Dick, rubbing his nose. "Hush! here she comes."

Jessie came in just then, very gently, and her aspect justified Mrs. Shingle's words; for the poor girl looked thin and wasted, while a sad, weary smile played about her lips, as if she were in constant pain, and trying to hide it from those around.

"Why, Jessie, my gal," said Dick, "where have you been all this long time? Come along. I've got to leave soon—eleven twenty sharp," he continued, glancing at his watch, and shutting it with a loud snap; while Mrs. Shingle rose and left the room.

Jessie went to his side and kissed him, staying leaning upon his shoulder; but soon after walked away to the window and looked out.

"That's what she's always doing," muttered Dick, biting his fingers, as if to get rid of a bit of wax—"always looking for some one as never comes. It must be about one of these two fellows. I'll try her. I can read her like a book. Jessie," he cried.

"Yes, father," she replied.

"I met Fred Shingle yesterday."

She started round, and looked at him with dilated eyes.

"And Tom Shingle, his brother, the day before."

Her face flushed, and an angry look darted from her eyes as he spoke, but she turned away; and her father's reading of the mobile face turned out to be a miserable failure.

"It must be Fred," he muttered. "I don't like it," he continued, biting his fingers, where an invisible bit of wax seemed to stick tightly; "but I'm not going to see her die before my eyes. I'd sooner she married a scamp—if she loves him. But he don't have the playing with any money I may give her. Now, if Max would only make the first advances we might be friendly again. I can afford to be, and I will, but I don't like to make the first step. Jessie, my girl, if—I say if—if I was to become friends with your uncle again——"

"Friends with Uncle Max?" cried Jessie, starting.

"Yes, my dear. Blood's thicker than water, you know; isn't it?"

"Yes, father," cried Jessie, catching the curtains tightly.

"I've been thinking of it, you know, and I was going to say he did give you—us, I mean—the rough side of his tongue once."

"That's—that's all forgotten now, father," faltered Jessie, softly.

"You forgive him, my gal, for what he said to you?"

"Yes, father, yes," she cried, with a sob.

"And you wouldn't mind meeting him again?"

"N—no, father, I think not," she faltered.

"And you wouldn't mind meeting your cousin Fred, eh?"

"I—I don't think so, father; I would try not to mind."

"I wouldn't press you, my dear," he said; "but you know Uncle Max is my brother, and blood is thicker than water, eh? I say blood is thicker than water; and some day I must die, and I should like to be friends first."

"Die, father!" said Jessie, with a weary look. "Not you, father. Would it be very hard to die?"

"Here, Jessie, my pet, don't talk in that way. How

should I know? I never tried," cried Dick, in a troubled way. "What makes you say that?"

"Because—because, father——" She stopped short.

"Oh, there, my gal, no one's going to die yet; but I say, Jessie, your cousin Tom—you wouldn't mind meeting him, too?"

She turned upon him a look of mingled joy and dread; and then, shaking her head—

"No, no, father!" she exclaimed, closing her eyes, and with the veins in her forehead standing out, "I could not bear to meet him."

"It's Fred! I said it was," exclaimed Dick, to himself. "Well, I'm sorry; but it can't be helped. I'll talk to him like a father, and bring him round. Now, if—— What do you want, John?"

He turned sharply round, for the door opened, and a page in a neat livery, scarcely recognizable as the 'prentice of the shoemaker's workshop, entered the room.

"Please, sir, here's a gentleman to see you."

"Who is it," cried Dick; "and what are you grinning at?"

"Please, sir, it's Mr. Maximilian Shingle; and 'ere's his card."

Max Shingle had made up his mind, without any allusion to blood being thicker than water, to make the first advance to his brother. For it was very evident that Dick had hit upon some means of making money very rapidly, whilst of late matters had been turning out very badly in his own business arrangements. No matter what he tried, or how he speculated, everything turned out wrong; until, in a kind of reckless gambling fit, to try and recoup himself for past losses, Max had plunged himself more deeply in the mire.

He had broached his intentions to his wife and ward at breakfast-time, and Mrs. Max had shed tears.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say, Max," she whispered, "unless it be—oh!"

She uttered a loud shriek.

"My poor darling, what is it?" cried Max. "Another of your little fits? There, go to her, Violante. She will be better soon."

"Yes, yes—it is nothing," faltered the poor woman. "I shall be better directly."

And she looked in a frightened way at her smooth, smiling lord, as she ground her teeth and pressed her lips together, to keep from moaning aloud.

Violante, who did not know what was the matter, jumped up and went to Mrs. Max's assistance; while the cat, who did know what was the matter, having felt Max Shingle's boot whisk by her ears as it struck poor Mrs. Max in the shin, crept out of harm's way, and curled up on the mat.

Tom Shingle and his brother Fred had risen and left the table, the one for Somerset House, the other for the office, before this incident occurred, or probably it would not have taken place; but Max had his reasons for not speaking sooner—one being that he fully intended Tom to marry his ward, and the other that he wished to pay his visit before his sons were aware of the fact.

On reaching his brother's house, it was with a feeling of annoyance that he was ushered by the boy into the handsome dining-room, opening upon a conservatory, where, amongst other pictures, that of Dick and his wife occupied conspicuous places.

"So you say your master is at home, my man," said Max, with his most urbane smile, as the boy came back from the study.

"Yes, sir; he don't go out until near midday on Toosdays. He says will you wait five minutes, sir?"

"You didn't know me again," said Max, smiling in an ingratiating manner, as he pulled out his card-case.

"Oh, don't I just know you again, sir!" cried the boy. "You're master's brother, as used to come to the old place."

"Quite right, my man—quite right," said Max. "I am your master's brother."

"You didn't know me again, sir?" said John.

"No, my man—no," said Max, putting up his glass, and gazing at the boy with great interest—"you've improved so wonderfully. Ah! you look better than you did in those old days."

"I should think I did, sir. Things is altered now. Master never talks about the shoemaking—he calls it taboo."

"Does he, really?"

"Yes, sir; and things is altered. Never feel hollow now—nothing never gnaws inside; and master says it's all because my 'gestion's better. He knows."

"Stop a moment," said Max, insinuatingly; "here's a shilling."

"Thanky, sir; shall I go now?"

"In a moment," said Max. "So he's in his study, is he? Making patent boots and shoes?"

"Bless your 'art, no, sir—he don't make no boots and shoes now. He buys all the very best. Look at that," he continued, holding out a foot.

As he spoke, Dick made his appearance behind them at the conservatory door, when, on seeing Max talking to the boy, he drew back behind the plants.

"Ah, yes," said Max; "that's a handsome boot; and you've got a good foot, my lad."

"Them's the best boots in the trade, sir," said the boy.

"He's going to pump him," muttered Dick. "Well, if he plays those games, I shall do the artful too."

"So you never feel hungry and hollow now, my man?" said Max.

"I should think not, sir. Master gave orders that I was always to have as much as I liked to eat. And I do," he added, unctuously.

"He don't know much," muttered Dick; "but if he gets putting old Max on the scent, I'll half smother him."

"So you eat and drink as much as you like, do you, my man?" continued Max.

"Don't I?" said the boy, laughing. "I should just think I do. Why, I've grow'd out of two suits of livery since we've been here."

"And how long's that?"

"Twelve months, sir; and these is getting too tight."

"You were not in quite such a fine house as this before, were you?"

"Oh, no, sir—nothing like; but we've been doing very well lately."

"You young villain!" muttered Dick; "if you get telling tales I'll never forgive you."

"So I suppose," said Max, "And so you are very happy and comfortable?"

"It's lovely, sir."

"Master and mistress very kind, I suppose?"

"They jest are, sir. Missus and miss seems like two angels, sir."

"And your master—does he ever give you the stirrup-leather now?" said Max, laughing.

"Give me the sterrup-leather!" said the boy, looking pugnacious; "no, he just don't. I should like to ketch him at it. Sterrup-leather! Why, he treats me just like a son."

"But of course you are not his son?" said Max, with a smile.

"There's impudence!" muttered Dick, from behind a great camellia. "Nice brotherly attack on me. Why, the young ruffian's going to say he is, just out of pride and vanity!"

"No, sir; I was a workusser."

"A what?"

"A workusser, and was sent out to one o' the whitewashy schools. That's where master got me. I'll go and see if master's ready; for, you know, Miss Jessie was with him afore, and she's very poorly."

"Wait a moment," my lad," said Max; "there's another shilling, for being such a good boy, and stopping at your place."

"Stop, sir!" said John, grinning, as he bit the edge of the coin, and then slipped it in his pocket—"I should think I do stop; master couldn't afford to part with me."

"If that boy tells all he knows, I'll half kill him!" muttered Dick, who, playing the eavesdropper, stood a fair chance of suffering the listener's fate.

"I suppose not; you're so useful to him in his business, I suppose?"

"Pooty well, sir," said John, dryly

Max tried another tack.

"Master look well, John?"

"Lovely, sir!" cried the boy. "He's a regular swell now."

"Is he, though?"

"Tip-top, sir; never puts on a shirt twice, and wears three pairs o' boots every day—shiny leather ones."

"Does he, though?" said Max, drawing nearer to the boy. "And so he wouldn't like to part with you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I goes to the city with him everyday—in the broom sometimes."

"He keeps a brougham, then?" said Max.

"My master could keep anything he liked!" said the boy, proudly; and Dick took a two-shilling piece out of his trowsers-pocket and placed it handy in his vest. "He's going to have a yatched."

"A what?" said Max.

"A little ship of his own, to go sailing about in."

"Then he must be very rich," said Max, insinuatingly.

"Rich?" said the boy. "I should think he is. Rolling in riches!"

"And what did you say his business was, my lad?"

"Master's business is master's business, and nobody else's," said the boy, sharply. "Here he is, sir."

For just then Dick's cough was heard, and his step in the conservatory. And now, in the whitest of vests and the glossiest of frock coats, he came into the room as the boy backed out.

"My dear Richard!" cried Max, with effusion, and the tears stood in his eyes as he stretched out his hands; "I am delighted to see you again."

"Are you?" said Dick, coolly, and without taking any notice of the outstretched hands.

"So glad, I cannot tell you!" cried Max, taking out and unfolding a cambric handkerchief, which he held to one eye, looked at it after to see if there was a moist spot for result, and, as there was not, tried the other eye with rather better success. "You'll shake hands?"

"Oh, yes," said Dick. "How are you, Max?"

"Quite well, my dear brother; but why haven't you been to see me all these long months?"

"Long months, eh? Well, really," said Dick, "I never found 'em long. I began to think I was being took advantage of, now that I was well off, and getting short measure."

"Then you are very well off?" said Max.

"Tol-lol, tol-lol; nothing much to grumble about. But sit down."

He placed an easy-chair for his brother, seating himself afterward on the edge of the table and watching him sharply.

"I'm very glad of it, Richard," cried Max, after a glance round. "You know, I always thought that a man with your brains was throwing himself away on trade, and wasting his energies."

"Ah, you did, did you?" said Dick.

"Always, my dear brother; and that's why I used to speak so sharply to you—to rouse you, to awaken you."

"Well, you did that, and no mistake," said Dick, laughing.

"And look at the result. You set to and hit upon some bright idea; and now, before two years have elapsed, I come and find you a millionaire."

"Well, not quite that, Max; millions is a stiff sum, Max—a very stiff sum."

"Hah! it's refreshing to come and hear you call me again by that familiar name, Richard; it reminds me of when we were boys."

And he raised his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Well, Max," said Dick, "I wouldn't cry about it if I was you. It's all right now. You always was pretty well down upon me when I was a poor man; but as you've come and showed, as I said to Polly, that blood's thicker than water, why, we'll forget all about the past."

"We will!" cried Max, taking his hand, and beginning to pump it up and down, clinging to it the while as if he were afraid of being parted, and ending by trying to embrace him.

"I say, don't do that!" cried Dick, sharply. "I'm pretty well off, but I can only afford one clean shirt a day."

"Jocular as ever," said Max, holding his head on one side, and looking at him admiringly. "Humor flourishes in a golden soil. And so, my dear Richard, you make your twenty per cent. out of your profession?"

"Twenty per cent.!" said Dick, contemptuously. "Why, you don't think this sort of thing's done on twenty per cent., do you?"

"How much, then?"

"Well," said Dick, "I'm not particular. I take a hundred per cent. when I can't get a hundred and fifty."

"A hundred and fifty per cent.! My dear Richard, you must put me on to this. We must be partners, Dick. Shingle Brothers, eh? But, my dear boy, what business are you in?"

"Ah yes, that's it," said Dick, closing one eye slowly, and keeping it shut while he fixed the other on the ceiling. "But here are the ladies."

As he spoke, Mrs. Shingle and Jessie entered the room.

"Never!" exclaimed Max, with an air of wonderment. "My dear sister, my dear niece! years younger on the one side, years more beautiful on the other. What a change since I saw you last!"

"There's better light in this room than in the old one, Max, and it flatters, perhaps," said Dick.

"Yes, so there is, Richard. That was a cruel, cold place. But why speak of the past? My dear niece, you have really grown beautiful. Fred would be charmed to see you."

Jessie's eyes contracted as she gazed full at him, and then, bending her head slightly, she turned away.

"Haven't you married him to a lady of fortune yet?" said Dick.

"Oh, no," said Max, hastily. "He is not engaged. Tom is, to my ward, Violante—a charming girl."

Jessie stood as if turned to stone, but no sound escaped

her. Dick, however, saw that she was suffering, and he said, sharply :

"Ah, fine young fellow, Tom ; but deuced low in his tastes. Wanted to marry a poor shoemaker's gal—girl, I mean. But there ! come into my study, and I'll give you a glass of comic port. Mother, tell them to bring in the comic port."

"Comet port," she whispered. "I told you before."

"No, mother, no," said Jessie, making a brave effort to recover herself. "It is all past now."

"It was them talking in that heartless manner about those two fellows !" cried Mrs. Shingle, indignantly. "What is it, John ?"

"Here's another gentleman to see you, mum," said the boy.

As he spoke, Mr. Fred Shingle, elaborately dressed,

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"All right—only meant to get him away. Look at Jessie."

"I shall be delighted," said Max. "Ladies, good-by for the present."

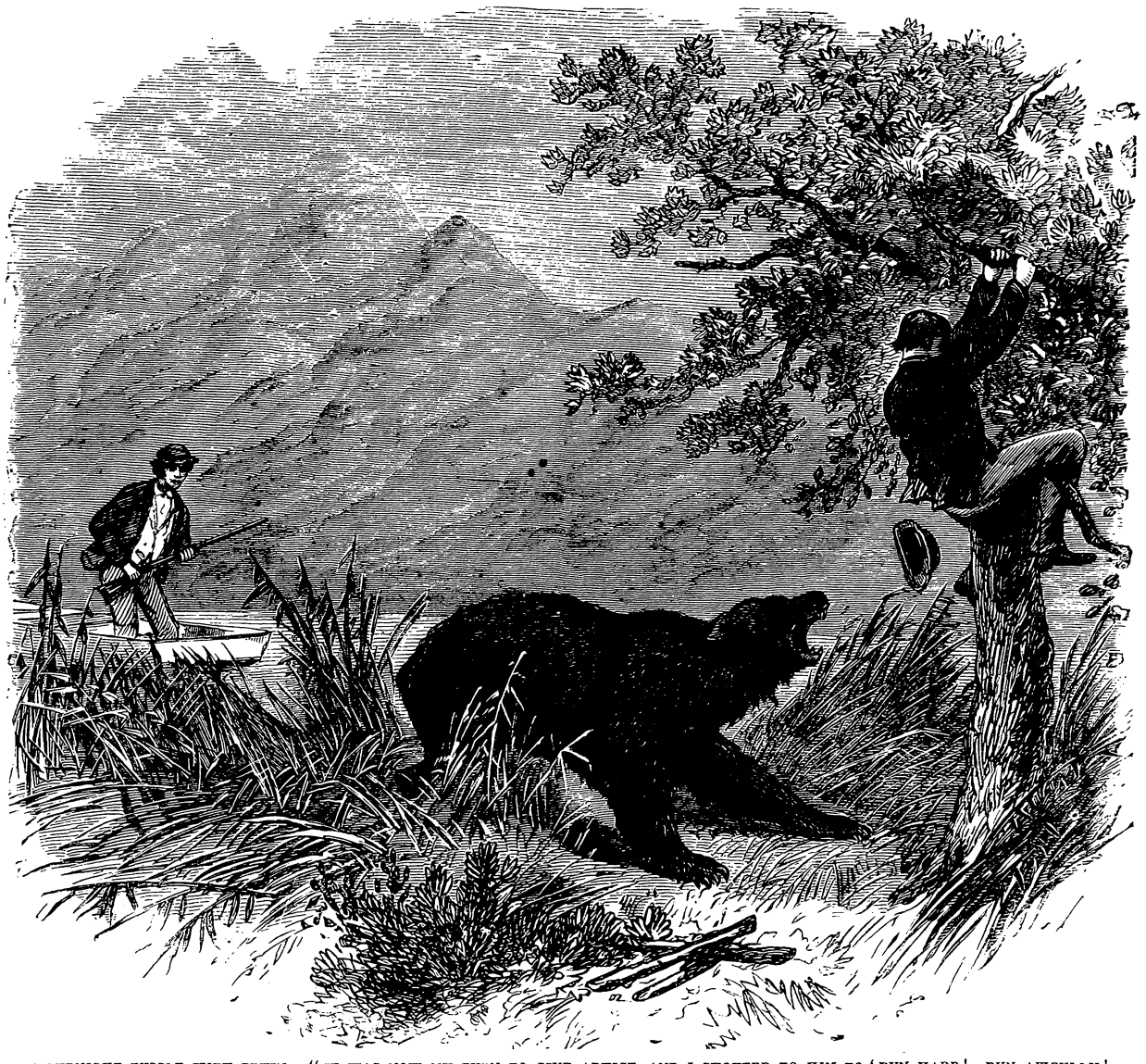
His bow was perfection. And then Dick led the way through the well-filled conservatory, and Mrs. Shingle caught her child's stony hand in her own, for she seemed about to faint.

"Jessie, are you ill ?" cried Mrs. Shingle, anxiously.

walked into the room, a pull at the bell sounding through the house as he made his salutations, and, in a light and airy way, began to converse on various topics, just as if they had been the greatest intimates all along.

(To be continued.)

SENSE shines with double lustre when set in humility. An able yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.



A MIDNIGHT TUSSLE WITH BRUIN.—"IT WAS NOW MY TURN TO GIVE ADVICE, AND I SHOUTED TO HIM TO 'RUN HARD! RUN AWFULLY! CLIMB FASTER; HE'LL SCRATCH YOUR LEGS.'"

MIDNIGHT TUSSLE WITH BRUIN.

PADDLING leisurely along in our "dug-out" up that chain of wild and picturesque lakes formerly tributary to St. John's, but which the genius and energy of the sturdy Maine lumbermen have now turned into the Penobscot, night overtook us as we were passing through the "water-gap."

Thoroughly tired, we turned our canoe shoreward, and pushed it in through the reeds and water-grass to the bank.

"I declare!" exclaimed Roberts, getting painfully out after me, "seems as if my back was permanently crooked, I've sat there so long doubled up."

Mr. Roberts was the "head" engineer in the employ of a Bangor lumbering company, and I his assistant. We had been sent up to inspect the dams at the foot of these lakes, and had now been in the wilderness nearly a month.

Drawing up the dug-out, we built a fire a few steps from the water, among thick, black spruces which lined the shores, and bringing up our kettle, proceeded to make coffee. And that, with our "cold bite" of bread and meat, made up our usual supper while in this region.

The next thing in order was to sprig off a "shakedown" of spruce boughs, and go to bed. We were soon asleep. Despite our wild and savage surroundings, I used rarely to wake till daybreak; though Roberts often complained of being disturbed by the "lucivees" screeching in the night.

But to-night—as late as midnight, I think, for the fire had gone out—I began to feel a horrible sensation of something *near*—dangerously near.

Then my eyes flew open, and in the pale moonlight which fell in amid the dark trees, I saw a large, black animal, not twenty feet away, sitting up like a dog—saw him first of anything, for my eyes were staring in that direction when they opened! He was looking at us very calmly—as calmly as if saying grace before meat.

Not a nice state of affairs, certainly! It took me a moment to collect my wits enough to know what it was. Then I knew it was a bear!

Generally speaking, I was quite well acquainted with bruin. At least, I knew him by sight very well, and saw at a glance that this was a tremendous fellow, who probably meant business. In short, that we were in a fix. For, if I stirred, the bear might pounce in upon us. And, although I could, perhaps, get away by a quick leap aside,

Roberts, who was snoring like a hog, with his face turned away, would very likely be throttled. Clearly he ought to be waked before taking final steps.

So, lying perfectly quiet, though the cold sweat began to start out, I nudged him easily—oh, so easily!—in the ribs.

A still louder snore followed this demonstration.

Bear, meanwhile, extended his wicked nose with approving sniffs. Another breathless nudge! A long sigh, and an impatient turn.

With one eye on the bear, I now ventured a decisive dig, whispering:

"Roberts! wake up, for Heaven's sake!"

"What d'ye want?"

His eyes slowly unclosed, when, seeing the bear, he exclaimed, "Thunderation!" and leaped up as if electrified. I was scrambling back at the same instant.

The bear growled, raising his back, and wrinkling his ugly black muzzle.

"Where's the gun? What d'ye do with the rifle?" shouted Roberts, backing hastily off.

The gun—as sportsmen well know—is never in the right place in case of a sudden alarm. Ours was standing against a tree not ten feet from the bear, and was, of course, out of the question.

So we backed away, and the bear walked into the "shakedown," sniffed it, poking the boughs over with his nose; then, scuffing and scratching, as you've seen a dog, with his feet, made a sudden rush at us.

I ran for dear life; and Roberts, catching up into the low, tough branches of a sapling "hornbeam" growing among the spruces, climbed up out of reach.

After running ten or a dozen rods, I stopped, finding the bear was not chasing me, and listened. All was quiet.

"Roberts!" I shouted.

"All right!" cried a voice, in the distance. "I'm treed. Bear's under the tree. Work round and get the rifle. Go still!"

"Yes. But you tell me if he starts out—after me!'

"Yes, yes!"

Making a wide circuit, and stealing from tree to tree, I got up to the rifle. Some six or eight rods off, the bear was sitting and gazing fixedly up into the "hornbeam," where Roberts was.

"Aim low, now!" admonished the engineer, from aloft; "and don't, for pity's sake, shoot me!"

I blazed away, and heard a snarling growl.

"Run for your life!" yelled Roberts. "He's coming for you! Put for the dug-out! Into the canoe, and push out!"

Three leaps took me down to the water, and a smart shove with the rifle-butt sent the log-boat sliding out through the reeds. None too quick, though. Bruin was hard behind. He had seen me, and came crashing down the bank, and into the shallow water with great splashes.

Roberts was screaming and shouting from his tree to—

"Go it! Go awfully! Push hard, or he'll get aboard!"

I thought the bear was going to swim out after me; but, after wading in up to his nose, he stopped a moment, then backed out, and went dripping up the bank.

Roberts had dropped down from the tree, and came on behind; but he met the bear, and had to run in turn for the tree. It was now my turn to give advice, and I shouted:

"Run hard! Run awfully! Climb fast, or he'll scratch your legs!"

Hearing the branches rattling, I concluded he had got up safe; and presently heard him shouting:

"Load up, and try him again!"

Re-charging the rifle, I paddled ashore, and, leaving the canoe so that I could readily embark, edged up to the bear.

"Do take better aim this time!" cried Roberts.

Coming up within five rods, I fired a second and more successful shot. The bear whirled around, as if to rush after me, but fell over, and, after a great deal of kicking, stretched out dead.

"A regular old racer," said Roberts, getting down.

It was a very large bear, and withal a very fat one. I have no doubt that the carcass would have weighed fully five hundred pounds.

We had some delicious bearsteaks the next morning, and took away the skin with us as a trophy, and also as a proof by which to obtain the "bounty" that the State pays every one who can show that he has killed a bear.

THE PITCHER PLANT (SARACENIA PURPUREA).

WE cordially recommend everybody who is regretfully searching amid nature's treasure-house for the wherewithal to cheer and enliven a long city Winter, to do as we did last November, and fill a large pot with the common pitcher-plant. Who does not know it, standing ankle-deep in cool, yellow mosses, and holding up to the sun its amphoræ-shaped leaves of maroon and green, each with its tiny reservoir of pellucid water!

It was with doubts and misgivings that we essayed the experiment of transplanting this free forester. "It can but perish if it go," we said, and we took its life in our hands, and turned city-ward. But soon we found that it had no idea of dying; in fact—and the testimony of others confirms the observation—it is the most satisfactory of wood-plants to bring to a fire-and-gas atmosphere. Water it demands, and must have; water at the roots, standing water in its saucer, and a spoonful daily renewed in each cup; but, given that, it is content.

Nothing can be prettier or more interesting than to watch the unfolding of the new leaves, from the tiny shoot to the slender spikes of bright green, and finally the tall pitcher, with its streaks and mottling of claret red. In some favored hands it has been known to blossom!—to blossom in early Spring, three months before its time! And if that is not doing handsomely, and as a vegetable should, we would like to know what is.

This plant, with its name reminding one of Saladin and the Caliphs, is not, however, an exotic. It is an American plant, and owes its name, not to the Saracens, but to a man of genius and science in the earlier days of Canada, Michael Sarrasin, King's Physician at Quebec, Councilor to the Superior Council, skillful surgeon, naturalist and botanist; he was one of those who cultivated the natural sciences in the French colony at a time when they were unstudied and untaught in New England. He contributed many papers to learned societies in Europe; analyzed medicinal springs; gave anatomical descriptions of native animals; described many plants and studied their medicinal properties—and, among others, the pitcher-plant, to which European botanists in consequence gave his name.

This plant is a very curious one, in leaf and flower. The leaves at first lie on the ground, rise up as they grow, and open their mouths to receive the rain. Then from their midst starts up the long, hollow stem, crowned by a curious flower—a star of five petals, hard, thick, reddish; while from the pistil, and subsequently the fruit, emerges a sixth leaf, pentagonal in form, covering the fruit like a cap from below.

The plant is not without its value in medicine, being of great use in the healment of smallpox and some fevers.

THE DWARF'S GOLD.

CHAPTER I.

IT was an irregular, sandy level, of no great extent, between tall rocks of quartz and granite, at the foot of a spur from one of the mighty mountain-ranges of Arizona, many a long and weary mile from any trace or prospect of culture or civilization. Scattered here and there were skulls and bones, and remnants of arms and clothing, and many another relic to show that on that spot had been enacted the closing scenes, at least, of some grim and awful tragedy of the wilderness.

Creeping around the corner of a huge mass of granite, peering from side to side as if fearing to meet some evil or some danger, the form of what seemed to be a man advanced slowly in upon the sandy level, and behind him, plodding lazily at the end of a lariat, was a long-legged, long-eared, gaunt and ill-conditioned mule. The latter was the first to break silence, for it stretched out his scrawny neck and gave vent to a most protracted and sonorous bray."

"Thank ye for that, Moses!" exclaimed the man. "I'm right down glad to hear something in this yer place. Thar's something awful about it, even to me."

The speaker was indeed a most singular specimen of humanity. Apparently not much over four feet in height, thin, skinny and weather-beaten, what there was of him was also so remarkably misshapen that, at first sight, it was hard to say whether his body, face or limbs were most distant in their outline from any recognized standard.

"Moses," he went on, still seeming to talk to his mule, "you and I have had a long hunt for 'em, and thar they are. I wonder if they are all thar?"

Carefully securing the lariat to a rock, the dwarf passed stealthily over the sandy level, picking up and examining relic after relic.

"Only nine of 'em," he said, at length, "and thar was ten. Moses, thar's one of 'em got away, and I wonder he ain't never come back for the plunder. Why didn't he take it with him? It's safe to say he'll come some day, if so be he isn't dead, and that ain't the unlikeliest out. Now, you see, Moses, my old boy, they got bad luck by robbing me, and kicking my poor, twisted carkiss out of camp, arter I'd worked with 'em a whole year, and showed 'em whar to find it all. Then they robbed the old 'Pache lodge of them bufler-skins. They might have knowed thar was small-pox into them bufler. I kin just seem to see how it all worked; and now this was the upshot of it all. These fellers was all robbers, and it's all mine now if I choose to take it."

With a lynx-eyed sagacity that seemed almost more than human, the dwarf picked up, unearthed, scratched out, from one bone-marked spot after another, little bags and ingots, and bars and nuggets of various kinds, shapes and sizes, of heavy yellow metal. It was gold that the dwarf had been robbed of, and he had now recovered not only his own share, but the proceeds of the year's work of a large and very successful mining expedition.

It made a tempting heap, as it lay on the sand in the bright sunlight; but as the dwarf stood and looked at it, he shook his head.

"No, Moses, my boy; we won't try it on now. We'd only be robbed of it again. We'll just put it whar we'll know, and then we'll come for it some time when we've got company that we kin trust. Thar's more in that heap, Moses, than I'd like to have you run away with."

His next motion would have been readily understood by any one who ever made what the miners and hunters call a *cache*. He measured and paced until he had secured a "bee-line" directly from one sharply defined corner of rock to another like it on the other side, and, just in the centre of that line, he began to dig with a spade and pick that he had taken out of the mule's pack. It was hot work, even in the loose, gravelly sand, but before long the dwarf had made a pretty deep hole, quite deep enough for his purposes. Into this he carefully carried his pile of gold, put a broad, flat stone over it, and then, having filled up the hole, he labored assiduously to remove every surface indication of his work. When he had done, he leaned for a moment on his spade.

CHAPTER II.

NOT many weeks later a group of three were gathered in a dingy lawyer's office in one of our largest far-western mining towns.

The group in the dingy office consisted of one young woman and two elderly men. The former was tall, dark-eyed, with luxuriant raven hair, but scarcely what would be called a beauty. Her features were regular enough, and her manner that of a refined and cultivated lady; but her lips were set with an expression of unusual firmness, and her sunburned face glowed with indignation.

The older of her two companions sat by a baize-covered table, fumbling with a pile of papers; and a harder, more selfish, unmerciful sort of face it would be difficult to find.

The other, on a broken-backed chair near the young lady, was altogether a more genial and gentlemanly-seeming man, but his face wore a puzzled and almost troubled look. After a moment of silence, he said:

"Now, Jennie Lambert, I don't say you're wrong, but I can't say you're wise. I was your father's friend, and I want to see you act for the best. You've heard Judge Brunt's offer, and what can you do if you don't take it?"

"Yes," here interrupted the harsh, grinding voice of the older man. "I don't want to be hard or unkind to Miss Lambert, but money is money, and what more can I do about it unless she can meet the notes?"

"Yes. Now, Jennie, how can you ever get together money enough, in less than four months, to meet such heavy payments? Hadn't you better compromise now, while you can?"

"Dr. Parker!" exclaimed the young lady, "I might compromise, but this is being robbed! It leaves me scarcely anything!"

"But what can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"Do? Why, I will tell you. To be plain. I don't believe my father owed Judge Brunt all that money. I will try and pay, but I will lose every cent before I will be plundered of my own free will, and with my eyes open!"

Judge Brunt's hard face grew harder, and he drew a tight knot in the red tape with which he tied up the papers; but they were all three on their feet, and it was clear that the interview was now over. The young lady turned abruptly, and walked out of the office, leaving the lawyer and the doctor to any such further discussion of her case as might suit them.

"Oh, my father, my father!" she murmured, as she walked rapidly on. "It is a terrible thing to be left all alone, and in such a place as this. I am scarcely safe day or night. And yet I might be—I wonder if Neale Murray knows that I am likely to be penniless? Oh, if I only knew! I scarcely know whom to trust—not even good Dr. Parker. I can't submit to be robbed. I owe that much to my father's memory. If I only could pay those notes, and take up the mortgage! I *must* do it!"

THE DWARF'S GOLD.—"AS HE TURNED A STREET CORNER, IN HIS FLIGHT, A LIGHT FORM BLOCKED HIS WAY, A SMALL BUT FIRM HAND GRASPED HIS ARM."

Jennie Lambert had not long been an orphan. Her father had been one of the most enterprising and successful citizens of the young community, and although he had left his property, which was mostly real estate, very much involved, Jennie knew that if she could only keep it together, and carry out his plans for its development, it would provide for her as he would have himself desired. In fact, it was much more a regard for her father's memory than a desire for even wealth that made it hard for the resolute and keen-witted girl to give up to extortion the results of his labor and enterprise.

Now, it happened that the consultation in Judge Brunt's office was not the only one set down for that morning. At the very moment when Jennie Lambert had entered that dingy den of extortion, a couple of young men had been walking along one of the by-streets together, at no great distance. The first was a tall, showily dressed, rather fast-looking, not unhandsome, but with too much of swaggering recklessness in his manner, and too coarse an expression of face, to claim rank as a gentleman.

"Well, Jinks," he said, "it's a queer story, and I don't wonder you never wanted to go alone on an errand like that. I've give my word on it, and I'll go, but I reckon we needn't take in anybody else. Two's as good a divide as I know of, and I can take my share awful easy."

"Yer right thar," said his companion. "I'm glad I come across ye, Dan Brunt. 'Tain't every man I'd 'ave let on to about a thing like that. Yer the first man I've blowed it to. Not that any man alive could find it without me. But you're the man I want."

The speaker was a heavy set, rough-featured, villainous-looking chap, in the ordinary dress of a miner out of luck.

"When ought we to set out, Jinks?"

"The sooner the quicker'd suit me, you bet."

"Sure nobody knows? Didn't you say another chap got off?"

"Wal, yes, thar was the dwarf, but we set him clean adrift before any one of us got sick, and I don't reckon he got in safe, nohow. Even allowing he did, he couldn't go to the place, nor take any one else thar. No, Dan Brunt, that there plunder is safe for you and me; but I wouldn't lose no time."

"No more wouldn't I," said Dan. "I'll have our outfit got ready in short order. The whole trip ought not to take over a month."

"Oh, we'd do it easy in less time," replied Jinks.

Dan Brunt made the best of his way to his father's office, where he found the Judge in excellent humor.

"Dan, my boy," said the judge, "I reckon I've got that Lambert business all safe.—If you're bound to have the girl, you may, and be hanged to you, but the property is safe ours, I reckon. Why, she might have saved a little something on my offer, but I won't make it again."

Dan stood for a moment, and then said:

"Well, old man, I s'pose you know what you're about better'n I do. If you can only fetch her down a peg, I reckon I'd stand some chance. According to what I hear, Neale Murray's about counted out. She don't go for any poor man. After all, if I've got to take old Lambert's real estate, I might as well make a clean bargain, and take his daughter along with it."

"That's your business, not mine," said his father. "Though I can't see what you find to fancy in such a spitfire as that. Why, she's almost inclined to be a man on her own account."

"Pretty independent, sure's you live!" said Dan. "But I reckon I can tame her down. Even a man feels his backbone weaken when he finds his pile leave him. And now I've got something else to tell you."

"What's that, Dan?"

"Why, I'm off on a queer spec of my own, for a few weeks, and I want some money."

"Hum—well, now, that's another thing. How much will it take? Sometimes your specs don't pay, Dan."

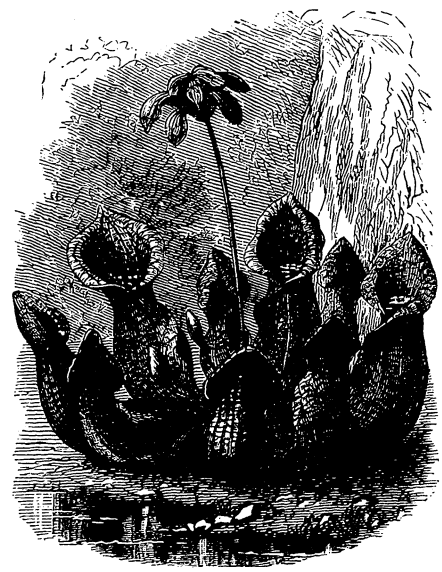
"This one will, you bet."

And Dan proceeded to tell his keen-eyed sire all he cared to unfold, of his recent bargain with Jinks.

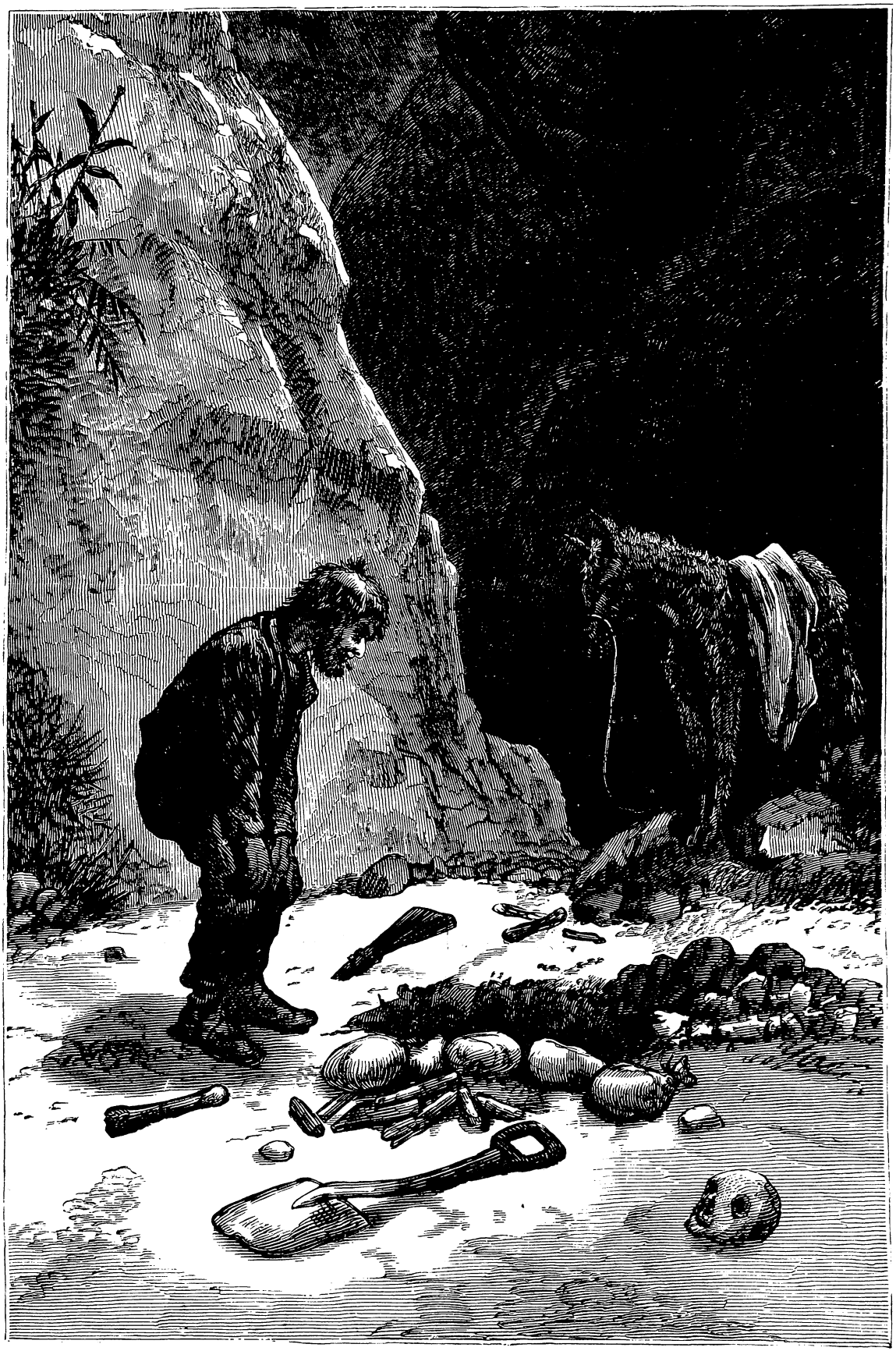
Meantime, that latter individual, on parting from his friend Dan, sauntered on from street to street of the unpaved, irregular and dusty down, soliloquizing as he went:

"I'm glad I met Dan. He's a bad egg about some things, but he can scare up the right kind of an outfit, and thar's no way I see that he can come roots onto me. If he tries it, I'll fix him out, now, you bet!"

"I do wish I knowed about the dwarf. We played it pretty heavy on the little toad, we did. He couldn't pilot nobody, and I'd aheered tell of him, if he'd



THE PITCHER PLANT (SARACENIA PURPUREA). SEE PAGE 722.



THE DWARF'S GOLD.—"SCATTERED HERE AND THERE WERE SKULLS AND BONES, AND REMNANTS OF ARMS AND CLOTHING."
SEE PAGE 723.

come back into these parts." Even as the words left his lips he looked up, and his eyes fell on an object in the street, a short distance in advance, which made him spring forward.

"Thar he is, now! Thar ain't two sich. If I catch him, I'll choke it out of him!"

Jinks had been seen, evidently, as quickly as he himself had seen, and the object of his sudden dash was also moving. The dwarf, however, was no match for Jinks in speed, and, before the poor fellow had gone two blocks, his pursuer had caught up with him.

"No, you don't, Tobit—no, you don't. You can't git away from Jinks. Yer just the chap I want. Come right along now, Tobit—I want to talk with ye."

"Let go! Let me alone! I don't want anything to do with you! You helped 'em drive me away in the Sierra! Oh!"

And, as he spoke, the dwarf struggled with all his might to free himself from the iron grasp of the miner.

"Shut up yer noise!" growled Jinks. "Stop yer kicking, or I'll cut yer throat! Come along!"

"Robber!" exclaimed the enraged and frightened dwarf.

"Take that, then! Shut up!"

"See here," exclaimed a deep, manly voice, just behind them, as Tobit fell heavily to the earth under the blow Jinks had struck him. "Who're you striking? Hah!"

The latter exclamation followed a quick motion of the miner toward the belt where his pistol hung, and was accompanied by a "chug" sound of a heavy pair of knuckles on a face.

Jinks was knocked clean off his feet, without a chance to draw his pistol, while above him, in a half-threatening attitude, stood a tall, muscular specimen of manhood.

"I'll pay you for this, Neale Murray!" hoarsely exclaimed the fallen man. "I owed ye more'n enough a'ready."

"You don't owe me anything, Jinks, except for the horse you stole. What made you strike that little fellow? Safe enough to stop you, anyhow. Get up, will you?"

Jinks surlily arose, and his adversary went on:

"I just want to give you one warning, Jinks. You know me by this time. So long as you behave yourself, you may come and go, and I won't disturb you; but, if I find you cutting up ugly, against me, or anybody else, there'll be work cut out for the buzzards. Do you understand me?"

Jinks evidently did, for, while his face put on an expression of the most wolfish ferocity, he turned on his heel without a word, and marched off down the street.

When Neale Murray turned, with some little curiosity, to look for the odd being he had rescued, the dwarf had disappeared

Chapter III.

Tobit, for the dwarf appeared to have borne that name, had sprung to his feet the moment he saw his enemy stricken, and had darted off with all the speed of fear.

As he turned a street-corner, however, in his flight, a light form blocked his way, a small but firm hand grasped his arm, and a kindly voice said:

"Stop a moment; you are safe now, and I want to speak to you."

The dwarf came to an instant halt, and looked up with his distorted visage full of astonishment, for the speaker was a woman. It was, in fact, Miss Jennie Lambert.

"We cannot talk here in the street," she added. "I saw what happened, and I want you to come with me."

"Wall, yes, ma'am," replied Tobit. "I'm ready to go most anywheres."

In a few minutes more he had crossed the threshold of the home which had been the pride of Jennie's father.

Keen as he was ordinarily, his confused faculties failed to note the shade on his hostess's face when he denied any knowledge of the man who had rescued him, or the flash of enthusiasm that followed it when Jennie said to herself:

"Then he did it for a stranger! I'm glad of it! It's just like him!"

"And do you live here all alone by yourself—and you a woman?" asked Tobit, timidly.

"Why not? I am an orphan, alone in the world, and a woman can do anything a man can."

"Can she?" was the doubtful reply.

"Why not? And yet I wish I was a man; then they could not rob me, and then I could make money.'

"Yes, ma'am; do you know that was just what I was wishing, that you was a man."

"Me a man! Why should you wish it?"

"Because, besides that splendid young feller that upset Jinks, you're the first that's done me a clean kindness for this many a long year. It's your face, too, and something troubled in your voice. Yes, ma'am, I know I'm safe to tell you, if you'll let me, and then, mebbe, you'll see why I wish you was a man."

Jennie's curiosity was fast rising, and she listened with more and more excited eagerness to the dwarf's strange recital. When he had finished, Jennie turned upon him, almost fiercely, with:

"Well, sir, a woman can do that, if a man can. I am man enough for it! Yes, indeed, I will *be* a man, long enough for that, if you dare try it with me!"

The dwarf positively bounded to his feet, as if his timid and suspicious heart had caught fire from Jennie's eyes, and—— But the immediate consequences of Jennie Lambert's charity to Tobit, the dwarf, affected other human beings besides themselves.

It was the next evening, just at dusk, that Neale Murray was slowly riding into the outskirts of the town, and met a couple of horsemen, followed by four lightly laden pack-mules. One of the former he thought he recognized, and saluted him with:

"Good-evening. Going out on a long trip, I should reckon?"

"Oh, yes; this young man and me are off prospecting."

"All right, only keep out of harm's way. Has Jinks troubled you any more? I warned him not to."

"Thank you, kindly. I ain't seen him; but a poor, little old feller like me is safer in the mountings than he is in town."

"That's so," said Neale, as he again moved on; "and your mate isn't any too big a man, either."

"Tobit's "mate" had maintained his silence, but tugged nervously at his mustaches until Neale had passed by.

"Ah, me!" he sighed; "I should be a good deal more of a man if Neale Murray was with us."

And so they two, with their mules, including the dwarf's friend Moses, pushed on into the darkness.

The next morning, who should Neale Murray meet but Jennie Lambert's friend and special counselor, Dr. Parker.

"Read that, Neale—read that!" said the doctor, as soon as he could get breath enough. "I know it was breach of confidence to open it, and another to show it to you; but something's got to be done. The girl's crazy! Why, she'll never in the world get back alive!"

The doctor talked on, but Neale heard him not, in his intense interest in what he was reading.

"No, doctor, it wasn't a breach of confidence," he said, at last. "You're her guardian, in some sort, and you ought to have been lynched if you'd kept that for thirty

days before looking at it. It's a rough map, but I can follow that trail. I know all the country, to the edge of the ranges. It's right in among the Apaches, too. By-the-way —the dwarf! And I met them when they were leaving town. How she was disguised! Well, I'll be ready to start before noon. If I only knew a man I could trust, I'd take him along."

"Why, we two are enough," interposed the doctor. "I don't want anybody else to know."

"You!—you going with me?" exclaimed Neale. "I never thought of that. Of course—why, you're just the man! Come on, then; get ready sharp. We'll have to rough it, though."

And as they two urged forward their preparations to follow the trail which Jennie had indicated, in case of her non-return in thirty days, so, unknown to them, did Dan Brunt and his ill-omened associate.

Chapter IV.

Day after day flew swiftly by, after the events narrated in our last chapter. That was a busy season among all the mining communities of the West, and the deserts and mountain ranges were being penetrated in all directions by little squads of adventurous gold-hunters. Not a few went on their romantic and perilous search single-handed and alone. And yet, so vast is that wild and wonderful region, that had the numbers of those who went been multiplied a hundredfold, they would still have left incomparably the larger part of it unvisited, nor need they have crowded one another, or crossed each other's paths unnecessarily.

Thus far, the bone-marked, sandy level, in the jaws of the mountain pass, had been unvisited by the feet of any roving band, or even single miners, and the red men were far away for the season, among more profitable and, to them, more congenial hunting-grounds.

There came a morning, however, when the ghastly solitude was once more broken, but not this time by the stealthy footsteps of the half-frightened dwarf, or by the sonorous voice of his long-eared companion. Talking loudly and recklessly as they came, for Jinks had evidently been rehearsing the fearful history of the spot they were approaching, that worthy and his friend Dan Brunt urged their panting horses up the declivity, from the hot and barren plain below, all feverish with excitement and, it may be, with even some stronger stimulus.

They each dragged after them an extra animal; but that is a matter of course to all explorers in the land of mines.

"Thar it is!" shouted Jinks. "That's the spot, and you kin see for yourself. All that's left of the boys is them skulls and bones. Trust the buzzards and coyotes for all that. Thar's nobody but you and me to divide anything we kin find on this yer level."

"But mebbe some one else has carried off all there was to find," replied Dan.

"Don't you believe it," said Jinks; but, nevertheless, it was with very evident nervousness that the miner sprang from the saddle, and began to look about him.

He knew what he was after, for, as he said, the bones lay about where he had left the bodies; but his most patient search revealed only a meagre return in the shape of any remains of the treasure collected by the ill-fated expedition, though some stray ingots did turn up.

"Tell ye what, Jinks," said Dan, at last, "it's no use talking, there's been somebody here before you and me. I don't doubt you've meant to deal square, for the skulls and bones could witness to that."

"No, I reckon not," replied Jinks. "I don't reckon any man has been yer, but I tell ye what"—and here the miscreant hesitated somewhat, and even turned pale as he spoke—"I tell ye what—some of them fellers wasn't quite dead when I came away, and I reckon they somehow managed strength enough to *cache* the gold. They mought have did it. You see, I was pretty badly skeered, and I knowed I couldn't do nothin' for 'em. I just cleared out between two days, and now all we've got to do is to dig round and prospect till we find the place. I'm sure it's yer somewhars."

At the very moment he was standing on the spot under which Tobit, the dwarf, had buried his gathered heap.

"Reckon you may be right," slowly returned Dan. "Hullo!" he added, more briskly; "look out yonder on the plain. Somebody's coming, and we don't want any help. Quick, now! let's get under cover till they go by."

"Wonder who they kin be?" said Jinks. "I never seen any one this way before. It 'pears all-fired 'spicious. Yes, siree! we must git in among the rocks."

The objects of their cautious movement were as yet far enough away to preclude the idea of their having seen Dan and his comrade, for the rocks protected them in part, even then. To be still more safe, however, they led their animals some distance up the narrowing gorge, hiding them completely among the huge fragments of primeval quartz and granite, and ensconced themselves where they could see all that took place below them, and were not too far from the proposed site of their further investigations.

Now, it happened that, all unknown to Dan and Jinks there were other watchers than themselves among the lonely recesses of that rugged mountain-side, and for a not altogether dissimilar reason.

Scarcely had the sun risen that morning before a well-mounted but decidedly faded-looking brace of riders had drawn rein within half a mile of that very spot.

"Doctor," said the younger of the two, "we've made blunders enough, and I'm not sure but riding all night was one of them. I don't see how they made out to dodge us yesterday—the second time, too; and now here we are, at the foot of the Turkey Creek ranges, and we don't know which way to turn."

"Then don't let's turn any way," sententiously replied the doctor. "I thought you was an older hand on a trail than that, Neale Murray. Don't you see, we've got ahead of them a few hours, that's all. We've done our errand pretty well, too, for we know they're safe, thus far. Now, if the map of their trip is worth a cent, they'll pass somewhere within good eye-distance of one of these heights. You've got your field-glass, and they can't get by unseen. But then, we don't want to race 'em any more, and so we won't let them see us. Let's hunt up a good, comfortable ambush."

The latter had been easier said than done, but Neale had readily agreed with his older and cooler companion, and, after a smart search, they had driven their horses and mules into as good a cover—at a sufficient elevation, too, for purposes of observation—as that vicinity seemed likely to afford.

Scarcely had they done so, however, when Neale, who had been busily sweeping the wide plains below them with his glass, suddenly exclaimed:

"There they are, doctor! there they are! We've hit it. They're coming!"

"Let me see," said Doctor Parker, as he laid aside his own "specs," and took the double lens his friend held out to him—"let me see."

Long and very careful was the survey of the doctor, and when he lowered the glass he quietly remarked, in a half-anxious tone of voice: "Not them!"

"Not them!" exclaimed Neale. "Then who can it be?"

"Look," said the doctor. "I guess you know 'em."

Neale took the glass again, and looked long and earnestly, with more than one low mutter and shake of the head, and then he said, between his set teeth:

"Leastwise," remarked the doctor, "we won't let them see us. We've nothing to do with them."

And so Neale and Jennie Lambert's old friend had patiently waited, while Jinks and Dan Brunt had approached them, passed them, and disappeared from their

THE WATER-LILIES.

"It's them! It's Dan Brunt, and that infernal thief, Jinks. I wonder what they are after, now and here? There is something between Jinks and that dwarf. I kept him from hurting the old anatomy, myself. It's a very remarkable piece of business, all round."

sight among the rocks by the little sandy level. And so it was that when Dan Brunt and his comrade were watching the approach of yet more newcomers, the far-seeing spy-glass of Neale Murray had already made out their character.

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"It's she and the dwarf," he said; "and they are making a bee-line this way. I must say this is a most remarkable affair. She can't be meeting Dan Brunt by appointment off here?"

The last remark was below his breath, and showed how completely Neale had been puzzled, not to say half stunned, by the strange riddle of the past few days.

There had been that in the conduct of Jennie Lambert, even to him, ever since the death of her father and her own discovery of her precarious circumstances, that had been well calculated to drive him out of conceit with any previous notions that he might have entertained.

It was half an hour later before Dan Brunt and Jinks made the same discovery with Neale, in part—for Tobit's identity was all of which they had any suspicion.

"Dan," said Jinks, "if it turns out that Tobit is better posted than we be, do you mean to sit by and see him and his mate walk off with the plunder?"

Dan's reply was most profanely energetic, and his face was fast settling down into an expression of merciless greed that would have done credit to the old judge himself.

"Not much, I won't!" he said, in conclusion. "Two more skeletons won't count, out there on the sand, even if one of 'em was a crooked one. But don't let's be in any hurry. I don't want to shoot anybody unless it turns out to be needful."

By this time the dwarf and his companion were rapidly drawing near the mouth of the pass. No mustache now adorned the face of the make-believe young man, for Jennie had found them, and much of her other attire, hot and uncomfortable exceedingly under the burning sun of the desert.

"We haven't seen a soul to-day," remarked Tobit; "and I'm glad of it, for I'm dead sure them fellers made after us, whoever they were. We don't want any company just now."

"This is the place, then?" asked his companion.

"Right ahead there, on that patch of sand. Please don't let's talk about it much, miss; it makes me nervous only just to be here. All I want is to dig it up quick as we can, and make off."

"Even then, I don't see how it's all yours, or how it ought to be mine," said Jennie, doubtfully.

"Why, I told you all about it. I knowed all about whar to find the gold, and I agreed with them miners to show 'em for half we might git. If any feller died, his sheer was to be divided among the rest. It was a fair bargain. Then, when the work was done, they went back on me, and kicked me out of camp, and I like to have starved in the mountings. Then they all died, accordin' to agreement, but one, and he the worst of the lot—hain't a grain of conscience about him."

"But about me?" said Jennie.

"That's contract, too," replied the dwarf. "I wanted company I could trust, and clean hands to pick up the gold, for I'm awful superstitious about that; and I wanted hosses and mules and help. And so I go sheers. If you die, it's all mine; if I die, it's all your'n; and that's what I call fair and squar."

By this time they were out on the little plateau, and Tobit began to take the bearings of the rocks without a moment's delay. Suddenly, however, he stopped short in his tracks, and began to look nervously about him, while his misshapen frame shook as with an ague-fit.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Jennie.

"Matter! Why, the gold is right here under my feet, but—but—ha! don't you see them tracks in the sand? Thar's been some one here this very morning. Oh, miss, what be we to do? Ah, thar they come! thar they come!"

Even as he said, so it was; for Dan Brunt and Jinks sprang from their cover, and came rushing down upon them, pistols and knife in hand.

Alas for Jennie Lambert! When she had thought of doing anything a man might do, she had scarcely dreamed of an emergency like this. Still—for she saw that her poor old comrade was utterly unnerved—she drew her revolver, cocked it, and said, as bravely as she could:

"Courage, Tobit, my friend! We will not give up, or tell them anything. Courage!"

"No, miss, I'll die before I tell. But to think of you, miss—oh!"

Dan Brunt and Jinks had rushed down with loud shouts and imprecations, and the latter instantly sprang upon the poor dwarf, like a wolf on his prey.

"Now I've got you, you venomous old toad! Out with it—tell us whar it is! I won't give ye three minutes to p'int to the right place!"

Even while he spoke, however, his companion seemed to have passed with lightning quickness through several successive states of mind; but a sort of fierce and brutal triumph had absorbed the others.

"Jennie Lambert!" he almost shouted. "You here—in that rig!"

"I'm here," coolly returned the young lady; "but what is that to you? Don't come a step nearer, or I'll fire! Make your man let go of Tobit!"

"Ha, ha! that's good!" laughed Dan, between his teeth. "Don't we know what brought you here? Ain't everything you've got mine? and ain't *you* mine, I'd like to know? Come! let's have the gold up, and go back to town without any more nonsense!"

"I yours!" exclaimed the brave girl, in whose black eyes a dangerous light was rising—"yours! What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, do you think I'm a fool? Come! I mean well by you; but mine you are, gold and all! I don't let slip a chance like this, now, you bet!"

Even as he spoke he stepped quickly forward, and, though Jennie's finger pulled the trigger, the barrel was knocked aside, and the aimless bullet buried itself in the sand. Poor Jennie! In another instant she was as helpless as old Tobit himself, and Dan Brunt and Jinks were apparently masters of the situation.

Only for a moment, however, and only apparently; for there had been a hushed sound of hasty feet upon the sand that none of them had noticed in their excitement, and then, just as the rocks and the hot sunshine faded from before the fainting sight of Jennie Lambert, there came shouts and oaths, and the shock of grappling men.

It was a terrible struggle, though a brief one, but Jennie heard nothing of it. Old Doctor Parker had been no match for the tough sinews of Jinks, but a fever and fury of angry strength had made a giant of Neale Murray, and Dan had been scarcely an infant in his hands. Then he would have helped his friend; but a weaker, if deadlier, hand had been before him, and the doctor was disengaging himself from the loosened grip of what had been a robber, but was now a bleeding corpse.

"I did it!" exclaimed Tobit. "I never shot a man before, but it was a right thing to shoot at that man. I did it—oh!"

In a few moments more Jennie Lambert's consciousness returned; but she could scarcely believe her senses, for Neale Murray held her in his arms, while Doctor Parker leaned over her, and the dwarf was busily examining the still stunned and half-inanimate person of Dan Brunt.

"Oh, where am I?" gasped Jennie.

"Where I never expected to see your father's daugh-

ter," almost snapped the doctor, still half-breathless from his tussle with Jinks. "Whatever sent you out here on such a wild-goose chase, with no one but that old—— There! I mustn't say anything. I do believe the little twist saved my life."

Here the good doctor's breath failed him entirely; but Jennie sprang to her feet, and Neale Murray's still boiling rage turned its tide once more upon Dan Brunt.

"Up!" he shouted. "Get on your horse, and clear out of this. I don't want any blood on my hands, but you've no time to lose. Up with you!"

Dan had gathered just sense enough to scramble off in a sort of confused and blind obedience; but as he went he muttered something incoherent about notes and bonds and mortgages, that Neale Murray failed to understand. The dwarf, however, was insanely digging away at a bloody spot in the sand, near where Jinks had fallen.

"My strength is all gone; but the gold is there."

And so it was; but when it had been brought out, ready to be packed for transportation—and by that time Dan Brunt's horse had borne him far out on the plain—poor old Tobit stood and gazed upon it ruefully.

"Thar it is, miss, all of it; but I don't want to touch it."

"Why not?" mechanically asked Jennie Lambert.

"Why? Well, I'll tell you. I was a dwarf, and I thought folks would forget that, if I was rich; and so I've spent half my life in the mountains. I've been robbed ag'in and ag'in, but I never hurt nobody, nor ever meant to. And now it's come to this, and old Tobit has had to shoot a human being! Oh, ma'am, it's awful! I'd rather just be a dwarf, and not have any gold. You take it."

"No, indeed, I won't!" exclaimed Jennie. "There are some things a woman can't do, but she can be honest. I'll only take my share, and I wouldn't do that, if it wasn't for my debts."

"Debts, Jennie!" said Neale Murray, half reproachfully. "Why, I'd meant to have the pleasure of fixing all that. I ain't so very poor, even if you thought I was."

There was a new light in Jennie's eyes now; but the dwarf had something more to say.

"Well, I won't touch it with my hands, anyhow. You take it in, and keep my sheer for me till I come for it. I'm going to stay in the Sierra till I get over this. If I don't come back, why then it's yours; only you must do something good with it, on the old dwarf's account. Oh!"

And so they carried it in; but when they reached town they heard that Dan Brunt had gone East.

One of Neale Murray's boys has "Tobit" for a middle name, though he is no dwarf; but the strange being he was named for never came back for his share.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

By Mrs. Browning.

Little Ellie sits alone,
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile,
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds;
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnaw'd the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

CATCHING DRUMFISH AT CAPE MAY.

In Autumn the surf at Cape May, not so much frequented by bathers, presents attractions of equal interest with those so lavishly indulged in during the midsummer months. The sport connected with the catching of drumfish in the surf is one peculiar to Cape May, and the late dwellers at the seaside pass hours along the beach, watching the sportive fisherman throwing a long line in the surf with an agility not easily acquired by those not accustomed to this surf-fishing.

The tact displayed, especially by the negroes residing along the coast, in catching drumfish, is something remarkable, and often the colored fisherman is surrounded by groups of ladies and gentlemen, who intently watch his movements. He generally swings the line three or four times around his head, then launches it with extraordinary force into the surf, and generally succeeds in bringing his trophy above water before the crowd is aware that the fish is so near the shore.

The drumfish takes its name from the peculiar sounds produced by the fish, which somewhat resemble the beating of a drum. The sound is produced not only while the fish is in the water, but also after it is taken. The fish do not seem to thrive in fresh water, and when they enter rivers are seldom heard. The dorsal fin has ten strong spines, and the anal fin two. The barbels hanging from the jaw look like a beard. It is a brownish gray fish, with a black spot on the shoulder. It affords sport along our coast as far south as Florida.

THE SPIRITS OF ——.

"My father and mother are Irish,
And I am Irish too,"

hummed Jack Brady, over a box of new-style cravats.

Except the minute fragment of intellect required in getting off the song, the young man had concentrated his whole mind upon the selection to be made out of the aforesaid box.

Extracting one, striped in warm, high colors, he heaved alongside the mirror, and proceeded with his toilet.

"And by the same token," he mused, "those 'ten Irish kings' from which the Brady family is so nobly descended, must have been a precious lot of 'guys,' judging from the appearance of 'present company.' Ugh!" he said, apostrophizing the auburn-haired individual in the glass, "with your spread-eagle mouth and '*nez retroussé*,' and your other imperfections, you *were* an impudent dog to go and fall in love with Lillie Ramon. '*Kicked sky high*' wouldn't serve you either, you poor simpleton! and here you are eating 'humble pie' again—she leading you on like a goose, as you certainly are!"

THE SPIRITS OF ——. "THERE WAS A SETTLED SOLEMNITY OVER THE LITTLE PARTY, AS THEY PROCEEDED TO SHAMPOO HIS HEAD WITH A LATHER OF WARM SOAPSUDS."

Sadly he fastened his sleeve-buttons, and it was as much as the bright cravat, cream-colored vest and big-striped pantaloons could do to keep him from looking like Grief on a monument, scowling at Patience.

"Not ready yet, Jack?" called a lively voice at the door. "You must be doing an immense amount of dressing. Lillie, Nell and I have been waiting ever so long."

"Who's in Nell's room, Pussy?" asked Jack.

"Nobody at all. We are all waiting down-stairs."

"Well, just run along. I'll be down in a minute."

"I'll put on a touch of perfume," Jack meditated. "Not that I'm fond of the stuff myself, but girls seem to think it adds a kind of elegance to a fellow's toilet," and Jack tripped lightly across the passage into his sister's room.

"What on earth was Jack doing, Rosa?" asked Nell, impatiently, as the little girl flounced into the parlor.

"Muttering to himself and looking in the glass, for I peeped through the crack. If *I* had any other escort, I'd go along, and not wait a minute longer," said that young person, suggestively, looking at Mr. Vaughn.

"That is a good idea, Rosa," said Lillie. "Nell and Mr. Vaughn shall not wait for us any longer. We'll be along in time."

The mustached gentleman in lilac-tinted gloves offered his arm to Nell, and the hall-door shut after them.

"Such ill manners!" exclaimed Rosa. "I am sure he might have offered to take a little girl like me along with them, when I've never heard Nilsson, and am so impatient. I declare, I wouldn't stand Jack's doing so, Lillie. Ain't he horrid?"

"Don't be disrespectful to your oldest brother, Rosa," said Mrs. Brady. Lillie laughed.

"Why, it isn't so late, after all; and you ought to remember how good-natured it was in Jack to persuade Aunt Agnes into letting you go."

At that moment a whiff of the spirits of turpentine floated into the room, and Jack, red in the face, and very gorgeous, entered.

"What in the world!" ejaculated Mrs. Brady, dropping her work. "Where can that smell come from? Run into the nursery, Rosa; the children must have upset the bottle."

But Rosa was sniffing around Jack.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "it's Jack's head! He's gone and put it on his hair!" And she nearly went off into convulsions.

"It's hair-oil!" growled Jack. "And if you don't quit laughing this instant, miss, you don't go anywhere with me. Mamma, how you do let Rosa behave!" he said.

"But, Jack, it's so, I tell you. Mamma—Lillie, just smell!"

"Oh, my son," groaned his mother, "how could you?"

"What in thunder did Nell go and leave it on her table for?" cried the injured Jack.

"I carried it up there by mistake," said Rosa."

"And how was I to know it wasn't perfume?" he went on. "It smelt as nice as any of the other bottles!"

"Law, Jack!" cried Rosa, ready to go off again, "I knew

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 731.

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you couldn't tell pink from blue, but I thought you *could* smell !"

"Mamma, send that child to bed," said the ill-used young man. "She shan't go a step with me anywhere !"

Rosa was subsiding into a melancholy flow of tears, when Lillie, who had been standing at the window, came up, "grave as a judge."

"Windsor soap and warm water," she said, with an air of command. "Run, Rosa, and bring them. We'll get off yet in half an hour."

For the sake of suffering humanity, represented by Jack sitting with a towel pinned around his neck, there was a settled solemnity over the little party, as they proceeded to shampoo his head with a lather of warm soapsuds.

Jack, conscious of certain sympathizing little pats upon his forehead, and seeing reflected in the mirror above from whose soft hands they proceeded, was enabled to bear his trials with some fortitude.

"If *she* had laughed at me," he thought, "I would have dashed this old carrot against the wall. Not much brains inside of it to hurt anything !"

"That will do nicely, now," said Lillie; "and I'll just run up for a little rose-water. Just hold your head as near the fire as you can, Jack."

But instead of opening her trunk for the bottle of rose-water, Lillie sat on it, and nearly had spasms.

"Oh, gracious !" she cried, "that boy will be the death of me yet ! Bless the old heart of him ! If he wasn't the darlingest, scatter-brained, humblest old dear in the world, I'd marry Moneybags to-morrow. Oh, dear, it will take more than rose-water to suppress that turpentine !"

Soberly and quietly, as if they were going to "meeting," the three at last proceeded toward Concert Hall.

"Suppose you take off your hat, and let your head *air* as much as possible," suggested Lillie.

"Oh, I think I will," said Jack, hurriedly, for he was subdued very much. "I am afraid we'll be a little late."

"Oh, that doesn't matter !" said Lillie, sweetly.

"What an angel you *can* be, Lillie !" he murmured, *sotto voce*.

There was a crowded house, and it was purely by chance that they wedged into seats just behind Nellie and Mr. Vaughn.

"Oh, Jack !" moaned Rosa, piteously, "I can't see but the top of her head. I'm so squeezed up, too !"

Nellie said something to her escort, and the next minute Mr. Vaughn turned around, and lifting the little girl over the seat, put her into an "an inch of room" by his side.

The singing *might* have been very fine, but just then "music had no power to soothe," as far as Jack was concerned; for in every glance toward him (and sitting by pretty Lillie Ramon, they were not "few and far between"), in every whispered remark in his vicinity, his suspicious ear and eye saw daggers thrust, and fingers of scorn metaphorically pointed at his auburn curls.

"It *is* the warmest night for February I ever remember," he whispered to Lillie. "Do you suppose she is half through ?"

"I'm watching out, Jack," she returned. "I don't believe anybody notices it. I am sure the odor is very faint."

Jack's face cooled down to pink, and the mist began to clear from his eyes.

It was, as he had said, "warm," and as the heat increased, the spirits of turpentine, as if cooked thereby, became terribly evident.

Presently Nellie laughed.

"Just listen, Lillie," she said, in a pause of the music. "Mr. Vaughn says that *Signor Turpentini* has joined the company, though he is not down on the bills. It is horrible—don't you perceive it ? Jack, what is the matter ?' —seeing Jack clap his hat on his head.

Lillie at this moment began drawing her breath spasmodically, gasping, and otherwise comporting herself in such a fashion, that Nell's attention was taken from Jack.

"Oh-h-h !" murmured Lillie, "take me out—so warm ! No, Nellie, don't you come," she said, as Nell made a move to join her. "I only want fresh air."

And Lillie, looking very pale (she never did have color), and with eyes closed, was borne out by Jack, who for the moment was forgetful of everything else.

There was a parting stab for him, however, at the door. One little *libretto* boy called out to another :

"Well, I never before see a gent give spirits of *turken-time* to a fainter. Golly, ain't it strong !"

To Jack's surprise, on regaining the air, Lillie opened her eyes, saying :

"I'll walk now, Jack—no, I don't want a hack ! I am perfectly well, thank you."

"Well," said Jack, "that beats all ! How you women can fool a fellow, Lillie !"

"Is this your gratitude, Jack ?" said Lillie, reproachfully; and, by the light of the street-lamp, Jack saw a lace handkerchief pressed to her face.

"Lillie," he said, with a sudden thrill—"Lillie, you did this for me ! Heaven bless you, Lillie. Do you care something for me, after all ?"

"Well, Jack, I should think I did, slightly," said that young lady, after she had recovered breath from the ecstatic squeeze Jack gave. "Don't you know—could you not see, you goose, that I have been repenting ever since of having treated you so ?"

And so Jack did not have such a bad time, after all.

He and Lillie sat on a sofa, patiently waiting, when the rest got home. And Lillie explained the strong smell that pervaded the apartment by stating that the cat had knocked some bottles down while they were away.

Rosa, very sleepy, only giggled hysterically, and did not correct Lillie's statement.

Then the party amicably chatted over the concert, and like good people went to bed.

"Jack," said Rosa, mysteriously, a few days after, "you don't know much about these things, so if you'll promise not to snub me, I'll tell you a secret."

"Out with it, Pussy."

"Well, listen. Lillie Ramon has a brand-new ring, with one big pearl, and this morning I caught her kissing a photograph. Take my word for it, she is engaged, and you may just as well give up all notion of her."

And, wagging her head sagely, little Miss Wisdom went off, leaving Jack in a state of blissful content.

THE FLOWER FAIRIES.

A Fairy Story.

Little Dora was walking in her papa's fine garden, enjoying the many beautiful flowers. She walked slowly down the wide centre avenue, looking first on this side, then on that.

Presently she came to the iron gate at the end of the walk. This gate opened upon a grassy lane at the back of the garden, into which the gardener was accustomed to wheel weeds and other rubbish. A little, dirty, ragged girl, of about Dora's own age, was standing outside this gate, eagerly peering through at the flowers, and thrusting her little pale face as far as she could between the iron bars.

Now, Dora had been taught by her foolish nurse to

despise poverty, and to pride herself upon her papa's handsome house and carriage and garden. She had even objected to having these fine clothes made by poor seamstresses. So, when she saw the little barefoot girl looking in at the gate, she thought it very impertinent, indeed.

"Go away!" she exclaimed, waving her hand haughtily.

But the child only looked at her and her blue silk dress in wondering admiration.

"Go away, I say!" cried Dora again, angrily.

And this time she was obeyed, the little girl moving off like one accustomed to being driven about in that style. And then Dora stopped where several bright flowers grew close together, and gazed at them in mute admiration.

"I wonder what makes them so bright and fresh-looking?" said Dora. "I suppose it was the rain last night."

"Ha, ha!" rang out a clear, musical little voice, close to her. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Dora started, and looked around.

In the heart of a newly blown rose sat a tiny, tiny figure, all dressed in a damask robe of some fine gossamer tissue, with clasps of something finer and brighter than gold. She had dark, curling hair, and bright, dark eyes, and pink cheeks, and red lips; and in her left hand held a palette and brush, bright with all sorts of rose-tints.

"Ha, ha!" repeated the little creature, laughing merrily, and glancing rather scornfully at Dora. "It was the rain last night! What think you of that, my sisters?"

Then Dora beheld three or four other little figures, each with a tiny palette and brush in her hands, busily painting the newly blown petals. Each was dressed differently from the others, and in colors resembling those of the flowers in which she was engaged.

All this strange company turned and looked at Dora.

"Go away!" said the gay little lady in the tulip, with a haughty curl of her lip. "Go away! How dare you intrude upon *us?*"

"No, no! let her stay!" said the one in the rose. "She amuses me."

"But she is so coarse," said the other, surveying Dora disdainfully. "Look at her rough skin, and her dress—actually made of silkworms!" And she shuddered.

"And her parasol, too, with a frame made of fish-bone!"

"And the handle of elephant's teeth!"

And then they laughed merrily.

Poor Dora looked down in dismay upon the things she had been so proud of.

"Was there ever such a coarse skin?" resumed the lady of the tulip. "And her hands are so dirty! Come away, my sisters. I can't bear to be near such people."

And in a moment away they had flown—all but the two in the lily and the violet.

"Come hither!" said the purple-robed sylph, beckoning and smiling pleasantly. "Do you know who we are?"

"No, ma'am," said Dora, humbly; for she felt mortified at the remarks just made about her.

"We are fairies," said the little speaker. "Flower-fairies, whose business it is to paint the opening blossoms. I am Violetta, and my sister, here, is Lilian."

She held up her palette, and showed it to Dora.

"Where do you get your beautiful paints?" asked Dora.

"Don't you see?" she answered.

And Dora, looking close, saw a very, very slender purple thread falling directly upon the palette, as if shot down from the sky.

"From the light, little one," said the violet fairy, nodding her head; "and from the dew."

All this time the fairy in white had been touching the long, graceful stamens of the lily with a fine gold-dust powder, glancing, now and then, thoughtfully at Dora.

"Oh," said Dora, clasping her hands in admiration, "how I wish I were a fairy!"

Violetta laughed; but her fair sister turned and fixed her soft, dove-like eyes upon the child.

"Would you like to be one of us?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am; that is," said she, hesitating, "for a little while."

"For how long?"

"About—about fifteen minutes," said Dora, at a venture.

"Very well," said Lilian. "Give me your hand."

Dora stretched out her hand—how coarse and clumsy she now thought it looked!—to meet the tiny one of the fairy. But by the time the two had touched, Dora's hand had shrunk up to the size of that of her small companion, and Dora's body had diminished to the proportions of a good-sized bumble-bee; and Dora found herself standing on the edge of the lily-blossom.

"But I have no wings," said Dora.

"Those we cannot give you," said the lily-fairy, gently. "Only a true fairy may have them."

Then she leaned forward, and they all three floated lightly off the lily-blossom, she and Violetta holding Dora with their arms around her waist.

Away, away on the clear Summer air they flew, until at length, hovering for a moment, they sank softly, and floated into an open window, in which stood a box of violets and lilies-of-the-valley.

"It is part of our work to-day," whispered Violetta. "And we love to paint *these* flowers."

A sick woman lay propped on a bed, and near her sat a young woman with a pale, patient face, busily sewing.

"Do you think you could eat a little now, mother?" said the girl.

"I'll try, dear. I wish I had something nice, for a change," she added, with a half-sigh. "I feel as if a little chicken-broth would do me good; and just now I was dreaming of being in a field full of strawberries. I almost wish I hadn't had that dream, for it has set me longing for them so, and I know we cannot afford such things."

"Dear mother, if you will wait a little, I will see what I can bring you nice. I've nearly finished my work, and will take it to Mrs. Marshall, and get the money."

Dora started when she heard her mother's name; and she saw that the work was a braided dress for herself.

"How much will you get for it?" asked the mother.

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars for four days' work! That is too little."

"I know it. But if I asked more for my work, I should not be able to get any. And now, mother, I will put the flowers by your bed, so that you can look at them and smell their sweet, fresh breath while I am away. It will do you good."

"Yes, it always does me good. Bless the flowers!"

The girl went to the window, and bent over the violets.

"They are so lovely!" she murmured. "What has Heaven given us so beautiful as flowers? I think, mother, these look brighter and fresher this evening than I have ever before seen them."

"Come," whispered Violetta; "we have other work."

"Only a few more touches," answered Lilian. "It is so pleasant to see *them* pleased. There; I am ready."

And twining their arms about Dora, away they flew.

When they again stopped, it was in the damp, filthy back-yard of an old tumble-down tenement-house. Here, on the roof of a wood-shed, stood a battered tin cup, containing a sickly-looking violet.

Dora watched in wondering admiration as the pale, drooping flowers brightened into life and beauty beneath the touches of the dew-and-light-laden pencil. Just as

Violetta drew back a little, a ragged little girl ran out of a cellar-door, crying bitterly, and rubbing her bare arms, which bore the cruel marks of a rod.

"She has no mother, poor thing!" whispered Violetta.

Dora's heart smote her. This was the very child that she had so haughtily ordered away.

The child dried her eyes, and, climbing on an old barrel, reached down the violets. It was very pleasant to see her little face brighten.

"How they have grown!" she said to herself; "and what lovely colors they are! I *never* saw anything *half* so beautiful!"

"Mother told me that God gave us the flowers to make us good and happy," she said.

"You, Maggie!" shouted a shrill voice.

And the child hastily replaced her treasure, and ran in.

"There!" said Violetta; "isn't it something worth working for, to make a little unfortunate like that happy for one moment?"

"Oh," said Dora, her eyes full of tears, "if only I were a fairy, and could do what you do!"

"You may do more," said Lilian, gently and gravely.

"Come, sister, let us go. Good-by, little one. Your fifteen minutes are ended," said Violetta.

"Tell me," Dora cried, imploringly—"tell me first what I can do to make poor people happy?"

"Think!" said the lily-fairy, softly, as she seemed to melt away from Dora's sight—"think!"

And the next moment Dora found herself standing there alone.

She looked around in some alarm. How should she find her way home?

Just then Maggie came out of the cellar, with a shawl over her head, and a basket on her arm.

"Oh!" said Dora, "little girl, can you help me to find my way home? I am lost."

Maggie's great blue eyes grew very big indeed.

"Ain't you the little girl I saw walking in the pretty garden just now?" she inquired. "Then I can show you the house. It is not far off—only four squares from here."

"Where are you going?" asked Dora.

"Aunt Becky sent me to beg some supper."

"Is she your real aunt?"

"No. But she took me to work for her when my mother died."

"Do you like her?"

"She won't let any one like her. There, yonder's your house."

"Come in," said Dora, "and I will give you some supper."

She not only saw her eat a plentiful meal but had her basket well filled, and then took her into the garden, and there gathered for her such a glorious bouquet as little Maggie had never before seen. And then she bade her be sure and come back in the morning. For Dora had such a nice little plan in her head concerning Maggie, and now she ran back into the house to speak to her papa about it.

In the hall, as she entered, she found Miss Burton, with the braided dress that she had just finished.

THE FLOWER FAIRIES.—"THEY ALL THREE FLOATED LIGHTLY OFF THE LILY-BLOSSOM—SHE AND VIOLETTA HOLDING DORA, WITH THEIR ARMS AROUND HER WAIST."

Dora spoke very civilly to her, and then ran to ask her mamma to please give Miss Burton more money for her work, which her mother did.

And then Dora persuaded her mother to go to the pantry, and put up some cold fowl, and jelly, and other nice things, such as the poor sick woman could relish; while she herself ran into the garden, and gathered a nice bowl of the largest and ripest strawberries which she could find.

Dora's papa consented to his little girl's plan. So Maggie came to live at the great house, to do very light work, to learn to sew and read, and to make herself generally useful.

LABOR PAST AND PRESENT.—THE SHOEMAKERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

LABOR, PAST AND PRESENT.

By Frank H. Norton.

II.

THE HANDICRAFTS AND GUILDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

At what period in his history man first began to take pride in the work of his hands, it is impossible to decide. Even so far away as those prehistoric times of which we wrote in the beginning of these papers, this seems to have been the case. For among the remains of primitive human life, we find fragments of ivory, upon which are cut or graven rude figures of contemporary birds and animals. The improvement in the flint implements of the neolithic period over those of the preceding age has been also alluded to; and thus evidence exists from the remotest times tending to show that the instinct of conceit as to his handiwork must have manifested itself as soon as man was able to pronounce as to degrees of merit, or concerning the better adaptitude of one tool of his own make than another for the purpose it was intended to subserve.

For it is certain that man would not have improved his work at expense of added labor without the desire to do so, and that having accomplished his wish, he must have been gratified thereby.

And though the sense of slavery must have operated to stifle pride in one's handiwork—in those days when the majority were slaves—yet the excellence of the workmanship even of those days bears evidence to praiseworthy effort, and probably warm competition among laboring men. But while men strove, doubtless, one with another, as to who should produce the best workmanship, and while praise or bounty or self-esteem may have been the looked-for and sufficient reward for such striving, there is no evidence that in prehistoric or ancient times the world respected labor; or that hand-laborers were admitted by reason of their work to a share in State councils, or to special rank among or above their fellows.

The work of the man might be admired—but the man remained a slave. It was not until migrations swept over whole continents, and tides of invasion had surged backward and forward, and Phœnicia had gone, and Carthage had gone, and Rome and Greece had wasted away—not until, finally, the Dark Ages had benighted the world, and then lifted slowly and sadly from their work—not until all this had come and gone, was it discovered that the labor of man's hands was the expression of his soul, and that it was worthy of respect, and the man respectable for its sake.

Not denying that there was most excellent work done in the old slave times—and of which we have examples in the metals, in plastic materials, and in wood and stone; not disputing that this work was deserving of all praise, and possibly more praise, since it was done without encouragement and without reward—still, the fact remains, that it was not until the Middle Ages that hand-working was recognized as a craft which ennobled the worker; and that free thought, combining with apt and cunning eye and touch, made from metal, plastic material, stone, and wood—the spokesmen for freedom as well in politics, in society, and in religion—witnesses in favor of that labor which, under the old Hebrew dispensation, had been pronounced a curse.

The entrance into history of the Christian religion, besides doing away with slavery in so large a measure, was influential in suggesting that union of individuals in one common association, or order, out of which sprung the "gilds" or "guilds" of the Middle Ages. During the later Roman history there existed certain sacrificial societies devoted to the interests of paganism; and even the castes of Oriental countries were originated in the same spirit as were the guilds. This spirit was, in fact, the sense of a

necessity for protection on the one hand and that of responsibility for each other on the other hand; some glimmer of which has been ever found to exist even in the most savage breast. And so, not to the Christian religion alone, but equally to a normal human instinct, do we owe these associations of men for the common interest. For while these existed in Rome under the tutelage of the Roman mythology, they had also appeared among the Saxons, swayed by faith in Odin and Thor. Christianity served the purpose of uniting such associations throughout Europe under the bond of its own dogmas; when the Pagan Gods of both mythologies were replaced by the saints of Christendom.

To go back to this normal instinct of which we have spoken, we find its first expression as a safeguard, in the union of the family. Blood-relationship was undoubtedly the earliest tie of association recognized; and though its full force slumbered, so far as we know, during ages of misrule and groping, yet, when its value could become really significant, it assumed a first position as a social element.

And so, while the pagan sacrificial societies were being replaced in Italy by the friendly and benevolent societies of the monks, in Northern Europe members of families were swearing faith and protection among themselves; associating on certain serious occasions for the common weal, and sustaining the spirit of revenge for injuries, and opposition to injustice—all for one and one for all—with the same intensity of purpose that at a later period characterized the Corsican institution of the *vendetta*.

The origin and etymology of the word *guild* are somewhat obscure, since by some authorities the root-word was said to mean a banquet, and by others, a contract for certain payment. It was a part of the early Saxon family-system that their ceremonials were accompanied by a banquet, and this has been a favored social practice ever since. It was also the early law of these festivities that their expense should be equally divided among the partakers. As the working of the family union was found good, other individuals were admitted to these gatherings and councils, and so the system continued—carrying with it, also, to remote posterity, the feature of the banquet and the division of expense. Gradually, this institution spread, until it included freemen and landholders; and then the periodical meetings took cognizance of public affairs, and these bodies began to assume prominence, and to gain influence. Indeed, as early as the eighth and ninth centuries, the Anglo-Saxon guilds were respected and important; and in the reign of Athelstan their regulations were reduced to writing. These provided for the better maintenance of peace, for the suppression of violence—especially for theft, and the aggressions of the powerful families of the nobility—as well as for carrying out rigidly the ordinances enacted by the king for that purpose. The organization was by this time so important, that its ordinances were imitated, or, at least, sanctioned, by legislation; and in England the guilds enjoyed such authority, that their agreements bound even non-members, and town-constitutions were developing themselves from them.

The fact that the guilds had undertaken, so early in their existence, to oppose the oppression and exactions of the upper classes, and to set themselves against disorder, and particularly theft, is a very significant one. It involves the entire history of this class of organizations. Self-protection against tyranny and rapacity are as much an element of the trades-unions and social organizations today; while the improper influences which sometimes gain sway among them to their detriment are no more a peculiarity of the laboring-classes than of those higher in the social scale. Resistance to tyranny, and the protection of life and property, then, were the great stimulus of the guilds of a thousand years ago. Up to this time, the matter of skilled workmanship and craft-association had not entered into the scheme.

The guilds in and about London united, in the reign of Athelstan, into *one* guild, among whose comprehensive regulations that which devoted itself to the prosecution and punishment of persons guilty of theft was the most important. "Indeed," says one authority, "one might call the Guilds 'Assurance Companies against Theft.'". Not only were the members obliged to pursue and track out the thief, even in other districts, but the injured person also received compensation for his loss from the common fund. As these guilds divided with the king the product of fines for crimes committed against the person, their treasury was seldom empty.

Every month the members of the guild assembled at a banquet, at which the common interests were discussed. The viands which were left after the repast were distributed among the poor. All who took part in this league were "as the members of one guild, in one friendship, and in one enmity; and every insult was to be avenged as a common one." Even at this period there was a "guild-hall" at Dover, in England; though the celebrated one in London was not founded until five centuries later. But while the Anglo-Saxon guilds were measurably recognized by the State, those upon the Continent were frowned upon and opposed by the nobles, who foresaw that through them their power might slip away from them. Such associations were also attacked by the clergy, on account—as was alleged—of their "gluttony and pagan practices."

The powerful efforts of Charlemagne to form one central State out of the Frankish dominions, while they tended to drive his subjects into union and combinations for self-protection, prevented and restricted these with an iron policy. The dukes and counts of the Empire held full sway over the people, and only with great difficulty could the ancient freemen maintain even the semblance of their liberties by secretly, and with oaths, associating themselves together in guilds. After the death of the Emperor, the seed which had been thus planted produced fruit.

To recapitulate: The germ of the guild is found in the family. When this association is found powerless to correct existing abuses, and when the State fails to comprehend individual and minor interests, the family spreads into the guild. This organization is formed on a basis which recognizes only the compact of man with man, and not, like capital, that of the money-power, regardless of persons. Herein lies the secret and root of the perpetual antagonism between Capital and Labor. The former concentrating, the latter distributing; the one recognizing fraternity among men, the other only the arithmetical rule of probabilities; the two together mastering the world, yet opposed to each other, and having interests which are incompatible. All of this was to be developed with the unfolding of the relations of labor to the human race—of which the guild system was only one link in the chain of elements.

The religious influence upon the guilds began to manifest itself among the German tribes, when these had settled in fixed abodes; and in the form of the sacrificial societies already mentioned, and which were reformed by the Christian fraternities, as these latter moved northward from Italy.

Such guilds were very numerous in Germany, there being eighty in Cologne, seventy at Lübeck and more than a hundred in Hamburg. Their members united in all re-

ligious observances, and with them originated the pageants and processions which were so prominent a feature of the forms of worship of the Middle Ages. There were also guilds for the representation of the "Miracle" or "Passion" plays, such as are still played at Oberammergau, in southern Bavaria. These latter were actually theatrical companies, and were, perhaps, the first instances of guilds devoted to special vocations, and thus the origin of trade-guilds, which we shall reach presently. The medieval guilds, besides the religious color, soon put on also the guise of charity. And there were guilds, not only for the "erection of the Chapel of St. Gertrude," but also for the repair of bridges and highways, and for the pursuit of other objects important to the common weal. Even those organizations designed for the furtherance of religion eventually took upon themselves the same methods and powers as those of the Anglo-Saxons, and in 1070 the citizens of Mans, in France, established a sworn confederacy which they called "commune," in order to oppose the oppressions of Godfrey of Mayenne. Cambrai, Aire, the towns of the Netherlands and those of Schleswig, all had such associations as these during the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and thus over all Europe the guilds were being gradually secularized, and, as it were, prepared for the part they were to play in society in succeeding centuries.

So important a *rôle* did they fill at this period, that on the occasion of an interregnum in Germany, and when there was literally no ruler over the land, the association of guilds of the Rhenish towns took in charge the public order and the public safety, and maintained the authority of the Empire.

The town-guilds drifted naturally enough into channels of trade for their memberships. For, while landed proprietorship was at first the occasion of such organizations, as well as being the basis of eligibility to membership in them, it occurred often that such members were extensive merchants, and these requiring often special aid, as in cases of loss or shipwreck, it fell about that the different lines of trade formed special guilds, under laws and regulations calculated to agree with their lines of business.

And as Lübeck and Hamburg were made free cities in these days, so the associations of guild-merchants received special privileges by law, and were thus greatly strengthened as a body, and made more influential as individuals, and waxing fat and aristocratic by reason of these privileges, the guild-merchants began to assume patrician airs in their association with the "crafts," just as the nobles had likewise assumed in their association with the merchants. In Cologne the members of the merchants' guilds held all the municipal offices and grew insolent, exercised an oppressive sway, and looked upon power as a lucrative monopoly. This course led to dissatisfaction and even to violent revolts among the craftsmen, and this was particularly the case with the weavers, who were especially a thriving community.

In fact, conflicts between the merchant-guilds and the craftsmen were common in all the cities of the Continent and of England. And this, although at first the craftsmen were also merchants in the line of their craft—tailors dealing in the purchase and sale of cloths—and the brewers of Hamburg being also the principal corn merchants. The conceit of the merchants, however, led them to refuse craftsmen admission to their guilds, unless they had "foresworn their trade for a year and a day." As was not unnatural, this course bred enmity and jealousy, and tended to the consolidation of the craftsmen into organizations of their own.

It should be noted, also, that the practical benefits of guilds to their members must have been an incessant temptation to the formation of such societies. For, not only did they accord protection against danger, insure favorable legislation, give safe promise of political preferment, and confer benefits in money and custom in the case of losses—while sustaining in sickness and burying after death—but they established monopolies in business that enriched their members, almost as a certain result of membership.

It was also important that these societies exercised a control over the quality of goods, and offered opportunity for competition which was to the advantage of honesty of manufacture. For these purposes, for instance in the matter of cloths, there were "Cloth-halls" established, which took cognizance of quality and made severe and close inspection. And such was reputation in these matters and in those days, that we read of the merchants of Novgorod, after having received defective pieces of cloth from different places, refusing to receive any cloth into the Baltic ports or the Eastern markets but that from the "Cloth-hall" at Bruges. In fact, the merchant-guilds encouraged competition among themselves, curried favor with the nobles to obtain their custom, and scorned the craftsmen as being a species of being quite beneath them, in nature as in rank. And not only were the craftsmen refused admission into the merchant-guilds, but the latter governed and oppressed them.

It is a most curious and interesting feature of the history of these times, and a point in political philosophy as well, that in all the instances which arose in Germany and Belgium of broad privileges being granted to cities and towns—privileges amounting to absolute freedom, in fact—it is to be observed that a patrician spirit was encouraged. In such localities the ruling class formed itself into an exclusive aristocracy, totally at variance in every particular with the republican character of the surrounding institutions. The accumulation of riches by trade, and the purchase of estates and lucrative privileges by the fortunate ones, tended to widen the breach thus created between the different classes of citizens. Idleness became a mark of rank and honor; and even the laws of the land made a distinction between the patrician and the handicraftsman. Moreover, the ruling class, having the power, threw the burden of taxation upon the poor, who were oppressed that their gains might not be intruded upon. Besides this, the law was partially administered, and redress frequently refused to the unprivileged. Extortions were practiced upon the poor craftsmen, and in Cologne they were almost the serfs of the patricians.

Thus we are led by the inexorable logic of events to the conclusion expressed heretofore in considering the question of slavery, viz., that institutions, however beneficent in themselves (and we instanced Law as a case in point), will, if carried to an extreme, become perverted to vicious conclusions. Thus the guild system, originated as a measure of benevolence and religious fervor, and continued in the interests of freedom and salvation from tyranny, became, in the hands of the guild-merchants, the instrument of worse tyranny, and the means for a return—almost—to the slavery of ancient times. That conflict should have arisen between the merchants and the craftsmen under these circumstances, was certainly to be expected. But before considering the history of the conflict which actually did arise, we must give some space to the origin and character of the "craft-guilds" of the Middle Ages. These guilds sustained against the hated patricians a most violent struggle, in the leading cities and towns of France, Germany and Flanders, including those of Tournai, Gant, Bruges, Brussels, Louvain, Huy, Liège, Cologne, Frankfort-on-Main, Spire, Bâle, Strasburg, Augsburg, Magdeburg and Halle.

The population of the towns of Europe consisted, as late as the eleventh century, of officials, old freemen and bondmen. To the last belonged the greater part of the handicraftsmen, who, obliged to pay certain taxes and to perform certain feudal offices and labors for their lords, were subjected to officers appointed by them. But besides, there were free handicraftsmen who, in earlier times, probably belonged to the body of full citizens, and who were gradually expelled from the merchant-guilds as these grew exclusive and patrician.

The expulsion from the guilds was followed by further oppression, and a specially irritating situation consisted in the fact that foreign artificers were admitted to practice their trades in the towns, on payment of certain fees, and thus the earnings of the natives were materially lessened. Of course the free handicraftsmen felt these impositions more deeply than the bond. It is a fact, also, that these were the most skilled in their several crafts, and therefore it was natural, as was the case, that they should take the lead in the combined effort which was now made to ameliorate their condition.

THE CARPENTER OF THE VILLAGE.

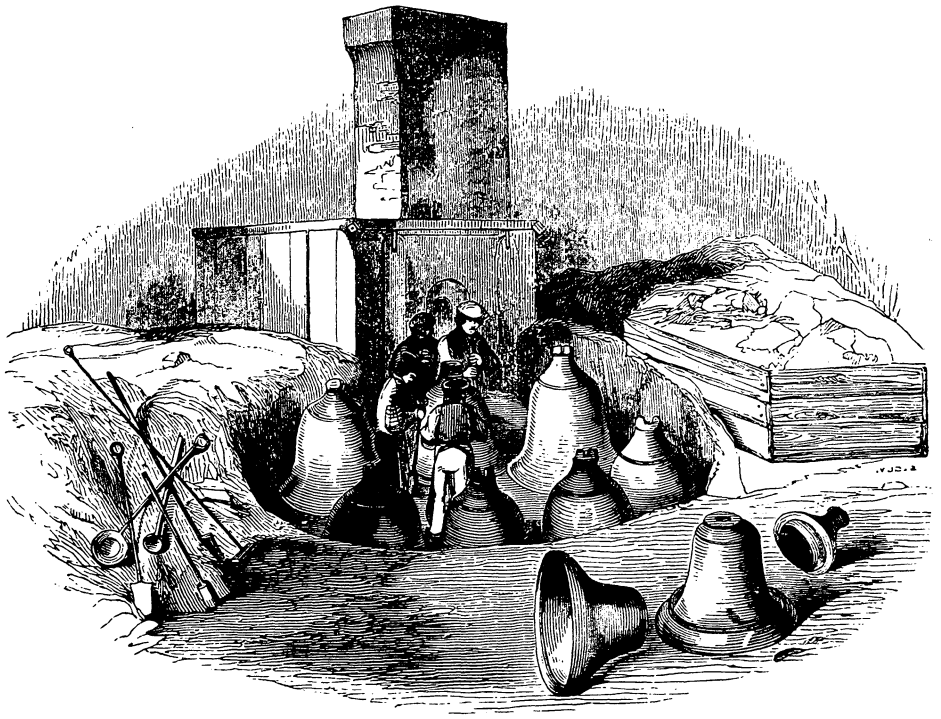
It is now time to refer to the state of the arts and of skilled workmanship in the centuries immediately following the "Dark Ages"—a condition which had much to do with the relations of labor to society, and which probably occasioned, in a great measure, the struggle of the handicraftsmen to free themselves from the onerous impositions under which they had so long suffered.

The history of the arts and crafts of Europe in the Middle Ages shows a surprising improvement and a general advance in all directions. In painting and sculpture, as is well known, the *renaissance* was gradual; and the period between the Byzantine artists of the twelfth century and the Italian painters of the sixteenth century was marked by steady growth. Cimabue, Guido da Siena, and Giotto, were more wonderful through the work they accomplished than were those who came after them. In Germany, the extraordinary skill of the monkish illuminators of the centuries before the thirteenth grew into the art-school of Cologne in the century following, and into the noble work of Dürer and Holbein thereafter. In Flanders, Quentin Matsys—the "Blacksmith of Antwerp"—and Lucas Van Leyden continued the admirable progress which was begun by the Van Eycks, and which culminated in the work of Rubens, Vandyke, and Jordaens. And in Holland, Rembrandt, Teniers, Van Ostade, Jan Steen, Gerard Douw, and others, showed what a marvelous awakening there had been in the fine arts since the days when the triptychs of Constantinople were their only representative.

And as with painting, so with sculpture. The gloom which settled upon this art for more than a thousand years was first enlightened in the early part of the thirteenth century by the work of Nicola Pisano, with whom the authentic history of modern sculpture commences, and was followed by that of his immediate descendants. The oldest door of the Baptistery of St. John, in Florence, was executed by Andrea Pisano; and after him came Orcagna, the Masucci, Luca della Robbia, Ghiberti, Brunaleschi, Donatello, and Michael Angelo.

The bearing of this magnificent progress in the fine arts upon the condition of the crafts was immediate and impressive. Directly we see it in the wood-carvings of Brabant, Flanders, and Italy; and in the wonderful art displayed in the manufacture of fictile ware; in the form given to bronze, iron, and brass; and in the intricate and beautiful carving of ivory. The most magnificent armor, displaying workmanship of exquisite beauty, is of this period. Nothing is more generous than art, and in those days it endowed not only its immediate votaries, but all skilled workmen of whatsoever craft, with some glimpse of its possible applications. The most commonplace objects; the ordinary utensils of the household; the very architecture of the houses themselves, reflected the splendid genius of the masters of art. And here, again, is where Christianity displays its wonderful

influence. As the early guilds had been founded upon the sentiments inculcated by the religionists, so now the softening characteristics of religion pervaded the domain of art, and afforded subjects and treatment at once. It was religion which stimulated the painters of the quaint old Byzantine triptychs; it was religion which gave firmness and delicacy of touch at once to the decorators and architects of the medieval cathedrals and monasteries; and through these examples we owe the patient determination and the love of freedom in workmanship which characterized the workers of the time of which we treat.

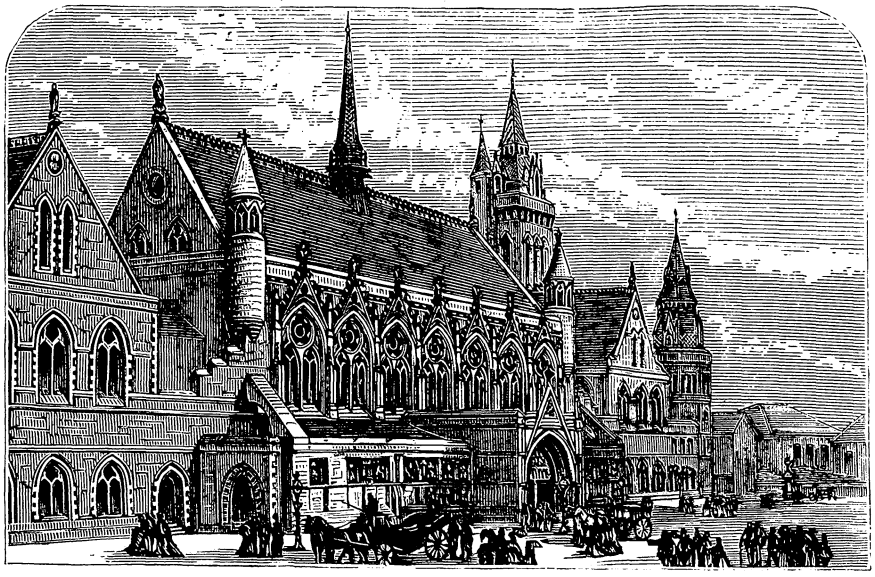


A BELL FOUNDRY.

And, above all, we are bound to consider the honesty of workmanship peculiar to those days. The linen and wool fabrics of Holland and Flanders were woven faithfully, and carried their guarantee in their structure. The heavy and costly damasks, and satins, and silks, and velvets, which played so large a part in the costumes of the period, were honest stuffs whose lasting, as well as their artistic qualities, could not be gainsayed. The furniture of the times was solid and firmly put together, besides being decorated with taste and refined sentiment.

Nothing so looms into significance and purpose during the Middle Ages as the honesty of intention and the fidelity of execution of the handicraftsmen. To-day, the work of those hands is priceless in the markets—not by reason of its antiquity alone, but because of its genuine honesty, and for its admirable art. There are examples of furniture in the South Kensington Museum dating back to the thirteenth century, whose workmanship should bring a blush to the face of every wood-worker of to-day. Beside our flimsy and tricksy, machine-made contrivances—dishonest in construction, and hideous, or only imitative in design, these evidences of a genuine workman's honest pride are as "Hyperion to a satyr."

In the reign of King John they used iron chandeliers and candelabra, and each of these was finished and shaped with the hammer, and with the truest art-taste. The story of the Della Robbias, and their labors in search of a special glaze for china, is only equaled by the later story of Bernard Palissy, whose struggles after the same secret, lost again, have furnished the material for many a book. In those days the blacksmith, and the cordwainer, or shoemaker, was as proud of his skill, and as earnest in the fulfillment of what he deemed his obligation to his craft, as was the most esteemed artist of Florence or Venice in the days of the Medici. The various crafts were inculcated into the minds of the young students and workers through long years of apprenticeship, and by masters skilled, endowed, and experienced. In families, it was considered an honor to follow in the footsteps of the father, and the boy learned his craft under such tuition—at once affectionate and magisterial. The master painters and sculptors of the *renaissance* worked, many of them, at one or another trade for their living. So, too, Faust was a goldsmith in Mentz, Hans Sachs was a cobbler, and Benvenuto Cellini was a gold and silver smith. Andrea del Sarto was apprenticed to a



THE GUILDHALL AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

goldsmith; Ghiberti also was the son of a goldsmith. The goldsmiths' art was, of course, highly esteemed in ancient times, and it was carried to a height of refinement and even genius which has never since been equaled. The goldsmiths, too, were the first bankers and lenders, and many of them had State licenses to coin money, and these facts brought them into connection, and frequently friendship, with the noble and the powerful.

Since we may justly attribute the invention of the art of printing by movable types to the part taken in its development by Johann Faust, the goldsmith, we have reason for gratitude to that craft for the most wonderful discovery ever made. And, altogether, the handicrafts, in the position which they occupied during the Middle Ages—in regard to skill, honesty of purpose and natural gifts in designing—exhibit possibilities of manual labor, the sacrifice of which to the influence of machinery cannot but be considered an intolerable incident in the history of labor. Says Eastlake, "But it is to be feared that, instead of progressing, we have, for some ages at least, gone hopelessly backward in the arts of manufacture. . . . A cheap and easy method of workmanship, an endeavor to make a show of finish with the least possible labor, and, above all, an unhealthy spirit of competition with regard to price, such as was unknown to previous generations, have combined to deteriorate the value of our ordinary mechanical work."

The secret of the merit of the work of former times lay, unquestionably, in the pride which the workman felt in his craft. The delight of constant improvement, the gratification felt over obstacles conquered, and the affectionate interest with which every handicraftsman regarded the work of his own hands, tended to dignify both himself and his craft in his own eyes, and, naturally, to urge him to conquer freedom for his religion and his citizenship, precisely as he experienced the value of freedom in his craft education and culture. And this brings us back to the consideration of the new relations which were about to spring up in the thirteenth century, or thereabout, between the handicrafts and the ruling powers, in the towns and cities of Western Europe.

Now of all the crafts, that of the weavers held the highest rank among the people of those times. They formed, in fact, a middle class between the patricians and the bond craftsmen. And this was owing, mainly, to the condition of trade. Since, while the other crafts supplied only local demands, the weavers manufactured for markets in distant countries, and were therefore invested with special social importance. Furthermore (and this illustrates our position that dignity and self-respect arise from honest and skilled labor), they were distinguished by the possession of wealth, by a sense and appreciation of freedom, and by that very self-respect without which there cannot be virtue. In all towns they stood at the head of the craftsmen; and the struggles which eventually occurred between the handicrafts and the patricians for political emancipation were, above all, the struggles of the weavers. Accordingly, in all the manufacturing countries of that time—in England, Flanders and Brabant, as well as in the Rhenish towns—the most ancient guilds were those of the weavers.

At Cologne, the guild of the weavers existed very early in the twelfth century, and in Spire, that of the wool-weavers at about the same time. At Mayence, a weavers' guild is mentioned as early as 1099, and at Worms in 1114. And in England, in the reign of Henry II. (1133–1189), guilds of weavers were chartered in London, Oxford, Nottingham, York, Huntingdon, Lincoln and Winchester. But it was in Flanders and Brabant, the first manufacturing countries of the Middle Ages, that the influence of the weavers' guilds was most prominent. Indeed, when we consider that the clothes of coarse wool manufactured in Belgium in the first century found an eager market in Rome, there is no need for surprise at this. When, too, we reflect that the necessity for a community of interests was kept alive in the minds of the Belgians by the danger of their exposed coasts from the ravages of pirates—a situation which must have been constantly suggestive of the power and value of guilds—when, finally, we justly estimate the peculiar independence of character of this people, we may reasonably infer that among those extremely industrious and stubborn weavers of Flanders and Brabant originated the first craft-guild.

The time of the origin of craft-guilds may be said to have extended from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. As they increased in strength and influence, gradually all trade concerns were transferred to their management and jurisdiction, both by the town authorities and by the craftsmen. Indeed, it became essential, at last, that a craftsman should be a member of a guild, in order to prosecute his craft successfully. One point on which serious disagreement frequently arose between the guilds and the State was, the right to choose a "warden" to manage the affairs of the guild, and for regulating trade. Usually this right was conceded to the guilds, and this was the case with all the craft-guilds of Flanders. But in some instances the State claimed this, and conflict resulted.

All the guilds were forced to pay taxes to the State, as a return for their special privileges. In turn, the members of guilds paid certain fees and dues for membership, as has always been customary in trade organizations.

In Germany, the Church retained its influence among the handicraftsmen through the fact that the bishops had the appointment of the wardens. This was the case in Bâle and other German cities, though in Magdeburg, in 1157, the archbishop granted the privilege to the shoemakers' guild. In Paris the provost, in the thirteenth century, made and unmade guild-wardens at his pleasure.

The citizens of the towns looked with great disfavor on the privileges and immunity of the guilds, and there were constant irritation and frequent conflicts in consequence. By the thirteenth century this condition had become general, not only throughout Europe, but also in England. The warfare was conducted with great determination on both sides, and often with the exhibition of positive ferocity.

In Magdeburg, in the year 1301, ten aldermen of the craft-guild were burned alive in the market-place. In 1371, in Cologne, occurred a terrible battle between the weavers and the patricians, in which the craftsmen were worsted. After the fight, on November 21st, 1371, thirty-three weavers were executed; on the day after, also, houses, churches, and monasteries were searched, and all who were found were murdered; lastly, eighteen hundred of them were exiled, with their wives and children, and their hall, "a palace," was demolished. The exiled found a reception at Aix-la-Chapelle, where they helped considerably to raise their trade. Further examples of this character could readily be enumerated. The contests of the weavers in the city of London with the citizens continued through the reigns of Henry I. and II., and in that of John and Edward II. Even so late as the fifteenth century there took place in Exeter a struggle between the tailors' guild and the town authorities. But in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the triumph had been won by the craft-guilds wherever the struggle had taken place. In London they were in full mastery in the reign of Edward III., and the privileges they had hitherto enjoyed on sufferance were now granted them by charter. It was at this time that they

were enrolled by the mayor and adopted a livery, and henceforth they were known as Livery Companies.

Edward III. is said to have himself become a member of one of these Companies, that of the Linen Armourers, and his example found numerous imitations among his successors and the nobility of the kingdom. The handicraftsmen now retained everywhere the independent government and jurisdiction over their trades, and the trade-policy of the times prevailed.

This trade-policy consisted of "the protection to live freely and independently on an industry based on small capital and labor." The constitutions and charters of the craft-guilds were simple enough, and comprised merely the establishment of their rights and the redress of their grievances, as these were understood. Their first office was that of mutual assistance in trouble or distress. After this came protection against the overbearing and tyrannical conduct of the patrician class; then arose the desire for further freedom, and the State was called upon to guarantee them certain trade privileges. Soon it became known that greater benefits could be obtained, and accordingly the guilds procured legislation by which only members of the guilds and those having the freedom of the city (which in those days was a valuable privilege), could either practice their craft or sell their manufactures within the city or town in question. In some instances strangers were admitted on payment of taxes to the guild; and with regard to certain towns, a system of reciprocity was established on a mutually satisfactory basis.

This was the period of the greatest success of the guilds, and when they were organized and conducted for the real interest of the membership and those of labor in general. At this time "no one was admitted to any guild, even the lowest, or tolerated in it, whose moral conduct and honor were not stainless; no one, also, who had not proved himself a proper workman, and, therefore, no one who had not served a regular apprenticeship. The duration of this apprenticeship differed in different trades. In England it generally lasted seven years; in France, from three to four, sometimes six; in Germany, from two to four years. The admission of an apprentice was an act of special solemnity, corresponding to the important legal consequences it involved. As it was the beginning of a kind of novitiate to citizenship, it generally took place in the town-hall, in the presence of town authorities (in London, even at the present day, it is performed in the Guildhall by the Chamberlain of the city), or in solemn meeting of the craft-guild. On this ocasion the apprentice was especially instructed in his duties, both as to his moral conduct and the trade. At last, a record of the act—the indenture—was drawn up, which also contained the especial conditions under which the apprentice was placed with his master. By this admission the apprentice became a member of the family of his master, who instructed him in his trade, and who, like a father, had to watch over his morals as well as his work during his apprenticeship. At the expiration of his apprenticeship the lad, then a man, was received into the guild again with special forms and solemnities, and became, thereby, a citizen of the town. After the care for skillful workmen, the next concern of the guild was for the use of proper tools and the application of well-adapted processes of manufacture. No member of the guild was allowed to possess tools unless the same were testified to be good and honest; and the statutes contained directions and prohibitions, entering into the most minute details, with reference to the method of working. It was especially forbidden, in the strongest terms, to mix inferior materials with a better sort, to the detriment of the buyer, or to sell patched up articles as new. Measures were also taken to protect the public against the spoiling of material intrusted to the craftsmen for manufacture. We also find sanitary regulations, with regard to the observance of cleanliness in carrying on the craft. Nominally, to insure the good quality of their wares, the guild statutes always ordain that no one shall work longer than from the beginning of the day until curfew, or at night by candlelight. But, doubtless, the real ground for this ordinance was rather regard for the well-being of the guild brothers; it was the wish to give them leisure for fulfilling their domestic and political duties, and to prevent the collective body from being forced to over-exertions by the competition of a few too zealous of gain, and from being thus deprived of every enjoyment of life."

We have quoted thus at length from an authority on this subject because the entire formula of admission to apprenticeship, to the guilds, and to citizenship, is a most powerful and definite representation in behalf of the dignity of labor. Never had skilled labor reached the height of public estimation which it had achieved at this period. Respecting itself, it forced itself to be respected. Wealth, dominion, the friendship of the good and great, fellowcraft with the fine arts—all that ambition could desire was at its feet.

So long as labor preserved its singleness of purpose, and sought place and power only for the just and wise benefit of labor, it was successful. But as greed entered into the struggle; and when a lust for political preferment, for its own sake; and a thirst for gains, that these might be hoarded and bequeathed; and the jealousy and suspicion which are incompatible with open conduct; and the antagonisms of trade that some should die for the more pleasant living of others—when these mis-shapen and misbegotten elements began to enter the hitherto progressive competition, corruption and decay fell upon the institution, and the powers of darkness held sway.

In the 36th Edward III., a petition was laid before that King of England, complaining, "that great mischief had newly arisen, as well to the King as to the great men and commons, from the merchants known as grossers (grocers), who engrossed all manner of merchandise vendible, and who suddenly raised the prices of such merchandise within the realm; putting to sale by covin, and by ordinances made amongst themselves, in their own society, which they call 'The Fraternity and Gild of Merchants, such merchandises as were most dear, and keeping in stores the others until times of dearth and scarcity."

Here we have the principle of monopoly, accompanied by the specific scheme of the modern "corner," introduced into the trade-system of the fourteenth century. And still another innovation, fraught with peril, now began to make its appearance in connection with the craft-guilds—this being the combination of many single guilds into a common union, having general jurisdiction over all. An instance of this character was the union of the various cutlers' guilds in Germany in the fourteenth century into four great fraternities, at Augsburg, Munich, Heidelberg, and Bâle. For it has always been proven by history that there is a mean in politics and social law, beyond which is disruption. And that while combination is a force of unquestionable value, yet when carried to an excess, or to the extent of being unwieldy, it tends to disperse again, with the view to re-formation in a lesser degree. It is, in fact, the ignorance or negligence of this law which has proved the destruction of many empires. The most renowned of the trade confederations to which we have alluded, was that of the various building-lodges of Germany. This confederation was brought about in 1452 by Dolzinger, chief-master at the building of Strasburg

Cathedral, and was organized with four central lodges, at Strasburg, Cologne, Vienna, and Zurich.

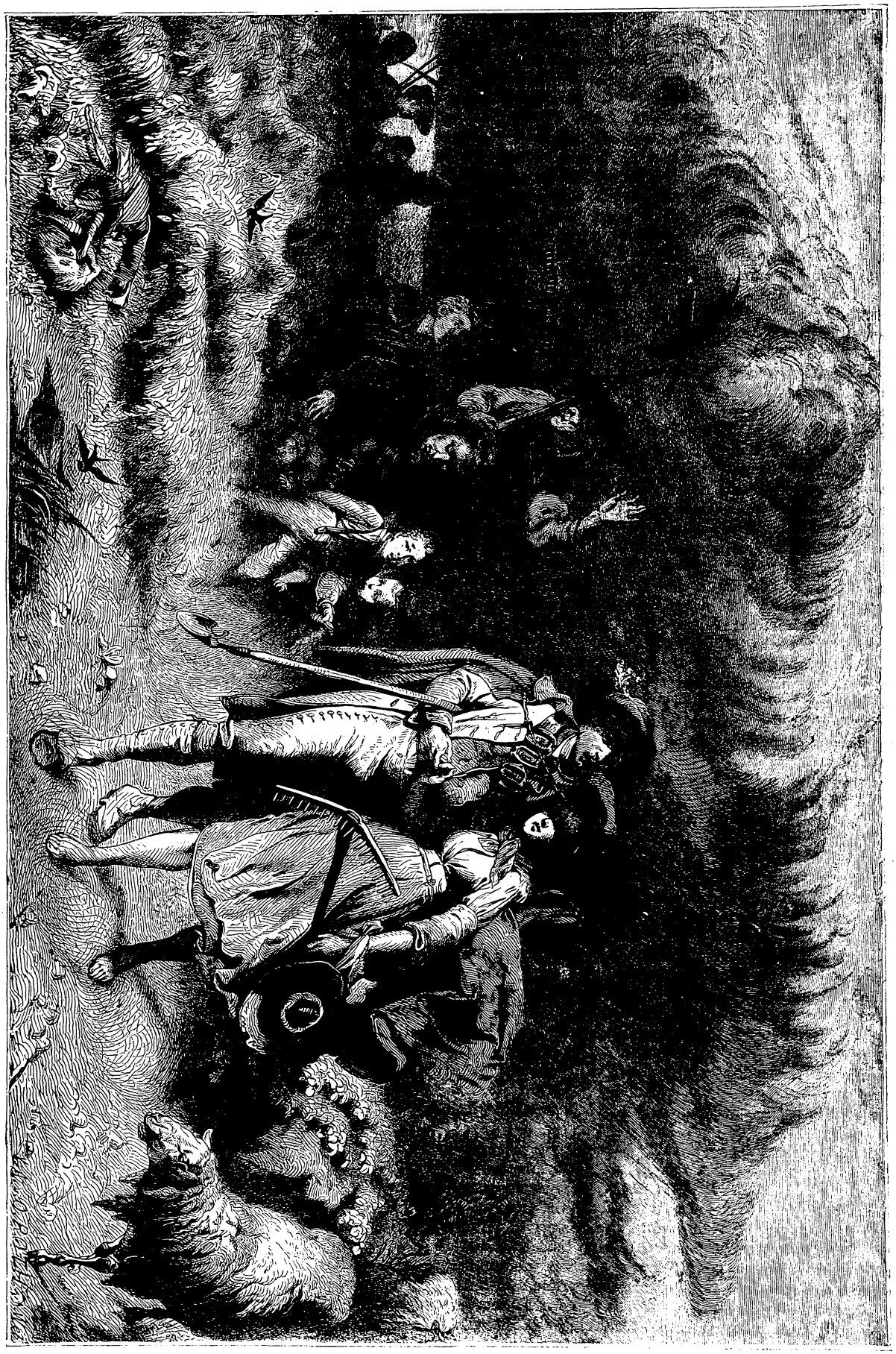
Recalling now to the mind of the reader the original design of the craft-guilds, viz.: to protect handicraftsmen in the prosecution of their trades, and insure the acquisition of a livelihood by the exercise of a fair amount of intelligent skill and honest industry—we come now to the further examination of the causes and processes involved in the decay of this system ; and in the replacing of this by the labor-system which has obtained ever since.

For in the Middle Ages there was no such thing as a distinct laboring-class. There were apprentices, and there were the fraternities of craftsmen. That is, when the apprentice had finished his probation, he set up for himself and became a craftsman. And there was work enough for all and not too much, because the work was well done; and because, since wealth was scattered instead of being concentrated in a few hands, every one could afford to have the necessaries and even the luxuries of life. In those days the poor were almost always the idle, and almshouses were a thing of the future. But with the advance of the guilds to a flourishing and powerful condition, and as the combination of many guilds concentrated this wealth and this power under the direction and in the hands of a few, the idea of monster trade-operations was conceived, and CAPITAL was born. And, whereas before there had been an oligarchy of landed proprietors, now there stepped in an oligarchy of capitalists. But in proportion as a trade advanced under the new dispensation, and acquired wider markets, greater opportunities were afforded for the employment of capital ; and, in the same proportion, the craft-guild changed from a society for the protection of labor, into a means and instrument for the investment of capital.

THE ROMANCE OF AGNES CLAPTON.—SEE PAGE 746.

Now, too, there grew to be great exclusiveness in the guilds ; and, whereas before it was the law and the custom alike to admit to the privileges of these societies all who were worthy by morals and by capacity, now, on the contrary, the effort was in the direction of making these close coporations. Now, masters refused to receive apprentices ; skilled laborers were left out of favor, until, at last, those thus excluded massed in great numbers in the towns —including also the *villeins*, or peasants, attracted by the great enterprises now undertaken by the guilds, and particularly the cloth manufacturers—and these, eager in search of employment more to their taste than tilling the soil, created and originated the LABORING-CLASS.

And not only were the guilds deteriorating through an unhealthy competition, and struggle for wealth and to be great capitalists, but they began now to include as members manufacturers who were not honest in their work. In fact, such an unhealthy condition of trade could not but produce precisely this result. By the latter part of the sixteenth century, such abuses had become flagrant, and in 1630 public proclamation was made in England, enjoining against the adulterations used in the manufacture and d eing of silk. Again, the new exclusiveness of the guilds even set trades to dividing among themselves. Thus the shoemakers separated from the cobblers, the tanners from the shoemakers, and there is frequent mention of disputes among the craft-guilds concerning what belonged to the various trades. And this was not the worst. In 1434 the Emperor Sigismund complained that membership of the guilds had then to be "grossly bought"; that in the town council the crafts followed with partiality their own advantage only, to the public detriment, and he believed that the only remedy would be their abolition.



A SUDDEN STORM IN HARVEST-TIME.—SEE PAGE 741.

UNIV. OF MICH.

The restrictions which the guilds now introduced into their regulations as regarded membership, prevented a great number, and in several trades the majority of workmen, from becoming masters; and as this was at a time when the *villeins* were rushing in great numbers into the towns to take up trades, it is easy to see how the "working class" referred to arose, with its separate views and interests. Now arose, too, the feeling of antagonism between employers and laborers, which has been a feature of the labor-system ever since. Disputes began to occur concerning wages, and it became necessary to regulate these by legal enactment.

The plague of 1348 exercised a powerful influence over the labor question. This terrible epidemic was so deadly and so widespreading in its effects, that it is said that at least half or two-thirds of the human race perished during its continuance, a period of eight years. In many cities there perished nine out of ten of the population. In London, 50,000 dead bodies were buried in one graveyard. In Venice the number of deaths is said to have been 100,000; in Lübeck, 90,000; in Spain the disease raged three years, and carried off two-thirds of the people; in the East, 20,000,000 perished in one year.

Of course the existence and long continuance of a disorder so virulent could not but act to the destruction of the value of property and the uses of labor. "In England, and probably in other countries, cattle were neglected, and they ran at large over the country. The corn perished in the field for want of reapers, while villages were depopulated; and after the malady ceased, multitudes of houses and buildings of all kinds were seen moldering to ruin. A horse which had before been worth forty shillings, after the sickness sold for half a mark. Although in the year preceding there had been plenty of provisions, yet the neglect of agriculture during the general distress produced a famine. Such was the loss of laborers that the few survivors afterward demanded exorbitant wages, and the Parliament of England was obliged to interfere and limit their wages, and even compel men to labor. [See 23d Edward III., A. D. 1350.] The preamble states that a great part of the people, especially workmen and servants, had died of the late pestilence, and those who survived, seeing the necessity of men, demanded excessive wages."

The occurrence of such a convulsion as this cannot be overlooked in considering the history of labor, since its effect must have been important in changing the relations of employer and employed, and in regulating wages. The statutes mentioned above, and which are known as the "Statutes of Laborers," ordained that, for workmen in general—but especially for agricultural laborers and those employed in the building trades—no workman should take more, and no employer should give more, than had been customary before the plague. This same idea seems to have been adopted throughout England in regard to the wage-system; for we find that in London a regulation by the Mayor tended to the same result, while the craft-guilds agreed, after the plague, that nobody should "take for working in the said trade more than they were wont heretofore."

That these ordinances should not have been palatable to the working-men—now growing into a powerful class—may readily be imagined. It is the fact that they were not, and that efforts to enforce them resulted in the first of those combined movements known to the history of labor as "strikes." In the building trade, in particular, these were of frequent occurrence. This trade was undoubtedly among the most powerful of all the crafts; and on the Continent, as well as in England, it was found necessary to employ special legislation to correct the abuses which were constantly cropping out in it between master-builders and their men. In France there sprung up in the building trades the "Compagnonnage," and for centuries it existed among workmen only employed in these trades.

Enough has now been written concerning the history of labor in the Middle Ages, and the vital connection therewith of the system of craft-guilds, to afford the attentive reader all necessary information on this point. We have seen how, in the early ages of human life, slavery was the means employed for awakening the race to a knowledge of its powers. It has been shown in the present paper how skilled labor, born of slavery, asserted its right to freedom after the Dark Ages, and gained this after a severe and protracted struggle with the patrician Order.

It has also been set forth that the combinations through which this result was brought about, overwrought to a distorted conclusion, turned the craft-guilds into a class of capitalists. Then is seen the oppression which this class exerted over their own brotherhood of the crafts, forcing these to opposition. Abuses now sprang up in the very essence of the handicrafts, bringing about dishonest workmanship, nefarious procedure in manufactures, including adulterations, and such competition as must needs disturb the conditions of trade and disorganize the whole system and structure of society—except in the event of the introduction of some new and vital element into the entire question.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the only important change in the labor question consisted in the gradual rise of the "Trade Unions," which were, in fact, the craft-guilds carried into a lower stratum of society, and adapted to the requirements of the new "laboring class." But with the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the discovery by Watt of the properties and possible application of steam, came the introduction of MACHINERY and POWER into Labor, and through this, an entire alteration in the whole Labor problem. To some examination of this portion of the subject will be devoted the concluding paper of this series, under the title, "The Relations of Human and Machine Labor."

THE ROMANCE OF AGNES CLAPTON.

THE family of Dudley of Clapton bears for crest, "on a ducal coronet or, a woman's head with an helmet thereon, hair disheveled, and throat-latch loose, proper." The origin of this is said, in a manuscript written by a monk who, in 1390, was parson of Clapton, to have been as follows:

Hotot was a great landholder near Clapton, Northampton County, who had but one daughter, Agnes, heiress to all his great estates. This lady, sharing in a taste which, if we may believe the chroniclers and romancers of the period, was by no means an uncommon one, was greatly devoted to all outdoor exercises, such as hunting, hawking, etc.; but going beyond the generality of even the more vigorous of her sex, took great delight in all those exercises of chivalry in which Clorinda and certain others of the heroines of Ariosto and Tasso excelled. In especial, she was particularly skilled in the management of the horse and lance, and in the tilt-yard of her father's mansion often astonished her youthful opponents, as well as the bystanders, by her dexterity and courage.

Now, it chanced that her father had a dispute with a person named Ringsdale about the ownership of a piece of land, and the two parties, probably entertaining that dislike to incurring legal expenses which was not less common then than it is at present, resolved on settling their difference by single combat. Accordingly they appointed a

day, and, in order to avoid the crowd and annoyance which the intended battle, if generally known, would have occasioned, they agreed to meet in a private place, each attended by a single squire.

Unfortunately, however, as the time appointed for the combat drew nigh, Hotot was seized with a fit of the gout, to which disease he was subject. This piece of ill-luck sadly perplexed him, as, in the event of his failing to meet his enemy, not only would he forfeit the land in question, but also stand some risk of having his reputation for courage impugned.

As, amid the paroxysms of his malady, he grumblingly mentioned his fears and forebodings to Agnes, his constant attendant, and whose advice he asked in his perplexity, he was not less astonished than comforted when he heard her bid him not distress himself about the matter, as she had seen the emergency, and had already provided a champion who, she felt persuaded, would be more than a match for his enemy. Now, Hotot was a man of experience, and knowing the ready wit of the female sex in general, and of his daughter in particular, comforted himself as she requested, and did not even ask the chosen champion's name, in all probability imagining that it was one of the heiress's numerous suitors.

On the day agreed on, Agnes arose very early in the morning, and having, with the assistance of her handmaidens, arrayed herself in the armor which she usually wore in the tilt-yard, and assumed also her father's crest, surcoat-of-arms, and shield, she called to her a trusty esquire and bade him secretly arm himself, saddle, and barb, as if for battle, her own horse and his, and meet her at a spot, outside the manor walls, which she named. The esquire, accustomed to the little extravagances of his young mistress, did as he was bidden without hesitation, and the pair rode together to the appointed place of meeting. Here they found Ringsdale already waiting, and Agnes, fearing that any delay might cause him to perceive the difference between her stature and that of her father, at once took her lance from her esquire, and putting it in the rest, advanced full speed upon her foe.

Ringsdale lost no time in imitating her example, and the opponents met with a terrible shock. Such was the address of Agnes that she, in the first encounter, dismounted her heavier opponent, and, seeing him half-stunned on the ground, dismounted and drew her sword, to see if he would strive to mend his fortune with that weapon. The violence of the fall which he had received had, however, so entirely disabled him that he was forced to allow himself vanquished; and then, and not till then, Agnes, laughing, threw up her vizor, thus disclosing a beautiful face and eyes bright with mirth; and at the same time unclasping the latch or fastening which secured her throat-armor, she allowed her long tresses to fall unconfined upon her shoulders.

The confusion of Ringsdale, who at once not only learned her sex, but also recognized her person, may easily be imagined; and the lady rode merrily home to tell her delighted though reproving sire that he was now undoubted master of the land in question.

As has already been mentioned, the number of her suitors was very great; but the news of this last exploit caused their addresses to be so constant and pressing that Agnes Hotot was obliged, in her own defense, to choose one in order to appease the others. She accordingly selected one of the Dudley family, to whom, at her father's death, she brought a princely inheritance, and with whom she passed a long and happy life.

The memory of this gallant act is, as may easily be seen, preserved in the crest of the Dudley family, which represents her as she appeared when she disclosed herself to her opponent.

The family is originally descended from the Paganells, who, soon after the Conquest, were created Barons of Dudley. The first who settled at Clapton was styled Thomas de Dudley, second son of Sir John de Sutton, who, in right of his wife, was made Baron of Dudley about the year 1340. This Thomas Dudley was one of the lords of Clapton manor, and his grandson married Agnes Hotot in 1395. She afterward proved the heiress to the ancient family of the Hotots, and he thereby became the sole lord of the manor of Clapton.

THE SUDDEN STORM IN HARVEST-TIME.

WHAT a picture! The field had been a scene of merry activity; the scythe swung through the standing grain, laying it in winrows; with song and laughter other hands raked it up, and nimble fingers bound up the sheaves. There was no thought of foe or wrath. But high above, the dark clouds came skurrying on, rapidly as the squadrons of an invading army, till the whole sky was darkened; and below, the wind, forerunner and herald of the storm, swept wrathfully.

Then they look up in terror. The sudden tempest is on them, and, gathering their implements, they hasten to shelter, while a darkness as of night envelops them. The girl clings in fear to the strong arm that is to shelter her through life; children hang to their mothers. All with looks of anxiety, overawed by the tumult, press on to be beneath the roof, which seems such a sure protection, before

> "The torrents descend 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
> Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle."

It is a picture of constant occurrence, known in all lands and times, but never coming without its sense of awe, its sense of man's utter nothingness amid the powers of the elements which surround him, gentle and useful, but, like the passions, terrible when aroused.

Our own land has its terrible storms, coming down from mighty mountain ranges, breaking their force on smaller rocky barriers, or gathering fresh strength and power as they whirl over the treeless plains of the West, till, as tornadoes, they defy the stoutest structures, and whirl into the air in fragments the slighter homes of man's construction.

The gathering tempest of our picture is not such a tornado, but it is a storm of fearful violence, and the artist has depicted the conviction on the faces of the old and experienced as truly as he shows the terror in the countenances of the younger.

It is, in truth, such a storm as we should prefer to enjoy in a picture rather than face in fact.

THE most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most enjoyment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, those were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves.

THE RHINE DELTA.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

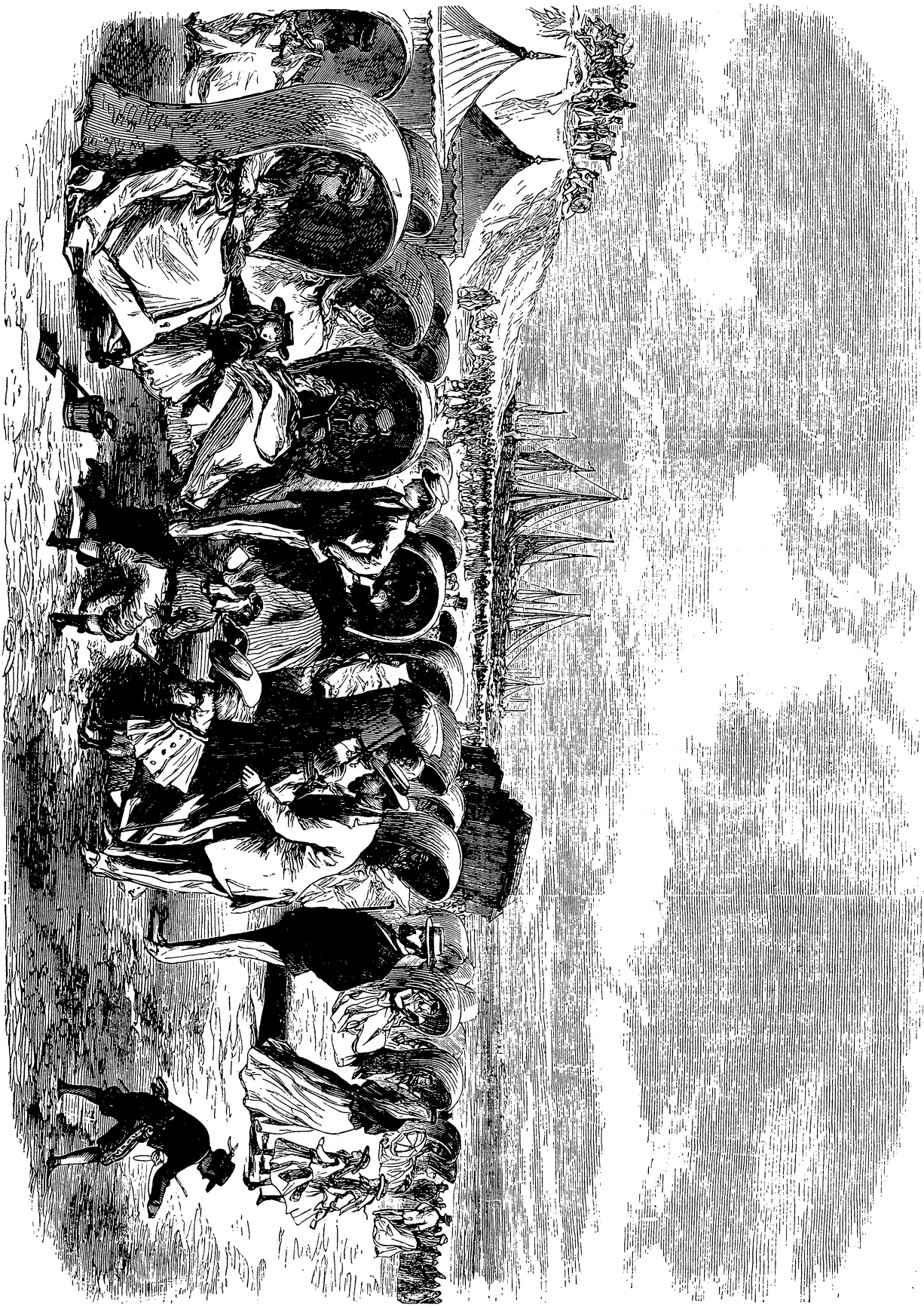
Misty, sketchy Holland, with its contrasts of calm and energy, sleepiness and activity, both in the atmosphere and the behavior of her people, is the guardian of the mouth of the great German river, the stream of poetry and legend, the mighty national representative, the "storied and castled Rhine."

Trickling through the sandbanks, absorbed into canals, disguised under obscure names, the German flood meets the North Sea; yet, on leaving Emmerich, where the great Pannerden Canal joins its two, as yet, imposing branches, the Vaal and the Rhine, and Cleves, where the German landscape draws the Dutch in Summer, one feels as if these waters were connected with things, past and present, of as much interest as the legends of the Lorelei and Drachenfels. A network of canals spreads over the flat surface of meadow or sand, so that you fancy that actual boats and barges are gliding uncannily over solid earth; the pearly horizon confuses you with its soft spell of uncertainty; everything seems liquid, earth flowing into water, water becoming air; fogs arising and clouds descending, till the rarest mixture of grays makes a landscape in mid-air, and now and then a break, framing a marvelous, vivid picture,

THE RHINE DELTA.—HOLLAND WINTER COSTUMES.

a busy but tiny harbor, with fishermen in scarlet shirts and blue caps, moving among the dark green trees, gray, antique houses, dark red roofs, warm brown sails, and boats painted every conceivable color.

Again you wonder which is boat and which is house—both look like houses, and sometimes the latter stands on stilts like a bathing-hut. This beauty of softened outline, of uncertain distances, is peculiarly Dutch; there is here neither the brightness of the South nor the clearness of the North—it is a vailed land.



THE RHINE DELTA.—ON THE SANDS AT SCHEVENINGEN, HOLLAND.

An old writer has remarked of this peculiarity, that it seems to embody the idea of sketchiness, each element only half developed; the sketchy water mingling with sand and mud, a loose web spread over a shallow surface, not a decided stream nor a deep, defined basin; the sketchy land, scarcely raised above the water-level, artistically reclaimed and ingeniously but artificially preserved; the sketchy atmosphere, between a mist and a fog, hanging like a curtain between sun and earth. But there is beauty in all this, though some deny it, as they deny beauty to the women of Friesland, who, if the atmosphere be dreamy, are certainly of a different stamp themselves, but undeniably and above all, healthily beautiful.

On the Waat lies Nymwegen, with its old towers and steep-roofed houses, where the delta may be said to begin; and on the Rhine, Arnheim, where Drusus—a name that accompanies the Roman associations of the great river throughout its course from Constance downward—dug a famous canal to unite the waters of the Rhine with those of the Yssel and the Flevo. The lower part of the Yssel thus became the heir of the German river, and made Arnheim the capital and chief seaport of this part of the country. Here, as in all the towns of Holland, we come upon a "great church" *(groote kerk)*, by which barren name are known buildings which in Germany still bear the name of the old patron saints. But none the less are the Dutch churches beautiful and elaborate, full of memorials, full of associations, and, despite their bald nomenclature, still dear to the people. Cities, however, are all alike in their characteristics, and even in Holland there are not more than half-a-dozen which are so individual as to be a surprise to either traveler or reader. The country life, the canal life, the vicissitudes of fishermen, the interiors of peasants' homes, the existence of the masses that are like the piles on which floats their land—silent, strong and enduring—are things not quite so familiar and so hackneyed. A panorama of this life, as far as its outward landmarks go, is outspread before our eyes from the top of Rotterdam *Groote Kerke:* the sea flashing in the distance, with its band of white *dunes*, or sand-banks, and on three sides of the dark city at our feet, a flat, fruitful expanse of green meadow, with canals bewilderingly embroidering it, and countless villages dotted about, each with its clump of trees, its belt of bright farmhouses, blue or lime-white, and its herds of cattle.

Toward the sea, other hamlets—rafts, centuries old, with wooden houses on piles, and huge hay-ricks, larger than the houses; a few square, brick boxes, the pretentious dwellings of the two or three inhabitants who have a guest-chamber; flat, almost floating islands, with no interest save the herring-fishery, and no mark save the peculiar antiquated costume which draws down upon their people an ill-deserved name for savagery from their more spoilt and self-conscious countrymen in the inland towns. Below the city itself is the usual sight of a harbor—business at full tilt, steamers and railroads, flags and wharves, quays, boats, warehouses; the well-known bustle of a great seaport, but nothing beyond the ordinary.

Again, a few cities of historical renown, which we only mention that we may be allowed to disregard them, having once paid toll to their unquestionable worth—Amsterdam, with Peter the Great's school-village of Zaardaam; the typical village of Brock, the temple of cleanliness; heroic Haarlem, the bulwark of Dutch patriotism in the days of the "Spanish Fury"; Utrecht, with its crown of villas—a resort built up around a city, and watered by one of the armlets of the Rhine, bearing the name of Oude Rhyn. Then Katwyk, at the mouth of this stream; the Hague, and its belt of ancient trees, burly and patriarchal, through which many paths lead seaward to Scheveningen, the fisher-village and now seaside resort, where of late the writer, Berthold Auersbach, has been spending part of his Summer.

Here begins the likeness between sea and land, and the suggestion of the sea as a paramount interest; for to an unaccustomed eye, the huts are like cabins, the beds like berths, the very signs like figureheads. For centuries these amphibious Hollanders have done what Britain claims to do—"ruled the waves," with a very practical rule, too, if they *do* talk and sing about it less than their island neighbors over the way.

There is a good deal here that is like Scotland, too; for the cupboard-bed is the peculiarity of most cottages in Aberdeenshire, and, I believe, many other countries—and fisher-folk have ways in common that no nationality can blot out. Still the sandy coast of Holland and the generally rocky one of Scotland fill the mind with impressions as widely different as those produced by the people are akin.

Scheveningen is a quaint little place—wide, glistening sands with little wooden bridges over trickling streamlets; nets spread out, and boats turned bottom upward to dry; tiny toy-houses, one story high, and with three or five small windows abreast; innumerable bakers' shops, and equally numberless tea-and-coffee shops; two or three taverns and inns for wayfarers; stalls full of salt fish for the needier population; and every here and there those curious artificial decorations. wooden models of ships and miniature windmills, shells disposed in stiff patterns, or making borders to pools and garden-beds, which contribute to the toy-like impression of everything in Dutch country-life.

The stiff little curly trees and prim houses of our childhood's toy-villages, and the queer forms of Noah and his sons in red, blue and yellow robes in the toy-arks, repeat themselves in the quiet, old-fashioned hamlets. The interiors of the houses are the most interesting, and indeed no collector could rest after inspecting one. The recess-bed, common to the fisher-villages, we have already mentioned; the windows are narrow and strong; the beams sink low overhead, and a ladder staircase goes up to the roof-chamber. Sometimes there is no roof-chamber, and tall partitions reach up like screens; oftener still there is but one room; the kitchen boasts of the most picturesque and (to us) unmanageable of hearths; delightfully backed by tiles, generally white, though sometimes blue and yellow and "storied"; a hook hangs above, supporting a pot for tea or coffee, which of itself is worthy of a place in a museum—squat, two-handled, and out of the way; the brightest tins and brasses, shining like gold and silver, hang on hooks all over ceiling and walls; a carved chest of drawers holds the household linen and the Sunday costumes; and the very chairs on which the old couple sit to smoke their pipes after dinner are such as to set a *bric-à-brac* hunter crazy. Odd little statues, holy-water vessels, and crucifixes with a brass candle-bracket in front of them, tell us of the old faith which has survived in some of the islands of the Rhine's Delta; and the whole aspect of the place carries one back for centuries when the passion for discovery had not yet fired the Spaniards and Portuguese.

Yet behind the village of Scheveningen, the present intrudes itself in the shape of a colonnaded *badhaûs* and two churches in modern Gothic style, one Catholic and one Protestant; but it is easy to turn one's back to this and gaze seaward, into the wilderness of fog, sand and water, into a world of gray, green, yellow, and dusky shadows playing round the towers of old Katwyk, and now holding, now uncovering the peasant villages and flattened land-

scape round Rotterdam; the thatched huts and cattle-poles; stunted willows and distant windmills.

Except when the English steamer fails to reach Rotterdam, as it sometimes does in Winter, or when some Scotch herring-boat gets lost on this coast, it is seldom that any vessel but fishing smacks and *jagts* frequents these waters, and it is usually for their own people that the watchers in the lifeboat stations are on the lookout. Here, on wild nights, when the northeast wind howls and sweeps over the frothing gray waves, a stranger might see scenes which, common as they are, are none the less picturesque; the watch-hut certainly looks like a bit of stranded vessel saved from a wreck; and the men within are all experienced seamen, though they wear wooden shoes, and smoke their fragile long pipes in such glorious indifference. The dog is the most wakeful of the party, though his master strains his eye to make out something through his telescope, while the youngest of the men lies asleep in the chimney-corner.

Those who only know the Dutch of the cities have no idea of the grave courtesy of these men; their thrift and fearlessness joined to genuine unworldliness, and the modesty and home qualities of the women joined to an amazing power for and acquaintance with work. Everything but fishing, even much of such haying and gardening as the soil will allow, falls to their share; though bands of German mowers regularly visit the hay-islands and hire themselves out. Still the women are supreme, and have almost all in their own hands. Something of this occurs in the northern Highlands and Scottish islands where the herring fishery is the chief business. The women manage the small gardens and "crofts" (fields), they possess; and far from this being an evil, it is generally an advantage to their health.

This question of female out-door labor is often argued at present, and it is the fashion to say that the employment of women in the fields is a sign of an imperfect stage of civilization. No doubt there are times and circumstances when and in which women should not only not be employed, but their services refused in spite of their own urgency to be hired; but outside of these conditions and within proper limits, women are perfectly fit to perform many agricultural tasks. In temperate climates, where the sun has little power, this is more true than in hotter countries. Field-work of certain kinds is healthy, and I do not hesitate to compare it most favorably with work for which women are at present clamoring. If there were more of it done, it would go far to counteract the bad tendency of the food commonly eaten by farmers and their families. Women brought up more in the open air would be healthier and stronger, and their children sturdier.

I do not know how this may sound to political economists, but by experience I know it to be true. There is a proportionate disdain of legitimate, even if unusual, female work, as novel theories arise, urging women to hanker after men's work; and among these theories one of the most foolish is that which sees degradation in female labor in the fields. Given limits and proper discretion, there is no physical reason against it; and as it would mostly be performed on their own land and for their own benefit, there can be few but sentimental reasons against such a practice in the United States.

To return to the Dutch Delta islands. On Sunday, the only day the men have for home delights, one sees a fine display of costumes; the flapping caps, the mitre-like caps, the gilt helmets, the pink and red-striped petticoats, the brown embroidered bodices of the women; and the brown vests, scarlet shirts and black woolen stockings of the men, the whole relieved by occasional gold buttons, generally coins, and, of course, heirlooms. Wide, baggy knickerbockers and wooden shoes, like Turkish babouches, give these men something of an Oriental look, and only the coloring marks the difference between these calm Dutch faces and those of the equally serene, unimpassioned Turk. In some of these islands, no trade or industry is carried on, and the people depend, for all but fish, on the weekly dispatch-boat from the mainland, which brings them clothing, furniture, animal food, beer, and even bread.

Vollendam interiors, though a repetition of many others, are worth a glance from a curiosity-hunter, for the village is so small that even most local maps do not mention it. Everywhere the same marvelous neatness, for even fisher-life cannot make the Dutch slovenly. The pots shining like mirrors, the floor speckless, the men in stockinged feet, the wooden shoes standing in rows at the door; old women mending clothes or smoking, young women nursing magnificent rose-leaf-and-cream-skinned babies; sturdy men packing anchovies in salt, in a great gray earthen pot, which you long to have in your possession; old men playing with toddling grandchildren; shelves piled pellmell with delf and precious blue Japanese ware, and common-looking pipkins that would be perfect if they only held gold-brown nasturtiums or scarlet geraniums, a mixture of homeliness and strangeness, a new sensation for a European tourist, a revelation for a painter, a delight for the prisoner of social conventionalities.

While it is yet to be seen, let the lucky traveler go to see this living past. Italy and Greece, Germany and Spain, are already half unidealized, and as they are to-day, so will they be in ten years' time; but the misty North will change more quickly, once modern customs flood it, and the cosmopolitan pattern of education is stamped on its rising generation. Already costumes of home make are fewer; Manchester prints are not unknown. The spell of the Sleeping Beauty is being broken. But one thing cannot be altered—the climate and the atmosphere; and in the contrast between the bright, dashing, legendary, national Rhine of Germany, and the creeping, sluggish, subdivided Rhine of Holland, with its canals, its floating islands of chain-bound boats, its slow-moving barge-omnibuses, its last efforts at taking part in trade and foreign adventure, as its waters float under the fleet of Borneo- and Java-bound steamers, and its swish through many unnamed channels in the beautiful, white, treacherous *dunes*—is an eternal mind-picture and an immovable goal for fancy.

THE ARIZONA CATACOMBS.

Among some of the many wonders of that "Wonderland of America," Arizona, which have made it famous and served to surround this isolated region with a halo of mysticism and romance, the recent discovery of its catacombs by an exploring party, described in an Arizona paper, will prove of interest.

The discovery was made about one mile east of the Mountain Spring station, in southeastern Arizona. The cave was found to have an arched entrance about three feet wide and four feet high. Two of the explorers took the lead with candles placed in a small board, and this fastened to a long pole, which was carried so that the light was cast far ahead of them and danger from pits or other obstacles thus avoided.

After proceeding about one hundred feet down an incline they came to the two main branches of the cave. Taking the one to the right and leaving candles at various points by which to find their way back, there being innumerable chambers branching off in all directions, they

continued their way through a chamber, the walls of which, though presenting the appearance of stalactic formation, were black and dingy, which was accounted for by the finding of ashes and other indications of fire, evidently very old.

Here, no doubt, was one of the haunts and resting-places of the Apaches. Bones of all kinds lay scattered around, no less than five hundred deer-antlers being seen, and other evidences of life-destruction and feasting. Animals may have done the work, but if so they must have had great strength to carry their prey to such a distance.

Into this cavern they groped their way, down, down, right and left, for a distance of five hundred feet, and yet they found no end. In some places the cave was so small they would have to come down on "all fours" and creep through, and then suddenly would find themselves in a large room, full of mystery. Their candles giving out at a point about five hundred feet from the entrance, they returned to the light of day for refreshment and more candles.

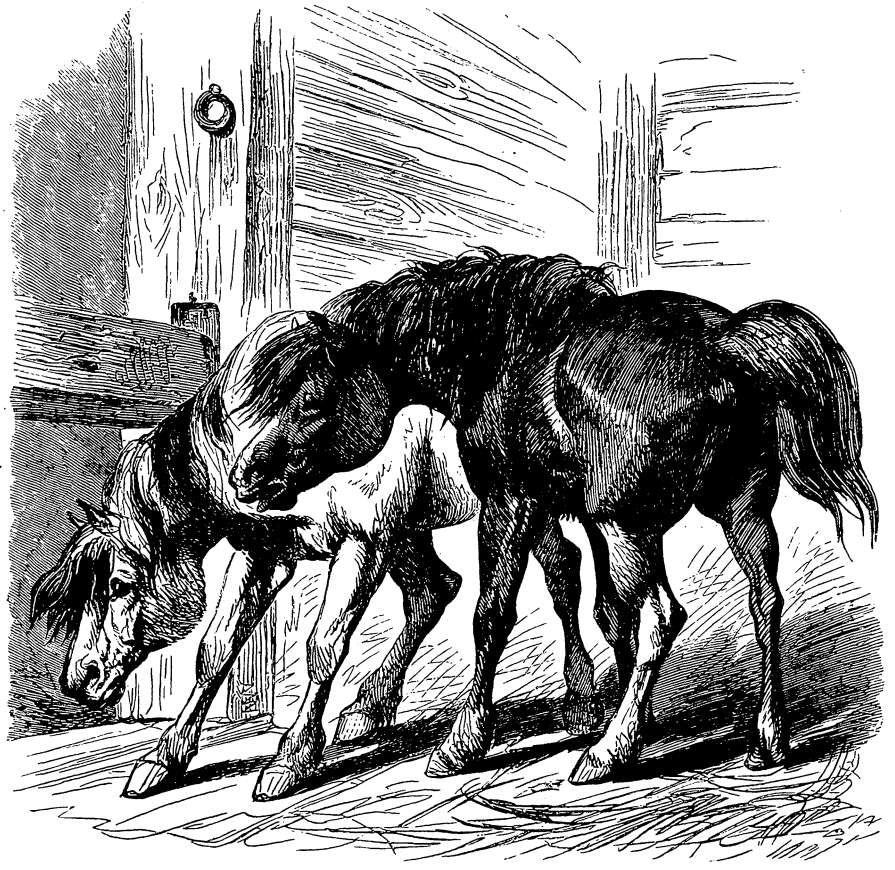
Upon re-entering, they explored the passage on the left. The entrance to this branch is about three feet high, but narrow and irregular for three hundred feet; but passing through the small aperture, the party found themselves in a large chamber, with a beautifully draped stalactite ceiling, fully seventy-five feet above the floor. Here was glittering grandeur, with a thousand varied beauties and fantastic figures.

From this chamber the cave, or caves, bore upward. There were three distinct passages, one above the other, and the explorers, taking the upper one, went on and up for a distance of about five thousand feet, until, as they believed, they were approaching a top entrance—the purity of the air in this hall leading them to the conclusion that there was an exit above. Here again their candles gave out, and they were compelled to return, only to behold more and varied wonders; caves leading in every direction. Here and there was a small hole in the wall into which the curiosity-seekers would thrust their torches, only to behold immense chambers and shafts without bottom. Every now and then the ring of the passageway from their tread warned them that the floor upon which they stood was the roof or covering of another subterranean cave or pitfall. For five hours they penetrated into the dark recesses of these wonderful passages, chambers and complex catacombs, only to arrive at the conclusion that to explore the great natural wonder before them would take days and perhaps months.

They brought with them many beautiful specimens of stalactites and some fine deer antlers. The curiosity of the party is just sufficiently excited to warrant another expedition in a short time, and we hope it may be soon, as there is no doubt of the existence of many wonders and beauties in these natural catacombs of Arizona.

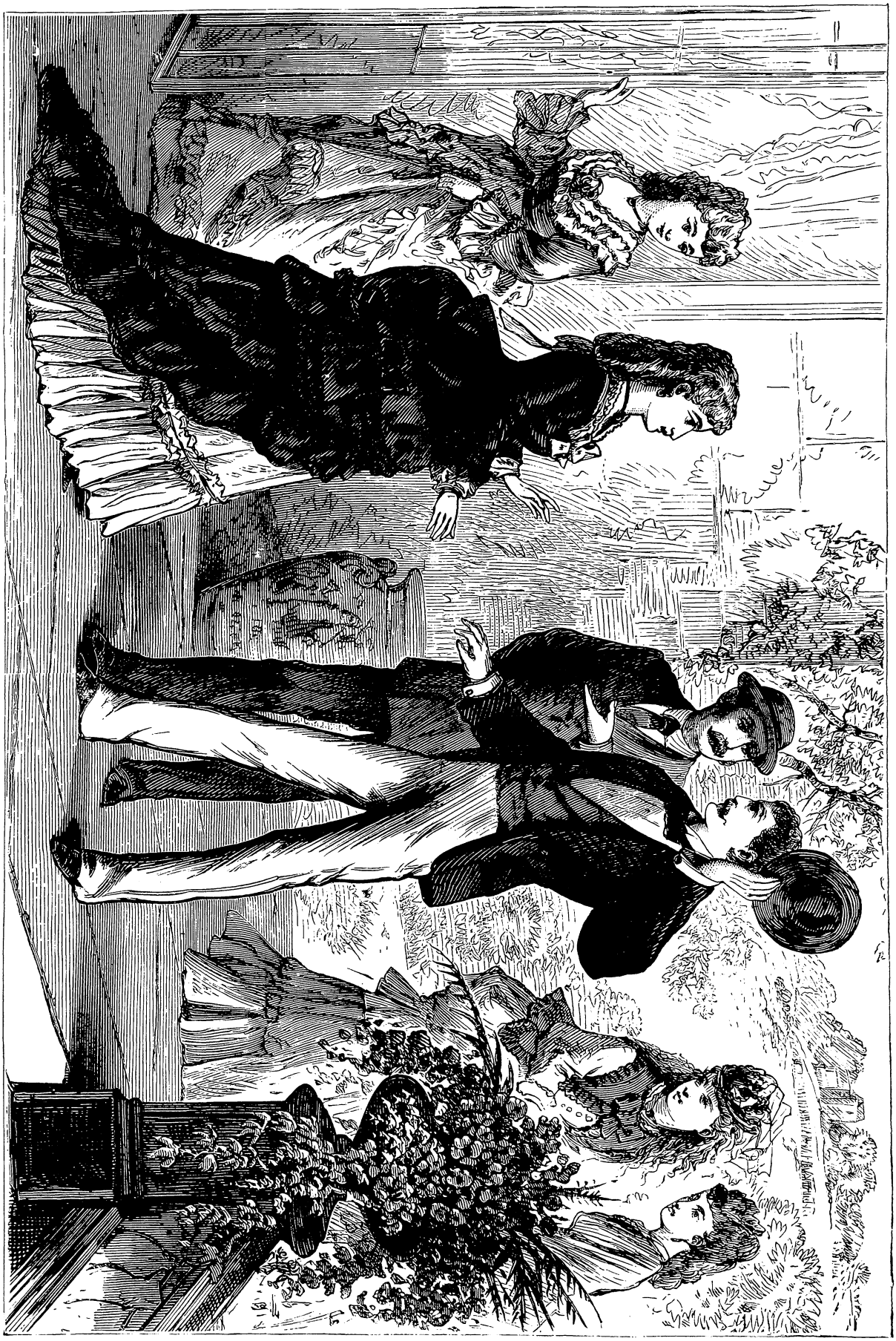
AN INGENIOUS PONY.

EVERY fresh instance of the wonderful sagacity of animals must be interesting to those who make natural history their study. Numerous as are the extraordinary cases of instinct remarked by many persons, yet every new instance, as it comes home to one, seems stranger than before, till at length the boundary line between reason and instinct becomes very narrow and ill-defined. The following account of the sagacity of a Norwegian pony is a forcible illustration of the power of adapting means to ends which animals frequently display:



AN INGENIOUS PONY.

During last Summer, Autumn and Winter, while their masters were abroad, this pony, in company with another brought at the same time from Norway, had a holiday at grass. They not only enjoyed perfect rest from work, but very soon perfect liberty, inasmuch as no common or uncommon fastening, no devices of the groom, availed. They could unfasten, undo or untie every gate, and ranged at will wherever their inclinations led them. For some time last year they were the companions of a foal which, being a great beauty, was treated to two feeds of corn every day—a luxury denied to the ponies. But one of them, not understanding the meaning of such partiality, and having been brought up with somewhat of republican opinions, always contrived to get through the door of the shed which divided it from the foal's dinner, and to share the corn with him. Various were the contrivances of the groom to baffle the pony's ingenuity, but they all signally failed. If he tied the door with a rope, the pony knew how to pick out the knot with its teeth; if he fastened



CHARLIE'S AUNTS.—"THE TERRACE AND ITS OCCUPANTS DISAPPEARED IN A WHIRL, AS I BEHELD REGINA, HER WHITE HAND EXTENDED TO ME, WHILE BEHIND HER STOOD HER EXACT COUNTERPART."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

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it with a chain and staple and wooden peg, no sooner was his back turned than the peg was drawn and the gate undone. At length, tired of being so often beaten, the man barred the entrance to the shed with a heavy rail. This was a sore trial to the poor pony, and the man looked on from a little distance with a complacent smile, and rubbed his hands with glee at the victory he had at last achieved, as he saw the pony make fruitless efforts to lift the rail with its neck. Its strength was unequal to this, and it seemed at once to give it up in despair, for it turned around and trotted off to its companion. But what was the astonishment of the groom to see the pony return to the rail with help. It had persuaded the other pony to come to its aid. They both put their necks under the rail, and now what one could not accomplish the combined strength of the two achieved. The rail was thrown down, and the way to the corn cleared.

Subsequent means were, however, resorted to, which succeeded in baffling the ingenious pony; but when no longer able to come to the door, it managed to take down the shutter of the shed, and feast its eyes on the corn it was unable to approach.

On a subsequent occasion these two Norwegian ponies were confined in a yard. They so repeatedly unfastened the gate, whatever might be the new device of the groom to render it secure, and made their escape, that nothing would avail but to nail it up with some stout nails, when all other means had been tried and failed.

CHARLIE'S AUNTS.

I LOOKED at him in unmitigated disgust, and not a little dismay. In the name of all that was wonderful, what did he mean by it? With Long Branch ready to extend her fashionable arms to him, and Saratoga prepared to smile her sweetest at the young millionaire, here he was actually determined to bury himself in the country, in the society of his two maiden aunts, and audaciously proposing that *I* should accompany him, and spend my hardly earned holiday in the congenial society of two ancient spinsters, and an unlimited number of poodles, parrots, tabbies, etc.

"Go to Seringapatam!" I replied, with as much energy as the state of the thermometer permitted—ninety in the shade—and flinging the end of my cigar in the countenance of Patch, Charlie's black-and-tan terrier, to lend emphasis to my answer—a proceeding resented by that pampered animal with a snap in my direction, and a vicious display of his sharp, pointed teeth.

"Well, if you won't, there's nothing more to be said," remarked Charlie. "But you might do worse than spend a month at Wood Arden, and I had set my heart on introducing you to my aunts."

I shook my head, for was not the beauteous Regina Goldust to illuminate Saratoga with her smiles—those smiles which had gleamed and glowed for me to my utter bedazzlement? Need I say that to Saratoga I intended to wend my way? No! it would be superfluous.

I felt a twinge of remorse at disappointing Charlie, and when, at parting, he said, "Now, old boy, if you get tired of Saratoga, remember there's always a room at Wood Arden at your service!" while I smiled at the idea of leaving the side of Regina for any earthly attraction, I wrung his hand gratefully, in acknowledgment of his kindness, and the trains whirled away in opposite directions—Charlie nodding his handsome, sunny head cheerfully to me from the platform of his, and I retreating to the smoking-car of mine, to see, in the blue, graceful wreaths escaping from my Havana, the magnificent form and lovely features of my Regina.

My Regina! Ah, me! Pshaw! have we not all to learn our lesson at one time or another?

As I expected, ere I arrived there, Regina, her pony-carriage, her diamonds, her saddle-horses, her *chaperone*, her cockatoo, and her French maid, were all settled at Saratoga, in the best suite of rooms in the best hotel in the place, and for a week I was happy.

I galloped by her side through the shady roads, I drove her vicious black ponies, her voice and mine mingled together in the impassioned music of Italy, and in her smiles I lived. Well, she was a grand creature, physically, and, looking back at the bygone time, from my present vantage-ground, I don't wonder at my infatuation.

I really believe, had I distinctly and plainly unfolded my love for her in so many words, she would have either accepted or rejected me at once, for you must remember that Regina was not a mere coquette. She delighted in admiration, and could no more help dispensing her smiles than the sun could avoid shining. But I never spoke—you see, I am what is called a nervous subject—and another did. *Voilà tout!*

It happened in this wise. Lord Gerald Teigne was staying at the same hotel. A nice, unassuming little fellow, rather quiet and reserved, but a very general favorite, and as much liked by the men as by the ladies. Being a *bona fide* lord, his attentions were at a premium, and he was very much petted and lionised, and he came in for a fair proportion of Regina's smiles—not an undue one, though, I noted with satisfaction; and if he *was* rather attentive to the beautiful republican, why, where all were vying in paying homage at her shrine, he was not to be blamed for that.

Time sped on rosy wings, and brought in its train a certain dewy, starry, perfumed evening, with effects of silvery moonlight on the broad piazzas, and brilliant illuminations rushing in broad, glowing tides from the parlor-windows, and mingling picturesquely with the tender grace of the outer night. With mellow cadences and triumphal clashes ringing from the band, and the light sound of dancing feet, with low, merry laughter, and all those charming sights and sounds dear to a lover of the beautiful.

I was waiting for Regina, who had not yet appeared, and, looking round, I discovered that Lord Gerald Teigne was also waiting for some one; and, for the first time, a jealous pang assailed me, as I noted the flush which rose to his face as Regina entered the room, and the sudden sparkle of his deep blue eyes.

I looked at him attentively. Yes! really he was quite handsome—a fact I had never noticed before; and, while I was trying to summon up courage for the feat, he left his place, and, advancing to meet her, offered his arm.

It was sometimes the fancy, or caprice, of this beautiful woman, to array her imperial loveliness with a simplicity as coquettish as it was charming; and this evening such was her whim, and I had never seen her look more superb. You see, there is some loveliness so complete that it can dispense with extraneous aid, and of this class was Regina's.

In the meantime, she and Lord Gerald had disappeared through a door leading out on the piazza, and, involuntarily, I followed them.

They were alone. She stood erect, fair and stately, looking out, absently, at the moonlit landscape, one white,

unjeweled hand resting on the balustrade, her face slightly upturned, the soft moonlight falling over rounded throat, glittering waves of auburn hair, and subduing all to so dream-like a perfection of beauty, that I could only stop and gaze, spellbound.

Gradually I became aware that Lord Gerald was speaking very earnestly, and, disdaining to play the part of an eavesdropper, I turned away, and, without disturbing the *tête-à-tête*, made my way back into the parlors, dim, despite the brilliant illuminations of chandelier and beauty, since Regina was not there.

I did not see her again that night, and the following morning I found she had left Saratoga; and when, later in the day, Lord Teigne's departure was announced, it did not require Dame Rumor to inform me of what had occurred.

Jilted? No. You have forgotten that I have said Regina was no coquette. She was simply a woman without much expanse of soul. The better *parti* of the two proposing first, she accepted him, and I had no right to feel aggrieved.

You can imagine that, after this event, Saratoga became "flat, stale and unprofitable" to a maddening degree; and a letter from Charlie, repeating his invitation to Wood Arden, came, like a good fairy, in time of need.

"Good shooting," wrote my friend, "splendid fishing, and two or three of the prettiest girls in America to help to amuse. Come. My aunts are quite as anxious to see you as I am; and, by-the-way, there are two or three fellows stopping here whom you know."

Who could resist this? I packed my portmanteau, and that same evening found me approaching the gates of Wood Arden on foot, having sent my luggage on in a hired vehicle from the station, as a kind of *avant-courrier* of my arrival.

"Old ladies are so easily put out," I said, loftily, to myself; and hence I strolled leisurely on, in order to give them time to expect me in state, as old ladies are fond of doing.

Stay! could this be Wood Arden? Yes; the woman at the lodge, who threw back the massive iron gates, gave me its name readily enough; and, in a maze of wonder, I wandered on up the stately avenues, from which dim arcades of forest opened up on either side, and passed leafy coverts, from which, occasionally, a deer, startled by my tread, would bound further into the shadow of the wood; and the merry dashing and rippling of a waterfall became more or less audible as I followed the curves of the avenue.

At length I came in view of the house—a stately old stone edifice with branching wings, sloping terraces and wide stretching lawn, on which a peacock was strutting up and down in the slanting sunbeams.

A gay group was gathered on the wide steps leading from the terrace, and I hesitated before presenting myself, warm and travel-stained, to their notice.

Charlie's voice cut the knot of my difficulty.

"Hallo! I say! Stanley! This way, old boy!" and Charlie dashed from among the group, and seized my hand.

The next moment I was bowing, a little confusedly, to the ladies—"Miss Vandeleur," a pretty blonde; "Miss Ross," a little brunette; and "Miss Tollington," a nondescript young woman with an *espiègle* expression.

"And oh," continued Charlie, "here come my aunts!"

One of the terrace-windows opened. There was a soft rustle of drapery, and a melodious voice said:

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stanley before."

The terrace and its occupants disappeared in a whirl, as I looked up and beheld *Regina!* her white hand extended to me; while behind her stood, with a bright smile parting her lips, her exact counterpart.

"My other aunt, Bertolda!" exclaimed Charlie, with a most quizzical expression of countenance. "Twins, you see, Ned, and two years and a half younger than your humble servant."

* * * * * * *

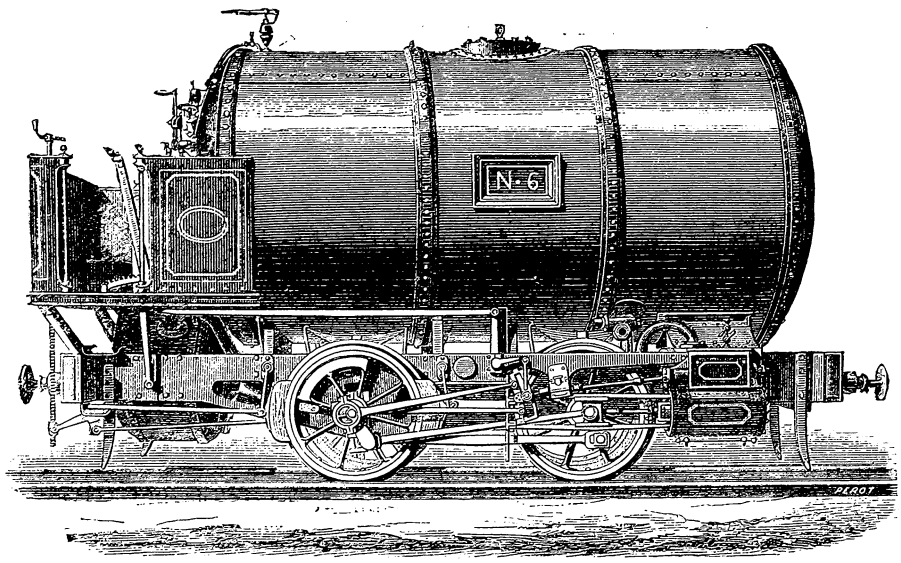
The following New Year's Day saw a triple wedding Regina became Lady Teigne; and Charlie, with much emotion and great dignity, bestowed his Aunt Bertolda on Edward Stanley, who did not lack a lively appreciation of the gift; while the young gentleman himself bestowed his name upon the pretty Miss Vandeleur.

ALLEGED NEW PRESERVING AGENT.

In the course of a series of experiments made by Mr. H. Jannarch for devising a method of separating the crystallizable sugar from the molasses, a double salt of borate of potassium and sodium was accidentally formed, which exerted an antiseptic influence on the sugar. Further experiment showed this salt to be a most powerful antiseptic agent. It is now being made in larger quantities by dissolving in water equal quantities of chloride of potassium, nitrate of sodium and boric acid, and evaporating to dryness after filtering. The salt obtained is, of course, not a pure borate, but a mixture of potassio-nitric borate, potassium nitrate, and sodium chloride. Its action is very prompt and continues undiminished for a very long time. It has no injurious effect either as regards taste or smell or healthiness of the substances impregnated with it. It is easily soluble in water and quite deliquescent, so that it has to be kept in closely stoppered bottles. It is at present sold for 25 cents a pound.

In Germany it has been extensively used already by butchers, sausage makers, tanners, etc.; but its most important use is at present in the manufacture of butter and cheese from sweet milk. When butter is made from sweet milk in the ordinary manner, the milk must be kept very cold; when the "preserving salt," as it is called in Germany, is used, the milk may be kept at ordinary temperature without souring; the remaining sweet milk may be worked up into a superior quality of cheese. If 15 grains of the salt are added for each quart of milk, the latter will keep sweet for at least a week.

Fresh meat, game, etc., may be prepared by dipping it into a solution of 1 pound of the salt in 6 pints of water. When the meat is intended to be kept for a very long period, the meat is rubbed in well with the powdered salt in the proportion of 1½ drachm to each 2 pounds of meat. In twenty-four hours the impregnation is completed, and the meat only needs to be dried. A piece of meat prepared in this manner in January, 1877, was in perfectly good condition in January, 1879. For pickling, the meat is prepared in the same manner and then placed between layers of a mixture of 2 pounds of common salt, ½ pound of preserving salt, and ¼ pound of sugar. In this way the largest hams can be salted in four days. For preserving skins, from ½ to 2 pounds are used, according to size. Eggs are placed for fifteen minutes into a solution of 1 ounce of salt in a quart of water. To preserve beer, wine, etc., it is sufficient to rinse the bottles, previous to filling them, with a solution of the salt in the proportion of 1.10, and adding to the beverage itself 8 grains per quart. For fish, lobsters, oysters, fruit, and vegetables, the preparation has also been used with the best success.



COMPRESSED AIR LOCOMOTIVE USED AT THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL WORKS.

COMPRESSED AIR AS A MOTOR.—AUTOMATIC FILTER.—THE PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

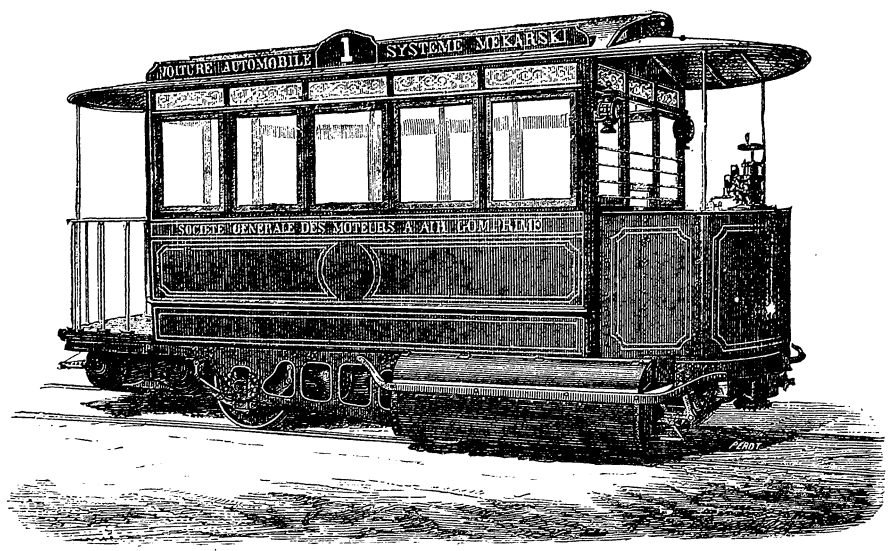
THE attention of engineers has been lately drawn to compressed air as affording peculiar advantages over steam or other power under certain conditions. At the St. Gothard Tunnel, compressed air locomotives have been found to render the most effective service. They afford all the power required, and perform a secondary and very important function, namely, that of ventilation. The difficulty of the loss of heat by the expansion of the air is overcome by causing the compressed air from the reservoir to enter during only a part of the course of the piston, and by an improvement invented by M. Ribourt, the air is made to flow at a fixed pressure, as in the Corliss engine, whatever may be the pressure in the reservoir. A very successful application of the same principle has been made to the propulsion of street vehicles in Paris.

AS A general rule, the filtration of liquids is slow and tedious. To overcome some of the difficulties, Professor Stevens, of Indiana, has devised a very simple apparatus, which consists of a large lamp-chimney provided with perforated corks and tubing. The funnel, in which is placed the filter paper, is inserted in a Woulf bottle through a central tubulus; in order to exhaust the air from the Woulf bottle, a small, portable steam generator is employed. Water in the generator is set to boil, with the cocks and safety-valve open. Heat is then removed and all apertures closed. A partial vacuum is thus induced in the boiler on cooling, and by a strong rubber tube connection is made with the Woulf bottle. When the stop-cock of the boiler is opened, a rush of air through the apparatus to supply the vacuum of the boiler draws the liquid rapidly through the filter. Once mounted and started, the contrivance requires no further attention until it has accomplished its work.

The name plethysmograph has been given to a self-registering pulseometer invented by Dr. Mosso of Turin, Italy. The forearm is inserted in a glass cylinder, and a band of india rubber makes a water-tight connection. The glass vessel is filled with tepid water, and any increase or diminution in the quantity of water is shown by a peculiar arrangement of the apparatus. This change is also automatically recorded, and thus a diagram, not unlike what would be obtained by deep-sea soundings, is produced upon paper. Irregularities of the pulse produce elevations and depressions corresponding to hills and valleys, and in certain stages of disease afford an important element in the hands of a physician to enable him to make an accurate diagnosis of a case. The same apparatus could be used in other physical measurements where the self-registering principle is desirable.

ELECTRIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

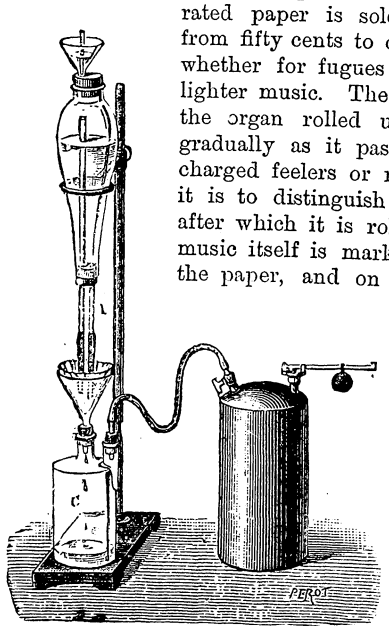
IN the north gallery of the Main Exhibition Building at Philadelphia was a magnificent organ, erected by Mr. Hilborne Roosevelt, of New York; and before it, suspended from the roof by two slender ropes, hung a complete electric organ; while at the top of the English tower stood the electric echo-organ, connected with the great organ by about 250 feet of wire cable. The electric suspended organ, which was twenty feet in front of the gallery, was also connected with a cable of insulated wires inserted in the slender rope by which it hung. The wind was supplied in the principal part of the instrument by two of Jaque's improved brass hydraulic engines, which were to



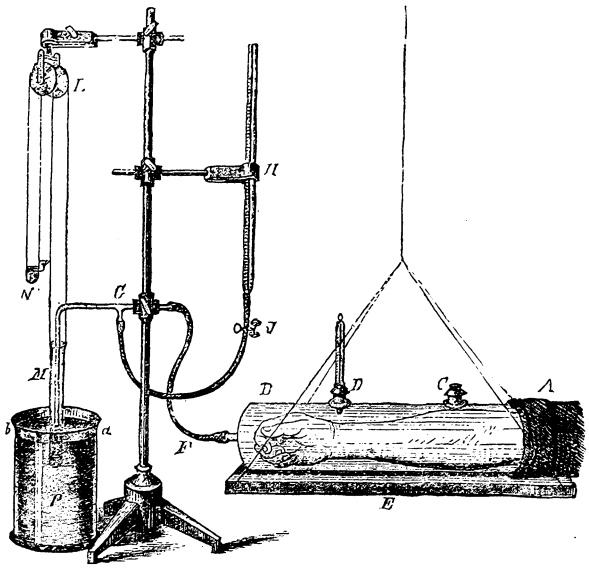
COMPRESSED AIR STREET RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

be seen in operation directly under the organ gallery. The hanging organ had its own bellows attached to it, worked by a Winn electric motor. This engine was about the size of a quart measure, and was operated by four cups of Bunsen's battery. The little organ, complete in all its parts, all of which were exposed to view, presented a novel and attractive appearance, particularly the pipes themselves, which were those of a traverse flute, having a most exquisite tone. These pipes were made to respond to the performer's touch by a Leclanché battery. The organ, which was elevated 250 feet above the performer, had similar appliances, and contained a vox humana stop, a gentle-toned flute, and a tremulant. Being inclosed in a small box, it was intended to produce the effect of a chorus of singers at a distance. By the aid of electric, pneumatic and tubular actions, the key, pedal and draw-stop actions were made extremely light, and also prompt, so that the player could with little effort perform complex passages at a very high rate of speed, A new device was also here exhibited for the first time, by which the player, before he begins, may select six groups of stops, any one of which, though it may work an entire change over the whole instrument, can be opened by simply pressing down a corresponding composition pedal.

In the Horticultural Hall was a pipe-organ with an electric action, which, as it contained also drums, cymbals, etc., was styled an electro-magnetic orchestra. Externally it resembles an ordinary church-organ, but without the ordinary keys, pedals, draw-stops, etc. Near by stands an ordinary four-legged table, beneath the top of which is found a keyboard, and underneath a coil of rope that contains insulated wires. This table may be moved a long distance from the organ and placed in any position with reference to it, and yet control all the speaking pipes, etc. But the most extraordinary point to be noticed is that the instrument itself plays whatever is required from notes. It reads automatically the music sheets that are placed upon it. It can be readily perceived that if the musical characters were printed in metallic or conducting marks, the electricity would distinguish between these and the non-conducting surface of the blank part of the paper. To save the necessity of setting up such costly type and going to press to obtain copies, the paper is simply perforated, and a metallic plate placed under it. This perforated paper is sold at prices varying from fifty cents to one dollar per yard, whether for fugues and symphonies or lighter music. The music is placed on the organ rolled up, and is unrolled gradually as it passes under a row of charged feelers or readers, whose office it is to distinguish between the notes; after which it is rolled up again. The music itself is marked in the centre of the paper, and on either side are the notes or perforations, as the case may be, that cause the requisite changes to be made in the stops, varying the power, quality and combinations of tone to produce the desired effect at each particular instant. It



AUTOMATIC FILTER.



THE PLETHYSMOGRAPH.

should be observed that the mechanical effect of ordinary barrel-organ music is not so readily perceived here; for the various modifications of speed, etc., that performers habitually make, may be so readily imitated that any one desiring the instrument to give some particular shade of expression to any one passage, or even single note, may do so readily. *Staccato* passages may be converted into *legato* by making the perforations a trifle larger, and *vice versa;* parts given to the flutes may be played by the clarionets, or other instruments, as desired; the drums may be made more or less vigorous in action, and the quickness of the strokes—obtained by a rapidly intermittent circuit-breaker—may be increased or diminished. The force of wind may be controlled with equal ease. If, in the case of dance-music, a variation in speed is required, it is simply necessary to touch the "fly," which is made to act as governor. All trills, shakes and *arpeggios* are given with considerable clearness of definition. The slightest mark or perforation will at the right moment of time send an electric current through the proper wire, as through a nerve, and will induce the corresponding magnet in the instrument instantly to give, like a muscle, the exact touch designed. In the instruments thus far manufactured, the mechanism works noiselessly; no wind escapes in puffs, no power is lost in friction.

THE TSIGANES OF ROUMANIA.

THERE are in Roumania 230,000 Tsiganes, formerly serfs, but now emancipated and enjoying all the immunities and privileges of citizens. They are a peculiar race, and embrace by preference certain trades—they are fiddlers, blacksmiths, dealers in iron-ware, cooks, gold-diviners, bear-showmen; some cast tin spoons, others make wood ornaments with the lathe, and a few of them are masons.

In 1864 all proprietary lands were expropriated, and the territory was distributed in lots to all of the peasants. The Tsiganes occupying villages also became landowners, although very few decided to cultivate the soil, as they much preferred a marauding, vagabonding life. A majority of them leased their farms to peasants on condition of the same annual rent as was paid to the original landlords. Some of the serfs work on the land as day-laborers,

and it not unfrequently happens that the Tsiganes who are incapable of managing their own affairs work as laborers on their own property which they have leased to peasants.

The Tsiganes live in tents or huts hastily constructed —men, women, children, dogs, pigs, mules, and jackasses huddled together in the most filthy manner. Indolent to a degree that is scarcely imaginable, and always in debt, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they uniformly die insolvent. They behave very well as long as they are treated like *enfants gâtés*, or with threats of punishment; but treated in the light of free citizens they are good for nothing, and no reliance can be placed upon any promise they may make. All contractors who employ them engage to give them food, otherwise when they received their pay they would squander it for liquor, and during the week would either die of hunger or go begging.

Each band or clan has its chief, duly elected by majority vote. Accustomed to servitude they do not know how to live unless they have a master to direct, tyrannize, and keep them in order—slavery is a sort of second nature to them. They will not work unless there is a constant stimulant, and the stimulant which they most respect is the lash of the chief. The head of the band concludes all bargains for work to be done, and in a measure holds himself responsible for the proper fulfillment of the contracts. If by any chance the chief should be too lenient in his treatment of the men, the clan will rise up against him, depose him without ceremony, and at once proceed to elect a successor who can inspire them with a suitable amount of respect by severity of treatment and the free use of the lash.

The Tsiganes are not wholly devoid of intellect—on the contrary, they show considerable aptitude for certain trades which they follow. There is one thing they will not do, and that is to become shepherds. Efforts have recently been made in Roumania to increase the number of primary schools, and in the army all the soldiers are taught how to read. It is to be hoped that since the emancipation, and aided by good schools, the condition of the serfs may be greatly improved. Our cut, taken from a photograph, represents a bear showman, such as are to be found wandering over a great part of Europe, and some of whom are to be met with in the United States. Now that the attention of the whole world is directed to the unhappy condition of Roumania and Bulgaria, the wandering showmen will be likely to be received with additional interest.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

LUMINOUS ELECTRICAL TUBES.—M. Alvergnat has invented a pocket light which consists of rarefied tubes which can be easily rendered luminous by electricity. The tension of the vapor in the tubes is measured by a height of mercury varying from .196 to .314 of an inch. The vapor is the chloride or bromide of silicium, and by rubbing the outside of the tubes with any substance developing electricity, a bright light is produced within the tubes, formed of different colored filaments—rose-colored for the chloride, and yellowish-green for the bromide. The tension of the vapor necessary to produce this phenomenon is greater than that for the Geissler tubes, and the electricity which illuminates these latter tubes does not pass through the new apparatus. This ingenious arrangement permits of the carrying in the side-pocket a case with all the necessary apparatus for giving illumination without the danger of fire; available also under water or in an explosive atmosphere.

ELECTRICITY IN DYEING.—Herr Goppelsrode has observed that if an electric current is passed through aniline dye-vats, decoloration ensues, with formation of colorless salts of leukaniline. If yarns or cloth are steeped in the liquid, they absorb it, and on subsequent exposure to the air they become colored, just like the goods drawn out of an indigo vat and exposed to the air. The colors thus obtained are said to be faster than those produced by the ordinary method. Whether this principle of dyeing will prove practically useful, remains to be seen.

DOUBLE STARS.—A considerable number of the stellar bodies have been always considered as being double. That is to say, that two of them belonged to the same system, either in equal importance, or one in attendance on the other. That such is the case in many instances, is unquestionable, and the companions present the most singular variety of movements, sizes and color. In some cases they approach and recede alternately, while in others they have a distinct revolution round each other, something resembling that of the moon round the earth. But the fact must be borne in mind that our satellite is simply an opaque, lustreless object, only reflecting the lights it receives from the great luminary, the centre of our system, while the double stars are each of them suns themselves, and, most probably, have each a system of satellites, like the planets of our own, revolving around them. However, certain doubts had arisen as to whether the immense number of those double stars which had been recorded by various astronomers was absolutely correct, and M. Flammarion has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject. From repeated and careful examination, comparing all the micrometrical observations of those heavenly bodies with new measures taken by improved instruments, he is able to assert that sixty-six of the so-called double stars are nothing more than optical groups. That is to say, that two of the stellar bodies happen to be so placed in space that, though at an immeasurable distance from each other, they are in such a position that their rays reach our earth in the same line. One very curious fact is, that many of the supposed companions present an equal brightness, but from the angular distances ascertained in their movements, the space between them must be immense, showing that a vast difference must exist between them, both in bulk and brilliancy.

FISHING FOR SHARKS.—Four species of this voracious sea monster are found in the waters of Northern Europe. They are met with in large quantities on the banks which extend parallel to the coasts of Nordland and Finmark, in Norway, and as far as North Cape and the Island of Cheny. They are found also in the Arctic Seas and the large flords or bays of the Norwegian shores, at depths varying from 100 to 200 fathoms. The fishing is most lucrative about the latitude of 68 deg. N., and is carried on by boats of from 25 to 35 tons, worked by crews of six men. They cast anchor on banks of from 200 to 250 fathoms' depth, and then throw out a line of 300 fathoms. To its lower extremity is attached a box pierced with small holes, containing fat of the seal, the oil of which issues by the apertures and attracts the sharks toward the principal baited hook. That is attached by a small chain of iron of about four fathoms length to the line, and baited with some fish, or, what is better, a pound of seal's fat, which must not be rancid. As soon as the fish is hooked, it is hauled to the surface, and a heavy blow on the back of the head stuns it so that it can be drawn on board. The animal is immediately opened and the liver extracted. The body is again fastened up, after being inflated, so as to prevent its sinking to interfere with further operations, and thrown into the sea, when it is carried away by the currents. The length of the sharks varies greatly, from ten to twenty feet, and sometimes even to forty feet, and their value depends on the weight of the liver, which will yield from half a barrel to two barrels of very fine oil. Under favorable circumstances, a fishing boat can collect during a Winter from forty to fifty barrels of oil, which is considered as a good season.

A REMARKABLE SHELLFISH.—M. Milne Edwards has described a remarkable shellfish brought to his notice by Prof. Agassiz, who secured it by dredging in the Gulf of Mexico. It is a gigantic isopod, found at a depth of 955 fathoms, to the northeast of the Yucatan Bank, and to the north of the Tortugas. The specimen is not only remarkable for its size—nearly twelve inches long and four inches wide—but also for the special arrangement of the respiratory organs, quite different in form from that of all other known crustaceæ. M. Milne Edwards has given it the name of *Bathynomus giganteus*. The fact seems to be, that the ordinary breathing apparatus of a common isopod would be insufficient for the physiological necessities of an animal living at so great a depth, and consequently nature has provided a supplement. In the group to which it belongs, the false abdominal cloacæ are the only means of respiration, while in the bathynome they are only an accessory. Below them is a whole series of bronchial tubes of an arborescent form, which may be said to constitute a system of lungs. The eyes, which might have been expected to be very imperfect in an animal living in the obscurity of such profound depths, are, on the contrary, highly developed, each of them having as many as four thousand facets. Instead of being on the top of the head, the eyes are planted below the frontal ridge, under the base of the antennæ.

EARTH-WAX AND PARAFFINE.—The recent discovery of an immense bed of fossil wax in Utah reminds us that the world has scarcely taken account of the wealth she had before, in the mineral wax-oils which have been brought into commerce during the last ten years. In 1830, paraffine was identified as a constituent of wood-tar, and a product of various destructive distillations. For twenty years it was known only in the cabinets of chemists. Soon after the middle of this century, the enterprise of distilling Irish peat for paraffine and pyroligneous acid was undertaken, and shortly after English cannel coal was worked for paraffine and by-products. These operations first put paraffine candles on the market. Getting only three pounds of paraffine from a ton of peat, the British capitalists reluctantly gave up the task of making candles out of the peat bogs of Ireland; but the working of bituminous coals for paraffine and other products attained considerable proportions in both Scotland and the United States, and has been abandoned, but slowly, after it was found that there was plenty of

paraffine already lying in the earth, distilled before man was born, and to be had for the gathering. Meantime the people along the northern foot of the Carpathian Mountains, in Galicia and other Austrian provinces, possessed a great plenty of excellent paraffine, mostly at a depth of 100 to 150 feet, in transparent, honey-yellow lumps and layers, mixed with clay, but cropping out slightly here and there at the surface, with the coal measures, and sometimes used for fuel where it was most accessible. Its discovery, as a fossil resin, "found in a sandstone in Moldavia," under the name of ozocerite, or ozokerite, was credited to Meyer, in works on mineralogy. In 1875 the production was estimated at 20,000,000 kilograms (44,000,000 pounds) annually. Though solid at atmospheric temperatures, the earth-wax of Austria contains liquid oils, which are separated by distilling. The new earth-wax of Utah, from its high melting point, must be nearly free from liquid oils, that is, nearly all paraffine. The Utah mineral wax is reported to be of inexhaustible extent; the beds, in many places twenty feet thick, being scattered thickly over a territory not less than twenty by sixty miles. It seems to be heavier, and probably of higher melting point than any earth-wax heretofore found in abundance, and therefore must be far better for candles, and as a substitute for wax.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A CONNECTICUT man recently said, "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts!"

"WHO brayed there?" asked a member of the Canadian House of Commons of the persons who were trying by interruption to silence him. "It was an echo," was the answer.

A PAINTER, having turned physician, was asked the reason. "Because," replied he, "my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner; therefore I have now chosen one in which they will all be buried!"

PEDESTRIAN (to rustic)—"How is it, I wonder? You work hard, live plainly, and grow stout; while I——" *Rustic*: "No use o' talkin', sir; it lays i' the breed. A toadstool's a toadstool, and you can't make a mushroom out'n it. Naver."

SPEAKING of an acquaintance, "I was not aware that you knew him," said Smith to an Irish friend the other day. "Knew him?" cried the Emerald Islander, in a tone which comprehended knowledge of more than one life. "I knew him when his father was a boy!"

IRASCIBLE old party: "Conductor, why did you not wake me as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station!" *Conductor*: "I did try, sir, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

AN old gentleman, aged eighty-four, and his bride, aged eighty-two, took their seats in a street-car the other day. A youth occupying the seat opposite says he overheard the following: *Old Gentleman* (to his bride): "Who's a 'ittle lamb?" *Blushing Bride*: "Bof of us!"

A LOVER who had "gone West" to "make a home" for his "Birdie," wrote her: "I've got the finest quarter section of land (160 acres) I ever put my foot down on." Birdie wrote back: "Suppose you buy another quarter section, John, so we can have a lawn around your foot!" John "made a home," but Birdie never was the mistress of it.

A CITIZEN went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired, "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "Wh-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till prices come down."

EVEN in telegraphing one must observe the ordinary rules of grammar. A lady desired to communicate by electricity to her husband in the city the size of an illuminated text which she had promised for the Sunday-school room. When the order reached him it read, "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet wide."

SHE DIDN'T.—In one of the Detroit schools the other day, a class in English history were being questioned by the teacher about Henry VIII., and she finally asked, "Did Anne of Cleves, Henry's fourth wife, die a natural death?" There was an awful silence for half a minute, and then one miss stammered out "No, ma'am; she was divorced!"

"WILL you love me thus for ever?"
And she looked into his eyes,
With a glance that seemed a token
Of the fervor of her sighs.
'I wouldn't guarantee it,"
With a smile responded Pat.
'For I'm scarcely of the notion
That I'll last as long as that."

A FIVE-YEAR OLD son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and, stamping with his tiny foot, said, "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a licken', and then you'll see; won't he, mamma?"

"STOVE-PIPE hats are shorter than usual this season." And so are the men who bet on the wrong side of the Ohio election.

WAIVED.—"He waived his adieux," the country editor remarked of a subscriber who had skipped out overnight, leaving his creditors in the lurch.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL class in Wilmington was asked who was the author of the Psalms. Silence at first; then a little hand was held up. "I know." "Who?" "Sam!"

NINE men out of ten, when you run against them in the dark, will say, "Hello!" The other one will mutter the first syllable, and leave you to complete the word.

A COW was recently drowned on Long Island by falling, head foremost, into a hogshead of water. This is a warning to those who try to mix milk and water the wrong way.

SUPPOSE some one starts a Losing Bank, for a change. As nearly all the savings banks lose, perhaps a losing bank would save. The experiment is worth trying, anyhow.

THE new map and railroad guide of Ohio has just been published. Washington, D. C., is located about midway between Cincinnati and Columbus. All other portions of the map are marked "uninhabited region."

AFTER hunting through the dictionary for nearly an hour, Blinks said that Mr. Noah Webster must have been a darned fool, for he and his friend Jinks had lived in the ward for over ten years, and neither of their names were in it!

"'SPENDEE payment allee samee Melican man. Selle allee shirt and gittee West, samee like Holace Gleeley," said a Chinese laundry banker to us the other day. Then he winked 'way down below his cheek, and asked us if we'd "havee balle"?

IF you were Dr. Mary's husband
You would find it hard to learn,
When looking for your trowsers,
To distinguish yourn from hern.

SHE was a Massachusetts woman, and she had been to the Museum in Boston to see the performance of "Evangeline." Returning home in the cars she made one criticism, and it was an intelligent one. It was: "I think that heifer ought to be repaired!"

DRIVE out with a horse, and he will switch his tail one hundred and fifty times a rod to force away troublesome flies; but let him once get his tail over a line, and the old quadruped will wander on for miles without thinking of the flies which revel unmolested in his living gore.

A WEST side clergyman was called out the other night to minister by the dying bed of a prominent citizen. "Was he connected with a savings bank?" asked the divine. "He was a trustee," replied the messenger. "Well, there's no use in my going," said the pastor; "still, the mercy of Heaven is infinite, and there's no saying—so I had better go through the motions, perhaps."

FROM the British fleet in Eastern waters: A young midshipman went out to join his ship, commanded by a gallant officer, otherwise rather a don. He was met on deck by the captain, who said, "Well, youngster, so you've come to join us. I suppose it's the old story—the fool of the family, eh? Haw, haw!" To which the middy replied, in a squeaky voice, "Oh, no, sir; it's all changed since your day!" Exit captain.

A NORTHERN minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work. "I preach, sah, on Colonel Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?" "Well, sah, 'bout a hundred and seventy-five." "And how many have you in the church?" "Dat 'pends, sah, altogether on de time ob year. In de 'vival time dey's all members. In de backsliding times der's nobody members but Uncle Billy and old Aunt Katy."

AN IRISH SPECULATION.—A couple of Irishmen, thinking to combine pleasure with profit by doing a little unlicensed trafficking in liquor on the Derby day, bought a small jar of whisky and started for Epsom. Knowing they would want a drop themselves on the way, it was agreed that neither should drink without paying. They had not traveled far on the road when one drank a glass and paid his partner threepence; he followed suit and handed the money back again. It was a dusty, toilsome journey, and on reaching the Downs they were dumbfounded by discovering the whisky was all gone, and that, although they had honestly paid for every dram, they had only threepence between them as the final result of their speculation.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

DO NOT write at random against the doors and walls.
Pay due respect to the relations subsisting among men.
Kindness is the principal duty of a father.
Respect is the principal duty between a prince and his minister.
Brothers should mutually love.
A friend should speak the truth.
Sit in a retired place and call home the heart.
Be sparing of wine and pleasure, and purify the heart.
Be diligent in business, and attentive to your words.
Establish a good manner.
Let your intentions be exalted, but your manner humble.
Be bold yet careful.
Rescue men from present errors, and follow the ancients.
Reject the depraved, and revert to the upright.

THE BRIC-A-BRAC COLLECTOR.

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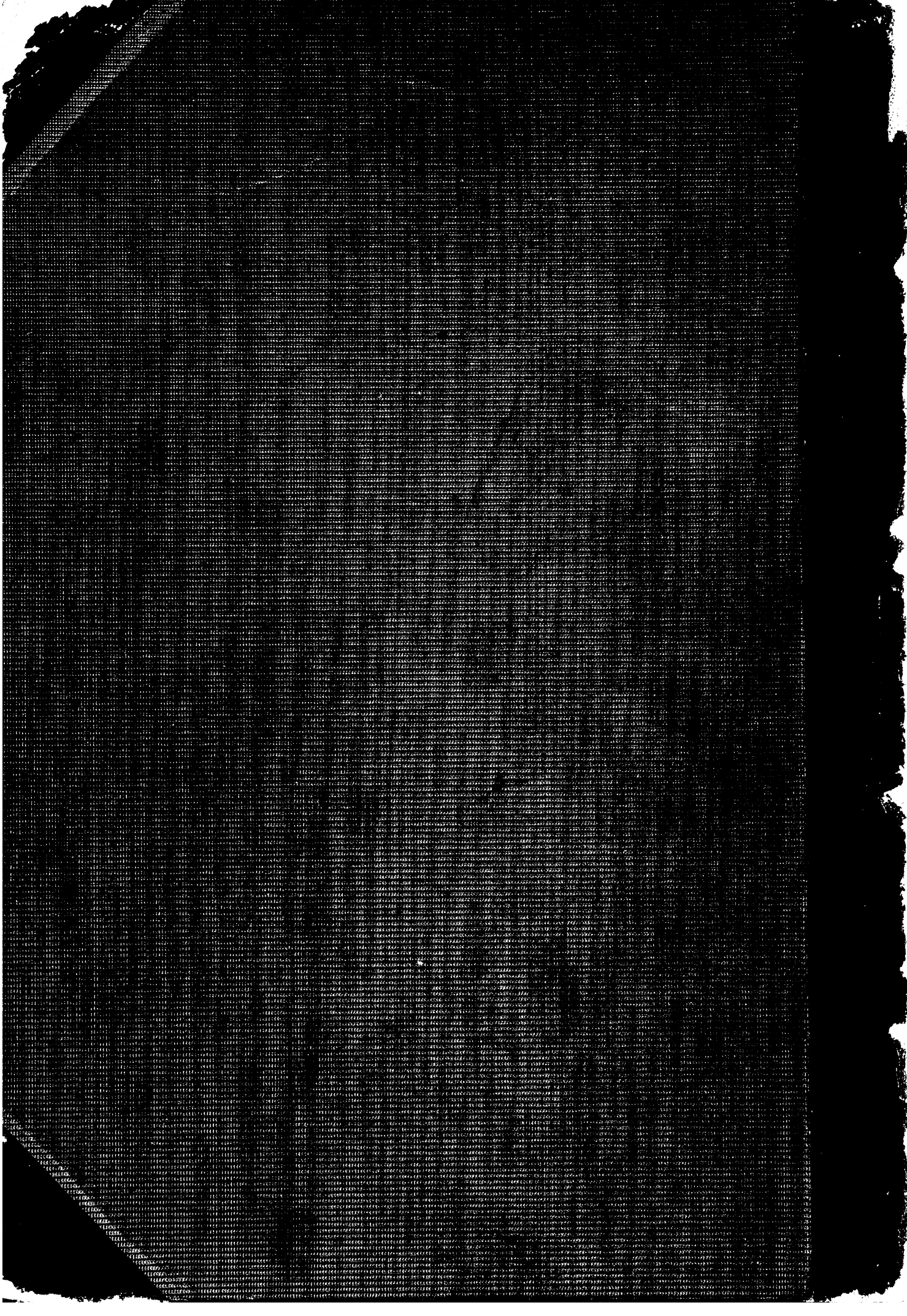
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